

THE WAGWORKER

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA.
 Published every Friday at 1228 O Street by the WAGWORKER PUBLISHING COMPANY.
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 Val Bach Manager.
SI A YEAR IN ADVANCE.



Application made for entry as Second-class matter at the postoffice at Lincoln, Neb.

PATRONIZE OUR FRIENDS.

Merchants who advertise in the labor papers show that they care for the union man's trade. Patronize those who are willing to help you. Read the advertisements in THE WAGWORKER, and if you need of anything in their line, visit their stores and make your purchases, and tell them why you came there. We desire to particularly impress this matter upon the wives and daughters of the union men, as they do most of the purchasing.

PETTIFOGGING

The master plumbers of Lincoln who have been standing out against the scale submitted by the Plumbers' Union are not heaping their case by the cheap pettifoggery arguments they are offering for public consumption. It may as well be understood here and now that labor unions cannot and will not consent to the "open shop" idea, for that would simply mean the death of unionism. D. M. Parry and his associates know this, and they are trying to sneak the "open shop" through under the specious plea that every workman should be free to sell his labor when, where and for whatever pleases him.

The local master plumbers assert that they will be free to pay plumbers what they are worth. That is mental jargon meant for the consumption of gullibles. There is nothing in the proposed agreement that prevents the master plumbers from paying their men more than 50 cents an hour if the men earn it. Neither is there anything in the proposed agreement that prevents them from discharging union men who are incapable of earning the scale of 50 cents per hour. Labor unions do not fix a maximum wage scale—they merely set a minimum wage below which their members shall not work. But there is nothing in these agreements or scales which bind employers to pay union men any stated sum per hour or week if the men are not capable of earning it. It is doubtless true that there are union plumbers who are not worth 50 cents an hour. But the bosses are not compelled to employ such men. Incompetent men often secure admission to labor unions, but that is no more of an argument why labor unions should be abolished than the presence of a hypocrite on a church roll is an argument for the abolition of churches.

A great many people think that a labor union fixes wages. This is a mistake. Labor unions merely fix the minimum wage—the wage below which no member of the union shall work. There is nothing that prevents the employer from paying more than the scale to a man who earns it, and there is nothing which compels the employer to retain the man who is unable to earn the minimum. The man who argues against the adoption of a minimum wage also opposes unionism.

The Wageworker believes that all differences between the Plumbers' Union and master plumbers will be amicably adjusted in good time. It is to the interest of both to reach an agreement. But if the master plumbers really want to reach an agreement they are taking a poor course by resorting to pettifoggery in their presentation of the case to the public.

"OPEN CHURCHES"

Last week The Wageworker printed an article written by the editor in reply to a Denver divine who undertook to discuss the union question and succeeded only in displaying his crass ignorance of the whole question.

The "open shop" proposition strikes the superficial observer as being eminently just. The palaver about "free labor" has a soothing and seductive sound to those whose ears are not attuned to present-day conditions. The editor of The Wageworker has personally known and admired Rev. B. B. Tyler—the Denver divine mentioned—for almost the entire number of years embraced in the editor's sojourn on this earth. Dr. Tyler is a man of parts, an eloquent minister, and, above all, a Christian gentleman. That he is liable to make mistakes is only a proof of his fallibility and is not at all to his discredit.

But while Dr. Tyler is advocating the "open shop" for labor, will he also be consistent and advocate the "open church"—the opening of the church to men regardless of their good intentions, their determination to lead

Christian lives, and their beliefs? Dr. Tyler says the question is, "Have the eight millions of workmen who are not organized a right to enter the market places and dispose of their labor as they please?" The Wageworker says not. Now a question for Dr. Tyler: "Have the twenty millions of non-Christian men and women in this country the right to enter the churches without repentance or belief, and undertake to compel the Christian members thereof to conform to their lack of belief and emulate their example of unregenerate living?"

Dr. Tyler will doubtless answer by declaring that this is begging the question. It is not.

Labor unions seek to lift up. Churches seek the same end. Labor unions seek to better the mental and moral and social condition. Churches seek the same end. Labor unions seek to make this earth a place worth living in. Churches seek the same, going further only in that they seek to impress upon the people the glorious hereafter. Labor unions seek to protect its members against the greed and selfishness of conscienceless men who profit by trampling upon the rights of others. Churches seek to keep its members within the fold and enable them to better withstand the temptations of the world, the flesh and the devil.

