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Some Dope About the Great National Game

The transfer of the ownership of the Lincoln franchise is by no means a matter of regret. Guy Green, who made such a wonderful financial success of the "Green's Indian" team, found the management of a lot of white players a somewhat different proposition. There is a very prevalent opinion that Mr. Green did not "hit it off well" with some of the players, and as a result there was a lack of harmony that was evidenced in the percentage table. But Lincoln's low standing is not wholly due to lack of individual effort on the part of the players—although no one who regularly attends the games can conscientiously declare that the players have done their best. It is stated that Mr. Green has cleared up over \$3,000 with the team to the date he sold it. When one considers the number of games lost by rain, and other drawbacks, one must admit that this offers one mighty good reason for Lincoln's low standing in the table. A little more attention to giving the people what they pay for, even at the risk of letting loose of a piece of money, would have resulted in a strengthening of the team. Instead of letting go of some of the profit Mr. Green contented himself, seemingly, with picking up an occasional amateur pitcher or taking a cast-off from some other team in the league. While he was pursuing this policy other managers were letting go of their money in efforts to strengthen their teams.

The regular "fan"—the "fan" who pays his good money to see every game, and who has no favorites to play—is inclined to the belief that a change of policy as regards the treatment of the players might help things some. There has been altogether too much coddling, too much excusing, too much boosting of individuals, "with a view to helping them catch on in a big league." The result of all this sort of thing is too frequent "grandstanding" at times when every interest of the game demanded that the players forget that there is such a thing as people in the seats. It will not do to longer say that "luck is breaking against us." That is an old story. And the old timers at the game only laugh when they are asked to study the score for proof of the assertion. Some scoring is a joke.

And it is high time, too, that Manager Fox give about fifteen of his colleagues a couple of hypodermic injections of ginger and make them get out on the coaching lines. One might see a half-dozen games on the home grounds without seeing or hearing any evidence to prove that Lincoln's ball team is not made up of a bunch of mutes. While visiting teams put men out on the coaching lines and raise particular thunder, Lincoln's players remain glued to their seats as tight as a hired man to the shade of a tree when the boss farmer isn't around. Manager Fox was first up the other day, and he actually had to turn to the players' bench and growl: "Get up on first there, some of you fellows, and get into the game." Then Davidson ambled to the coaching lines and for a couple of minutes made almost as much noise as a cat in cotton slippers walking across a velvet carpet. That sort of spirit does not win ball games. If there is no one on the team who can get out on the coaching lines and make a noise like a fat man falling through a drug store window, Managers Despain and Stoner ought to hire some leather-lunged "fan" put him in uniform and set him to going.

There is more than one "fan" who is of the opinion that there are about nine too many would-be home run hitters on the team, and not nearly enough hitters who are content to hit the ball just hard enough to get them to first. It is awfully sweet, no doubt, to hear the plaudits of the multitude when one swats the ball up against the back field fence, but plaudits for that sort of thing are becoming woefully scarce these days, but there is a discouragingly large number of would-be home runs that arch up into heaven like a rainbow and gently descend into the waiting hands of opposing fielders. A few more singles and a few less attempts to drive the ball through the blue dome would help amazingly.

Nor will it longer suffice to lay all our misfortune to the weakness of the pitching staff. Weak as that staff is, it has been doing better than the team behind it. Take the case of young Maxwell on Friday of last week—"Christy" Matthewson would have had hard work winning that game with the support of accorded the young amateur. Same way with McCafferty the next day. You'll not see the weakness of "Mac's" support shown up in the official score, but it was there, just the same. And it is growing just a little wearisome to have the whole blame for defeat laid upon a weak pitching staff and a bone-headed umpire. One is forced to admit that Haskell's umpiring is at times very much to the dandelion, but what's the use of longer continuing the foolish task of trying to believe that we lose games because his umps is against us? We know better.

What puts more ginger into a game than nifty coaching? After you answer that question for yourself just ask yourself how many of the Lincoln team sit on the bench and make a noise like a clam. Ever see Thomas out on the coaching line? He is comedian enough while in the field, and he could put life into the game if he got out on the line. But he does not. Ever see Jude out there? Or Waldron, or when when one of the Lincoln team does get out on the coaching lines do you ever hear him to any appreciable extent? One good coacher like that funny man from Wichita would be worth more to the Lincoln team right now than a first-class pitcher.

