

NIVEN'S LUCKY MAVERICK

Homesick Race Horse that Came to Him on the Prairie.

FLEET AS THE WESTERN WIND

Appeared Just in Time to Scoop in a Pot of Money—Army Officer's Version of a Nebraska Episode.

"One July morning in '93," said an invalid infantry officer of the regular army to a New York Sun man, "Buck Nivens, the foreman of the 4-T ranch, near the Nebraska post, on the Union Pacific line, at which I was stationed, led a big 16.3 chestnut horse up in front of my quarters—Buck and I were very chummy—and called me out to look the animal over."

"I asked Buck if he'd taken to rustling. The horse didn't look as if he belonged out that way. He was rump and hairy and muddy, and his ribs were rather painfully visible, even through the mud and the long hair. But he had blood lines and a thoroughbred's feet and legs, and he was a stargazer—never saw a horse, even on a race track, carry his head more proudly."

"Where'd you nab that one, Buck?" I asked him. "Well, he's a kid of a gopher, I reckon," replied Buck, grinning. "He jes' natchally pranced up to me, about six miles over the range, this mornin'. He walked right over to me, and put that fine head of his'n against my pommel. Looks like he's a breedin' boy."

"Breedin'?" said I to Buck. "He's a thoroughbred from end to end. Pretty shabby story of yours, Buck, about picking him up on the range. That kind don't come up on sage-brush. They're made of sweet ticks of bluegrass."

"I'm tellin' you right, though," replied Buck, knowing that I was only fooling. "I can't figger out any reason for his bein' around these here parts—but that he were as big as a dime and as mild as a service pup. Acted like he were homesick and used to the company of humans, the way he comes a-walkin' up to me."

"Well, it was a queer kind of business, for a fact."

"Give you a hundred for the walf, Buck, and no questions asked," I said to the foreman.

"Buck makes a proposition."

"None," replied Buck. "The young fellow—he's only a 4-year-old, by his molars—has taken a kind of a shine to me, and I reckon I'll put him under a shed and fix him up and get them ribs out o' view. Then maybe I'll use him."

"I loaned Buck a bridle and he hastened it onto the handsome but abused-looking chestnut and trotted off to the ranch leading his odd four-legged find alongside his swerving cayuse."

"I didn't see Buck again for a month. Then he came cantering up one afternoon on the chestnut. Now, I've been looking at race horses, odd times when I've been on furlough and had a chance, for a matter of a quarter of a century or so, but I don't think I ever saw such a ripping looking brute as this lost, strayed or stolen range pick-up of Buck Nivens' had turned out to be in the course of that month."

"He's some horse, ain't he?" said Buck, proudly slipping out of the saddle.

"Well, make it a hundred and a half, Buck, and I'll furnish him oats," said I.

"Not ten hundred and fifty," replied Buck. "This feller and me is maebes, sure enough, Cap, and we git along together like two chum gals in a boarding school. He don't stand for nobody foolin' around him but me and I reckon it's with will to feel that away of a four-legged thing feel that-away toward you, particularly one with all the instincts of a gentleman like this boy. How 'bout that?"

"Well, it 'ud be a shame to keep one like that plugging around a beef ranch, that's all, I told Buck. "He's good enough by the looks of him, to go to the races."

"And," replied Buck, with a strong accentuation of the "and," "he's good enough by somethin' else than the looks of him to go to the races. That's what I'm over here to see you about, bein' plum loco myself when it gits down to a matter of 'figures."

A Regular Racing Machine.

"Buck flipped a coin to one of the post dog-robbers to hold the chestnut for awhile and came into my sitting room. After he'd figured up a couple of times he presented his little arithmetical problem to me."

"It's this-way, Cap," said he, turning his chair the wrong way around so's he could lean his elbows on the back. "This yer Gopher o' mine—that's what I'm callin' him, Gopher, and you know why—this yer orphan horse hits me as bein' a sure-enough blood proposition. I didn't do nothin' but feed and burnish him till about a week ago. Then I puts one of the light saddles on him—about forty-five pounds, I reckon—and gits on him to give his legs a stretch."

