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BILLY MAJOR DOPE CARD

BEING THE OBSERVATIONS OF A CARD MAN WHO LOOKS ON ALL LIFE WITH GLADNESS

All this bunch of statistics relative to the Lincoln Traction Co. makes mighty complicated reading for the average man. When it comes to speaking in terms of millions the average citizen gropes mentally, however glibly he may talk. The more I try to solve the mysteries of the figures presented the more I think of the old saying that "Figures won't lie, but liars will figure."

When the Traction Co. wanted to go into a profit-sharing deal with the city it was able to make a fine showing of financial success. But the city refrained from taking advantage of the company's liberality and contented itself with a measly little old occupation tax of about \$18,000 a year instead of the four or five times bigger amount ostensibly offered as its share of the "profits." Now comes the company with a showing that it can't stand even the \$18,000 occupation tax; more than that, it must be relieved of the six-for-a-quarter fare. If it doesn't get this relief it is going broke; it can't put in necessary improvements; it can't increase the pay of men admittedly underpaid; it can't pay interest—it just can't do anything but go to wreck and ruin.

Blamed if I can figure out how a company that was going to share big profits with the city a few months ago should so suddenly be up against it. But it must be so. There are the figures to prove it—kindly furnished by the company figures.

William H. Thompson of Grand Island announces that he is no longer a candidate for the democratic senatorial nomination. What does that mean? Congressman Hitchcock says that Mr. Bryan assured him that he (Bryan) would not be a candidate. There are those who labor under the delusion that Mr. Hitchcock was laboring under an hallucination when he said it. Some there are who insist that Thompson's withdrawal means the formal entry of Bryan, but others believe that Thompson withdrew for reasons having to do with domestic affairs. If the latter is true then William H. Thompson is deserving of more honor than ever could have come to him by reason of a senatorial toga. Mr. Bryan will be at home in a few days and then we may have something authoritative from him. If he does announce his candidacy for the senate the stuff will be off with all other candidates so far as this humble little laborer is concerned. We don't give a rap what kind of a platform Bryan runs on for United States senator. We're for him. We never did take much stock in platforms, anyhow. But we do take men into account, and Bryan is our kind of a man, platform or no platform.

I see by the daily papers that my friend, L. O. Jones, of the Lincoln Overall and Shirt Co., appeared before the Lincoln Ad Club recently and gave "an instructing talk on advertising." I wonder if he told about his wonderful success in securing girls for his factory by his system of advertising. If Mr. Jones wants some evidence at first hand to convince working girls of the desirability of employment in his shop, I think I can still dig up a check made somewhat famous in the days gone by.

What has become of that "charter commission"? It's been a long time since I heard any learned discussion about "ideal government," and the wisdom of giving the government of the city into the hands of men of wealth who could afford to donate their time to the public. I hope my idealistic friends who were intent on making the "Lincoln plan" equally famous with the "shot heard 'round the world" have not grown weary. But I've often noticed that people who have such high-falutin' ideas are very apt to get tired early in the game, or else run across another plaything that pleases them better.

The announcement that Rev. Samuel Zane Batten is soon to leave Lincoln and accept a professorship in the Des Moines College, will be received with

regret and delight—regret among union men who admire his manly way of fighting and his evident friendship for organized labor; delight among union men and others who make their unionism subservient to their prejudices and their desire for "personal liberty." I've had many a difference with Rev. Mr. Batten. He is inclined to be extreme in many things. But this must be admitted: He fights in the open. He never hits below the belt. He says what he thinks regardless of whom it hits, and he has demonstrated his interest and sympathy in many ways for the toilers. I've often thought he sometimes got his head in the clouds, but whenever such a thought struck me I recalled the lines of John Boyle O'Reilly:

"The dreamer lives forever.
But the toiler dies in a day."