Haven't we had about enough excuses for failures to win games? And isn't it about time to have it understood that the people who pay their good money to see ball games are entitled to something more than individual "grandstanding" and friendly efforts to boost into the big leagues?

We've had the luck gag spring often enough. We've had a surfeit of "dinging the ump." If we could have one-fifth as many hits as we've had excuses we'd be at the top of the percentage table. The faithful "fans" are not demanding the impossible. Where is there another city in the Western league that would have continued such royal support of a persistent tail-end team? But the loyal "fans" are going to demand—as they have a right to demand—that this excuse business stop and a little more effort made to win games despite "hard luck" and "his umps."

The new management of the Lincoln team will be backed up in its every legitimate attempt to strengthen the team by the acquisition of new players, but there are those who insist that the first thing needed is to convince some of the men already on the salary list that they'll have to brace up if they continue to connect with the envelope. It's all right to holler against "knockers," but even the most persistent and consistent booster fesses heart when he coughs up half a ducat every day to see games lost by woody playing and futile swipes at the horsehide. Give us a rest on this "weak pitching staff" dope and get busy with the amiable gentlemen behind the pitchers.

Johnnie Dugan, the printer umpire, couldn't last. Dugan's health failed him at the beginning of the season and he had to go back east. He missed a mighty good time by not umpiring a series in Lincoln, for the printer boys had framed up a reception for him that would have warmed the cockles of his Irish heart. Here's hoping he can get into the game next season.

The greatest ball game of the season will be pulled off at the fair grounds some time soon. The east end of the state house is going to play the west end. The state board of health will umpire the game and Major Birkner will be on hand with his hospital corps and the red cross ambulance.

"I've been helping manage the team for about ten days now," said Don Despain Saturday, "and already I have been asked to keep an eye on something like seventeen hundred comers

in the amateur teams of the state. I have been told of a dozen catchers who can hit a 765 clip, of a score of amateur pitchers who can win seven games out of eight, and I've got a line on short stops enough to equip a dozen leagues. I can not understand, after having all this dope given me, why any one should conceive the idea that ball players are scarce."

Say, we might put the grandstand on the south side, turn the field to other side to, and see if it wouldn't reverse this "luck" we hear so much about.

Next Monday is an open date with the Foxes and Messrs. Despain and Stoner have decided to give the players a day of rest. A fishing expedition to Milford is now on the card.—Wednesday's Evening News.

That's a pious idea. On the principle of "similia similibus curantur" the Lincoln team ought to catch enough bull heads at Milford to fill a freight car.

CENTRAL LABOR UNION.

A Short Session Gets Away with a Lot of Business.

The Central Labor Union met Tuesday evening and got away with a goodly bunch of business in good time. It was unanimously agreed that the body go on record against a parade Labor Day and in favor of a general outing. A committee was also appointed to arrange for a theatrical benefit. Another committee was authorized to go ahead and secure two hundred members to an organization with a view to meeting more than half way the promoters of the "labor headquarters" idea.

Several new delegates were obligated and a collection of \$3.50 taken up for the benefit of the striking haters. Rev. Mr. Zenor, fraternal dele-

gate from the ministerial union, was present and made a talk that won him hearty applause.

WEAKNESS OF CIVILIZATION.

If the world were actually all civilized, wouldn't it be too weak even to ripen? And now, in the great centers, where is accumulated most of what we value as the product of man's best efforts, is there strength enough to elevate the degraded humanity that attends our highest cultivation? We have a gay confidence that we can do something for Africa. Can we reform London and Paris and New York, which our own hands have made.—Charles Dudley Warner.

CAPITAL AUXILIARY.

Officers Installed at the Meeting Held Wednesday Afternoon

Capital Auxiliary No. 11 met with Mrs. August Radebach last Wednesday afternoon, and the officers elected recently were inducted into office.

Recently a prize was offered to the member who would turn into the label committee the largest number of pieces of printed matter minus the "little joker." The contest ended Wednesday and Mrs. W. M. Maupin was adjudged the winner. Another contest of the same kind was at once instituted.

Mrs. Will Bustard was warmly welcomed at the meeting. She has fully recovered from recent severe illness.

Mrs. Hoffmeister is slowly recovering from her illness, but she is still confined to her bed.

Mrs. W. M. Maupin and children returned Monday after a pleasant visit with relatives in North Bend.

The next meeting will be held on July 28 at the home of Mrs. C. B. Righter.

