LIST OF UNION LABELS.

Every union member, or sympathizer is urged when making purchases or having work done, to demand the following union labels which have been endorsed by the American Federation of Labor:

United Hatters.
International Typographical Union.
Allied Printing Trades.
Cigarmakers' International Union.
Wood Carvers' Association.
Boot and Shoe Workers' Union.
Wood Workers' International Union.
United Garment Workers.
Tobacco Workers' International Union.
Journeymen Tailors' Union.
Iron Molders' Union.
Journeymen Bakers and Confectioners' Union.
Coopers' International Union.
Team Drivers' International Union.
United Brotherhood of Leather Workers on Horse Goods.
National Union of United Brewery Workers.
International Broommakers' Union.
International Union Carriage and Wagonmakers.
International Association of Brick, Tile and Terra Cotta Workers.
International Association of Allied Metal Mechanics (Bicycle Workers).
Glass Bottle Blowers' Association.
Metal Polishers, Buffers, Platers and Brass Workers' Union.
International Association of Machinists.
International Union of Journeymen Horseshoers.
International Association of Watch Case Engravers.
International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union.
American Federation of Musicians.
Shirt, Waist and Laundry Workers' International Union.
International Jewelry Workers' Union.
American Wire Weavers' Protective Association.
American Federation of Labor.
Upholsterers' International Union.
International Brotherhood of Blacksmiths.
Amalgamated International Association Sheet Metal Workers.
Journeymen Barbers' International Union.
Retail Clerks' International Protective Association.
Hotel and Restaurant Employes' International Alliance and Bartenders' International League of America.
Actors' National Protective Union.
Meat Cutters and Butcher Workmen.
Stove Mounters' International Union.
International Steel and Copper Plate Printers.
United Cloth Hat and Cap Makers.
International Brotherhood of Paper Makers.
United Gold Beaters' National Union.
International Union of Wood, Wire and Metal Lathers.
Amalgamated Rubber Workers' International Union.
Elastic Goring Weavers' International Union.
International Printng Pressmen's Union
National Association of Machine Printers and Color Mixers.
Theatrical Stage Employes International Alliance.
Trunk and Bag Workers' International Union.
United Powder and High Explosive Workers.

UNION DIRECTORY.

(Secretary of Local Unions are urgently requested to report all changes.)

Central Labor Union. Meets second and fourth Tuesdays at 1034 O St. T. C. Kelsey, president; I. R. DeLong, secretary; T. C. Evans, treasurer.

Carpenters and Joiners, No. 1055. Meet every Tuesday evening at 130 So. 11th St. Chas. F. Smith, president; J. M. Schueler, vice-president; G. F. Quick, recording secretary; Ed. S. Scott, financial secretary; H. B. Atterbury, conductor; John Robinson, treasurer; T. J. Adams, warden.

Typographical Union, No. 209. Meets first Sunday in each month at 130 So. 11th St. Frank M. Coffey, president; H. C. Peat, vice-president; F. H. Hebbard, financial secretary; Albert Strain, recording secretary; J. G. Sayer, sergeant-at-arms.

Cigarmakers. Meet first Friday. J. Steiner, president; J. M. Anhauser, vice-president; T. W. Evans, corresponding and financial secretary; R. R. Speechley, treasurer; A. Herminghaus, recording secretary.

Capital Auxiliary, No. 11. (To Typographical Union, No. 209.) Meets first and third Fridays. Mrs. W. M. Smith, president; Mrs. C. B. Righter, vice-president; Mrs. Fred Mickel, secretary; Mrs. J. G. Sayer, treasurer; Mrs. Will Bustard, guide; Mrs. Freeman, chaplain.

Bricklayers' Union. Meets every Friday at 129 So. 10th St. Nels Carrel, president; W. J. Harvey, vice-president; H. Swenk, financial secretary; C. Gerstenberger, recording secretary; J. Anderson, treasurer; Grant Roberts, doorkeeper; Gus Swanson, sergeant-at-arms.