Dr. Tyler is a member of the Disciples church. He would be quick to deny that the Methodist church, which outnumbers the Disciples, has a right to enter the "market places" and by sheer force of numbers, regardless of right, drive the Disciples away from their beliefs and force them to accept the Methodist doctrine.

Union labor is not trying to prevent non-union labor from selling itself in the market places. But it is striving—and God grant it be successful—to prevent non-union labor from lowering the standard of living in this free country to the standard of "open shop" Europe. Union labor is striving to elevate the standard of the American workingman's living. It is not only battling against organized capital, but is battling against the hordes of ignorant labor imported into this country by organized capital to batter down the American wage scale and destroy unionism. It will be a sad day for the United States and for its workers when unionism is stamped out. When that day comes it will mean the crippling of the church of Jesus Christ.

The Christian ministry would do well to study the union problem from the standpoint of common sense and justice, and not from the standpoint of the recipients of the bounty of multi-millionaires who crush the life out of labor and then give the financial products as an offering to the church. The commercial spirit is behind the union crushing movement—the spirit that desires to make the most out of human labor while giving the least in return. The same spirit is entering the churches. It is time the church called a halt.

It is hinted that the investigation of Excise-man Hoskins' acts was suddenly dropped because it led upon the trail of several other gentlemen more or less connected with the city administration. Out with it, gentlemen! The people have a right to know. As a union labor paper The Wageworker insists that Hoskins be investigated. As taxpayers, the editors insist that the truth be told about the whole push.

Politicians are quick to make fair promises before election, knowing from experience that if they break them after election workingmen will not hold them to account. This is the weak spot in the union movement. Take your unionism into politics, but keep politics out of your unions.

Organized labor opposes government by injunction because it makes the judge a lawmaker, as well as the executive and judge. Men charged with contempt of court should have the right of jury trial, and the denial of this right is un-American and subversive of liberty.

If you had a suit against a railroad would you be willing to submit it to a jury made up of passholders? Of course not. But is a jury of passholders any worse than a judge who carries a pass and willingly accepts the use of private cars when he wants to take a trip?

A Lincoln man who read The Wageworker's protest against allowing little children to work in the beet fields, replied: "O, they are only Russians. Well, what if they are Russians? Are they not human beings? Are they not entitled to the protection of the law?"

Just as soon as it was realized that their high-handed action was likely to have a disastrous political effect, the authorities in Colorado began looking for a settlement of the strike troubles. When will organized labor take the hint?

There have been a thousand instances of federal judges enjoining men from striking against a wage reduction. There is only one instance where a federal judge enjoined a corporation from reducing wages.

When we see a federal judge riding in a private car at the expense of a

railroad corporation we can understand fully just how it happens that the corporation generally gets what it wants in a labor dispute.

The manufacturer who complains of "union exactions" lives in the palace on the hill; the union man who makes the "exactions" lives in the cottage or hovel in the valley. Think it over.

Every time you patronize a merchant who advertises in The Wage-worker you add to the influence of this newspaper and strengthen the cause of unionism.

The judge on the bench who accepts a railroad pass has no business fining or imprisoning a man brought before him and found guilty of accepting a bribe.

Ever hear of the militia being called out to protect workingmen against the encroachments of marauding capital?

A certain brand of St. Louis beer is being boycotted. This is a boycott that should be encouraged and enlarged.

The union man who does not insist upon the label should be consistent and advocate the "open" shop.

The trouble with labor unions is that they let non-union men lay all the political wires.

"Taking 'Te-ruin-ye' these days? If you are your unionism is out of order.

Every time you insist upon the label you take a poke at the sweat shop.

**PROPERLY
Labeled.**

SURE.
 There was a man named David Parry who tried labor unions to harry.

To his deep chagrin
 He couldn't begin
 His self-imposed burden to carry.

CONSISTENT.
 Billson—"I'm opposed to unions, and I'm goin' to fight 'em to a finish."
 Jillson—"How?"
 Billson—"I'm goin' to join Parry's union."

