

AFFAIRS AT SOUTH OMAHA

Preparations Completed for Labor Day Parades and Demonstrations.

C. J. SMYTH ONE OF THE SPEAKERS

Exercises Begin at Syndicate Park Early in the Afternoon—All Labor Unions to Take Part in Them.

Preparations were practically completed Saturday for the Labor day parade and celebration to be held at South Omaha Monday.

The parade is to start from Labor Temple, Twenty-sixth and N streets, at 10 a. m. and march south on Twenty-sixth to Q, west on Q to Thirty-third street, counter-march to Twenty-fourth street and north on Twenty-fourth to Syndicate park.

John Cushing is to be the grand marshal of the parade and has chosen Frank Lauer and George Sterrett as his aides. Four divisions will make up the parade in the following order:

First division—Henry Hauhaire, marshal; band, Trades and Labor council, Packing Trades council, Mechanical Packing Trades council, Local No. 35 Amalgamated Meat Cutters and Butcher Workers, Laundry Workers No. 9, Local No. 77 Amalgamated Meat Cutters and Butcher Workers.

Second division—Thomas Myler, marshal; Frank's band, Coopers local No. 10, Stationary Firemen No. 9, Bartenders local No. 10, Steamfitters local No. 8, Boxmakers local No. 121, Retail Clerks No. 250, Federal union No. 712, American Federation of Labor.

Third division—Frank McElroy, marshal; Rasmussen's band, Beef Butchers No. 28, Pork Butchers No. 31, Sheep Butchers No. 26, Casing Workers No. 4, Sausage Makers No. 30, Beef Blenders No. 29.

Fourth division—J. Q. Graham, marshal; band, Carpenters union No. 279, Carpenters union No. 1703, Sheet Metal Workers No. 24, Barbers local No. 6, Elevator Operators and Oilers, Horsehoers local No. 13, Electrical Workers, Car Repairers.

Speaking at Syndicate park will begin at 2:30 o'clock. One or two well known labor leaders from Chicago are expected to be present and deliver addresses. Among the others invited to speak are J. P. Barrett, H. B. Fiehrer, C. J. Smyth and Henry C. Murphy. Games of various kinds are to be provided by the entertainment committee. Admission to the park will be free.

T. M. C. A. Notes.
The Sunday afternoon meetings for men will be resumed this week. Today's meeting will be of special interest to members of the association as the address to be given by Dr. R. L. Wheeler will be on the topic, "What Should the Association Stand for This Year?"

Beginning September 1 the rooms will be opened at 9 o'clock in the morning. The slight school will open the first part of October and will include classes in penmanship, English, elementary arithmetic, advanced arithmetic, bookkeeping and Scandinavian-English. In former years there has been a demand for a class for Swedish and Danish to learn English, but this is the first year the association has been in a position to conduct such a course.

Church Elects Officers.
A meeting of the official board of the First Methodist church was held one evening last week and these officers were elected to serve for a term of one year: Trustees—H. W. Francis, chairman; J. O. Eastman, secretary; E. L. Howe, treasurer; W. B. Vansant, I. C. Mattattall, C. C. Howe, E. T. Miller, F. A. Creasey, J. Lavery.

Stewards—M. Mabrey, T. C. Marsh, H. O. Kiddoo, J. W. Jordan, F. E. Sandwall, Horace Brann, H. G. Gibbs, E. A. McLaughlin, William Guthrie, J. A. Robertson, E. R. Leigh, C. F. Wright, A. H. Miller.

District Steward—M. Mabrey. Recording Steward—H. O. Kiddoo. Class Leaders—Miss S. F. Powell, Mrs. Josephine Banner, T. E. Hunnicutt, George Chace.

Anderson Identifies Thugs.
Andrew Anderson was taken to police headquarters Saturday afternoon and was asked to pick out the men who had assaulted and robbed him at Thirty-second and Q streets. He picked out three men, without any hesitation, Anderson picked Dan Lucas and Henry McGrath. These men were arrested Friday by the police on suspicion of having committed the assault. Both Lucas and McGrath deny they had anything to do with the assault, but as the identification of Anderson the police say they have witnesses to prove the assault was committed by these men. In addition to the assault Anderson declares these men took away his purse, which contained about \$4. Chief Briggs will file a charge of assault and battery against Lucas and McGrath, and will investigate the robbery story later.

Hodgins Almost Positive.
Oscar Reed, colored, was taken to the South Omaha hospital Saturday by Captain Shields and was almost positively identified by C. W. Hodgins as the man who assaulted him at Twenty-fourth and E streets in the afternoon of August 29. The more Hodgins looked at Reed the more positive he became that Reed is the man. Reed has told a number of conflicting stories.

