

THE PIONEER
BARBER SHOP
 CHARLES BOWEN, Prop.
 Union—Cleanly—Handy
 YOU ARE NEXT
 101 South 11th, - Lincoln

PREWITT'S
PHOTO GALLERY
 1214 O STREET

When you want a good photograph call and see my work. Satisfaction guaranteed . . .

We are expert cleaners, dyers and finishers of Ladies' and Gentlemen's Clothing of all kinds. The finest dresses a specialty.

THE NEW FIRM
J. C. WOOD & CO.
 Ask for PRICELIST.
 PHONES: Bell, 147. Auto, 1292.
 1320 N St. - Lincoln, Neb.

Wageworkers, Attention

We have Money to Loan on Chattels. Plenty of it, too. Utmost secrecy.

KELLY & NORRIS
 70-71 BROWNELL BLK.

Union Harness & Repair Shop
GEORGE H. BUSH

Harness repairing, Harness washed and oiled. I use the Union Stamp and solicit Union Trade. All kinds of work furnished on call. 145 So. 9th.

HAYDEN'S ART STUDIO
 New Location, 1127 O
 Fine work a Specialty.
 Auto 3336

Lincoln Dental College
CLINIC
 Open for Patients Every Afternoon

15th and O Sts. F. & M. Building

OWN YOUR OWN HOME
STOP PAYING RENT

We will loan you money to build or buy a home and you can pay it back in small monthly payments the same as rent. INVESTIGATE.

OCCIDENTAL BUILDING & LOAN ASSOCIATION
 MATSON & HALL, Gen'l Agts.
 118 North 14th St. Lincoln, Neb.

OFFICE OF
DR. R. L. BENTLEY,
 Specialist Children
 OFFICE HOURS 1 TO 4 P.M.
 Office 2116 O st. Both Phones.
 LINCOLN, NEBRASKA.

DR. A. B. AYERS
 Dentist
 1309 O Street Auto 1591; Bell 915
 Bring this ad and save ten per cent on your bills.

WAGELWORKER
WILL M. MAUPIN, EDITOR

Published Weekly at 127 No. 14th St., Lincoln, Neb. One Dollar a Year.

Entered as second-class matter April 21, 1904, at the postoffice at Lincoln, Neb., under the Act of Congress of March 3rd, 1879.

"Printers' Ink," the recognized authority on advertising, after a thorough investigation on this subject, says: "A labor paper is a far better advertising medium than an ordinary newspaper in comparison with circulation. A labor paper, for example, having 2,000 subscribers is of more value to the business man who advertises in it than an ordinary paper with 12,000 subscribers."

SPEAKING OF YOUR RIGHTS.
 "It's nobody's business if I want to go out and get drunk," declared a trades unionist the other day.

That depends, brother.
 "I've got a right to drink when I please, or get drunk when I please," he asserted with great earnestness and bravado.

That depends, brother.
 If your drunkenness casts discredit upon the whole body of workingmen, then it is the business of your brother.

And you mustn't forget that your rights end just where your neighbor's begin. If your drunkenness injures a fellow workingman by bringing into disrepute the trade of which he is justly proud, then you have no right, moral or otherwise, to injure him. Therefore you have no right to get drunk. The trade unionist who presides over the destinies of The Wageworker has reached what people call "middle age." He has had his share of life's experiences—some of which he is proud of, and many of which he seldom refers to in public. But there is one thing he learned long ago, and that is that it doesn't pay, physically, mentally or morally, to assert a right that brings no other returns than an aching head, a trembling hand, a benumbed brain and an empty pocket. "Do you never take a drink?" you ask. If he wants to the man at the helm of this little labor paper does. But thank fortune he has learned not to want to quite so often as in the old days.

But if the presiding genius of this little paper thought for a moment that the exercise of his right to take a drink if he wanted to would cast discredit and shame upon the craft he learned, or the whole body of organized labor, he would be the most contemptible wretch on earth if he exercised that right.

We have a sympathy for the young man who is just recovering from his first drunk. Natural curiosity may have impelled him to tank up just to undergo the experience. But having tanked up once and undergone the resultant experience, the young man is a blankety blank fool for doing it the second time. He hasn't any excuse for it.

If there is anything on earth that makes a decent man tired it is to hear a bunch of fellows boasting about the "big drunk" they had a day or two before.

