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WAGWORKER

WILL M. MAUPIN, EDITOR



Published Weekly at 137 No. 14th St., Lincoln, Neb. One Dollar a Year.

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"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."

ROOSEVELT'S OPINION OF MECHANIC'S.

Since President Roosevelt's letter to Mr. Sherman, in which he denounced Moyer, Haywood and Debs as "undesirable citizens," he and his satellites have been very busy trying to prove that he is, in reality, one of the very best friends labor has. The president has written a letter telling how much he thinks of workingmen, and his satellites have violated the eight hour law in their anxiety to make it appear that the strenuous president is really a staunch advocate of unionism and a little the best friend of the workingman that has ever traversed the pike.

Far be it from this humble little newspaper to doubt the words of the infallible Theodore! Under no circumstances would it be guilty of even the appearance of lese majeste. It keeps one so busy dodging the anti-boycot laws, the federal injunction, the blacklist and the social ostracism that one would be foolish to add to one's woes by courting punishment for lese majeste. But certainly not even the most radical partisan of Theodore Roosevelt can accuse The Wageworker of this horrible crime if it merely quotes the words of President Roosevelt.

What is the real opinion that President Roosevelt holds of the mechanics and workingmen who make up such a large proportion of our great cities? Not President Roosevelt, the politician looking for votes, but President Roosevelt, the author who sets down what he thinks? The Wageworker prefers to judge by what Roosevelt said of them before he had reason to "jolly" these mechanics and workingmen along for political purposes.

Theodore Roosevelt is the author of a book entitled "Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail." On page 10 of that interesting book we find the following concerning the cowboys:

"When drunk on the villainous whiskey of the frontier towns they cut mad antics, riding their horses into saloons and firing their pistols right and left in boisterous light-heartedness." * * * They are much better fellows and pleasanter companions than the small farmers and agricultural laborers, nor are the mechanics and workingmen of the great cities to be mentioned in the same breath."

And there you have the honest opinion Theodore Roosevelt holds of the mechanics and workingmen of our great cities—they are not fit to be mentioned in the same breath with the drunken cowboys, riding their horses into saloons and firing their pistols right and left in boisterous light-heartedness.

You sober, steady mechanic, whose ambition is to be respected, to rear a family in decency and sobriety and to be a good citizen—how do you like being classed as inferior to the drunken cowboy? When you draw your week's paycheck, pay your little bills and take the rest of your wage home to feed and dress the little ones you are raising up in the fear of God and the love of law and country—how do you like to contemplate the fact that the president you helped to elect looks down on you as being inferior to the cowboy who is drunk on villainous frontier whiskey and riding his horses into saloons, firing his pistol right and left in boisterous light-heartedness?

After you have read Author Roosevelt's opinion of the mechanics and workingmen of our great cities are you surprised that President Roosevelt classes Moyer, Haywood and Debs as "undesirable citizens?"

What a pity that Moyer, Haywood and Debs, instead of being skilled workmen, were not drunken cowboys

with the lovely habit of getting beastly drunk and shooting up the town. That seems to be a sure way of meeting with the favor of President Theodore Roosevelt.

QUEER UNIONISM.

Every day The Wageworker hears merchants declare that union men would rather pay \$9.50 for a suit of "scab" clothing than \$10 for a suit that is union made. Time and again The Wageworker has heard it charged by merchants whose word is as good as gold, that union men will not pay \$5 cents for a pair of union made overalls when they can get a pair of "scab" overalls for 75 cents. Time and again The Wageworker has heard union men excuse their habit of chewing "scab" tobacco by saying "I just can't chew union tobacco." And time and again The Wageworker has heard union men say as they rolled cigarettes made of "Puke's Mixture" or "Bum Durham" that "I just can't use union made smoking tobacco 'cause it makes my mouth sore."

The union man who prefers the "scab" goods to union goods because the "scab" goods are cheaper has no reason to complain of a man who hires non-union men because he can get them for less wages. The printer who buys "scab" clothing because they are a little cheaper must possess an iron-clad cheek to complain of the man who goes to a non-union print shop for his work because he can get it done a little cheaper than a union shop can afford to do it. The carpenter who is unwilling to pay a little more for a union made hat than a "scab" hat can be purchased for has a lot of gall to complain of the man who builds a house with "scab" carpenters because he can get them for less than the union wage scale.

As a union man you have no more right to buy "scab" goods than the employer has to hire "scab" workmen. In fact, you haven't nearly as much right, for when you do buy "scab" goods you violate your solemn obligation not to give aid and comfort to your enemies, while the employer has taken no obligation, whatever.

