

**The Columbia Fire Insurance Co.**

WITH

|                                |              |
|--------------------------------|--------------|
| CASH CAPITAL OF.....           | \$200,000.00 |
| ASSETS OVER.....               | 500,000.00   |
| REINSURANCE RESERVE OVER.....  | 231,000.00   |
| SURPLUS TO POLICY HOLDERS..... | 491,378.63   |

Leads all Western Companies and Offers the Most Liberal Policies Issued by Any Company.

**BURT W. RICHARDS, Resident Manager.**

**NULL & McCOY**  
EXCLUSIVE SHOE STORE

We carry a full and complete line of shoes. A shoe that is made well fits well, feels well, wears well and sells well. We handle that kind. We can save you money. We do all kinds of repairing.

**NULL & McCOY**  
1529 O St., LINCOLN.

**Protected by Block Signals**

The first railway in America to adopt the absolute Block System in the operation of all trains was the

**Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway**

Was the first railway to light its trains by electricity. The St. Paul Road was also the first to adopt the steam-heating system.

Three trains from Union Station, Omaha, to Union Station, Chicago, every day.

**F. A. NASH,**  
General Western Agent, 1324 Farnam Street,  
OMAHA, NEB.

**The Real**  
**True Blue**  
**Union Men**

Of Lincoln will wear Clothing bearing the Union Label made by

**Kohn Brothers**  
**Chicago**

The only line of real High Grade Clothing bearing the label. To be sure, ask for Kohn Brothers' Clothing. Sold in Lincoln exclusively by . . . . .

**The Armstrong**  
**Clothing Co.**

**Columbia National Bank**  
General Banking Business. Interest on time deposits  
LINCOLN, NEBRASKA

**A Capmaker's Story**

(Continued From Page One.)  
for work, I went to this boss, and he stared at me, and said:  
"What do you want?"  
"You asked for a girl."  
"You—you—I don't want you," said he. "Can't I have my choice?"  
"Certainly," said I, "I could never work where I'm not wanted."  
I suppose he expected me to revenge myself by keeping other girls away, but I sent him others till he filled the place.  
He resented my having served on the committee, and so he did not want me, but I felt honored by the manner in which I was treated. It showed that I had done my duty.  
The bosses try to represent this open shop issue as though they were fighting a battle for the public, but really it is nothing of the sort. The open shop is a weapon to break the unions and set men once more cutting each other's throats by individual competition.  
Why, there was a time in the cap trade when men worked fourteen hours a day, and then took the heads of their machines home in bags and setting them up on stands put mattresses underneath to deaden the sound and worked away till far into the morning.  
We don't want such slavery as that to come back.  
The shops are open now for all union people, and all non-union people can join the union. In order to take in new-comer foreigners we have for them cut the initiation fees down to one-half what the Americans have to pay, and we trust them till they get work and their wages.  
In order to give the newcomers a chance we have stopped night work, which doesn't suit the bosses, because it causes them to pay more rent when they can't use their buildings night and day. It costs them the price of another lot instead of costing the workers their health and lives as in the old days.  
Our trade is well organized, we have won two victories and are not going backward.  
But there is much to be done in other directions. The shop girls certainly need organization, and I think that they ought to be easy to organize as their duties are simple and regular and they have a regular scale of wages.  
Many saleswomen on Grand and Division streets, and, in fact, all over the East Side, work from 8 a. m. till 8 p. m. week days, and one-half day on Sundays for \$5 and \$6 a week; so they certainly need organization.  
The waitresses also could easily be organized, and perhaps the domestic servants. I don't know about stenographers. I have not come in contact with them.  
Women have proved in the late strike that they can be faithful to an organization and to each other. The men give us the credit of winning the strike.  
Certainly our organization constantly grows stronger, and the Woman's Trade Union League makes progress. The girls and women by their meetings and discussions come to understand and sympathize with each other, and more and more easily they act together.  
It is the only way in which they can hope to hold what they now have or better present conditions.  
Certainly there is no hope from the mercy of the bosses.  
Each boss does the best he can for himself with no thought of the other bosses, and that compels each to gouge and squeeze his hands to the last penny in order to make a profit.  
So we must stand together to resist, for we will get what we can take—just that and no more—Rosa Schneiderman, in New York Independent.