"But haven't I right to get drunk if I want to?" you ask.
 That all depends, my brother. Legally, no; for the law says you are guilty of a misdemeanor when you tank up past the limit. Morally, no; for you have no moral right to injure yourself mentally or physically. From the union standpoint you have no such right, for your drunkenness brings reproach upon the union you have sworn to defend and discredit upon your fellow craftsman whom you have sworn not to wrong.

"O, you are one of those fool prohibitionists, eh?"
 No, brother; not in the sense you mean it. There are few worse things than drinking to excess; there are many things worse than an occasional glass of beer or a little dash of "biters" now and then. We are not raising any objections to your taking a drink now and then; it is to your beastly habit of soaking your hide full of whisky that we object. We object to it because it injures you, but we object to it chiefly because it injures the rest of us.

You can't see it that way?
 That may be due to the fact that the booze has filled your thimble with cobwebs. Or, it might be better to say that the fact that you glory in getting beastly drunk every time oc-

casions affords is proof that you never had any thimble worth mentioning. You are so jealous of the honor of your union that you wouldn't give aid and comfort to a "scab," but you will go out and discredit your craft by getting drunk and causing the general public to believe that the general average of organized labor is represented by your besotted condition.

It isn't right for you to do it, my brother. And you ought to be smart enough to see it and manly enough to cut it out.

If you can't go up against the booze or the beer without loading yourself above the plimsoll line, stay away from it altogether. The man who makes his living by selling it to you will think more of you for it. You will think more of yourself, and your union will benefit by your action.

The Wageworker is not fighting the saloon as a saloon. It is a legitimate business—just as legitimate as banking, or running a newspaper or selling drygoods. The saloon is an effect, not a cause. It is a compliance, not a demand.

The man who takes an occasional glass of beer or whisky may be none the worse for it, but that is not the question. The question is, is he any better off because of it? But The Wageworker is not going to criticize the workingman who drinks beer or whisky in moderation. He might be doing a whole lot worse. But when he drinks it to the extent of injuring himself, his family, his fellow craftsmen and the state, then The Wageworker is going to protest. You haven't any right, my brother, to do it.

THE ASININE FRED GRANT.
 Frederick Dent Grant, general in the United States army by virtue of the fact that he is the son of a great father, has been talking again. The ass that disguised itself in the lion's skin might have escaped detection had it not brayed and wiggled its long ears at just the wrong time. Fred Grant might reflect credit upon his distinguished ancestry if he could only refrain from braying. As it is he makes a Jerusalem pony of himself on every conceivable occasion. The other day Fred Grant, by virtue of the fact that he is a general in the regular army, attended a banquet. He took occasion to deplore the fact that President Roosevelt saw fit to hold a consultation with Mayor Schmitz of San Francisco over a question so important that Fred Grant's mind could not grasp its fundamentals. And then he sneered at the "infected mayor" and referring to the consultation, declared with great fervor that "such a thing could not have happened at the White House during the years between 1869 and 1876."

Frederick Dent Grant never displayed his asininity to a greater degree than when he made that remark and dragged the name of his distinguished father into the discussion. To the glory of the American commonwealth he it said that the happenings during the Grant administrations have never been repeated. During the eight years that Ulysses Simpson Grant occupied the presidential chair, Washington was the seat of a saturnalia of graft and a riot of thievery and jobbery. It was during the Grant administration that the great "whisky ring" fraud was perpetrated upon the people. It was during the Grant administration that a secretary of war, William Belknap, was detected in perpetrating gigantic frauds upon the people and literally forced into oblivion through the pressure of public opinion. It was during the Grant administration that the credit mobler frauds were perpetrated and hundreds of millions stolen from the public and the public treasury. If every charge of graft and corruption made against Eugene Schmitz were true, the whole world would not be a drop in the bucket compared to the graft and the corruption that reigned in Washington during the eight years that Frederick Dent Grant's father was president of the United States.

In view of these historical facts it ill becomes the man whose only claim upon fame is that he is the son of his father, to draw any invidious comparisons between things as they now exist in the white house and things as they existed in the early 70's. And above all does it ill become him to make comparisons between conditions as they are said to exist in San Francisco under Mayor Schmitz and conditions that were known to exist in Washington under President Grant.

No one charges President Grant with having personally profited by this riot of corruption. And it is not possible that Eugene Schmitz may be equally innocent? At any rate it looks almighty bad for the son of Ulysses Simpson Grant to be passing judgment upon Eugene Schmitz before the evidence is in.

We hold Ulysses Simpson Grant in much higher esteem when we can forget that he was the father of Frederick Dent Grant.