Hod Carriers and Building Laborers. Meet every Thursday, Westerfield's hall. T. W. Calkins, president; L. D. Wertz, vice-persident; Miles Burke, recording secretary; A. L. A. Schiermeyer, financial and corresponding secretary; F. W. Swanson, treasurer; T. Frye, sergeant-

CERTIFICATE OF PUBLICATION
STATE OF NEBRASKA.
OFFICE OF
AUDITOR OF PUBLIC ACCOUNTS.
LINCOLN, February 1st, 1905

It is hereby certified that the American Insurance Co. of Boston, in the State of Massachusetts has complied with the Insurance Law of this state applicable to such companies and is therefore authorized to continue the business of fire and lightning insurance in this state for the current year ending January 31st, 1906.

Witness my hand and the seal of the Auditor of Public Accounts the day and year first above written.

E. M. SEARLE, JR.,
[SEAL] Auditor of Public Accounts.
JOHN L. PIERCE, Deputy.

THOUGHT IT WISE TO OBEY

The President Issues Orders to Lobbyists With Emergency Clause

At the session of the commission investigating the charges of the scheme of the state officials of West Virginia to defeat gas and oil legislation, a number of legislators mentioned in the letter of United States Marshal Elliott testified. Speaker of the House Grosscup acknowledged that he had used his influence against the bill to regulate the gas and oil business, but did so because he was engaged in the gas business and believed it would hurt his business. Members of the committee made vain efforts to commit the witness to an alleged ante-election deal between Governor-elect Dawson and the Standard Oil company to throw their influence for republican success at the polls.

As a result of the railroad men's protest to President Roosevelt against the federal officials lobbying in the interests of various corporations, District Attorney of the Northwest Virginia district, Blizzard, received a telegram from President Roosevelt to Charleston or resign. Blizzard left Charleston.

Railroad Manager Changes Base

E. E. Calvin, general manager of the Oregon Railroad & Navigation company, has left Portland, Ore., for San Francisco to become general manager of the Southern Pacific system. G. A. Worthington, assistant director of maintenance and operation of the Harriman system, will succeed Mr. Calvin as general manager of the northwestern grand division of the Harriman lines.

Saved His Reputation

"In the little town where I spent my vacation recently," said the business man, "Cy Mellun was accounted the 'champeen' checker player of the state, if not of the entire country. He had met and defeated all the crack players for miles around and was looked upon with something of reverence by his fellow townsmen. His greatest delight was to lure strangers into a game at the village store, and defeat the newcomer while a crowd of his admiring neighbors looked on.

"Cy nearly met his Waterloo one night, however, but saved his reputation by a clever ruse. This is how he described the event to me, in strict confidence, however, so that is why I do not care to mention the particular town:

"'You see, it was this way,' drawled Cy. 'One day a new feller hit the town. He was one of those travelin' men, and a right slick article. He came into the store one night just as I finished waxin' a farmer who allowed he cud play checkers some. We was playin' in the back of the store by the light of a candle stuck in a bottle and the checker board was laid on an empty soap box. I was feelin' pretty slick after beatin' the farmer and sorter keerlessly invited the young drummer to a go, an' he accepted.

"'We hadn't made more'n eight moves when I saw I was up agin' a pretty tough proposition. He had me beat for sure in the next few moves. Gee, I could see my reputation all goin' to flinders an' everybody would be givin' me the laugh. So, while pretendin' to study the next move, I did some pretty tall thinkin' as to how to get out o' the fix.

"'Then a bright idee came to me. I pretended to change my position on my stool and quite by accident, o' course, upset the box on which the candle was standin'. I made a grab for the candle and another unfortunate thing happened. My knee struck an end of the checker board, which was hangin' over the edge of the box, and the checker men got so badly mixed up that by the time the candle was lighted agin' the game was hopelessly spiled.

"'I was mighty glad when the stranger said he didn't have time to play another game, as he had to catch his train. The folks in the store was terrible disappointed, as they wanted to see me add another victory to my list. But, say, I had a darned close shave from losin' my reputation that time.'"

Beginning of Time Tables

It is just sixty-five years ago since George Bradshaw, the quaker engraver and map-maker of Manchester, England, was first inspired to publish his "Time Table." It was a tiny pamphlet bound in green cloth, and was nothing more than a collection of the montly time tables issued by the seven railway companies then in existence in England. Of this volume there are now only four copies in existence, but they are worth their weight in gold.

