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JEROME WON IT.

The Gentleman From Georgia Picked the Persimmon.

Major Jerome Jones of Atlanta, Georgia, sah, and he picked the American Federation of Labor convention persimmon right off'n the tree, sah. That's just what he done, sah. It wasn't nobody but Jerome that done it, nohow. There were plenty of people from other towns on the spot with long poles, but when it came to wielding the pole Majah Jerome Jones had all the rest of the bunch backed up against the kitchen sink and gasping for breath.

Clad in his Lew Dockstader overcoat, and some other garments, and a replica of the hat worn by General John A. Gordon tipped gracefully over his st'b'rd ear, Majah Jones circulated and percolated through the milling delegates a few times—and it was all off with the rest of the ambitious cities. Majah Jones had the convention longing for Atlanta as a hen longeth for her chicks at eventide, or as a hobo longs for a hand-out in the early morning after an unsuccessful night before. One or two delegates were a little obstreperous at first, but after Majah Jones had steered 'em up against a little something with green leaves sticking up out of the center, and promised them the real thing instead of an imitation, even the most obstreperous yielded.

This is how it comes that Atlanta, Georgia, came to be selected as the place of holding the 1911 convention of the American Federation of Labor.

HELP THEM OUT!

The Illinois Tradesman, Springfield, is advertising the Youth's Companion. Get wise, Bro. Woodmansee. We will catch you advertising "Postum" and "scab" clothing next if you don't watch out.

A "SWEATED" INDUSTRY.

How Garment Workers Are Exploited by Greedy Bosses.

Garment making is a "sweated" industry.

The garment worker does not make a coat, or a vest, or a pair of trousers—pants, in shop talk. She only makes a very small part of the garment.

She sews on the buttons, and nothing else. Or she makes buttonholes or faces the pockets; or bastes, or stitches the under collar, or presses the armholes, or raises the armholes.

There are six people engaged in making the different parts of the pockets. There are fifty-eight persons working on one coat. Each does one little thing, and nothing else. She has become a machine, or rather a small cog in a machine.

Much of the work is "piece-work," i. e., is paid by the piece. Buttonholes on coats are from 1 1-2 to 3 cents, depending upon whether the girl is a "greenhorn" or an expert. If she is "green"

she only gets 1 1-2 cents. Getting only so little, and being necessarily slow, she "earns" less than a dollar a day. Breaking of buttons, or even of thread, in fact, every little accident, is "fined," and deducted from the wage at the end of the week.

The workers are under "foremen" or "forewomen," where promotion depends upon the amount of work they get done and the low labor cost of the garments produced under their direction.

This induces "speeding up." It puts a premium upon fining the employes. It makes the "foreman" a slave driver. Many of the workers refuse to become foremen, because of the inhumanity a good foreman must practice. When a worker reaches a certain speed—gets to make a fair wage—she is put upon a weekly wage.

The boss always wins—always has the advantage.

Much of the work is taken "home," if the places in which most of the strikers live can be called home. One of the girls told us of how, by working from 7 to 12 at night, she could make 63 cents, and that the extra light only cost 3 cents.

There are eight different nationalities employed in the Chicago shops. Most of the workers cannot speak English. They are poor when they arrive from Europe. They are industrious, and go to work at anything and any price.

Thus they become the helpless victims of a conscienceless, greedy set of men, who exploit them in a most shameless manner.

The moral effect is deplorable. Young men and women are driven to vice and crime.

The American people must protect these foreign waifs. We owe it to them; we owe it to humanity. We owe it to ourselves. —Chicago Daily Socialist.

HORSESHOE LUCK.

How Luck Was Given to the Little Old Horshoe.

There is a legend that the devil once asked St. Dunstan—who was noted for his skill in shoeing horses—to shoe his "single hoof." Knowing who his customer was, Dunstan tied him tightly to the wall and proceeded with his job, but purposely put the devil in so much pain that he roared for mercy. And it was not until he promised that he would never again enter a place where he saw a horseshoer displayed that Dunstan would release his captive. This story in some measure explains the almost universal belief that a horseshoe over the doorway of a room or house will bring luck to the dweller therein. —St. Louis Mirror.

The trade unions of Toronto, Ontario, have instituted for the winter months a series of lectures in the different unions along educational lines. Every union will devote an evening each month to a discussion of its trade.