

UNION MADE CLOTHING SNAPS

The Union House of **H. J. BROCK & CO.** Of Buffalo, N.Y.

Makers of Finest Union Made Clothing, unloaded to Us Their Entire Surplus Stock

\$14 Embracing Suits worth \$20.00, \$22.50 and \$25.00 This group is made up of suits from the reliable establishment of Henry J. Brock & Co., of Buffalo, N. Y., makers of **Highest Grade Union Made Men's Clothing.** These goods should appeal strongly to men who are interested in standing up for label goods, but

to the man who has no interest in supporting organized labor, the clothing of Henry J. Brock & Co. will meet every requirement of style, fit and quality, and under the present conditions \$14.00 will pay for a suit worth \$20, \$22.50 and \$25.

ARMSTRONG CLOTHING CO. GOOD CLOTHES MERCHANTS.....

RESTORE OUR HOME LIFE.

A Plea That the Nation Must Soon Heed or Perish.

Mrs. Raymond Robins, president of the Woman's National Trade Union League, says: "The presence of woman in the labor field has lowered the wage earnings of men. In no case should woman underbid man. Home is the place for the weaker sex, and only to the entrance of woman into man's field is accounted the reason why fewer men are marrying today. They cannot earn enough to support two, let alone a family. There should be no night work for the women and the hours of labor should be fixed."

This woman sees with acute vision the trend of the times and realizes, with other thoughtful people, that the increased cost of living and the decreased earning power of men with this thoughtless cheap competition from the other sex and the rapid decrease in marriage—more noticeable in the larger cities of the countries—promises a woeful spread of immorality and that great bulwark of right living, the home.

The same trend may be seen in the breaking up of home life and removal to hotels, rooming houses and restaurants. Women who are thus "emancipated" from the duties and interests of home too often become prey to the evils that beset the pathway of idleness.

Let us see the organization of a Woman's Christian Home Preservers' Union to combat this greatest peril of the times. Let us see the real womanhood of the land, instead of wasting energy in a quixotic campaign for suffrage, bend their efforts toward stopping the output of a bottle-fed race that knows not genuine motherhood except by tradition and the old-fashioned story book telling of the real home life that once was.

Let us see a disappearance of this hot-house caricature of woman, with the wasp waist and "higher-life" fads, and there will be a restoration of the solid rock foundation of human virtue and greatness—the American home.—Oklahoma City Daily Oklahoman.

CALLED HOME

J. M. Scott, a former member of Lincoln Barbers' Union died at the home of his father, O. H. Scott, 1821 O Wednesday afternoon. Mr. Scott transferred his membership to Denver some two years ago when he went there in search of health. When he learned that death was only a matter of a few weeks at most, he returned to Lincoln, but under the circumstances was unable to put his card in the Lincoln local. The remains were taken to Hebron, Neb., for interment Thursday, and a committee from the local union accompanied the casket from the residence to the depot. The local also sent a handsome floral offering. Mr. Scott was 22 years of age.

NO LABEL NO SEAT.

At future meetings of the Rhode Island State Branch of the American Federation of Labor no delegate will be seated unless his clothing bears the union label

A SAD JOURNEY.

Mrs. Hoffmeister, whose husband is a member of Lincoln Typographical Union was called to St. Louis Sunday by a telegram announcing the sudden death of her father.

THE AVALANCHE

THRILLING STORY OF A TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE IN ALPS.

Italian Workmen Brave Terrors of Great St. Bernard Pass to Find Work in Switzerland, But Are Forced to Return.

The wind whistled in an icy blast down the Great St. Bernard Pass. All was whiteness, save for the dark ruts that marked the wagon's path. The narrow lines of sleigh's runners.

Presently nine dark figures loomed in sight—eight travellers on the mountain pass. They were ill-clad to face the perils of such a journey, and not



Rushing Around Their Feet.

without many a warning word had they set out that morning.

One glance at the plucked, bronzed faces of the men told that, despite the fact that the day was warm for the time of season, their bodies were already feeling the cold acutely. And the solitary woman at their side would her cloak more closely about her, walking with chattering teeth.

Theirs was a tale of suffering. Only that morning they had set out from the country of their birth, Italy; beautiful Italy, with its vineyards, its olive plantations, and orange-gardens, could find no work for them. And now, buoyed by the hope that every step was bringing them nearer to a new country, to Switzerland, where men said they would surely find employment, they faced the Great St. Bernard Pass.