So encouraged was Bradshaw by the success of this time table that in 1840 he published his "Railway Companion," a volume of thirty-eight pages with maps which sold at a shilling. These early guides were published rather irregularly because of the difficulty of learning the changes in times from the railway authorities. They resented Bradshaw's interference and put every obstacle in the way of his obtaining information. At last, through the quaker's perseverance, they finally agreed to adjust their time tables by the beginning of the month. Thereafter it was smooth sailing. The guide continued to grow and prosper and to make itself a necessity.

These early railway guides make interesting reading. The trains are described as first-class, second-class, mixed, fast and mail. Third-class travelers had the choice of sitting on the roofs or in open wagons resembling cattle trucks. Gentlemen riding in their own carriages were charged second-class fare. Baggage was carried on the roof, and passengers who sat there were cautioned to wear their overcoats and provide themselves with gauze spectacles. First-class fare between London and Birmingham was nearly double what it is to-day and an annual subscription ticket from London to Brighton and back cost $500.

Authors One Should Know

"If you were asked to choose ten authors, a partial knowledge of whose works you regarded as essential to the equipment of a successful modern man, what authors would you name?"

This question, recently put to five representative men in New York, chosen at random, produced the following results:

1. Homer, Plato, Dante, Goethe, Voltaire, Balzac, Shakespeare, Carlyle, Matthew Arnold and Emerson.

2. James Bryce, "American Commonwealth"; Dickens, Kipling, Mark Twain, Robert Louis Stevenson, Woodrow Wilson, "Popular History"; Jules Verne, Howells, H. G. Wells, "Anticipations", and Ridpath's "History of the World."

3. Shakespeare, Plato, Cervantes, Moliere, Gibbon, Goethe, Emerson, Motley, Thackeray, Tolstoi.

4. Shakespeare, Boswell's "Johnson," Plutarch's Lives, Esquemling's "History of the Buccanneers," Hamilton's "Memoirs of Gramont," Pepys' Diary, Bourienne's Napoleon, Gibbon's Rome, Green's History of England, John Fiske's United States Histories.

5. Shakespeare, Kipling, Howells, Dumas (senior), Mark Twain, Ruskin, John Fiske, Darwin, Tyndal, Tennyson or Robert Browning.

As was to have been expected, Shakespeare figures in most of the lists, only one leaving him out. Plato Goethe, Emerson, Gibbon and John Fiske are the choice in two lists, and Howells, Kipling and Mark Twain among the living writers, each has two adherents. Altogether, thirty-eight authors are mentioned in the five lists.

Had Napoleon's Son Lived

Taking advantage of the publication of a new edition of his "Napoleon: The Last Phase," says the London News, Lord Rosebery has contributed a new chapter in which he speculates on what might have happened if Napoleon's luckless son had lived. He says:

"It seems impossible to measure the attractive force of the youth who was the very child of Caesar, and who for three years had actually lived in Paris as a king.

"His father in exile planned and pondered much over the son's future. What were the chances of that future we may estimate by an incident. When Prince Napoleon, the son of Jerome, was in Paris under the name of Montfort in 1845, he visited the Hotel des Invalides. His resemblance to the founder of his house was striking, and the sentry on duty, after looking hard at him, in a moment of uncontrollable emotion, presented arms. Some of the veterans came up. 'It is a son of the emperor, or at least a nephew of the emperor.' The news spread like wildfire, and the old men rushed like madmen to fetch Gen. Petit, the lieutenant-governor—him of the famous farewell in the court yard of Fountainebleau. He came and embraced the young man as Napoleon had embraced him, amid shouts of 'Vive l'Empereur!' 'Had it been in a barrack, not a hospital, no one knows what would have happened,' says a contemporary chronicler."

Lord Rosebery then proceeds to point out how different would have been Napoleon's fate had he been an hereditary monarch.

Say Something in Praise

Pick out the folks you like the least and
watch 'em for a while;
They never waste a kindly word, they
never waste a smile;
They criticise their fellow men at every
chance they get,
They never found a human just to suit
their fancy yet.
From them I guess you'd learn some
things if they were pointed out—
Some things what every one of us should
know a lot about.
When some one "knocks" a brother, pass
around the loving cup—
Say something good about him if you
have to make it up.

