

THIRTEEN SHOPPING DAYS LEFT BEFORE CHRISTMAS



ARMSTRONG : CLOTHING : COMPANY
GOOD CLOTHES MERCHANTS

Little enough time in which to gather together all the gifts you expect to purchase. You will achieve much by doing your Christmas shopping early and here—the earlier the better. Don't wait until the 25th is alarmingly near for those who put off until the last few days must by force make their selection from more or less broken lines.

Christmas Suits and O'coats for Men

Nothing more substantial, nothing more sure to be used. Our line of fashionable suits and overcoats for Christmas buying have just arrived. Hundreds of new styles embracing every fashionable fabric. Unusual values worthy of your careful consideration at \$10, \$12.50, \$15, \$18, \$20 and up to \$30.00

Our Offerings in Furnishing Goods for Men

No shopper who has in mind men's furnishing goods can afford to miss seeing our Christmas offerings. Stocks positively broader by one-third than can be found anywhere in Nebraska, while every line shows painstaking care in its selection. Here indeed is where Christmas goods may be bought without the slightest fear of disappointment. Men's shirts. In this particular line we show scores of styles in soft, semi-soft and stiff bosom shirts for street or evening wear. The line embraces everything new and desirable in shirts. Christmas neckwear. Our display of new neckwear will be a complete revelation to you. Thousands upon thousands of the newest silks may be found here in all shapes from the dainty midget to the massive ascot, prices from 20c to \$3.00.

FISHING IN JAMAICA

NATIVES HAVE ODD WAY OF TAKING MULLET.

Little Exertion Required to Secure Good Catch—Son of John Burroughs Tells the Story in Outing—Characteristic of the Tropics.

My son Julian furnishes me with this account of a curious manner of fishing which he saw in Jamaica:

"After spending even so short a time as one month in the tropics, one can readily understand the possibility of such a strange—to us—performance as that Mr. Charles Kellogg and I witnessed one night in Kingston harbor. We were idly lounging about the wharf of the United Fruit company, waiting for the Admiral Sampson to take us back to Philadelphia, our cameras, with every plate exposed, having been stored away with our baggage. Otherwise we might have gotten some kind of a picture, even in the failing light, of the strange scene before us. Two negro fishermen had put out their net, as the great circle of buoys or floats indicated, and had stationed themselves at one side with their boat. All would be quiet for a few moments until suddenly, with a great shouting, which was taken up by a crowd of coolies in shore, the two negroes would rap loudly with their paddles on the side of the boat. Instantly mullets would flash out of the green water, trying to jump over the boat into the water beyond both boat and net. They jumped out of the water six feet or so from the boat, and would surely have cleared everything had it not been for a net which was hung on poles like a fence, and which invariably threw the mullets back into the bottom of the boat. This was repeated over and over until the catch numbered dozens, from two to six or seven being caught each time the pounding and shouting was resorted to. Certainly nothing could be done more characteristic of the tropics than such a performance, yet our friends at home have always called it a fish story. The mullets are a silver fish, about the size of herring, except that they are rounder, being in shape like our chubbs. They were great jumpers. When we drew a seine for alligators in the Salt ponds at Port Henderson the mullets jumped all over the net, in and out, just for the fun of it, apparently. Great numbers of them are caught with dynamite by simply priming it and throwing it into the water, when the silly mullets at once dart up and swim around and around until the dynamite explodes and kills them all. At Port Henderson I threw stones from the dock, when in the clear water I could see the mullets appear as if by magic, darting about the stone in a whirling circle. How such habit originated it is hard to imagine.

"At any rate, it made a beautiful picture, the green water below flashing forth the silver fish, the old dug-out, with its half naked, muscular negroes, the coolies in their flowing robes of every color on shore, the cocoanuts of barbaric splendor rising against the blue mountains that in turn rose into the very clouds."—John Burroughs in Outing.

The Little People's Trust.
I love this trust—the mitten trust.
The red and blue and white and speckled.
The rosy and alert, robust
Young industry that's mostly freckled.

I love this trust—the tippet trust.
The satin, woolen, silken, tumbled;
It's merry, cheery—win it must.
Sleek-combed or not—more often frowned.

I love this trust—a lively band
Of dancing, prancing, roguish fellows;
They're scampering along the land
For chestnuts where the frost-free mel-
lows.

I love this trust—a coyish lot;
Upon the barnyard gate they're swing-
ing;
Sweet maids with rose cheeks flaming
hot;
Each voice a choral chord is ringing.

