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### THE BARBERS.

Every Member of Lincoln Local Will Soon Be a Stockholder.

Before the Fourth of July is past every member of the local Barbers' Union will be a stockholder in the Labor Temple Association. Two-thirds of them have already "come through," and the rest are due. In addition the local will soon take another block of stock in addition to helping defray

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lax enforcement of the law is resulting in the employment of a lot of near-plumbers who are displacing competent men, putting in "rotten" work, and endangering the health of the city. Contractors, knowing that they can slight their work without fear of falling foul of the ordinance, are refusing to employ competent men at fair wages, and are employing men at 26 and 35 cents an hour. But the home owner pays more—he pays for competent men, but he doesn't get them.

The ordinance requires that "soil pipes receiving discharge from one or more water closets" shall continue full size (four inches) inside of buildings to the highest point of the roof, and to a height of not less than six inches above the ridge of the fire wall if the roof is flat. A sample of how this vital rule is violated may be seen in the neighborhood of Twenty-first and Garfield, where a soil pipe less than six inches out of the roof ends immediately in front of a big dormer window.

Similar cases could be cited by the score—and some of these days Lincoln will pay an awful penalty for the failure of the proper officials to enforce the law. The competent union plumbers of Lincoln are willing to pay a stiff examination fee and prove their competency by undergoing an examination. Two-thirds of the men now doing work with plumbing tools in Lincoln couldn't stand any kind of a test. Yet they are allowed to perform work upon which the health of the city depends.

It is time that something be done.

### TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION.

President Bain's Address at the Memorial Services June 21.

Following is the address delivered by President Bain of Lincoln Typographical Union No. 209 on the occasion of "Printers' Memorial Day," at Fraternity hall:

The fraternal tie that binds us together and the lessons which we have learned in fostering fellowship and brotherhood, and in shielding from aggression the isolated, defenseless toilers and which encourages us in developing those kindly instincts within the innermost recesses of our hearts, which are the fundamental principles of our union—defending the defenseless, befriending the friendless and inculcating lessons of justice and good will among men—causes us to assemble here today, as is our custom annually, to pay a tribute of respect to those with whom in former years we were associated as fellow craftsmen, commonly called printers, but in reality artists working at the art preservative of all arts, the art which has been and still is waging a war of enlightenment among all nations through the medium of characters that convey our highest thoughts in the betterment of mankind. I say we are assembled in memory of our departed brethren. It is a mournful occasion. It necessarily brings to our minds those who labored with us from day to day in the varied occupations connected with our craft and with whom we were brought in contact. They have gone from among us; their work is done; their proofs have been taken and turned in to the great Proofreader. Let us hope that their proofs have been clean. Whatever their errors, let us overlook them and call to mind today their virtues and good qualities and strive to emulate them so far as we can. Let us remember that we are brothers in the flesh as well as in our daily avocations. Let us cultivate a true fraternal spirit toward each other, ever remembering—The cruel and the bitter word That wounded as it fell; The chilling want of sympathy We feel but never tell; The hard repulse that chills the heart Whose hopes were bounding high In an unending record kept— These things shall never die, The timid hand stretched forth to aid A brother in his need, The kindly word in grief's dark hour, That proves a friend indeed. There is too much selfishness in this beautiful world of ours. We are too apt to forget the duties we owe to each other and to think only of our own desires and aspirations, regardless of our fellow craftsmen, and in doing so often judge our brethren, sometimes intentionally, but let us hope more often thoughtlessly and unintentionally. So let us ever be watchful of our actions in everything pertaining to our fellow craftsmen. If we are prompted to do some act that is doubtful in its nature, let us ask ourselves the question, would I like such to be done to me? Let us act upon the Golden Rule. Let harmony, peace and contentment ever prevail in our ranks. Let us try to remember that we get the most good to ourselves by striving earnestly to do good to each other. A cheering word spoken here and there, the friendly clasp of the hand, the proffered aid in time of need—all help towards the uplifting of our associates.