"I clean ferrits how these yer blooded horses hate the gaff, and so I don't take off my spurs. Hadn't no more'n got him out in the open when I absent-minded like gives him a dig with the off spur, like he was a cayuse. Well, he gives one jump, and then it's me to do some ridin', sure 'nough. Now, I strip at 150, and there were forty-five pound o' gear on his back beside, which hezars up near 200, if I know anythin' about it, and the way that boss galloped for three miles, was just racin'—that's all—racin'." I stopped tryin' to tell him up after the first mile, and let him go on. At the end of three miles I figured I'd had enough o' breeze for one day and gently got him to slow up. When I hopped off there warn't hardly a heavin' of his sides."

"Oh, well, there's nothing remarkable about that, I said, "bein' as anybody can see, that he's a thoroughbred and meant for the races."

"But this yer's what I want to git at," proceeded Buck. "A couple of days ago I takes this yer Gopher out one more, and I've got it fixed with one of the hams that I can depend on to do a little time for me. I puts the horse through a little gallop out o' reach o' the layout, where nobody but my timer is next, and then I sets him on the mile that I've got plotted out."

Trick in Wonderful Time.

Outlook for Labor

Prof. John R. Commons of the Bureau of Economic Research Discusses Present Conditions

The serious problems which face the workingman today are machinery, division of labor, and trade union restrictions, which prove the rule, there is no substitution for organization for the great majority of workmen and working women except legislation, and in proportion as organization fails the demand for legislation increases.

While organization is essential, it cannot succeed if not rightly directed. For this reason the old-time trade union is gradually giving way to the industrial union. As a manufacturing establishment grows and enters a trust it can subdivide its operations and substitute automatic machinery until it eliminates trade skill. Therefore, the union based on trade skill controls a smaller and smaller proportion of the employes, although on account of the growth of the business the absolute number of skilled men in the country may not be reduced. This is the reason why the largest establishments in many industries are non-union. To an outside observer it is unfair that 10 or 25 per cent of the workmen—those who are skilled—should be able to stop the work of an entire industry in order that they alone may get an increase of wages or the recognition of their union.

Another point where the older trade union theory is giving way is in its control of restrictive output. These restrictions place union shops at a disadvantage in competition with non-union shops where machinery and division of labor are carried to their limits. This disadvantage is obscured by the fact that the label which has enabled employers of union workers in certain cases to sell their product at higher prices than those received by employers of nonunionists. But the label cannot be considered a feature of organization—it produces a kind of lachrymose unionism; it is only a substitute for billboard advertising, and is limited in scope.

As a result of these changes a new unionism is springing up which bids fair to do more for the workingman than anything that has been done in the past. This is sometimes called industrial unionism in place of trade unionism. It takes different forms, all the way from amalgamation, as in the case of the mine workers, to a close federation, as in the case of the United Garment Workers and United Hatters. The mine workers' union is no longer a union of miners alone, but it includes day laborers, top men, drivers, carpenters, blacksmiths, foremen, hoisting engineers—in fact, everybody who works for or about a mine. The United Garment Workers in New York City are now conducting for the first time a general strike under a central council, in which ten or twelve unions take part, covering the entire trade, except the Italian women, who are not included. This new form of alliance is not necessarily an amalgamation, nor does it wipe out trade lines, as was attempted by the Knights of Labor, but it binds together all the trades and all the unskilled workmen who work in the same industry, such as the United State Steel corporation, together with constituent corporations. Certain strong and compact unions resist this movement because they are opposed to making sacrifices for their weaker associates, but in proportion as they see these unskilled men with machinery taking their places they are

awakened to the need of protecting themselves by protecting them.

The new unionism changes restrictions on the employer in the matters of machinery, division of labor, discipline of the establishment, and speed of work. The employer becomes free to manage his own business and to introduce any economy or improvement.

But the union strives to share the advantages of machinery, division of labor, and business organization by directing its attention to shortening the hours of labor, raising the minimum day wages, and regulating the piece prices. Shorter hours secure all the advantages hoped for from restriction of output, and, besides, are the necessary compensation for increased intensity of exertion.