It's safe to say that every man God made
holds trace of good
That he would fain exhibit to his fellows if he could;
The kindly deeds in many a soul are hibernating there,
Awaiting the encouragement of other
souls that dare
To show the best that's in them; and a
universal move
Would start the whole world running in
a hopeful, helpful groove.
Say something sweet to paralyze the
"knocker" on the spot—
Speak kindly of his victim if you know
the man or not.

The eyes that peek and peer to find the
worst a brother holds,
The tongue that speaks in bitterness,
that frets and fumes and scolds;
The hands that bruise the fallen, though
their strength was meant to raise
The weaklings who had stumbled at the
parting of the ways—
All these should be forgiven, for they
"know not what they do;"
Their hindrance makes a greater work
for wiser ones like you.
So, when they scourge a wretched one
who's drained sin's bitter cup,
Say something good about him if you
have to make it up.

—S. W. Gillilan in Baltimore American.

The Spinning Wheel in Ireland.

The spinning wheel and the flax wheel are still found in the Irish cottages, where many a girl has her wedding dowry of linen and homespun made at home. Although it is more the task of the older women, there are still girls who do their spinning stint and lay by a certain amount for their wedding outfit. A pleasant sight it is to see the elderly women outside their cottage doors spinning the flax or the wool. As long as the weather is warm the sturdy Irishwoman, old or young, scorns a roof except to sleep under. The free air and sunshine are her choice, and the sweet sky is the fairest roof.

OUT OF THE ORDINARY

He Knew It All.

Oh, once there lived upon this earth,
In a long forgotten land,
A man who vowed that women
He had learned to understand.

He wrote down all their qualities,
And by the rule of three
He managed to evolve at last
A wonderous theory!

He knew when they would laugh or
cry—
He only had to count!—
He knew when they would smile or
sigh,
He knew not only when, but why,
And the exact amount!

He knew just what a woman meant—
This scholar so astute!—
When she called pins "magnificent"
And baby hippos "cute."

He knew just when her no meant yes;
He knew, indeed—oh pause!—
He knew the magic meaning
Of the little word "because."

He knew it all, or thought he did—
Oh comedy of life!—
Until one day he married
A delightful little wife.

Alas! Alack! Oh, mercy me!
Now what do you suppose?
She wouldn't live by rule of three,
She laughed at all his theory,
And led him by the nose.

—New York Press.

Knives for the One-Armed.

"What is that thing over there?" asked a man on a high stool at a lunch counter.

The thing he was pointing at was shaped like a sickle, had a handle, and at the very tip of the blade was a pronged fork.

"That?" said the waiter. "Why, that's a one-armed knife. Ever see one before?" And he passed it over the counter for inspection. "Nearly all restaurants keep them in their stock of cutlery nowadays.

"You see, the one-armed man can't cut his meat with the same motion that you or I use. He must bear down on his steak or chop, and to make the work easier for him some wise chap invented this sickle shaped knife with a fork attached.

"If you'll notice, it is made on the principle of the half circular cutter harnessmakers use. To be sure, we have to keep them sharp or their usefulness would be gone."—New York Sun.

Born on Field of Waterloo.

There was recently living in a town in Germany a woman who was born actually on the field of Waterloo while the battle was raging. Her mother, an Irishwoman of noble family, had married a German officer and followed him to the wars. She was present at every battle in the Peninsula in which he fought. Then she went into Belgium, and on the night before Waterloo she, with another woman, lay out for hours in the wet under trees and hedges. While the battle was still raging she was taken ill, and was carried into a shed, where her babe was born. It was a terrible cradle for the little one; it had been used as a field hospital, and all around lay the shattered limbs which the surgeons had amputated. But child and mother throve. The baby was christened "Waterloo," and lived to marry and settle down in Hanover.

Oldest German Is Gaspard Griesser.

The senior inhabitant of the German empire is an old man named Gaspard Griesser, who lives in the village of Lorsch, in Hesse.

He does not know his exact age, because the registers of the village do not go as far back as 1798, the year in which he was born; but the records of the parish church prove that he was baptized in December of that year, so that he is now certainly 111 years of age.

