

May Be "Wise!"

..COOK WITH GAS..

Cheapest Fuel
---Convenient
Always-Ready
Fuel---Clean,
Comfortable Fuel

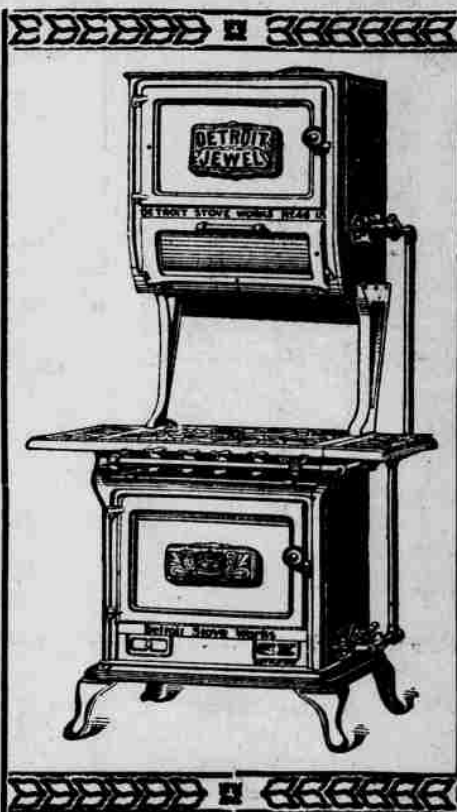
..COOK WITH GAS..

Here is the latest and most improved gas range—elevated oven and boiler, with oven below, giving two ovens. By the use of the elevated oven one may bake and broil with the same flame. With the body of the stove up from the floor—a point of convenience that will be appreciated by all neat housewives—allows the floor underneath to be easily swept.

A Gas Range saves Money, Time, Health

It is a wonderful convenience that every housewife should have. From the standpoint of economy they are valuable—saving money as well as labor. We connect free every gas range we sell. The range shown in the cut comes in different sizes, the prices running from \$18 up. We sell them on time payments, and will be pleased to give you a practical demonstration of these gas ranges. Open evenings.

1320 O Street, - - Lincoln, Nebraska



Why Don't Women Strike?

These are the days of the improved machine—and the broken down woman. We see the spectacle of the farmer riding a sulky plow under a big red umbrella—and his wife pulling on seventy feet of heavy rope to get a bucket of water out of the well. In the business offices down town we see men wearily at work reading the morning papers while electric fans cool their fevered and perspiring brows—while in the kitchen at home nervous housewives stand over red-hot ranges and boil and bake and stew and fry and roast.

In the print shop down town the printer throws on an electric switch and the job press runs of itself, the man having only to stand erect and gaily shove the blank sheets upon the tympanum—but out at the house the wife bends wearily over the washtub, bowing her back 120 times a minute as she rubs the soiled linen over the old-fashioned washboard.

Why'n thunder don't the women organize a labor union and go on strike for labor saving machinery?

A strike of the United Housewives Union of Lincoln wouldn't last more than twenty-four hours. Indeed not, for the men would be starved into submission before the strikers could get their hair crimped preparatory to a meeting to discuss the situation and lay plans for picketing the kitchens.

While the men have, by organization and co-operation, secured a reduction in the working day from twelve hours to eight and nine hours, have secured improved sanitary conditions under which to work, have secured improved labor saving devices and materially benefited themselves in divers and sundry ways—while the working-men have done all these things their wives are compelled to labor the same old twelve and thirteen hours a day without improved machinery and in kitchens so hot and stuffy that any self-respecting union man would absolutely and unqualifiedly refuse to work therein. Imagine, if you can, a union printer, or a union cigarmaker, or a union leatherworker, or a union electrical workers, or a union barber—or practically any other skilled tradesman—who would work in a room 10x12 feet in size with a big steel range going full tilt and the sun outside keeping things up to 100 in the shade. He'd see his employer in Ballyhack before he'd do it. But there's a whole lot of them who never give a thought to their wives at home who are doing that sort of thing every day in the year, beginning at 6 o'clock in the morning and keeping it up until 7:30 in the evening.

But the union man who wouldn't do it himself seems perfectly willing that his wife should. One reason is that he doesn't think. Another reason is that his wife doesn't complain. The union man would give a kick that would make St. Paul's mule Maud look like six lead nickles if his employer asked him to work thirteen hours a day within a foot or a foot-and-a-half of a redhot steel range when the thermometer registered 102 in the shade on the front porch. And the kick would be effective, too, and don't you forget it!

Now, why'n the name of commonsense and self protection don't the women organize and make a kick?