God bless this trust! The summer sky
Has crowned each member with its
glory;
And 'en November passing by
Leaves roses in its path of glory.

Here's to this trust—the winning trust!
Fair Nature rises up to flout it.
It wins its way; it shall, it must.
No forests, steep or rivers daunt it!
—Horace Seymour Keller.

Why He Wouldn't Aid Her.
Representative Clayton of Alabama has a brother-in-law, Capt. Wiley Williams, who is chief of police of Columbus, Ga., and he says that Williams recently told him about a woman who applied to him to use his every effort to get a "delinquent" sweetheart to marry her.

"I cannot assist you," said Chief Williams. "It is beyond the power of my office to make the fellow marry you."

"Can't you?" urged the woman. "It is out of the question."

"Barney White and a heap of folks told me you could."

"White and others have misrepresented the powers of my office."

"Are you a married man yourself?"

"Yes, madam."

"Then I don't wonder you won't help me."—Nashville Banner.

Representative British Statesman.
Lord Lansdowne, who at a recent Guildhall dinner in London made a notable plea for universal arbitration, has been in the British cabinet continuously since 1895. He is noted for precise, formal manners and for incisiveness of speech. A smile rarely passes across his thin face, which is scarcely ever ruffled by any lively emotion, his lordship having carefully schooled himself in the art of concealing his thoughts and keeping impassive countenance while discussing weighty matters with foreign ambassadors. He has been governor general of Canada and viceroy of India.

"MAMA" OUT OF FASHION.

Old Term of Endearment Is Now Little Used.

It is no longer proper to teach your baby to call you "Mama." It is not even smart to let him say "Mamma," or to allow him to use the dignified title "Mother." It may be hard to eliminate the sweetest word from the English language, but if you want to keep up with the pace of young matrons who never intend to grow old or even matronly you must relegate that word to the shelf where now rest such old-fashioned terms as "Ma," "Mammy" and "Granny."

The other day every passenger in a certain Madison avenue car craned his neck to see from whence a wee small voice issued.

"Dearest," said the silvery little voice. "Dearest, may I kneel up and look out of the window?"

And then they all caught a glimpse of a curly-headed girl and her equally curly-locked mother.

"Yes, dearest," replied the mother sweetly; for she knew that she had the attention of the entire car.

Another and more original mother, who scorns to copy the hero of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," has taught her baby boy to call her "Darling." Still another fashionable mother is known to her children as "Mama Marjory."

"Sweetheart," "Motherkin" and "Sweet" are some other endearing terms that one hears every day in the fashionable household.

It may detract from your dignity to allow the little ones to address you in this familiar way, but it certainly makes you feel dozens of years younger and establishes a sort of bon camaraderie between you and your baby that makes him or her seem even more interesting. If this side of the matter doesn't appeal to you, the electrical effect which such words, lisped by a baby mouth, have upon other people may tempt you to go out of the beaten rut.

WOMAN KNOWS THE WORLD.

Jury Either Very Good-Hearted or the Culprit Beautiful.

"It just goes to show how terrible life in a great city is for a lonely girl," said the minister's wife, "when a young woman is so hungry and weary that she will steal a diamond ring in order to obtain a night's lodging and a meal in a nice, dry jail. Did you read about the Sarah Smith who did that?"

"No, I didn't," said the widow. "Tell me about it, dear."

"Well, her case was so pathetic that the probation officer sympathized with her openly and told her she need not feel so badly about it after all, and the magistrate discharged her on the spot, and the jeweler said he would withdraw the charge and let her have the ring if she would pay for it at her convenience, and the correction commissioner said he would get her a nice position in the Manhattan State hospital as assistant nurse. What do you think of it all?"

"I think," said the widow, with an inscrutable smile, "that this world is a nice, charitable place, full of good-hearted people after all—or else that girl must have had big melting blue eyes, a reticulate nose, cheeks like damask velvet and hair like morning sunbeams."

The Cheaper Way.

Col. G. C. Goodloe of the marine corps said recently, apropos of some philanthropic scheme of small utility: "This is the kind of help that a certain aristocratic family of Kentucky gives."

"There is an elderly widow, a poor relative of this family, who has a hard time to get along. She has three daughters, girls ranging in years from fifteen to twenty, and one day she applied to a friend of mine for help for them."

"I'd like to get some winter dresses for the girls," she said. "Aren't there at your house some old woolen frocks that are not needed?"