The fundamental principles governing the organization of our vast army

of craftsmen proved a shining star and aroused within the hearts of the gentler sex, so closely bound to us by sacred ties, the idea of furthering the cause of unionism. Today we have with us and also over our jurisdiction a vast army of helpful assistants—the wives, daughters and sweethearts of our fellow craftsmen—to aid us in strewing flowers over the graves of our departed. These assistants are called auxiliaries, and we, the members of Lincoln Typographical union No. 209, are proud to have with us the ladies of our sister organization—Capital Auxiliary No. 11, who are always ready to assist us in all our functions. May their good work never grow less and their numbers increase is the wish of the membership of No. 209.

We drop the beautiful flowers—the tributes of esteem—on the graves of our departed ones let us ever be mindful of our obligation, one to another, so that our pathway through the life that is before us may be strewn with the beautiful flowers of fraternity. In the language of Thomas Wentworth Higginson: Though the bivouac of age may put ice in our veins, And no fiber of steel in our sinew remains; Though the comrades of yesterday's march are not here, And the sunlight seems pale and the branches are sear,— Though the sound of our cheering dies down in a moan, We shall find our lost youth when the bugle is blown.

Charley Fear, who missed out in his candidacy for delegate to the American Federation of Labor, proposes a meeting of the vanquished at the Boston convention. Now wouldn't that be a great session? The "Pirates' Reunion" at Hot Springs would be a Sunday school session in comparison. If they'll make it a session of the vanquished and their supporters we'll try to be there.

"If ever I make up my mind to run for political office," said Jimmie Leaden the other day, "I'm going to ask Ingraham how he holds his men in line. He got forty-nine votes at the first election, and the same number at the second election. If that isn't holding 'em in line I don't want a million dollars."

Gene Lyman is spending all of his leisure time poring over the railroad time tables. If he don't get 'em figured out pretty soon he will resort to an automobile.

### THE MUSICIANS.

Still Wondering if a Union Band Will Lead Nebraska Democrats.

Whether or not a Lincoln band made up of union musicians will furnish music for the Nebraska democratic "bunch" at Denver remains a puzzle. An effort is being made to raise enough money to preclude the possibility of the democrats from Lincoln marching behind a non-union band picked up in a country town. The time is getting short. Ole Oleson is director, and W. R. Fetterman and W. C. Layman directors of the new organized Capital City Union Band. This band will furnish the music for the Wild West show and Frontier Carnival at the fair grounds, July 2, 3 and 4. The managers of the band may be reached over Auto 'phone 1449 or Bell 'phone A-3284. This organization gives the city another band that will be a credit to it and to the Musicians' Union. The continued wet weather forced the Auditorium garden to suspend operations for a time, thus depriving musicians of work. The garden will resume operations in a few days, and a union orchestra will furnish the music as of yore. The Dixie Concert band, playing at Capital Beach, was reinforced by several members of the local union. It made a band that attracted many people and brought out much favorable comment. Now that the moving picture exhibition proposed for the city park has been abandoned, something ought to be done towards having a few band concerts in the park. The Nebraska State Band gave a concert at Thirteenth and O streets Wednesday evening, and it attracted an immense crowd. The splendid work of this organization brought out rounds of applause and gave the public to understand that Lincoln now has a band that will compare more than favorably with the best bands from all sections of the country.

### USE JUDGMENT.

Standing on a street corner and hollering "Scab!" at some poor unfortunate who has not sense enough to join the order will never make him a union man. Better rather have a straightforward, heart-to-heart talk with him and endeavor, if possible, to show him the error of his ways, and so convince him, if possible.—Carman's Journal.

## A Free Press

## Newspapers of Future Must Be Independent

By HON. CHAMP CLARE,  
Representative in Congress from Missouri.



WHEN the historian of our times comes to philosophize as to the world's amazing progress in the last hundred years—particularly in the last 60—one of the most noteworthy topics for discussion will be the multiplication of newspapers as to both number and circulation. His explanation will be made up largely of a statement of the influence of steam and electricity in newspaperdom. His most difficult duty will be to explain satisfactorily the almost complete disappearance of the old fashioned paper in which the editor was bigger than his paper and the evolution of the huge, impersonal papers of the present day.

