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It's not alone the sensational reductions that are interesting—it's the quality of the clothing involved upon which we lay particular stress. The clothes which we offer were made expressly for us by America's greatest manufacturers, including ~~and~~ and Hirsch Wickwire & Co. We quote here the prices we've named to effect a complete clearance.

Entire Men's Suit Stock Divided Into Five Lots

LOT NO. 1	LOT NO. 2	LOT NO. 3	LOT NO. 4	LOT NO. 5
\$22.90	\$18.90	\$14.90	\$10.90	\$6.90
for choice of any suit that formerly sold at \$40, \$35 and \$30	for choice of any suit that formerly sold at \$27.50, \$25, \$22.50	for choice of any suit that formerly sold at \$20 and \$18	for choice of any suit that formerly sold at \$16.50 and \$15	for choice of any suit that formerly sold at \$12.50 and \$10

Armstrong's July Sale also in the Boy's Dept.

The bargains we offer at this time are absolutely unmatched.

Armstrong Clothing Co.

GOOD CLOTHES MERCHANTS

IDOLS AND SALOONS.

Rev. Charles Steizie Speaks Out Boldly on A Pressing Subject.

Centuries ago the labor guilds, including masters and men, pitted their strength against the advancing Christian army. Back to the time when no man could remember, and before their histories began, the people had been worshipping the unknown God through amulet and idol. The manufacturer of these had become an industry which gave employment to great hosts of workers. Formed into various guilds or trades unions, they sought to preserve their crafts against the growing tendency of Christian converts to discontinue the use of fetish and dumb Gods.

A remarkable and well-authenticated instance of this is found in the Acts of the Apostles. Ephesus was the seat of the great temple of Diana. To it were attracted the worshippers who purchased silver shrines fashioned by the smiths who made their living through the sale of these idols. But one day Paul, the apostle, appeared in their midst and preached a new doctrine—the doctrine of the unknown God whom the people had been seeking in vain. The finding of the true God began to work a revolution. The idols were cast out. The temple was deserted by the people of the new-found faith. Soon the effect of this became apparent to Demetrius, the silversmith, leader of the guild. Assembling the men who were engaged in his craft, they raised a great outcry: "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." A mob quickly came together, and then the truth was revealed—these silversmiths were not so much concerned about Diana as they were about the permanency of their craft—this man Paul, whom they were opposing, was, through his preaching driving out their business. What if the people were living in heathen darkness; what if the progress of the race was impeded—the chief and apparently the only consideration was the personal welfare of the silversmiths.

So strong and so persistent was the opposition, and so subtle the arguments of the craftsmen, that later, in many parts of the then known world, a compromise was effected between certain leaders in the Church and the leaders of the labor guilds, to the effect that the heathen paraphernalia be retained, although the true God might be worshipped. And

this we find even in our day—BUT THE CONTINUED SIN IN THE USE OF IDOL AND OE AMULET MAY BE LAID AT THE DOORS OF THE LABOR GUILDS OF THE APOSTOLIC DAYS.

Today the trades unions are facing another crisis. Another reform is making progress, and it threatens to sweep the land. The forces opposing the liquor interests are gathering strength and ere long the saloon shall go, if the people finish the task which they have so well begun. But, again, the craftsmen who live by the profit of an evil which is even more generally recognized than was the sin of idol worship in the days of Paul, are making protest. Various are the cries that parallel the slogan: "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." Frenzied for "liberty" and "justice" and "fraternity" are those who are fighting for the maintenance of the saloon, but back of it all and over it all is the desire to preserve a craft which gives them a living. It seems natural that men should oppose a movement which threatens to disturb their positions as craftsmen. They have their families to support and their own welfare to consider. But is there no other consideration? Must the saloon with its attendant evil for which no one can successfully argue, always remain with us, simply because its removal will cause a readjustment in industry, and because many of those now engaged in the brewing and allied industries must make a living in other ways which will work no harm to their fellows? Shall the trades union be made the scape-goat for an evil which it is sought to continue, against the best judgment of increasing numbers of workingmen? Shall future generations hold it against organized labor that, in the twentieth century, it allied itself with those who stood for sin and the debauchery of the saloon? Shall the saloon dominate our labor movement, when every other decent organization and institution is breaking loose from its power? These are questions which labor must answer, and answer so emphatically that no one can mistake the real attitude of the trades union.

A WORTHY STRIKE.

Des Moines Brick Layers Want Their Pay in Cold Cash.

The Union Bricklayers of Des Moines, Ia., are engaged in a strike that deserves the hearty sympathy

and support of every fair-minded man and woman. The bricklayers insist upon being paid off in cash instead of checks, and give as a reason for the demand the fact that they are compelled to have the checks cashed in saloons. This leads to the treating habit, inclines to increase the drink habit and is an injustice to the workers.

"We are given to understand by the stores that our checks are not wanted unless in payment for purchases, and while the saloons readily cash them the temptation to 'set 'em up' is so great that very often the whole check finds its way into the cash register of the bar man," said an official of the union. "We want the cash so we can go where we please and spend or keep our money as best suits us."

