

Cincinnati Electrical Workers Victims of "Labor Pirates" Declare Int. Asso. of Municipal Electricians

Bill Culkins, Backed by Business Interests Succeeds in Side-stepping Electrical Workers' Licensing Act. Insurance Hazards Leap Upward While Unskilled Labor Install Electrical Equipment.

After eighteen months of hard work on the part of the Electrical Workers' Union No. 212 and the Electrical Contractors' Association of Cincinnati, the City Council reported a bill favorably for the licensing of electrical workers. It was a bill clearly in favor of the owner of the building, inasmuch as by its passage, only locally licensed electrical workers could be employed on construction work, thus assuring the property owner of having his electrical work done by expert hands, which at the same time would reduce the insurance hazard and protect life and property as the wiring will be done by men who thoroughly know their business.

The Emery Estate, which is known for hiring the cheapest possible labor, and being afraid that they might have to spend a few cents more to have their work properly done, called the attention of the Building Managers' Association, which is made up of a lot of "head porters" of our large buildings, and from them, a request was made to Bill Culkins of the Chamber of Commerce, that, under the proposed law, that nobody could change a lamp or a fuse without hiring a union man and that the charge would be a million dollars a minute more than what the plumbers charge you to even look at them.

Bill Culkins issued an alarm notifying all citizens who had the interest of Cincinnati at heart, to rally to the City Hall, before this obnoxious law could be passed and, as usual, succeeded in getting a crowd.

The engineers were the pirates in this case like the carpenters referred to below; they appeared in a body. The engineers are a labor organization who believe in doing everybody's work, no matter who suffers; they wire and re-wire these buildings without the least knowledge of electrical work and do it to "stand in" with their employers.

When this mob appeared at the City Hall, the City Council was surprised and

over-awed, and fearing to lose the friendship of Cincinnati's Mutual Admiration Society—the Chamber of Commerce—voted to indefinitely postpone the bill, to the great detriment of the lives and property of the general public.

Now comes the meeting of the International Association of Municipal Electricians, assembled in convention in this city, and they were horrified to learn of the lax conditions existing here, as the following clipping from the Cincinnati Enquirer of August 26th, will demonstrate:

"Electrical 'pirates'—that is to say, incompetent workmen who wire buildings in bungling fashion, thereby endangering lives and property—were denounced by President W. H. Flandrau and others yesterday at the convention of the International Association of Municipal Electricians at the Hotel Gibson.

"There are too many poor workmen," said William B. Doane, of the National Lamp Works, Cleveland, Ohio. "They should not be allowed to compete with the good workmen. Yesterday the incompetents were carpenters; today they put on a pair of overalls, change their tools and become electricians."

"The pirates," interjected President Flandrau, "put wiring in a house cheaper than a reliable contractor can buy the material. I am in favor of having only licensed electricians do such jobs."

"Judging from expressions voiced in the ensuing discussion, the association will back a movement to require electricians of every state to be licensed. A number of states and cities, it was stated, already possess license laws and require contractors to give bond to insure the faithful performance of their duties."

As the matter now stands, it will be up to the insurance companies to take a hand in the controversy. Bill Culkins and his crowd, while saving some little money for the interests behind them, are at the same time standing in the way of mutual advancement.

THE "JOYS" OF NIGHT WORK

Thrilling Experience of Newspaper Printer Who Would Sleep During the Day.

A linotype operator on a morning daily gives an interesting resume of the routine of the average night worker. This man's family consists of himself, his wife and seven-year-old son, and a baby—to say nothing of his son's dog, Jack. As company and protection for his wife during his nightly absence her sister lives with them. Here is one day's experience:

Arrive home about 3 a. m. Stumble over the hose and washing machine in the back yard. Pound on the back door. After repeating my name several times, my wife finally unlocks the door and cautions me not to make any noise or I will wake the baby. As the house is cold, I retire in the couch in the living room near the stove.

At 6:30 my wife comes in and shakes the grate of the base burner, at the same time saying that she "will be glad when this night work is over."

At 7:15 she returns to tell me that she and her sister are up for the day, and asks me to go to bed so she can straighten up the room.