By midday they were halfway up the mountain, trudging bravely through the deep snow. On their right lay a deep slope springing from a thickly-wooded hollow. On the left the mountain rose, gently sloping

until it seemed to merge its whiteness in the sky.

Several times, as they had journeyed, they had heard the loud roar of an avalanche. But now a curious rumbling sound, as if some vast body were being drawn over the surface of the mountain, fell on their ears. Minute by minute it appeared to come nearer. Suddenly one of the men uttered a cry of horror, and pointed frenziedly at the mountain.

Bearing down on them at an even and seemingly terrible rate was a moving field of snow. To their terrified imagination it seemed that the whole mountain was pouring out its snows in a heaving, roaring torrent of foam.

Soon they felt it, at first shallow and easy to resist, but fast rising deeper, rushing around their feet. Then each one struggled for his life, and sought to gain a foothold on the cracking, frozen surface of the moving snow. On, on, moved the avalanche, which, even in their danger, all realized had nearly spent itself, straight across the narrow track, down towards the deep slope on its left. Clinging, rolling, tumbling, their faces scratched by broken fragments of ice, and their bodies bruised by the larger, all strove to keep their heads free in the air.

Of the journey down the slope not one of the nine who composed the party had any clear recollection, and what their fate could have been, no one can say had not the gliding mass encountered the wood at the bottom of the hollow.

Late in the evening nine bruised figures entered the little town on the Italian side of the pass, resolved at all hazards to find some employment in their own country until the snows had melted sufficiently for them to cross the Great St. Bernard pass in safety.

Had Plenty of Room.

A passenger entered a railway carriage already containing ten people, and placed with great care a small valise under the seat.

"There," he said, "now I hope no accident will happen to that."

"What is it?" asked an indiscreet passenger.

"Dynamite," replied the man, whereupon the ten incontinently fled, leaving him in possession, and he proceeded to open the valise containing "dynamite" and eat his lunch in comfort.

London's Public Banquets.

It is estimated that there are 30 or 40 public banquets every night in London the year round, or a total of about 10,000, and that the number of the different persons who thus absorb rich food and wines on many different occasions is 50,000. There appears to be a fear that this will be as bad for the sturdy British digestion as ice water is alleged to have been for the digestion of America.

Regaining Lost Confidence.

Owing to the rattling of chains and other ghostly disturbances at Hitchin workhouse tramps are said to be giving the place a wide berth. The authorities, however, are doing their best to lay the ghosts, and by up-to-date methods and strict attention to business hope once more to regain the confidence and kind patronage of their clients.—London Tribune.

Tramp Had New Idea.

A dumb tramp has been arrested in Berlin for begging. He used a phonograph, visiting private houses only where his machine poured out a heart-rending tale of its owner's misfortunes.

Growth of Methodism.

The calculation is now made that the world's Methodists are now so numerous that by joining hands they could girdle the earth. They number 30,000,000.

The Beautiful and the Appreciation of the Beautiful

By M. AUGUSTE RODIN, Famous French Sculptor.



It is not only the ensemble of the body which is beautiful, but each part of it has its individual beauty, and, what is more perhaps, its significance. The ordinary public does not understand this, being accustomed to see people dressed. Otherwise it would soon grow used, as the Greeks did, to the idea that each sentiment affects not only eyes, mouth, facial expression and the gesture of our hands, but the balance of our body, the inclination of its different parts and the play, more or less powerful, of every muscle.

What makes my "Thinker" think is that he thinks not only with his brain, with his knitted brow, his distended nostrils and compressed lips, but with every muscle of his arms, back and legs; with his clenched fists and gripping toes. We live in an artificial age; we even deform nature, modifying the natural shape of the body by irrational clothes, corsets, collars and boots. How can a woman expect to have a foot that is a poem, as in the Greek statues, when she massacres it with the modern tight fitting shoe? The appreciation of beauty is nowadays a gift as rare as the faculty of the poet or musician, while among the Greeks the absence of the sense of beauty was abnormal!