Secretary Shaw says the government's bureau of minting and currency it a "sweat shop." The difference between Shaw and the other

sweat shop employes is that Shaw could quit his \$8,000 a year job and get one at \$50,000 a year when he wanted to.

Mr. Post's "Square Deal" enumerates a lot of wage increases in various branches of industry during the last three months. Strange to say these increases are made in industries that are pretty thoroughly unionized.

It is all in the label.
UNION MADE STUFF.

Manufactured in The Wageworker Shop and Neither Patented Nor Copyrighted.

William Squareman Cable.
 There is a man in Lincoln town Named William Squareman Cable, Who always is a looking round To find the union label— A thing he says that must be found On body and on table. And when the label isn't there He passes up the stuff for fair.

When William lights his favorite pipe He always pulls a sack o' Good, old, fragrant union made And cleanly packed tobacco, And fragrant, satisfying smoke Is left along his track-o. And if the label isn't there He blows no smoke into the air.

When William takes a chew o' plug You're always safe in stating That is union amber juice. That Bill's expectorating, And that it isn't a demand For "scab" stuff he's creating. For it the label isn't there Bill's teeth the stuff will never tear.

When William Squareman Cable buys He always boosts the label. He has it on his hat and shoes, His suit, his shirt, his table. He takes his union pledge to heart— To him it is no fable. And if the label isn't there He passes by with nose in air.

Come all ye union men and do Likewise—and do it daily. Demand the label all the time, And life will pass more gaily. Besides, 'twill be a body blow To "open shoppers" scaly. And if the label isn't there Say, "Not for me; it isn't 'square!'"

Balked.
 The proud and conscienceless millionaire manufacturer was angry. And he had a right to be. He had just read a scientific article which proved that Mars is inhabited. "And lack of communication prevents us from securing the labor of the children of the Martians," he moaned.

Realizing that he was up against it he went out and posted notice that his free and independent workmen would have to stand another wage cut of 25 per cent.

Uncle Eben.
 "There's one funny thing I've noticed about this union labor business," mused Uncle Eben as he looked up from his paper.

"What is it, Eben?" queried his good wife.
 "I've noticed that when the union men need a defender they can find one right in their own ranks, but when the free and independent fellows, as President Elliot calls 'em, want a defender they have to go to th' boss and git him to hire a lawyer 't do their defendin'."

Limerick.
 There was a young man in Eau Claire Who kept his card paid up and square; Eight hours made his day, Eight for sleep, eight for play, And the wage he received was quite fair.

Cards.
 If a man is a true trades unionist his acts will show it better than his words can tell it.

Gosh, what if our wives should strike for the eight-hour working day!
 Every time a union man buys a non-union article he violates his union obligation. No getting away from that fact.

"Your grandfathers worked fifteen and eighteen hours a day," says the opponent of the shorter work day. Correct, and most of our grandfathers are dead, too.

The genuine union man is always ready to give a reason for his unionism.
 The non-union man is a carbuncle on the neck of industrial progress. Union talk that never comes till it floats out on the top of a tank full of booze isn't worth listening to.
 The union man helps himself; the non-unionist is always asking for help. Every family is a closed shop organization—or ought to be.
 We know that Jesus of Nazareth was a unionist, for he went about doing good.

The A. D. BENWAY CO.

Two New Lines of Goods That Attract Much Attention—

The Puterman Line of Hand-Hammered Brass Goods


The Grex Line of Prairie Grass Furniture

SEE THESE NEW GOODS

Remember, we Furnish Four Rooms Complete for Housekeeping for \$84.65.

1112 O STREET

The COAL



back of our claims is what makes our words important in the whole city. You will find no better or cleaner coal. Try one ton and see how much further it goes than the kind you've been using. We'll send it up whenever you say. You can order any way you like—mail, telegraph, phone messenger, or in person.

Adam Schaupp Coal Co.
 Office, 1234 O. Yard, 18th & R. Bell 182; Auto 3812

NEW PIANOS



We are receiving an entire new stock of Pianos. They are of the Highest Grades and latest Case Designs.

TERMS FROM \$5.00 PER MONTH UP.
 SLIGHTLY USED PIANOS FROM \$99 UP.

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded.

Schnaller & Mueller Piano Co.
 135 So. 11th, Lincoln, Nebraska.

Use the Best

It is

LIBERTY FLOUR

It is made in Lincoln and every sack is warranted to give satisfaction.

BARBER & FOSTER