Gaspard can see, hear and eat well and can walk without support. He spends his days smoking his pipe and he has never left his native village.

A man who was 11 years old when Napoleon I was crowned emperor of the French, and who might have fought at Leipzig, though he makes no claim to this, is something quite out of the common.—Sketch.

Held Court in Railroad Car.

A short time ago when a train on the Russian railway from Tashkend stopped at Tchernaievo a well-dressed man got into a carriage marked "no smoking allowed" and, taking out his case, began to smoke a cigarette. The other passengers politely called his attention to the fact that he was not in a smoking carriage, but he paid no heed to them and went on smoking. It so happened that one of the travelers was a justice of the peace, who thereupon got up, took his chain of office out of his bag and declared the carriage a court of law. The smoker was found guilty and fined fifty rubles and, as he would not give his name and declared that he had no money, he was imprisoned in the guard's van until he paid the fine.

Ancient Book Long Hidden.

Clyde A. McIntosh of Fort Fairfield, Me., has one of the two volumes of the first edition of John Locke's "Essay on the Understanding," published in 1689. The book was obtained from a poor farmer in Cape Breton. In handling them the second volume dropped down into the wall of the unfinished house, between the inside and outside boarding, and it was not deemed worth while to ferret it out from its hiding place.

Musical Watch Betrays Thief.

A Bordeaux jeweler has added to the gayety of Parisians this week by his experience in Paris. He met a pretty woman on the boulevard, and dined and wined in a cabinet particulier, after which he missed his watch and his companion at the same time.

The watch had a most costly music-box attachment. The jeweler was in the act of complaining to a policeman in the street about the theft. He admitted he couldn't describe his companion except in a hazy way, when suddenly he heard an air from "La Traviata" as a girl passed.

"There's my watch now!" he cried.

The girl was arrested and the watch was found in her possession.—New York World.

Japs Read Little Fiction.

During 1903 of the books called for at the imperial library of Japan 166,677 volumes, or 21.6 per cent, related to mathematics, science and medicine; 153,711, or 20 per cent, to literature and language; theology and religion 12,486, or 1.6 per cent, while 18 per cent of the applications were for books on history and georgraphy. Fiction finds no place in the classified table of books in demand by readers in thir Japanese library.

Freak Calf in Vermont.

Elbert Solger of Bridgwater, Vt., has a cow that has given birth to a strange calf. The body is about normal size, but the head is shaped much like a bulldog's. Its ears are short and rounded like a cat's. Its legs are about 12 inches long, the hind ones being perfect, but the forward ones are without joints at the knees. The tail, which is very short, resembles the tail of a lynx.

Novel and Useful Present.

Mrs. Sarah B. Lund, an invalid Nashua, N. H., woman was remembered by a most unique and valuable New Year's gift. Her friends got together and made up a bag which contained a package of some sort of useful presents for every day of the year, the intent being that each day the recipient should thrust her hand into the bag and draw forth some reminder of her friends.

Chance for Romance.

About ten years ago a little girl at Parkhurst, Me., scratched her initials on a cent and spent it for candy. A young man at Caribou who happened to know the young woman's initials got hold of the cent last week and returned it to her by letter.

READ AND REMEMBER.

Register subscribers in general, and unionists in particular, will no doubt be surprised at the tone of an article published on the second page of this issue. The article is so maliciously unfair and untrue that when the publishers first saw it their first impulse was to either cut it out or make a bonfire of the entire edition, but sober second thought dictated that the article (entitled "Result of Boycott") would do the man inspiring it more harm than good, hence its publication in the Register. Surely no decent union man will ever spend another cent of his wages for any of the products of a company which will assail unionism as it is assailed in that article! The article is referred to here in order that no union man may miss reading it. Read it carefully and remember the name of the company causing it to be printed. The Postum Cereal Company, Ltd., manufactures "Postum Cereal," a questionable substitute for coffee, and "Grape Nuts," a so-called "breakfast food."

That portion of the Register in which the article appears is printed by a large printing house in Omaha and the publishers of the Register have made arrangements to have somebody else help them print this paper in future. One dose of "Post-Nuts" is enough.—Central City (S. D.) Register.