UNIONS HAVE DONE MOST TO BETTER WORKER'S LOT

The following article, which appeared some time ago in Collier's is so appropriate and is such a surprise to see in one of the leading publications of the United States, that we reproduce it:

"To those who have plenty to eat and wear, and comfortable houses, and no anxiety for the future, this world may naturally wear an aspect slightly unlike the one presented to the struggling many. Speaking of industrial progress, Mr. Raymond Robins remarked that both are necessary, and yet both are often utterly inhuman. He spoke of the man who had worked twenty years as a type-setter, and who is too old to learn a new trade when the linotype forces him out; of the wood carver of yesterday who is out of work today because of the patent process of compressing sawdust, putty and clay; of the man who had worked twelve years in a shop and had bought a home near his work and is slowly paying off the mortgage, when this shop is closed down without warning by industrial consolidation; of him who has lost his hand in an unprotected stickler after fifteen years of faithful labor. All these possibilities have been foreseen and charged up and paid for by the consumer when the product was brought. But what of these workers? What of their jobs and their hands and legs by which they and their families live? Mr. Robins says that up to this hour the labor unions have done something, the universities a little, and the church next to nothing. The labor unions have won some sort of fair wages, hours and working conditions wherever they have been strong. They have made a good fight against child labor, night work for women and unprotected machinery. Yet at best they reach only a small part of the working world. In regard to violence Mr. Robins speaks some very impressive words which touch upon that identity of interest that often exists between the press and the larger forces of business:

"Our conscience has a way of going to sleep on the job and then working overtime. In the last four years the railroads of this country have killed 15,364 men and injured 219,495. We are very patient over this steady industrial slaughter, but if a union man slugs a 'scab' who is seeking to take bread from his children's mouths we make a great outcry. We don't seem to mind that the labor laws are violated and how the workers are deliberately poisoned and crippled and killed in smelter and mine and factory, yet, when in the blind, hopeless struggle of infuriated masses of men some one is killed, then we are very much outraged and demand the troops to protect human life and enforce the law lest the foundation of the state crumble. I remember that during the great stockyards strike the packers imported criminals and prostitutes from the purlieus of Cincinnati and St. Louis and held private prize fights in the yards to keep them amused after the day's work. These vicious and diseased persons worked over the meat that you and your family were to eat, yet the conscience of the country spoke not a single word of protest. How is it possible the people can be made to carry so much at one time and so little at another? I want to tell you why and I want you to remember this much, at least, of what I say tonight. It is because of the industrial censorship of the press. The great employers are the great advertisers, and they can make or break a newspaper. This skilful industrial censorship creates false moral resentment or enthusiasm at will, and thus the press of the country is used to play upon and mislead the moral forces of the nation. Nor is this industrial censorship confined to the press. It is over the pulpit and the best clubs and the most select society."

Among the Live Ones Here and Hereabouts

The interest that organized labor takes in everything that makes for the advancement of the community has been demonstrated by the building trades unions of Lincoln during the last week.

As is well known the park commission is sadly hampered by a lack of adequate funds. Because of this fact it is compelled to just "plug along" as best it can, trusting to time to convince the people that it is a duty they owe themselves to appropriate an adequate amount every year for park purposes. The commission recently decided that in view of the fact that enterprising citizens were contributing to a concert found it would provide a band stand. It could spare only \$200 for that purpose, a sum pitifully inadequate, but it was thought that sufficient contributions could be secured to make up the balance required. Ex-Mayor Frank Brown, a member of the commission took the matter in charge. He found on the part of everybody he approached the utmost willingness to help the good cause along. Building material men donated practically all of the material needed. As soon as the Union Bricklayers heard of the plan they immediately offered to donate the mason work on the foundation. Immediately the Union Carpenters agreed to provide for all the carpenter work without expense to the board. The Union Painters immediately got into the game and agreed to artistically paint the band stand. Then the Union Electrical Workers stepped to the front and agreed to wire the stand.

Thus it is that Lincoln will have a band stand in Antelope park that is wholly the product of union labor, and the labor contributed by union men who have more than once shown their desire to help advance the material and moral welfare of the community.

The brick layers showed up at the park Tuesday evening, and in such numbers that the foundation grew like magic. Ex-Mayor Brown declares he never saw a better job, nor one completed in such a short space of time. Mrs. Frank W. Brown, assisted by several friends, entertained the bricklayers at luncheon, and the occasion was thoroughly enjoyed by all who had the pleasure of participating.