"Why, yes, I guess so," said my friend. "But I thought your rich relatives looked after your daughters."

The old woman sighed.

"Only their morals sir, only their morals," she said.

His Loves.

"The woman I love with my heart," he said.

"Is a cozy-cornery girl;
A sofa-pillowy, soft and willowy,
Smother of ills that are big and bil-
lowsy.

Sympathetic, nonassertive,
Dear little love of a girl."

"The woman I love with my brain," he said.

"Is a brilliant-stimulant girl;
She's sheer delight to my mental sight.
With a wit as quick as an arrow's flight.
A comrade true and a sweetheart,
And a never-wearying girl."

"The woman I love with my soul," he said.

"Is a Saint Cecilia girl;
The meanings fine of a love divine
In her movements show, in her glances
shine.
Fairest of all she holds me in thrall,
She's a simply adorable girl."

"Then fare you well and forever," she said.

Her scarlet lip a curl;
To think that I—no matter, goodbye!"

"Ah, dear," he said, "tis for you I sigh.
All three you are, my sweet, my star,
My one, my only girl."
—Ladies' World.

New Plants for America.

Thomas H. Kearney of the bureau of plant industry, United States department of agriculture, has been authorized to proceed to North Africa and other Mediterranean coast regions for the purpose of securing new seeds and plants adapted to the southwest. A special study will be made of the date and new introductions of this fruit will be undertaken. Alkali-resistant forage crops will be studied also, and the introduction of seeds of new and promising kinds will be made. Mr. Kearney will remain abroad until next spring.



A Very Good Way to Save Two-Fifty--- Buy one of Our Men's \$5.00 Suits or Overcoats

A "10'er" gets you the real \$15.00 article, all wool, fancy worsted and scotch chevots.

It may be a block or two farther, but the walk will do you good in more ways than one.

Lincoln Clothing Co.
NEW YORK TO LINCOLN

Lindell Grocery

We want your trade. That's why we ask for it. If we get it we will hold it by fair dealing.

Fresh Fruit and Vegetables IN SEASON

QUICK DELIVERY to all parts of the city.
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We are expert cleaners, dyers and finishers of Ladies' and gentlemen's Clothing of all kinds. The finest dresses a specialty.

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Latest methods taught strictly by note. Call or ring up Auto Phone 1332.

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DEALER IN
Ice Cream, Oysters, Milk, Cream Confectionery and Baked Goods.
Prompt Attention Given to All Orders.
401 So. 11th Street, LINCOLN, NEB.

Lincoln Auction Co.
1325 O.

Will give you bargains the next thirty days in Furniture, Stoves, etc.

Wm. Walworth, Prop.

One of the best stocks Xmas presents in the city

CALL IN AND EXAMINE BEFORE BUYING.

Chas. W. Fleming, Jeweler
1311 O Street.
PHONE A1599 BELL. AUTO. 1291.

STUCKEY'S
1429 O.
Confectionery
Ice Cream.
A SPLENDID SPEAKER.

Rev. Frank Tyrrell Knows How to Entertain and Instruct.

Every man in Lincoln who can possibly do so should go to the Oliver theatre next Sunday afternoon and hear Rev. Frank Tyrrell of St. Louis. Rev. Mr. Tyrrell speaks at the men's meeting under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. on that occasion, and those who hear him will hear something out of the ordinary. The editor of the Wagoner has known Dr. Tyrrell for years, and knows him to be a man whose every heartbeat is in sympathy with the toiler. He preaches a plain and simple gospel and appeals to the reason of those who hear him. As an orator he has few equals.

Dr. Tyrrell has devoted the best years of his life to studying the labor question with especial reference to its bearing upon the work of the church. He talks from a wide experience, having worked his way from the ranks of the humble toilers to a commanding position among the public speakers and thinkers of the day. The Wagoner assures every one of its readers that they will be entertained and benefited by hearing Rev. Frank Tyrrell next Sunday afternoon at 3:30.

OMAHA AUXILIARY.
Gives a Ball to Fill the Boys' Christmas Boxes.

On last Monday evening Capital Auxiliary No. 11 gave its regular monthly social to its members and the members of the Typographical Union, and it was quite equal in point of success to other auxiliary socials. The function this time took the form of a masque party, and while the number of maskers was not so large as expected, and the attendance all too small considering everything, those

present had a splendid time.