60 PER CENT OF THE ADULT POPULATION SUFFER FROM ONE PAINFUL AILMENT.

Think what this means. Imagine the amount of misery that exists and is endured simply because people do not know there is an absolute cure.

The only way to cure any complaint is to remove the cause. There are very few diseases or ailments that can be cured by external application—and piles is not one of them. Piles can be cured; the treatment must, however, be internal, for the cause of piles is an internal disorder of the liver or the bowels. Even catarrh of the stomach and bowels can be cured by Dr. FERRIN'S PILE SPECIFIC, The Internal Remedy. Here is an instance of what this practically infallible remedy will do:

Dr. C. A. Ferrin, Helena, Mont.—Dear Sir: I have nearly finished the former bottle of Ferrin's Pile Specific and am practically well. My case was one which most physicians would have pronounced incurable, as I was afflicted with a dysentery and compelled to go to the toilet room from three to five times each day and each time would bleed from one of the hemorrhoids. I had to resort to bandages and absorbent cotton to check the flow of blood, and now the past ten or twelve days there has been no sign of bleeding and my appetite is good; have gained ten pounds in weight and feel like a new lease of life was given me.

Very truly yours,
T. R. HARRIS,
October 20th, 1903.
Yerington, Nev.

Dr. Ferrin's Pile Specific is sold by all reliable druggists at \$1.00 the bottle, under an absolute guarantee to refund the money should this great internal remedy fail to cure.

Dr. FERRIN MEDICAL CO., HELENA, MONT.

ECHOES OF THE ANTE ROOM

Woodmen of the World.

Most of the interest of this order has been centered during the week in the big arrival at Courtland Beach, held under the auspices of Alpha camp No. 1 and Alpha Circle. The attendance at the carnival has been quite large, and interesting programs have been carried out each day. The carnival will close today.

Knights of the Macabees.

Omaha tent No. 15 met last Thursday evening. Seven applications were read and referred, and one candidate was initiated. An interesting feature of the meeting was the address by State Commander Ostrom. He gave an interesting and instructive explanation of the recent rate order passed by the supreme tent, making clear all of its provisions.

Bankers Union of America.

Omaha lodge No. 1 and Fraternal lodge No. 2 held a joint meeting Wednesday evening for the purpose of selecting a suitable hall for the coming fall and winter. The Royal Arcanum hall, Sixteenth and Harney streets, has been leased and hereafter meetings will be held every Wednesday evening, the two lodges alternating with an open social by both whenever a fifth Wednesday occurs. Next Wednesday night an open joint social meeting of the lodges of the city will be held at the South Omaha hall, to which friends of the members have been invited to attend. Card playing, music and dancing will make up the program, and an all-around good time is anticipated.

Modern Woodmen of America.

As might have been naturally expected, the foresters of Camp No. 129 added another first prize to its credit at the Fraternal day drill contest at Lincoln during the state fair, the drill being held Wednesday.

The special train conveying the Omaha Modern Woodmen to St. Louis left last evening over the Wabash. A large number of members of the order, with their families, comprised the excursion party.

The members of the executive council who will lead in the exercises of Modern Woodmen of America week—September 12-13—at the World's fair are: Head Consul A. W. Talbot, Lincoln, Neb.; Head Clerk C. W. Hawes, Rock Island, Ill.; and Directors G. W. Reilly, Danville, Ill.; E. E. Murphy, Leavenworth, Kan.; C. G. Saunders, Council Bluffs, Ia.; R. R. Smith, Brookfield, Mo.; and C. J. Byrne, Ishpeming, Mich.

The interest of the foresters throughout the Woodmen society's jurisdiction is centered in the battalion and senior team prize drills, the cash prizes for which aggregate respectively \$1,200 and \$1,425. The present champion drill characters are the foresters of Camp No. 263, Kansas City, Mo. This team won first prize at the encampment held at Indianapolis last June.

The crack teams from Omaha, Des Moines and Dubuque, Ia.; Joliet, Rockford and Rock Island, Ill.; St. Paul, Minn.; and Peoria, Kan., have been drilled faithfully and the contest between them will be a pretty one.

The Louisiana Purchase exposition authorities have made an appropriation of \$5,000 for drill prizes for the Woodmen foresters' national contest to be held at St. Louis, September 5-12. The Modern Woodmen society's executive committee has apportioned this amount between the various class drills as follows:

Battalion drill, \$1,200; senior team drill, \$1,425; junior team drill, \$945; pony team drill, \$665; condition of quarters on horse, \$180; excellence in sentry duty, \$145; band prizes, \$500.