The Carpenters' Union dipped into its treasury and hired a number of its own members to do the carpenter work. The carpenters went to work Thursday morning under the foremanship of George Quick and as The Wageworker goes to press they are working with a will. The carpenters on the job will be entertained at luncheon by Mrs. Charles W. Bryan. As soon as needed the electrical workers will get onto the job and then the painters will come on and put the finishing touches to the structure. When completed the band stand will bear a tablet setting forth the information that it was erected by union labor, and the names of the contributing unions will be given.

The Union Musicians have also shown their public spirit by coming to the front with a contribution of \$150 to the concert fund.

The Wageworker is of the opinion that the facts set out in this little story rather sets a record on the part of organized labor in this section of the moral vineyard.

The Central Labor Union, too, got into the game by sending Mr. Brown a contribution of \$2.50 to the concert fund. The central body does not collect enough dues to enable it to maintain a surplus, but it showed its good intent by making even a small contribution.

A number of unions have selected their Labor Day committeemen, and the first meeting was held last night (Friday) at the office of the labor commissioner. Unions that have not yet selected their committeemen are requested to do so at once. The committee will meet regularly from now on until after Labor Day.

Last Saturday evening the Fulton Stock company closed the season at the Lyric, the season having lasted for fully nine months. During this long engagement some of the very best of the modern dramas were presented, and always in a manner to meet with the hearty approval of the people. The members of the company,

individually and collectively, became prime favorites with the theater goers of the city, and Mrs. Jess Fulton added new laurels to those she has already gained. Mrs. Fulton's friends equal in number the theater patrons of the city and her exceptionally good work has been the means of adding materially to the number of people who regularly attend the theater. Everybody hopes that the company in its entirety will be re-engaged for the coming season.

The International Typographical Union is engaged in some strenuous organization work in Nebraska just now. State Organizer Fisher of Omaha is visiting different parts of the state with a view to interesting competent printers in the organization, and the indications are that in a few months Nebraska will have several more Typographical Unions.

Whoever has the concession at the baseball park is playing a losing game by not looking a little more carefully to the label. About three times out of five the boys who go around with the cigars flash the "scab" article, and as a result the hundreds of union men who attend the game pass them up. Last Saturday a bunch of a dozen printers sat in the bleachers and a couple of them made a bet of the cigars for the bunch that a certain play would be made. The loser called three different boys with cigars and none of them had the union goods. As a result the bet was not paid until the printers got up town and could get hold of union-made cigars.

Sam DeNedry, editor of the Washington Trades Unionist, and a delegate to the Trades and Labor Council from the union of his craft, has been deprived of the delegateship by the president of the union on the ground that he is "too radical." Perhaps he is a "radical," but his radicalism is of the type that meant something when conservatives of the craft were whimpering. "For God's sake don't start anything or we'll lose what we've already gained." His is the radicalism that accomplishes things while conservatism is looking for ways and means to dodge responsibility. It was the radical in Columbia Typographical Union who took the bull by the horns and kept the big government printery in line while the conservatives were trembling in their boots and afraid to sweat a hair. We'd rather be the radical deprived of a delegateship than the president of the union that set him back.

Timothy Sedgewick, the York printer who seems to have had a big drag with the state printing board in the days gone by, made his first delivery last Monday of the biennial report of the state superintendent of public instruction. He delivered fifty copies of the 1,900 ordered. Sedgewick is only five months behind time, and if he is penalized as the law provides he will be in debt to the state. According to precedent, however, he will get his money.

The State Journal takes a back-hand swipe at Governor Shallenberger because he refused to sign a contract leasing the convicts to a garment making firm from St. Louis and then signed a contract for additional convicts for the broom factory. In refusing to stand for the garment making deal Governor Shallenberger expressly mentioned the broom contract and said that while he would oppose putting convict labor into competition with free labor along any further lines, the damage to the free broom makers had already been done, and a contract was already in existence. Therefore, he would recognize the broom contract, but further than that he would not go. This may not meet with the approbation of the Journal, but it does meet with the approbation of honest workmen who are trying to make a living for themselves and families, and with that Governor Shallenberger is doubtless content.

A BLOW BELOW THE BELT.
"Young man," said the Successful Old Guy, "I started as a clerk on three dollars a week, and today I own the business."
"I know," answered the Young Chap, "but they have cash registers in all the stores now."