Rev. Mr. Batten doubtless makes mistakes, but he is manly enough to admit them when convinced thereof. I like a minister who doesn't beat around the bush and call a spade an agricultural implement; who isn't afraid to look a pewholder squarely in the face and say "Thou art the man." Ministers like that are not too plentiful, though, thank the Lord, they are growing more numerous. And Rev. Samuel Zane Batten is that kind of a minister. The mere fact that he is so thoroughly execrated in certain quarters is evidence to my mind that he has been on the ministerial job in good shape. And when he leaves Lincoln the union forces will lose a mighty good friend. I wish him abundant success wherever he goes, and I want to assure my union friends in Des Moines that when he becomes a citizen of that splendid city they will have gained a fighting friend who will respond to their every call.

This morning's mail brought me several circulars. One offers me some Havana cigars, regular "two-for-

a-quarter" style and kind for \$6.50 per hundred. Another offers to send me six quarts of fine whisky for \$8, c. o. d. Another points out the merits of a certain make of automobile. As I chucked them into my yawning and capacious waste basket I thought of the gentleman who asked an old colored man in Arkansas if he could change a twenty-dollar bill. The old colored man arose, doffed his hat, bowed, and said:

"I caint change youah bill fo' youah-all, suh, but I sutlinly appreciate de compliment youah-all done pays me."

Prominently displayed in the windows of several Lincoln stores may be seen photographs of the graduating class of the Nebraska State Agricultural College. And a fine healthy, brainy lot of young men and women they are, too. Time was when the average city youth loved to yell "Hayseed" at the country cousin. Today it's almighty hard to tell the difference between the young farmer and his wife and the young professional man and his wife, the difference, if any, in looks and action being in favor of Mr. and Mrs. Young Farmer. The "State Farm" is working an evolution in agricultural circles. It is the biggest asset Nebraska possesses, and if about 1,500 young men and women would cut out a lot of the Latin, Greek botanical, geological, classical and art flub-dub and put in two or three years at the "State Farm" it would benefit them and the state. Talk about "skilled trades!" Why, farming has got 'em all skinned now. Time was when a farmer was a man who plowed and sowed and reaped—reaped when he could. Today a farmer must be a scientific agriculturist and have a business head so long he has to go out doors to turn it around. With his trade—or profession—well learned he can and does back the skilled mechanics of the cities of the boards when it comes to making the masmus. That bunch of graduates turned out by the "State Farm" this week will be worth more to Nebraska in the years to come than all the legal sharks and medical sharps that can be turned out

by the other departments of the State University in the next generation. I gladly doff my union made hat to the splendid young men and women of the State Agricultural School, Class of '10. They are going to do big things for Nebraska.

All of which reminds me. Three years ago come next fair time a young man from Western Nebraska visited with me for a couple or three days—being related to me by matrimonial ties. He was sunburned to a blister and his hands were as hard as nails. His clothes lacked the city cut and he wasn't motor car broke so you'd notice it. Also, he was so young his beard resembled greatly the fuzz upon a young gosling. I introduced him to a few of my fellow craftsmen, who treated him considerably, but with evident feeling of sympathy for his "greenness." A week or so after the fair one of the craftsmen met me and after borrowing a buck till pay day from my slender purse, asked:

"What's become of your 'hayseed' friend?"

"O, he's gone home," I said. "He came to Lincoln to see the up-to-date farm machinery at the fair, and after buying about \$700 worth and also buying about \$300 worth of furniture and a \$300 piano for the girl he is going to marry next month, he bought himself a lot of new clothes. He paid spot cash for everything, then went back to his little old 120-acre farm which he has paid for in the last five years and has stocked in good shape. He don't owe a dollar in the world, has money in the bank, and wouldn't take \$9,000 for his farm today. He may be a 'hayseed' all right, but b'gosh I wish I had as much business sense as he's got. If I had I could loan you five bucks till next pay day—but I probably wouldn't."