Besides the foregoing, General John H. Mitchell, who will be in command, announces special prizes for individual excellence on the part of team captains and foresters.

IKE MILLER MISSES HIS CAR
Detective Mistakes His Sprint for Getaway of a Desperate Criminal and Stops Him.

"Ah-ha," said Detective Ferris in a hoarse whisper last night as he observed Ike Miller of South Omaha running toward him. "I thought this looks like a desperate escape or a criminal. I will capture him."

Carefully secreting his person in the shadow of a building, the member of the tribe of Sherlock Holmes waited for Miller to pass, and as he was pumped out and grabbed him by the shoulder.

"Ah-ha, I have got you," he hissed between his teeth. "At last have I run down my p-r-ey."

Miller objected. He was no desperate criminal. He was an honest hard working colored man. His pleadings were in vain and to the police station he went.

"What is the matter with this fellow?" said Captain Mostyn.

"He was r-r-unning," said the wily detective, and he looked suspicious.

Miller looked up wonderingly.

"Runnin'," he said excitedly, "bet yer boots Ah wuz a-runnin', colonel. Guess yer would be runnin', too, if yer wanted ter catch er car as bad as Ah did. Dem pesky conductors doap wait longer 'n they can help."

He was discharged.

Brooke Estranged from Cash.
After having been robbed of \$10, Dorset Brooke of no address, had the further satisfaction of passing the night in the city jail, held as a complaining witness against Gladys Gritter, Clara Turner, Lizzie Burns and Mattie Jackson, four girls who were arrested as suspicious characters in connection with the theft of Brooke's watch.

Brooke was in a resort at 119 North Twelfth street and as his soul hungered for companionship he entered the resort and started to dance. He danced with all

DEATH ON LIGHTNING'S WING

Story of a Tragic Incident of a Thunder Storm that Was Never Forgotten.

George D. Prentice, the famous Kentucky editor of ante-bellum times, drew this thrilling picture of an August thunderstorm:

"I never was a man of feeble courage. There are few scenes of either human or elemental strife upon which I have not looked with a brow of daring. I have stood in the front of the battle when the swords were gleaming and circling around me like fiery serpents in the air. I have seen things with a swelling soul, that knew not, that recked out danger."

"But there is something in the thunder's voice that makes me tremble like a child. I have tried to overcome this unmanly weakness. I have called pride to my aid; I have sought for moral courage in the lessons of philosophy, but it avails me nothing. At the first low moaning of the distant cloud my heart shudders and dies within me."

"My involuntary dread of thunder had its origin in an incident that occurred when I was a boy of 10 years. I had a little cousin, a girl of the same age with myself, who had been the constant companion of my youth. Strange that after a lapse of many years, that occurrence should be so familiar to me! I can see the bright young creature, her eyes flashing like a beautiful gem, her free locks streaming as in joy upon the rising gale and her cheeks glowing like a ruby through a wreath of transparent snow."

"Her voice had the melody and joyousness of a bird's, and when she bounded over the wooded hill or fresh green valley, shouting a glad answer to every voice of nature and clasping her little hands in the ecstasy of young existence, she looked as if breaking away, like a free nightingale, from the earth and going off where all things are beautiful, like her."

"It was a morning in the middle of August. The little girl had been passing some days at my father's house, and she was now to return home. Her path lay across the fields and gladly I beamed the path of the whirlwind in the midst of blossoming. But I remembered, and oh, there was joy in the memory, that she had gone where no lightning's slumber in the folds of the rainbow cloud, and where the sunlit waters are broken only by storm breath of Omnipotence."

"A year ago I visited the spot, and the thought of bygone years came mournfully back to me. I thought of the little innocent being who fell by my side, like some beautiful tree of spring, rent up by the whirlwind in the midst of blossoming. But I remembered, and oh, there was joy in the memory, that she had gone where no lightning's slumber in the folds of the rainbow cloud, and where the sunlit waters are broken only by storm breath of Omnipotence."

"The fact of the matter is that this position is the only one in which the hands balance properly and at the same time give an arrangement on the dial to allow the proper display of the watchmaker's name. It would not look just right to have the hands point straight away from each other, as they would at seventeen minutes after nine, and no other arrangement gives room for the lettering—Ohio State Journal."

MAGIC TOUCH ON TYPEWRITER
Inventor Claims to Operate the Keyboard at a Distance Without Any Visible Connection.