WHERE'S THE MONEY?

The National Typothetae Wonders Where Its Funds Have Gone.

The cash box of the National Typothetae of North America, is short. Just how much nobody seems to know, but there is an aching void where the membership expected to find a wad of ready money. The twenty-third annual convention of the Typothetae met in Detroit last Wednesday, and immediately went into executive session to investigate the shortage. John W. McIntyre of New York, who used to talk about eating union printers blood raw for breakfast, is treasurer of the union busting bunch, and he declares that the money was spent during the fight with the printers over the eight-hour day. His colleagues want to see the vouchers and the check stubs. The union printers spent more money than the master printers, and every cent disbursed by the union men has been properly accounted for. Now the master printers declare that one of their own members—a business man don't you know—ought to be able to keep as good a set of books as a common printer.

It will be noted that the Typothetae went into executive session. Funny isn't it that these high and mighty business men have to transact their business in secret, while the business of the "anarchistic unionists" is transacted with the doors and windows all open. An "executive session" of the International Typographical Union convention is unknown.

It is asserted that John W. McIntyre is unable to satisfactorily account for several thousand dollars that came

into his hands during his term as treasurer of the Typothetae. Maybe Jawn was flim-flammed out of a lot of it. We recall that when the Typothetae in New York wanted to hire a lot of detectives to watch the pickets set by "Bix Six," the strike committee of "Bix Six" kindly furnished the Typothetae with the detectives. Of course

the Typothetae did not know this, but just the same the detectives furnished by the union reported back to union headquarters with astonishing regularity, and the wages they earned from the Typothetae went a long ways towards financing "Bix Six's" victory in New York City. The indications are that a search of Jawn's grip would disclose the presence of several sizeable gold bricks sold to him by those onery union printers.

WON'T DO IT AGAIN.

Accused Employers Pay Costs and Agree Not to Offend.

The cases instituted by Deputy Commissioner of Labor Maupin against Max Weinburg and Cohen, Nathan & Co., for violation of the female employment law, were called in Justice Stevens' court last Tuesday afternoon. Commissioner Maupin announced that he had no desire to make anybody pay a fine or be stuck for heavy costs, and that his only desire was to have it distinctly understood by all that the law must be obeyed. He thought that the evidence of his intent to enforce the law impartially but thoroughly was sufficient, and he was willing to have the cases dismissed if the defendants would pay the costs and agree that no further cause of action be given. To this the defendants readily agreed and the cases were therefore dismissed.

This these cases were instituted numerous employers of females have talled upon the commissioner for a thorough explanation of the law. As a result numerous women have found their hours of work shortened.

A GOOD DEFINITION.

A conservative is one who winks knowingly, smiles profusely, and has a back-pedal attachment to render worthless anything he might say. Where action is necessary, he is as useful as an unarmed warship at anchor and flying the white flag.—Trade Unionist, Washington, D. C.

A Bulwark of Strength.

"England," said the timorous man, "is building ten new battle ships, each bigger than anything now in existence and capable of firing broadsides aggregating 40,000,000-foot pounds of force; Germany is adding to her navy ships that will discharge missiles equivalent to 30,000,000-foot pounds; France, Japan, Russia and all the other countries are doing the same. What are we doing? What have we to compete with that?"

"My dear sir," said the calm man. "You forget that we have the never-failing supply of Missouri mules. The annual muster of Missouri mules could combine and kick all the navies in the world clear through the Milky Way."

Wilbur D. Nesbit.

THE ONLOOKER

WILBUR D. NESBIT.

THE LAZY MAN



A lazy man is Amos Brown—The laziest man that lives in town. He has a son, who dreams of fame. Because Leander is his name. But that is not the point at all—'Tis this: When Brown his son would call. He goes into the yard, does he. And shakes the oleander tree. Why does he do that? Can't you guess? He's calling: "O, Leander." Yes. But isn't he a lazy man? Some people call him a "crazy man."

Another freak of Amos Brown That has been told all over town Is this: He has a dogwood tree Close to his house, where all may see. And he is timid in the night—Afraid, you know, of sudden fright. So, if bold burglars prowled around, Brown never makes the slightest sound; Because he knows the dogwood bark. Oh, isn't he a lazy man? Some people call him "crazy man."

And, worst of all, I've heard it said, He had an oak tree that was dead—Or nearly dead—but falling limb Nor crashing bough affected him. And he would never cut it down. For he was lazy Amos Brown. He said he guessed he'd let it stay. It was too big to cut away. "Let it alone," he sighed, "The thing As like as not will leave next spring." Now, wasn't he a lazy man? Some people call him "crazy man!"

Exactly.

My uncle Tod Is very odd— He calls a bed A quadruped! But soon we find He'll change his mind.

"This feather tick," He says, "is thick— Upon my word The bed's a bird!"

One Drawback.

Getting along in this world wouldn't be so hard if there weren't so many people in it who are trying to take the world with them.

For downright devilishness, says a New England deacon, gossiping women beats 'em all. What did the deacon do?—Houston Chroni-

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