**THE "QUITTER."**

**Some Plain Truths About a Certain Class of "Unionists."**

The following article on the "Quitter" has been going the rounds of the labor press, but unfortunately the credit was lost before it came to the notice of The Wage Worker. If the editor who wrote it will make the fact known The Wage Worker will be glad to give proper credit, for the article is too good to be floating around without identification. It deals with a certain class of individuals who afflict all labor unions, and it should be read and digested by all good union men:

"Of all the displeasable characters in the kingdoms of man or beast, it is probably that the "quitter" is absolutely the worst. On the race track, the horse that is able to "go the route" is the object of admiration of all true sportsmen. As long as they get an honest run for their money, they rarely kick, but when the oftentimes pompous individual at the post throws up his tail and "quits" in the home stretch, he is branded for all time, and he will never be a favorite in the betting until he has redeemed himself beyond all question of doubt.

"So it is in the trade union. There are many men who were rabid enthusiasts when the union was first organized, or as long as it was on the upgrade; but let a cloud appear on the horizon, no matter if it be no longer than the proverbial "Man's hand," and they begin to whine like a lot of whipped curs. They stop paying dues "until this thing is settled," for fear that they might not win out and then their four bits would be gone beyond recovery. How long would any organization stand that ever had any

**The Matter of Good Clothing!**

Two Things are to be considered in the purchase of Clothing--QUALITY and PRICE. If the quality is poor any price is too high. When price and quality meet there remains only the individual taste in color, cut and texture to satisfy. We give quality for the price, and style color and texture to suit the taste.



**SPRING CLOTHING**

We bought so largely that we were compelled to double our floor space. And every foot of available room is now filled with Clothing add Furnishings. We outfit a man from head to foot and then offer Trunks and Suit Cases to carry the outfit. We have bought to meet the requirements of all sizes of purse:

Mens' Suits from \$4 to \$15. Boys' Suits from \$1.75 to \$7.50. Hats from 50c to \$3.00, and Shoes from \$1.35 to \$3.50.

**Union Made Work Clothes!**

Our line of Union Made Work Clothes is unusually large. We want the trade of Union Men, and will get it if earnest effort and square dealing have any effect. We offer our bargains at the beginning of the season--not at the end. In this we differ from some stores. But then, this is the "Different Store." : : : :

**Lincoln Clothing Co.**  
N. WEST COR. 10<sup>TH</sup> & P. ST.

trouble, if even a majority of the members would assume such a candid position as to be entitled to a great deal of credit.

"The man or set of men who files the track under some imaginary or slight strain should never be trusted again until they prove that they have overcome the disadvantage of their ancestry. The race horse men call them "short bred." In other words, "that their pedigree runs to the woods." Look out for the known "quitter" and at the same time keep your weather eye open for those that are liable to develop such defects.

"Many unions have almost gone through a baptism of fire, but come out stronger and purer than ever, for the reason that they have been able to locate the dross and that they know where to look for it in the future. The rank and file are usually all right, but there are always a few weak-kneed creatures hanging around the ragged edge. They always drop off at the slightest provocation. The watch dogs of the union always have to keep herding them to keep them from straying away from the main band. The union should adopt some form of a badge, such as the monthly dues button, so that they can be located at all times.

"The one sheep that is disposed to go astray has always given the shepherds more trouble than the other ninety and nine. It is this that is the cause in most instances of the demand for the so-called "closed shop" so that "the bird that can sing and won't sing" can be made to sing. They are the cause of more friction between employers and men than all others put together."

**THEY EXPECT TOO MUCH.**

**Some Advertisers Who Fail to See Things in Proper Light.**

The Vincennes, Ind., Labor News seems to have had considerable experience with a certain class of advertisers. The following from the News fully covers the subject to which it refers:

"As an advertising medium the labor paper has the advantage over all else, in that it goes directly to men who are drawing their money every Saturday evening. Men who spend the greater part of their earnings in retail purchases. They are the most valuable class of customers the business men have.