At 7:30 I am awakened by my sister-in-law, who asks me not to be disturbed, as she only came back to find her belt.

At 8:00 the baby wakes up and cries because papa won't let him into the bedroom. He hammers on the door with his fists.

At 8:30 I am again awakened by my wife, and this is what I hear in my semi-consciousness: "Look at this pattern. Don't you think a dress of this goods would look well on me if I wore my suede shoes?"

A few minutes later my young hopeful rushes into the room and shouts: "Papa, Robbie Turner took Jack's collar off and put it on his dog." By giving him my suspenders to play with, I finally force him out.

Before I can get to sleep again my wife informs me from the kitchen that she is going over to "mother's" and will be back shortly.

About 9:30 a ring at the front door bell arouses me. When I answer the summons I find an agent who tries to sell me a vacuum cleaner.

A little later my wife returns and wakes me again with the important announcement, "I was afraid I would forget it, so I will tell you now. Mamma wants to know if you will get her a couple of copies of the Tribune for her that had that piece in it about Cousin Frank not having good sense. It was Saturday before election."

After she leaves the room I reach under the pillow and look at my watch. It is after 10 o'clock and I have been "in bed" more than seven hours. As seven hours' sleep is enough for any normal man in good health, I get up.—Linotype Bulletin.

A Happy Life.

Happiness is not to be procured like hard bake in a solid lump. It is composed of innumerable small items. The recipes for its acquisition are simple, and therefore we ignore them. Love in marriage, fidelity in friendship, affection between parent and children, courtesy in intercourse, devotion to duty and perfect sincerity in every relation of life—these are the ingredients that go to make a happy life.—Sarah Grand.

An Eye Experiment.

The two eyes really see two objects. If the two forefingers be held, one at the distance of one foot and the other two feet, in front of the eyes and the former be looked at two phantoms of the latter will be observed, one on each side. If the latter figure be regarded, two phantoms of the nearest finger will be observed mounting guard, one on either side.

Amended.

A Londoner was showing some country relatives the sights of London one day recently and was pointing out a magnificent old residence, built years ago by a famous and rather unscrupulous lawyer of his time. "And," the Londoner was asked, "was he able to build a house like that by his practice?" "Yes," was the reply, "by his practice and his practices."

Borrowed Implements.

"Say, Subbubs, I understand you have Neighbor Wombat's rake." "I have." "If you'll loan me that occasionally I'll let you use Dingbat's lawn mower when you like."—Kansas City Journal.

An Inquisitive Antelope.

An antelope is as curious as a woman. If the hunter will lie down in the grass and wave a red handkerchief, a band of antelopes will keep circling around until within reasonable distance for a safe shot. After completing a circle the antelopes halt suddenly and bring down one fore foot with a vigorous stamp on the ground, and at the same instant they make a sort of snort that sounds like a half whistle. That is the propitious moment for peppering them with rifle balls.—Exchange.

A Story of Browning.

Browning himself couldn't always explain his meaning at first reading. Dr. Furnivall, founder of the English Browning Society, frequently consulted the poet as to the meaning of some passage in his works. "Bless me," Browning would say, "I really have forgotten what I did mean, and as I haven't got a copy of my works by me I really can't enlighten you. Just lend me the book, there's a good fellow. I'll look it over at my leisure and try to find out what was in my mind at the time."

Ought to Be.

"Betty is marrying a baseball player." "Is he a good catch?"—Boston Transcript.

Good Things Are Great.

Everything great is not always good, but all good things are great, said Demosthenes.

Weighing Nebula Gas.

By studying the light emitted by a luminous gas it is possible by purely optical methods to determine the temperature of the gas and also its atomic weight. Observations on the nebula in Orion have been pursued since 1911. By studying the lines in the spectrum of the nebula, which are due to hydrogen, it appears that the temperature of the hydrogen in the nebula is about 15,000 degrees. The double ultra violet line, which is attributed to the hypothetical gas called "nebulium," gives as the atomic weight of this unknown gas the figure 3. A strong green ray, which is also due to an unknown gas, gives the figure 2 for its atomic weight.

Activity.