Down town the dentist throws on a switch and electricity turns the cruel little dingbat that tunnels into your aching molar and makes your head feel like the quintessence of double distilled agony. But out at that same dentist's home his wife is running her sewing machine with her tired feet, and her aching back is bent over the machine until she comes to believe that her spine is an invention of Satan for the sole purpose of making women miserable. The dentist would "holler his head off" if he had to run the dingbat with his foot while electricity was running around loose, but he never gives a thought to the wife at home who is running up the long seams by footpower.

When the man in the store or office down town wants a book or a paper or a sample, it's "Here, Johnny, get me this or that," and Johnny, the officeboy, hikes off and gets it. But out at that same man's house more than likely the wife is trotting to the garbage box with a scuttful of ashes, or trotting from the coal house with a scuttful of coal, or out in the coal shed splitting kindling with a hatchet whose edge is as blunt as the conscience of a Parryite.

And while this sort of thing has been going on for years, from good to better for the men—and from bad to no better for the women—the women, God bless 'em, haven't made any vigorous protest. Is it not about time that the dear creatures grasp the bovine by the horns, so to speak, and make an organized demand for shorter hours, better work conditions and more convenience in the way of labor saving machinery?

"We really can't afford it," growls the head of the family, lighting his 10-cent cigar and preparing to take the car to get to his office seven blocks away. "No; my mother cooked over an old fashioned 'charter oak' cook stove and never made any complaints, and my mother was a fine cook; none better. We can't afford one of those new-fangled gas ranges. They cost too much money to run, for the blamed robber gas company soaks it to us right and left."

And the wife, after humbly asking for a little kitchen convenience quietly subsides, and the head of the house goes down town and buys every blamed thing in sight calculated to make his work easier. The wife can slave away in the stuffy kitchen over a redhot coal fire; but down in the office her husband tilts back in a swivel chair and lets the Klondike breezes from an electric fan cool his perspiring brow. Wouldn't that jar you? Your true blue union man would go on a sympathetic strike to assist a fellow unionist in securing better conditions, but many of them—O, so many—never give a thought to the partner of their joys and sorrows, especially sorrows, toiling away without modern conveniences and in the midst of surroundings that would make a business agent call a strike.

Why don't the women strike?

Why don't the wife who slaves away over a redhot coal range get a few facts and figures to present to her husband. Let her show that the 10 cents a day he spends for tobacco would pay for running a gas range and relieve her of one-half of her kitchen work, to say nothing of adding a thousand per cent to her comfort and convenience. Let her show by the records that it costs less to operate a gas range than it does to run a coal range—to say nothing of the saving in the labor. With a gas range the wife has no coal to carry, no ashes to dump, no litter to sweep up, no soot marks to wash off, no kindling to rustle and split. Scratch a match and the cooking begins. No long waits for the stove to get hot enough to boil the water. When the cooking is done, turn a valve and the expense stops.

There have been thousands of strikes called by labor unions

How About Your New Suit and Overcoat?



Correct Styles and the Newest at Armstrong's all the way up and down the price scale—the fashionable greys in Men's Suits, the modish tans and browns in Top Coats—the swellest effects in Raincoats and Paletots, and all the little niceties that stamp the wearer as strictly up-to-date.

What do you want most in your swell new Over-garments for Spring?

Is it...

Fine woolsens, the best of their kind, tested for quality, strength and permanence of color?

The most fashionable weaves in the latest and most elegant shades?

The indelible stamp of style in length and slope of shoulder and general "hang" of the garment?

Hand work around the collar, on the lapel, about the shoulder and wherever the deft tailoring touch counts?

Quality that conforms to the custom make standard of excellence?

Your money's worth and a few dollars as compared with the prevailing prices?

All these you get here in the Top Coat, Raincoat, Overcoat and Paletots with a price ranging from \$6.50 to \$30, to meet the limit of every pocketbook.

At \$15 Men's Top Coats, Raincoats and Knee Length Spring Overcoats.

Over sixty styles new and complete are placed on sale today. Not a garment offered worth less than \$18, some worth \$20.

What is your idea of a Business or Dress Suit for Spring?

Is it...

The cut that bears the stamp of correct style?

The fashionable shape in the newest effects?

A cloth that will stand strenuous tests and hold its color against all contingencies and weather conditions?

Hand tailoring at every point where the skill of the expert is needed to impart the fashion plate effect?

The capacity to hold its shape or return to gracefulness under skillful pressing?

An honest Suit that does not call for the last dollar in your pocket?