"Yet some business men will place a small advertisement in the labor paper and if all the union men do not line up before their place of business, with the money in their hands, crying, 'Behold, we are union men, come in response to your advertisement,' they will say it is no use advertising in the labor paper; that union men do not pay attention to it.

"Of course this class of business men is the exception, but the exception has several in its class. Why should not the same rule apply to a democratic or republican paper? Is there one business man so afflicted that he would expect all the republicans in a community to rush headlong into his place of business, shouting, 'We are republicans,' in response to a little ad in their party paper? Or the democrats to announce their party affiliation when making purchases, because of an ad placed in their party organ?

"No; in no other instance is such foolery asked or expected.

"But there are numerous business men who steadily and consistently patronize the labor paper, because they consider it a good advertisement. They keep steadily at it through the dull and busy seasons. They get the business, because they catch the eye of the workman all the time, and an invitation continually extended must be accepted sooner or later."

**IT SOMETIMES HAPPENS SO.**

**The Old Ball Player**

He was verging on sixty, but was rotund and jolly, and when he passed the vacant lot where the boys were playing ball he stopped to watch them.

"That's a bully bit!" he shouted when a crackle-faced lad lined out a two bagger.

"Rah! That was a peach of a throw!" he yelled when the youthful catcher slammed one down to second and caught the runner by three feet.

"Ever play ball?" queried a dyspeptic looking individual who had paused to see what was doing.

"You bet," replied the jolly old boy.

"I used to take 'em off the bat without glove or mask. Didn't have no life preservers when I was a boy. Took all the risk and had all the fun there is in the game. Gee! Wish I was backstopping right now."

"Come and try it, mister," yelled the youthful catcher.

"That's what I'm going to do," said the jolly old boy, and disdaining mask, pad and glove he crouched behind the bat. The agile young pitcher in the box grinned, spat upon the ball, danced about on his toes and slammed the ball over the plate like a bullet shot out of a gun.

No. You are mistaken. The jolly old boy didn't stop it with his profecia. He caught it like a veteran and piked it over to second like a flash, catching the base runner a mile from town.

It happens this way every once in a while.

**The Lone Fisherman**

"Yes, been fishing," admitted the well-known business man when he showed up in the neighborhood at dusk, his face burned to a blister and mud all over his clothes.

"Catch anything?"

"O, I didn't do so worse. Caught a dozen that weighed over a pound and a half, and three or four that tipped the scales at two pounds and over."

The neighbors immediately engaged in a merry ha-ha and asked to see the fish.

"Come right over," said the fisherman, leading the bunch to the back porch where the meat refrigerator stood. Lifting the lid he displayed his catch.

No. You are mistaken. He had more and bigger fish than he had claimed.

We have known it to happen this way once or twice.

**The Unfiled Suit**

The line fixture had long been a source of trouble, and the families had long since ceased speaking. Every time the boys met they went the sod together, and when the girls passed on the streets their noses were turned up like the toes of an old pair of boots.

One day the man on the East side tackled the fence, intending to make a few repairs. But no sooner had he started the work than the man on the West side showed up.

"Howdy do," said the man on the East side.

"Mornin'," said the man on the West side.

"I guess I'll fix my fence a bit."

"I thought o' takin' my fence down."

"Your fence?"

"Yep; my fence."

No. You are mistaken. They didn't mix. They merely talked it over and then re-located the fence to their mutual satisfaction.

It has often happened that way, but it seldom gets into the papers when it does.

**The Candidate**

The candidate arose before the convention which had nominated him and made a solemn pledge that when he went to congress he would stand firm in the interests of the people whom he strove in his weak way to represent.

Immediately upon his arrival in Washington he was visited by a representative of the allied railroads, by a representative of the ship subsidy crowd, by a representative of the associated tariff barons and by a representative of the captains of finance.

With each one of them he was closeted for several hours. Reports of these conferences reached his constituents, and they wondered.

The various representatives of the special interests winked whenever the honorable gentleman's name was mentioned. Finally congress went to work, and the new member took an active interest, being present every time an important measure was up for passage.