Hours and wages are controlled on the only basis on which they can fairly be controlled—namely, through conferences of the representatives of labor and the representatives of capital for the entire competitive field. Neither workers nor employers, the representatives of each agree in conference. This is representative government. It places all competitors on an equality; it takes control out of the hands of local unions and walking delegates and places it in the hands of national conferences and national officers. This eliminates personalities, local friction and petty contentions, and makes more certain the enforcement of a labor contract.

Again, the new unionism relies on fair treatment by the public authorities. The first enforcement of national laws, the powerful Mine Owners' union of Illinois and the operators of that state, which has brought notable prosperity and satisfaction to both capital and labor, would, nevertheless, have lost its power if the governor had refused to furnish militia to help a company to bring in colored labor from other states in order to break the agreement to which the company itself was a party. The fact that the mine workers have political power is essential in maintaining organization. So long as the abuse of injunctions—which have now gone so far in Ohio and Connecticut as even to prohibit persuasion—is continued or enlarged there is but little hope for labor organization. The only remedy is either for the judiciary to keep hands off or for the workmen to control the judiciary through practical politics.

Finally, it must be noted that with the increased tension of machinery and division of labor and the higher standard of wages there is an increasing residue of the aged and of incompetents and delinquents who cannot or will not work up to the minimum required by employers. For the sake of honest labor as well as for the public good these classes need to be clearly set apart from the strictly industrial occupations. This is a difficult problem, especially for the aged, but for the other classes a promising solution is that of labor or beggar colonies, where these classes voluntarily or compulsorily work under supervision. The colony idea has already proved its value in the United States for epileptics and idiots and in Holland and Germany for beggars, tramps and in being adopted in New South Wales for the less competent unemployed. When once the grip of these of the working classes the labor question can be treated on its merits as an industrial and not as a party police and a party charity question.

chestnut, that paved joyfully at the sight of him, and rode off.

"Ten days later—this was about the middle of August—Buck came loping up to my quarters at the post, and he was all right. "Jes' dropped by to pick you up, Cap, if you want to go along," he said.

"Go along where?" said I.

"Leavenworth," said he. "I'm a sure-enough wizard o' the turf now, Cap," grinning into his whiskey and soda.

"Then he explained to me that he'd shipped Gopher down to Leavenworth, Kan., to run at the county fair meeting and harness race track, and that he was going to take a run down there to see how his orphan made out. The county fair was to begin ten days later and Buck wanted me to go along with him. Buck was disappointed that I couldn't go along, but I told him that I'd root for his nag, and away he went.

Gopher, at 20 to 1.

"His visit sort of put an itch into me to get away from the post for a little while, and when I gently hinted as much to the colonel the old man very generously rigged me up a detail that would take me to Leavenworth for a couple of weeks. This was a week after Buck's departure and I didn't get into Leavenworth and meet Buck until the day before the opening of the county fair, on which day two trotting and two running races were to be decided.

"I found Buck a couple parts drunk and very happy. He was in company with the son of a wealthy banker of the town, a slim young fellow who has considerable reputation out there in the Big Muddy country as a gentleman rider, and this young fellow had been let in by Buck on the possibilities of Gopher, so that he had decided to ride the horse in his first start. Gopher had been entered as an 'unknown bred'—there were no breeding requirements of course—in a mile dash, with gentlemen riders up on the first day of the opening and the orphan, Buck told me, had been kept thoroughly under cover.

"There was a lot of talk in the town and at the fort about the gentlemen riders' race and the play future books had been open for three days—one in the Star of the West saloon on Shawnee street, and the other handled by a sporty citizen of Leavenworth, Gopher, because he was the only horse in the race with no given breeding, was at 20 to 1 in the two future books. There were nine to go altogether and three of them were to be ridden by army officers from the fort, all of them, by the way, friends of mine and men that I had served with.

"Needless to say, Buck had taken all of the 20-to-1 that he could get from the two future books and he already stood to win between \$3,000 and \$4,000. The book had rubbed, but they had just declined to give Buck any more Gopher because he seemed a bit anxious for it.

Easy Money for Buck.

"I never saw anything funnier on a race track than when these nine horses paraded to the post. Gopher, the only cold-bred horse in the bunch, was the last to emerge. The crowd took just one look at him as he paraded to the post, as handsome as any Hanover, and then they began to bet on the bookmakers with their money. They were still trying to get their down in chunks at a price that had been

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