All these essential points are ably met in our splendid line of Men's Suits for Spring and Summer—the most fashionable clothes in Lincoln—the Suits you want most now—Prices, \$6.50 to \$25.00.

At \$15 MEN'S SWELLEST SPRING SUITS

Over 500 new Suits just received and placed on sale at \$15. They are the new greys in single and double breasted style. Suits that command \$18 and \$20 everywhere.

ARMSTRONG CLOTHING COMPANY

GOOD CLOTHES MERCHANTS

for far less substantial reasons than a thousand Lincoln housewives have for striking. The man who don't buy his wife a gas range when the gas is at his door and there is no cost for connecting up, deserves to find his wife on strike when he comes home in the evening. More than that, he deserves to be boycotted by the Amalgamated Order of Good Fellows who have enough regard for their wives to give them the advantage of all the labor saving and health saving and energy saving conveniences that they demand for themselves.

If the housewives of Lincoln who are toiling and sweating over coal ranges through the long summer when gas for fuel is to be had, will organize and strike for their rights, the Wageworker will back them up in their fight until the last canine is suspended and the kine return lowing to their domicile.

Let the Housewives' Union of Lincoln inscribe upon its banners, "We Demand Justice—and Gas Stoves." Let it go forth panoplied in the robes of right and conscious of the justice of its cause, and the mere men will capitulate without resistance.

What about gas for fuel? Cheapest fuel known to man. You can do the cooking, washing and ironing for a family of five for \$3 a month or less—and there's no coal to carry, no kindling to split, no litter to clean up. No weary waiting for the stove to warm up—and make the kitchen a furnace. The minute you touch a match to the gas you have the hottest flame imaginable. When the cooking is done the heat is turned off—and the kitchen is as cool as the parlor.

It's all so nice, so handy, so convenient, so comfortable, that the wonder is that any wife in Lincoln would consent to be without a gas range.

If you don't believe what we say about gas, ask your neighbor who uses it. We know a man who wouldn't dare even hint at cutting out the gas range. And he wouldn't do it anyhow. It's too cheap and too handy and too easy for the little woman.

The gas company people can tell you all about gas ranges—and sell you one cheap. Better see the man.

THAT UNION BAND.

Several Old Bandmen Agree to Take Hold and Push It.

The Wageworker has heard from several old time bandmen who are

anxious to take hold and push a union band proposition. There are others who should get to the front and make themselves known. There is enough musical talent in the union organizations of this city to make a band that

would be second to none in this section of the great west.

When a few more have signified their willingness to help the project along The Wageworker will arrange for a meeting to discuss the matter. In the meantime let every union man who has ever played in a brass band drop The Wageworker a card, giving his name and address and stating the instrument he plays on.

CAPITAL AUXILIARY.

News Notes from the Printers' Very Best Friends.

Capital Auxiliary will give a social May 17th (Wednesday) at Bohanan's hall, to which it is hoped all members, their husbands and friends will attend. Let each member do all they can toward making this as good as our April social. There is plenty of room for a still larger crowd.

Our next meeting will be at the home of Mrs. Freeman, 1200 D street. A delegate to the national convention will be elected at this meeting, so every member should be present.

The writer would like to ask how many auxiliary ladies have patronized the milliner who advertises in The Wageworker? We have (and told her why) and got as good satisfaction as we ever did elsewhere. If you have not purchased your summer hat, see her before buying and thus help our paper, The Wageworker.

TO BE SURE

When Mr. Gompers challenged Mr. Parry to meet him in a Labor Day debate on the "Open Shop" question, Mr. Parry declined, saying, "I do not wish to make an attraction of myself at a picnic."

No doubt the "attraction" he re-

ferred to was the "holy show" that he would have made of himself had he accepted the challenge.—Painters' Journal.

To the Workingmen!

...We handle...

..UNION MADE GOODS..

and am a workingman myself.

Allen's Kushion Komfort

Shoe Parlors.

133 NORTH 14TH STREET.

FAGAN'S CAFE

1228 O STREET

HANDLES EVERYTHING IN SEASON MODERATE PRICES. FIRST CLASS SERVICE MEALS, 15cts AND UP

OPEN ALL NIGHT

YOUR CHRISTMAS PHOTOS

Go to Hayden

STUCKEY'S

1429 O.

Confectionery

Ice Cream.

Dr. Clifford R. Tefft

DENTIST

Office Over Sidles Bicycle Store

Pattern and Street Hats

I am regularly receiving and showing the finest line of

Street and Pattern Hats ever brought to the city. Never before have I been able to offer such genuine bargains in the Millinery line. It will give me pleasure to show you my goods.

SADIE PUCKETT