The chief work of the papers of the immediate future will be to make themselves absolutely independent and as impartial as possible in the discussion of public men and public measures. Even a casual observer can see that the day of the thick-and-thin party organ has about ended. In the good time coming there will be found some way of stripping this mask from papers which are really the personal organs of certain baneful interests but which pose as real newspapers and in that way constantly guil their readers.

Thomas Jefferson once declared that as between a country without a government and with a free press and a country with a government and without a free press he would choose the former—a declaration to which I agree; but he meant an honest press and not a subsidized press. The people demand more and more clean, honest, fair, courageous journalism.

The papers of the future will not be half so large as the papers of to-day. News, editorials and advertisements will all be condensed—not only to save time and money but as a matter of humanity. Once representatives in congress spoke ad libitum. Now an hour is the longest speech possible except by unanimous consent.

The paper of the future will exploit good deeds more and reduce the reports of scandal to the minimum.

*Champ Clare*

## Put Limit on Optimism

By JOHN A. HOWLAND.

There is a type of man and father, ambitious for his sons, who might be difficult to understand were it not that a study of the conventional in life makes his position easy.

Occasionally, through correspondence, I come in touch with this man, who is incensed at the idea that any form of unquestioned logic or hardheaded condition of fact should be expressed in sharp collision with his ideals, which have only conventional to back them up. He is afraid to face the facts of life. He refuses to accept the laws which have been reached by deduction as governing the careers of men.

"Why should not my sons aspire to anything?" he insists. "The world is full of opportunities. There is no limit to human accomplishment in human affairs."

Pessimism long has been regarded by the alienist as a disease. In any exaggerated form, without the material and pressing conditions which might breed it, the expression of pessimism is only an effect, pointing back to its cause in an aberrated brain and nervous system.

In contrast to this victim of neurasthenia is that other typical case, in which everything under the sun wears the glory of imagination. Sleeping on a cot in a detention hospital for the insane, the cell is a palace.

Then manifestly between these extremes must lie the narrow line of sanity and sense of proportion, without which a sane existence cannot be sensed; without which a sane existence cannot be lived.

Optimism has grown to be a conventionality so strong in influence that it often is an affectation, pure and simple.

We have been dealing in extremes—let us take an example of the extreme in the accomplishment of the boy. Every American born boy of sound physique is a potential president of the United States. He must be a better president if he shall be trained to diplomacy and statesmanship. He should have the environment of statesmen and of diplomats. "Why not train your son—all your sons—to diplomacy and statesmanship?" I ask of this conventional father.

But a candidate for the presidential office is not eligible until he is 35 years old; probably at 65 years old age again would make him ineligible. But at most in this 30 years of age eligibility, with one term to each executive, the office would be filled only seven times. The "chance is too great," is this anticipated answer.

Which brings us back again to the disturbing law of averages against which his conventional optimism has risen in arms. A United States senator a short time ago declared that 97 men ruled the financial destiny of this nation. A social arbiter might advance the statement that 100 families lead the nation's society. Scientific, literary, art, and professional experts might group the several leaders in still smaller numbers.

What is the use? O, what is the use of holding up to the young man as goals these peaks of attainment when so much that is sweet and lasting in life lies untasted and untouched at the feet of the young man, misguided and straining his eyes with looking upward?

## The Heroes of Peace

By DR. ENIL G. HIRSCH.

It takes much more courage in the everyday work of life to live up to the high ideals of life than it does in war where the bands are playing and the excitement of the hour carries men on to the face of death. Many men face the cannon's mouth because it is less dangerous than turning to run the other way. In battle the great generals have told us there is little personal courage exhibited. A regiment has one or two daring men who press forward and the others follow.

In the humdrum of life there is no band, no cannon's roar, no one exhorting you to keep straight ahead. You must do your duty without the excitement which a battle brings. You little boys and girls can become greater heroes by doing your full duty in civil life than you could by going to war because it is harder to keep your courage day after day without the excitement.