The Auxiliary has a membership of forty and the Typographical Union a membership of about 100, yet less than half of the Auxiliary members were present and only about 20 per cent of the printers. The printers are making a huge mistake in not giving better support to the Auxiliary, for the women are doing a splendid work in the cause of unionism, and some of these days the boys will learn what they have missed. Monday night's affair was thoroughly enjoyed by all present. An especially pleasing feature of the evening was the music furnished by the newly organized orchestra conducted by Mr. Reed. Three of the five members are union printers, and the music was all that could be desired. Refreshments were served at a seasonable hour and the guests enjoyed themselves so much that most of them missed the last car. Among the maskers were the following:

Domino—C. E. Righter.
Topsy—Mrs. W. M. Maupin.
Mrs. Katzenjammer—Frank Odell.
Uncle Sam—Ollie Mickel.
Happy Hooligan—Will Bustard.
Humpty Dumpty—W. M. Maupin.
Ole Olson—C. E. Brangrover.
Old Woman—Mrs. Frank Odell.
Night—Dorothy Maupin.
Morning—Lorena Maupin.
Night—Mrs. C. B. Righter.
Paper Girl—Mrs. Will Bustard.
School Girl—Master Brangrover.
Cow Girl—Mrs. Locker.
Gypsy—Mrs. King.
Red Riding Hood, Mrs. W. C. Norton.
Girls in Red, Misses Herrick and Brangrover.
Quaker Girls, Misses Overton and Stout.

PARRY TIPS HIS HAT.
He Couldn't Get Away From the Union Printer Boys.

D. M. Parry of Indianapolis, the hypocrite who is drawing a big salary from the manufacturers for screeching for the open shop bugaboos, and who appears on the American farcial stage as the only great (?) union smasher, has again tipped his hat to Typographical Union. In establishing a newspaper in Indianapolis to fight the unions he could not get any rat printers to print the sheet (according to his story) and consequently sent the work to be done by members of the Typographical Union. Of course, the union men are not the best in Darnable Mendicant Parry's opinion but they can't be got away from.—New Orleans United Labor Journal.

THE LABOR DIRECTORY.
A Good Thing and a Credit to its Publisher.

The official L.Labor Directory for 1905 has been issued and distributed and reflects credit upon its publisher, James Leaden. It contains a roster of every trades union in the city and its suburbs, together with their officers, and is profusely illustrated with portraits of union men, public officials and business men. The reading matter, with many of the illustrations is especially interesting because of its

quaint and original humor. The advertising department is well filled. The directory will serve a good purpose and it should be in the hands of every workman in the city.

SHOW THE LABEL.

Mr. Joseph M. McGinnis was for union all the way.

He favored larger wages and a somewhat shorter day.

A walkout always pleased him, though he didn't have a cent.

And when the delegate said "Strike!" McGinnis always went.

He did the shopping for his wife, because he liked to know

That naught save union articles were purchased with his dough.

"Has it got the union label?"

McGinnis used to say;

"Has it got the union label?"

Show it to me if you're able.

If it hasn't got the label

Take the blooming thing away!

Now Joseph M. McGinnis was a man of good repute

Who went to church on Sunday in his union tailored suit.

Like many another union man, he lived a blameless life.

And when he died the neighbors said:

"The blow will kill his wife."

He reached the Pearly gates on time as upright spirits do;

"Welcome!" was Peter's greeting, "have a harp for you!"

"Has it got the union label?"

McGinnis had to say;

"Has it got the union label?"

Show it to me if you're able;

If it hasn't got the label

Take the blooming thing away!

—Milwaukee Sentinel.

For Union Made Shoes go to Rogers & Perkins.

One-half off on all hats and fancy feathers. Sadie Puckett, 124 So. 12th. Fresh Pittsburgh Nut, \$6.00; Smoky Hollow Nut, \$5.00. Reddish, 122 So. 12th St.

Capital Auxiliary No. 11 meets with Mrs. B. O. Wilson, 2120 N street, next Friday afternoon.

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

Central LaLabor Union meets Tuesday evening next, and every delegate is urged to be present.

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

S. W. McCoy has received an appointment in the government printing office at Washington and if not already on his way there will start in a few days.

The Allied Printing Trades Council is arranging for a grand ball early in the new year, and the members of the allied trades are already making preparations for the biggest social event ever pulled off in the city.

Colorado is in America and warning is served on Peabody imitators as to what they will get should they attempt to play the anarchist governor. So much for "the the impotency of the labor vote," Mr. Job.—Omaha Western Laborer.