When I am elected to the legislature I'm going to make it my business, to see that the Agriculture School end of the State University gets all the money it wants, and then some. And if I have my way a little further I'll see to it that some level-headed man is secured to teach the student-farm-

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THE BOILERMAKERS

SOME FUNNY STUNTS PULLED OFF BY THE "SCABS" IN AT HAVELOCK—STRIKERS ARE FEELING CONFIDENT

Housed in Pullman cars and fed in dining cars, all at the company expense, about 100 "scab" boilermakers are pretending to work at the Havelock shops. The company couldn't afford to pay old and trusted employees in the boilershops a paltry 2 cents an hour increase, but it thinks it can stand the expense of transporting 500 or 600 "scabs" from the east, feed them and pay them from two to three times the scale asked by the striking boilermakers. It wasn't a case of paying fair wages—it was merely a case of busting a union.

Monday morning three car loads of "scabs" reached Havelock, and were immediately marched into the shops under strong guard. Sleepers and diners had already been set in for their accommodation. A strong guard has been thrown around the shops and everybody approaching is halted by some arrogant "Pink" armed with a pick handle and doubtless with a "gun." As boilermakers the imported "scabs" are huge jokes, and a more impudent, graceless lot of men never disgraced Lancaster county.

One "scab" endeavored to pry out a broken rivet with the blade of a pen-knife. The foreman who observed the act chided the "scab" for working that way, remarking, "You must be an almighty poor boilermaker."

"Who'n h—I told you I was a boilermaker!" grinned the "scab." "I'm a candymaker."

The rule against smoking in the shops has always been rigidly enforced but the "scabs" are violating it with impunity. The superintendent sent a messenger over to the boilershop Monday afternoon with orders that smoking must cease.

"Get 'tell out of here," growled the "scab" in charge. "An' you tell his nibs over in the office to mind his own business."

When the whistle blew Monday evening eight of the imported "scabs"

broke through the guard and got away. They met the union pickets by appointment and said their action would be followed by scores of others.

"We're not boilermakers," said one. "We got a chance to get a little advance money and a nice vacation trip and we took it." There are lots more like us, and they'll get away.

Monday night the Burlington brought in 150 more "scabs" and marched them into the shops under heavy guard. Others were sent on down the line. This makes 225 "scabs" already imported into Lincoln to take the places of 150 strikers. And the whole bunch of "scabs" couldn't do as much boiler work as a half-dozen of the strikers. As near as can be ascertained the "scabs" are furnished by the Mahone-Waddell agency of New York and Chicago, and are the same bunch used to break the street car strike in Omaha last fall. They are used in any kind of a strike. If it is the same bunch that was taken into Omaha to break the street car strike there it is made up of as thorough a lot of criminals, porch climbers, thugs, strong-arm men and footpads as ever congregated in Lancaster county. President Wattles said of them: "They are stealing us blind, they are the offscouring of creation."

By not allowing the engines to cool off the Burlington has managed so far to keep them going. The management does not dare to let the pressure out of the boilers, for if it did they never could get them fired up again. By keeping them under high pressure all the time, and "doping" them with corn stalks, manure and other ingredients, the management succeeds in pulling trains. But this can't last long. Just as soon as the public becomes aware of the fact that it is being transported behind engines that are never inspected, that have "doped" boilers and submitted to the tender mercies of the "candymakers" instead of expert boilermakers, something will drop. Under ordinary circumstances engines are inspected after each round trip, but there are a lot of engines that have made a round trip three times a week for the last three weeks that have never been allowed to cool off, and have never been near the inspection tracks.

By picking out the engines in best shape the main line passengers have been kept pretty well on time, but this is a "stall" to deceive the public. The public always knows about late passenger trains, but it pays little or no heed to delayed freights. But with candymakers, tinsmiths, locksmiths, buttonmakers and pinpointers, acting as boilermakers and daily endangering the lives of thousands of people, it will not be long ere the public is made aware of the fact that it is time for it to take measures looking toward its own protection.