I have had Venus of Milo in my studio a score of time, Apollo and Adonis by the dozen. We pass beauty in the streets, but have no eyes to see it. We look only for a roguish eye, a full red lip, the graceful movement of hip or carriage of shoulder, and we attach enormous importance to elegance and dress; but for proportion and harmony we never look. And as for the royal beauty of the male, it hardly ever occurs to us. And as we have no eyes to see, we have no ears to hear. I am no poet, no musician, but a hundred times I have heard in the forest the divine organ of which my friend Victor Hugo spoke. But it would be bad form to stop people in their motor cars to listen to that glorious symphony. The only way to travel is on foot or in a carriage, slow and silent.

There is a beauty in a leaf as well as in a mountain. The man who knows one tree perfectly, the shape of each branch, its aspect under each change of light and shade; the man who knows the beauty of one woman in all her attitudes and moods, who has drunk of all her gestures, studied every curve of her body in every light and under all circumstances, knows more of nature and real beauty than the man who has been three times around the world, crossed the Rocky mountains, sipped tea on some Japanese island or "done" the picture galleries of Europe in a fortnight.

Woman's Vote Not Needed

By MRS. CHARLES E. HUGHES, Wife of Governor of New York.

I believe that woman now has an influence in the community as a non-partisan that she would entirely lose if she were to obtain the ballot. That subtle, unnamed atmosphere which surrounds her is of more value to humanity than her vote could possibly be to the state. She is now free from those corruptions, from those strategies, of which men know so much and women so little. Is it not well to have at least one-half the community to which the word "graft" is more or less an unknown quantity, and "pull" merely a word that men use in after-dinner conversation, when the ladies have left the room?

I think that women as teachers as well as mothers, do their full share in shaping the country's future, by shaping its citizens. A more or less direct method would be the lessening of this influence.

Men now respect the opinions of their wives and mothers, because they know them to be uninfluenced by any but the broad principles of right and wrong. Of the petty personalities of politics they know nothing, and that is the secret of their influence.

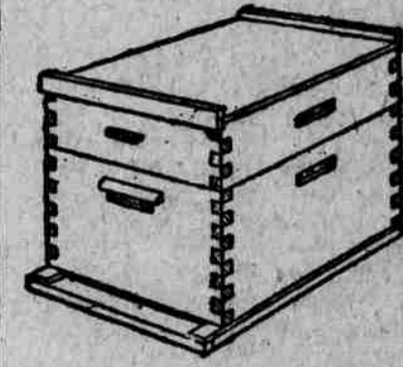


BEST KIND OF HIVE.

Do Not Use the Box Hive Because It Is Hard to Get At.

Box hives, says Farm and Home, are not advised. Even though you now think you will never open a hive, you may change your mind, and then it will be better to have had movable-frame hives from the start. Your bees may fall into the hands of someone who will great prefer the movable frames. A colony in a box hive may be queenless; you are helpless; the colony is doomed. With movable frames you can easily determine the condition of the colony and supply a queen, if lacking.

There is no longer any patent on the movable frame and good work may be done with any one of the different forms. The idea that if you adopt a certain make of hive you will get an extra amount of honey is all fool-droll. Hives don't gather and store honey; bees do that. One of the simplest as well as one of the best is the dovetailed hive, so called because its corners are locked together for greater strength. It is the most pop-



Dovetailed Hive.

ular among men who produce honey by the ton, as well as among amateurs who keep one or two colonies for the pleasure of it. Each comb is in a wooden frame, and one or all the combs can be lifted out of the hive and returned at will, and this is true of all movable-frame hives. The frame used in the dovetailed hive is called the Langstroth frame and is 17 1/2 inches long and 9 1/4 inches deep, outside measure.

For the production of extracted honey, a ten-frame hive is best. For comb honey it is also best, except for those who pay a great deal of attention to their bees. Such persons may do as well or better with an eight-frame hive, but for those who have only a few colonies and do not expect to spend much time with them, a hive so small as one having only eight frames is not to be thought of. Too much danger that the bees will be scarce of stores and starve in winter or spring.

Another reason why the larger hive is better for the average farmer is that bees are not so much given to swarming where they are in large hives. However desirous you may be now to have your colonies swarm so as to increase the number of colonies, you may rest assured that the time will come when you will be still more anxious that your bees shall not swarm. Every swarm that issues means just so much cutting down of the honey crop for the current year.

Watch Lice on Brood Hens.

With hens brooding the young, the grower should bear in mind that it is an easy matter for the lice to become very numerous before their presence can be told. They should be examined at least once each week and the remedies applied with the first appearance.