No. You are mistaken. He favored rate regulation, was opposed to the protective tariff graft, stood out against the branch bank and asset currency bills, fought the ship subsidy and actually paid his fare on the railroads.

It happened at least once within our recollection. But we believe his district listened to the siren voices that he had opposed at the next election.

**Be Brave**

When you meet old Mr. Trouble  
Look him squarely in the eye;  
Grit your teeth and both fists double  
And he'll surely pass you by.  
Make him give the road—he'll do it—  
If he don't, then make him rue it.  
Mark your path and then pursue it  
Till you land where roses lie.

When you see old Trouble coming  
Set your shoulders square and firm,  
Cheery songs just keep a humming  
And you're bound to make him squirm.  
Tackle him and he'll grow humble,  
Tangle up his feet and stumble,  
Then just scowl a bit and grumble  
And go wriggling like a worm.

Sunny sky or cloudy weather  
Meet old 'Trouble on the square.  
Never show him the white feather—  
Show him that you'll do and dare.  
Do this and you'll get him going;  
Slap his jaws, no mercy showing;  
Keep your courage ever growing  
And you'll win out then and there.

**A True Story**

This is neither a rhyme nor a fable, Neither is it a bit of humor or philosophy. It is merely a plain statement of a fact, and those who read it may draw their own conclusions.

A few weeks ago district court was

in session in a western city, and one of the jurymen, during a recess of the court, finding himself temporarily without funds, accosted an attorney interested in the case then being tried and sought the loan of a dollar.

The judge learned of this, and when court convened called the juror before him and administered a judicial rebuke that fairly stizzled. The juror was dismissed with a rebuke, and the trial began over again with a new juror in the box.

The case in question was one where in a railroad company was a party to the suit. The judge who dismissed the juror who had tried to borrow a dollar from one of the attorneys, leaned back in his judicial chair and resumed his hearing of the case, notwithstanding the fact that he carried in his pocket an annual pass over that same railroad, the pass being good for himself and family, with dining car and sleeping car privileges added.

As before stated, the reader is invited to draw his own conclusion.

**The Difference**

"Still poring over those fashion magazines, eh?" queried Mr. Bildad in a superior tone of voice.

"Yes, my dear," meekly responded Mrs. Bildad.

"Funny how you women take such delight in looking over those fashions. What is there about all that fancy dress fixing that interests you so?"

"They are very pretty, my dear," said Mrs. Bildad.

"Huh!" snorted Mr. Bildad, reaching for his pipe and a chair. "Pretty nothing. Where's that catalogue I brought home this evening?"

"What's that, my dear?"

"That catalogue—big red-backed catalogue."

"O, you mean that one from that lodge supply house and containing pictures of all those fancy robes, and gilt crowns, and lace vestments, and red boots and silver swords and such like, eh?"

"Yes, that's what I—"

"Here it is, Mr. Bildad. But I never could see how men could take delight in trapping themselves out in that sort of mummery and calling it by some high-sounding name that—"

"Mrs. Bildad, can't I have a minute's peace in my own house," shouted Mr. Bildad, throwing the catalogue at the cat and thrusting his lighted pipe into his coat pocket. "I am going down town and stay until you can give me a minute's rest from your constant nagging."

And Mrs. Bildad only smiled when the door slammed.

**Necessity**

When the highwayman shoved his pistol under my nose and ordered me to fork over, very naturally I objected.

"Aw, shut up and dig up!" he growled.

"But—"

"Cut it out, cully; I ain't no time to waste. I'm a philanthropist, I am, and de board is a waiting for me donation. See? I got t' get the money, so dig."

What excuse had I then for delay? There was the man and the pistol, and somewhere there was a benevolent board waiting for money and not caring where it came from.

Besides, why should I, in addition to losing my money, put myself in a position to be denounced as "small-minded," "ensorious," "socialistic," and all that sort of thing.

I dug.

A sincere reformer first converts himself.

Great political reforms have their inception at the stomach.

A satisfied stomach is the first step toward moral regeneration.

Men who have to pay for Easter bonnets write no jokes about them.