The presence of armed guards all around the shops has been mentioned. A few of these guards are known to the union pickets, but a majority of them are strangers to Havelock and Lincoln men. That they were brought in with the strikebreakers and furnished by the same agency that furnished the "scabs" is a moral certainty. In this connection the following may be of interest, being Sections 2423, 2424 and 2425 of Chapter 25, Cobby's Annotated Statutes, 1909, and entitled "An act to prohibit the importation of armed men into this state to do police duty, and to prevent the appointment of any but residents for such services," and in force August 1, 1893:

"2423. Importation of Persons for Police Duty: That it shall be unlawful for any person or persons or association, company or corporation to bring or import into this state any person or persons or association of persons for the purpose of discharging the duties devolving upon the police officers, sheriffs or constables in the protection or preservation of public or private property.

"2424. Deputy Sheriffs to be Residents of State: That no sheriff, mayor, chief of police, or members of police commissioners shall appoint any under sheriff or deputy for the protec-

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WHAT ABOUT IT, GENTLEMEN?

An Open Letter to a Few of the Good Friends of Workingmen

During the recent local option campaign in this city we heard each and all of you express wonderful interest in the moral, social and industrial welfare of the wage earners of this fair city. Time and again we heard you give utterance to statements to the effect that the wage earners were entitled to great consideration; that they ought to have some place of recreation—some clean, decent, orderly place where they could meet with their working clothes on, their pipes in their mouths, and talk "shop" to their hearts' content. Time and again we heard you declare with great emphasis and considerable eloquence that the working men ought to receive more consideration at the hands of those engaged in the social uplift. We heard you declare that some place or places should be provided where the workers could have social advantages free from the evils of the saloon.

Well, the fight is over, you were victorious—now what are you doing to make good on all your protestations of interest in the welfare of the wage earners.

You promised to buckle in and help provide a lot of good things in case the saloon was kept out of Lincoln. Well, the saloon has been kept out, but since election day we've noticed a large and vociferous silence on your part.

What are you going to do about it? Going to slough on us? Going to lay down for eleven months and then try to work us with the same old game or promise?

Once more we ask, what are you going to do about it, gentlemen?

We wage earners have already made a splendid start towards providing ourselves with a Labor Temple. Our subscriptions of money and of labor have gone to the extent of about \$10,000 towards paying for a property that is today worth \$30,000, and if you really want to make good on your many campaign assurances of friendship and help you'll "come across" right now and help us a little further along. We've got a beautiful little Labor Temple, and it can't be beaten as far as it goes. The trouble is that it isn't big enough, and it isn't well enough equipped. We are making it pay running expenses, and we'll be able to meet future payments by

hard scratching—and we'll scratch to the limit—but we'd like to add another story to it, put a basement under it for bath rooms, equip a library and add about four four more pool tables to its amusement equipment. As we said, we can take care of the running expenses and future payments, but we're up against it for the money to add the improvements that are necessary. If we had \$10,000 we could put 'em all in and then have the finest and best equipped Workingman's Home in the west.

Don't think we are begging for money. Far be it from such! We don't want you to give us a cent. But we've got Labor Temple stock to sell, and inside of a couple of years the stockholders will be getting from 5 to 8 per cent on their investment. The way you can help is to subscribe for Labor Temple stock in generous chunks. It will virtually be a loan without interest for a couple of years—and then it will be a dividend paying investment. We mean financially profitable. It will pay social dividends from the minute you invest your money.

The stock is non-assessable, and not a dollar's worth will be issued over and above the amount actually invested in the property. No "watered stock" about this proposition. Be assured of that!

Now, Messrs. Prohibitionist, County Optionist, Anti-Saloonist and Churchman, We've shown you how you can make good on all those assurances of friendship and assistance. We are going to wait and see if you'll do it. If you'd subscribe a penny a word for each word you used in telling us how you loved us and how much interest you took in us, we could put a half-dozen stories on the Temple, and dig the basement forty or fifty feet deep—to say nothing of putting in a score of pool and billiard tables. But "fair words butter no parsnips," gentlemen.

We are just reminding you, that's all.

If you really meant it, and are willing to make good, all you need to do to have the opportunity is to call up Manager Rudy at the Labor Temple, give him your name and the amount you are willing to subscribe for Temple stock. Both 'phones!