SMALLEST TRUST OF ALL
Large Watch Signs Used by Jewelers the Country Over Made by One Man.

Springfield, O., is the home of the smallest trust. It is largely a one-man affair and the employee number three, yet this octopus connects the world with the single product of its shop.

Every big watch sign that swings above the shops of watchmakers and jewelers the country over is made in Springfield, unless it was manufactured back in the days before Lon Barnhart ran all his competitors out of business.

Barnhart, a sign painter by trade, with a little shop high up in a Springfield building, is the man who has made the watch sign a success.

"The little creature at my side was in delirium of happiness, and her clear, sweet voice came ringing upon the air as often as she heard the tones of a favorite bird, or found some strange lovely flower in her frolic wanderings. The unbroken and almost supernatural stillness of the day continued until noon. Then, for the first time, the indications of an approaching tempest became manifest."

"To escape the tempest was impossible. As the only resort, we fled to an oak that stood at the foot of a tall and ragged precipice. Here we stood, and gazed almost breathlessly upon the clouds, marshaling themselves like bloody giants in the sky. The thunder was not frequent, but every burst was so fearful that the young creature who stood by me shut her eyes convulsively and clung with desperate strength to my arm, and shrieked as if her heart would break."

"A few minutes and the storm was upon us. During the height of its fury, the little girl lifted her finger toward the precipice that towered over us. I looked, and saw there a purple light. And the next moment the clouds opened, the rocks tottered to their foundations, a roar like the groan of the universe filled the air, and I felt myself blinded, and thrown, I know not whither. How long I remained insensible I cannot tell; but when consciousness returned, the violence of the tempest was abating, the roar of the wind was dying in the tree tops, and the deep tones of thunder clouds came in faint murmurs from the eastern hills."

"I arose and looked tremblingly and almost deliriously around. She was there, the dear idol of my infant love, stretched out upon the green earth. After a moment of irresolution I went up and looked upon her. The handkerchief upon her neck was slightly rent, and a single dark spot upon her bosom told where the pathway of death had been. At first I clasped her to my breast with a cry of agony, and then laid her down, and gazed upon her face almost with feelings of calmness."

"Her bright, disheveled hair clustered sweetly around her brow; the look of terror had faded from her lips, and infant smiles were pictured there; the rose tint upon her cheeks was lovely as in life; and, as I pressed them to my own, the fountains of tears were opened, and I wept as if my heart were water. I have but a dim recollection of what followed. I only know that I remained weeping and motionless till the coming twilight, and I was taken tenderly by the hand and led away where I saw the countenance of parents and sister."

"Many years have gone by on the wings of light and shadow, but the scenes I have portrayed still come over me at times with terrible distinctness. The oak yet stands at the base of the precipice, but its limbs are black and dead, and the hollow trunk looking upward to the sky, as if 'calling to the clouds for drink,' is an emblem of rapid and noiseless decay."

"A year ago I visited the spot, and the thought of bygone years came mournfully back to me. I thought of the little innocent being who fell by my side, like some beautiful tree of spring, rent up by the whirlwind in the midst of blossoming. But I remembered, and oh, there was joy in the memory, that she had gone where no lightning's slumber in the folds of the rainbow cloud, and where the sunlit waters are broken only by storm breath of Omnipotence."

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The Old Way—and the New

Meadow Gold Butter

Cream ripened in open pans, exposed to odors and dust, butter worked by hand and washed in impure water—there is no certainty about such a product, and a deal of guesswork.

Meadow Gold Butter is made by exact methods, from Pasteurized cream, in the cleanest of creameries. Its purity is perfect, its cleanliness absolute—its flavor—delicious. Sealed in airtight packages which carry it to your table entirely free from taint or injury. Ask your dealer for it.

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Most diseases arise from defective blood or from a disordered or exhausted nervous system. Dr. Chase's Blood and Nerve Food is the most effective blood builder and nerve vitalizer. It restores blood integrity and nerve strength. All forms of nervous debility, exhaustion or prostration are cured by this greatest of all restoratives. Even long-standing cases and advanced stages of physical relaxation and vital decline, the various results of over-taxation, excesses or violations of the laws of health, are quickly cured by this best of all strength-givers and vitalizers. It is the surest known preventive and curative of mental-fag, brain-break, spine-ache, nerve-wreck, and all manner of general or special debility. It enriches the blood, feeds, fortifies and vitalizes the nerves; regulates, sustains and strengthens all natural functions. It is the hope and prop of the weak and discouraged, the restoration of the chronically ill. Under its influence, hope and ambition revive, courage comes, energy and strength develop. Price 50 cents. Book free.

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