The union man who knowingly buys "scab" goods when union goods of the same kinds are to be had, is guilty of employing "scabs" to work for him. More than that he is guilty of injuring his fellow workmen by forcing them to accept inferior wages, long hours and frightful working conditions.

Some union men right here in Lincoln have criticized The Wageworker for continually harping on this line. They can criticize until hades boils down to a poultice for all The Wageworker cares. Its sole mission is to advance the cause of organized labor, and the best way to do that is to boost the union labels—not alone the label of the craft to which the editor is proud to belong, but the labels of all crafts whose members have organized for mutual protection and benefit.

If you do not consistently and persistently demand the union label you are not as good a union man as you ought to be.

The United States supreme court has decided that dregemen on government work are not subject to the eight-hour law because they are "seamen." The logical deduction is that a deep sea diver on government work is a submarine boat.

When Eugene V. Debs proposes to run William D. Haywood for president on a platform of martyrdom and protest he simply makes an ass of himself and prejudices the case of Haywood.

Mr. Sober Mechanic of the large city, President Roosevelt, who is such a friend of labor, says you are not to be mentioned in the same day with the drunken cowboys of the range.

About two-thirds of the workingmen who have paraded in the Moyer-Haywood demonstration voted for the candidates of political parties responsible for the conditions of today.

If trades unions were merely organized kensingtons and pink tea parties even Post, Parry, Job and the rest of the union hating bunch would be in favor of them.

Defective rails have been responsible for a lot of railroad wrecks, but not nearly so many as the defective brains in the general offices.

If the Standard Oil Co. is fined on every count The Wageworker is going to run its gasoline engine by hand-power.

Moyer and Haywood ought to spend a large part of their spare time praying to be delivered from their fool friends.

The only fault some men find with organized labor is that the members of the unions have failed to show

that they are wholly without the average human traits of the average man.

Trades unionism has advanced because a small minority has pushed, not because a big majority has knocked.

If a dregeman on government work is a seaman, is a mule with a mountain howitzer on its back a battleship?

Perhaps the administration is going to get rid of the trusts by letting them over-feed and die of the gout.

How is a common workingman to know what the law is before a federal judge makes up his mind?

A vote of protest on election day beats a mile of protest parading on any day of the year.

"Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war." Remember the union dead.

UNION MADE STUFF.

Knocked in The Wageworker Shop and Neither Patented nor Copyrighted.

Firm Very Busy.

The prospective customer entered the business office of the Amalgamated Trust Co. and inquired for the manager.

"He's up to the court house gittin' a injunction agin' th' machinists, who are talkin' o' strikin'," said the office boy.

"Where is the assistant manager?" "He's recoverin' from th' effects o' entertainin' the federal judge last night—th' one the boss is askin' fr' an injunction."

"Where is the superintendent?" "He's organizin' a union o' superintendents to bust th' union o' workmen on th' ground that unions is illegal an' immoral."

"Where's the chairman of the board of directors?" "Over to th' railroad offices gettin' th' month's rebates."

"Where's the treasurer?" "Fixin' it up to declare a 20 per cent dividend to th' stockholders and show the public that the rust is losin' money because it has to pay th' workmen such big wages."

"Where is the secretary?" "Writin' th' workmen an explanation of why wages must be reduced or the factory closed down."

"Where is the auditor?" "Down to Washington provin' to the committee that we've got to have more protection or we won't cough up to the campaign fund again."

"Who is here?" "A lot of greasy mechanics in the workshops who ain't got sense enough to see that they is bein' bilked."

"What do you do?" "Me? O, I operate the engine that runs the pump that furnishes the water for the stock. What! goin' already? Well, drop in next week an' maybe you'll find some of the brass collars at home."

The Cause.

"Shook hands with Bimmerly the other day and was surprised to note how hard and calloused they are. I didn't know he worked at a trade that would make his hands so tough."

"O, he didn't get 'em that way working at his trade."

"How, then, did he do it?"

"He got them in that condition welding his little hammer so much. He's the worst knocker in the labor movement."

Hurried.

"What makes Flushe in such a hurry?"

"Hustlin' up to union headquarters to pay his dues before the stores close. He's heard of a bargain sale o' scab clothing down to Skinnem's and he wants to git there before they are all gone."

Henry Pfeiff

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It is very easy to pay for a piano if you buy from us. All you need to do is to save every day the price of three five-cent cigars. That is not a great self denial. Just a little self sacrifice makes the whole family happier, lays the foundations for musical culture for the children. Come in and talk it over with us.

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