There is one principle which ought to be mentioned as a leading peculiarity of human nature. This is the desire of action. A person accustomed to a life of activity longs for ease and retirement and when he has accomplished his purpose finds himself wretched.

Outmatched.

"Did you hear about the row round at Penhecker's house last night?" Mr. Jones asked his wife as they sat at supper. "No," said the lady, much interested. "What happened?" "Penhecker tried to thrash his wife, and the police were called just in time to avert a tragedy." "Oh, the brute! Did they take him to prison?" "No," they carried him round to the hospital.—London Mail.

The Human Kind.

"Father," said little Johnny, "how big do sponges grow?"

"Well, my son, your Uncle William is about the biggest one I ever knew. If there are any bigger ones I don't want to meet them."—Chicago Herald.

The Beautiful.

Man comes into life to seek and find his sufficient beauty, to serve it, to win and increase it, to fight for it, to dare anything for it, counting death as nothing so long as the dying eyes still turn to it. And fear, and dullness, and indolence, and appetite, which are no more than fear's four crippled brothers who make ambushes and creep by night, are against him, to delay him, to hold him off and beguile and kill him in that quest.—H. G. Wells.

Her Very Clear Thoughts.

"Well, aunty, what are your thoughts about marryin'?" asked a young woman in Scotland the other day of her aunt, a decent body who had reached the shady side of life without having committed matrimony.

"Deed, lassie," frankly replied the old lady, "I've had but three thoughts about it a' my days, an' the last is like to be the longest. First, then, when I was young, like yourself, I thought, 'Wha'll I tak'?' Then, as time began to wear by, I thought, 'Wha'll I get?' An' after I got my leg broken wi' that whumel out o' Saunders McDreunthie's cart, my thoughts syne hae bin, 'Wha'll tak' me?'"

The Main Reason.

"What is their main reason for wanting a divorce?" "Because they are married."—Houston Post.

No Longer Company.

"Do you know them very well?" "I think so. Whenever I go there for dinner I'm always expected to help with the dishes afterward. She never thinks of letting them go till morning to entertain me."—Detroit Free Press.

Henty's Young Critic.

G. A. Henty, the writer for youth, frequently got letters from admirers all over the world asking for his autograph and offering criticisms of his books. In a story of the peninsular war he made two boys disguise themselves by staining their faces with iodine. Shortly after the book was published he received a letter from a boy, who said he was a chemist's assistant, stating that while that special incident was represented as taking place in 1808, iodine was not discovered until 1811, three years later.



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Noncommittal.

In many ways the Cornishman reminds one of the Scot. When he has absolute knowledge of a thing he is "sure for sartin," but he prefers to be "sure as can be," which admits of a loophole. In ordinary conversation he likes a little mystery and takes care not to give himself away. This, from J. Henry Harris' "Cornish Saints and Sinners," illustrates in a general way the point:

"Where are you going?" "Down along." "Where to?" "Past the corner." "How far?" "A pure bit." "Will you be long?" "Maybe." "Say an hour?" "If you like." "Or two?" "Shouldn't wonder."

The Best She Could Do.

"We've got to cut down our expenses," said Woody. "We are living in a style that makes everybody think my income must be twice as big as it is." "Well," his wife replied, "what more do you want, seeing that there is no chance for you to double your income?"—Chicago Herald.

What Are Children.

What are children? Flowers—they are the flowers of the invisible world, indestructible, self-perpetuating flowers, each with a multitude of angels and evil spirits underneath its leaves, toiling and wrestling for domination over it.

Blossoms—they are the blossoms of another world, whose fruitage is angels and archangels. Or dewdrops—they are dewdrops that have their source not in the chambers of the earth nor among the vapors of the sky, which the next breath of wind or the next flash of sunshine may dry up forever, but among the everlasting fountains and inexhaustible reservoirs of mercy and love.—John Neal.

Anteaters.

Anteaters are in the curious position of being practically unable to open their mouths. It may almost be said, indeed, that they have no mouths to open. There is just a small, round orifice at the end of the snout, through which about two

feet of wormlike tongue can wriggle out, and as this tongue is bathed with liquid glue instead of saliva, every ant which it touches adheres to it, and the animal licks the insects up by hundreds at a time.

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