TURNED.
 Stealthily Cabson sneaked up the front steps and tried to insert the key into the keyhole. In vain. The key would not enter. The hall clock chimed the hour of 4, and already a few rosy streaks appeared in the eastern sky.

"Whash she mashsher, I wonder," mumbled Cabson.

Just then an upstairs window was suddenly opened and a feminine voice penetrated the night air:

"That you, John?"
 "Yesh, m'dear."
 "Well, you can't get in."
 "Why not, m'dear?"

"Because you can't. I'm tired of your reporting so late. This house is working on the eight-hour system now—eight hours from bed time till breakfast time, and breakfast time is 6:30 a. m. You'll have to get in before 10:30 p. m. Understand?"
 "Yesh, m'dear; but I was fust out wif shome b'hoys—"
 "Don't care. You'll have to sign the eight-hour contract, and this is a lock-out to force an agreement."

Then the window went down with a slam, and Cabson sat down on the front steps to think it over.

EIGHT.
 Eight hours of work.
 Eight hours of play.
 Eight hours of sleep—
 And that makes a day.
 Eight hours of toil
 Under sun above;
 Eight hours' playing
 With those we love.
 Eight hours of rest
 From toil and pain—
 And then go forth
 To the toil again.

LOGICAL.
 Police Judge—"You are charged with being drunk and disorderly."

N. E. Bryate—"It's a mistake, your honor. I only took one drink."

Police Judge—"But you were brought here in a state of beastly intoxication."

N. E. Bryate—"All a mistake, your honor. I took one drink and it made another man of me. Then the other man got full'n a go and disgraced me."

CARDS.
 Careful economy pays the rent.
 You cannot be "square" without acting "square."

Unionism means as good work when the boss is not looking as when he is standing watch.

We know some wives who would rejoice if their husbands treated them as well as they do their fellow employees.

A great deal of labor troubles would be obviated if employees were as willing to begin work when the whistle blows as they are eager to quit when the whistle blows.

Arbitration is one result of agitation.

THE ENDOWMENTS OF YOUTH

[Original.]
 Allan Douglas and Austin Brownell were devoted college chums. The intimacy was inexplicable to others.

What Douglas, with his splendid physical and intellectual endowments, could find to bind him to Brownell, a reticent, cynical man, without an element of popularity in him, no one could discover. Douglas was the pet of the petticoats and invited everywhere. Brownell was considered very dull by the fair sex and seldom invited anywhere. If he had been invited he would not have accepted. However, there was one surprise concerning Brownell. Though he stood quite low in his class, when he was graduated one of his classmates, who was an "honor" man, said that he wished he had Brownell's mind.

The friends studied law and practiced in partnership. They were still young when the more showy endowments constitute prominence, and every one, at least in society, wondered how Douglas could have taken up with such an ordinary partner. Douglas was courted by the social world, every one striving to secure him for entertainments. He tried to drag Brownell out with him, but failed both on account of the disinclination of society for Brownell and Brownell's disinclination for society.

Douglas married a belle. She was a member of the smart set and a very smart member. There was nothing she would have considered more out of place than attention in public from her husband, and there was nothing she considered more in place than to have some prominent society man dancing attendance upon her. Finally a cotton leader, Ernest Rackle, became so devoted to her that the intimacy became the town talk. As usual in such cases, no one talked of it to the husband.

One night Brownell went into a fashionable hotel restaurant where the smart set were used to taking supper after the opera. He had never been there before and went for a purpose. Presently a gay party sallied in like a fleet of yachts under a spanking breeze, among them Rackle and Mrs. Douglas. They passed directly by the table at which Brownell sat, and as Rackle passed Brownell put out his foot, and Rackle tripped. He didn't fall, but came very near it. Turning, he glared at the man who had tripped him, then went on. Brownell toyed with a wine glass and waited. Rackle as soon as seated gave him a threatening and contemptuous glance. Brownell took a bit of paper from his pocket, wrote something on it, folded it and gave it to a waiter to take to Rackle. Rackle opened it, glanced at it and put it in his vest pocket without any of the party having noticed anything unusual.

At 1 o'clock the two men met in the cafe.

"Well, sir," said Rackle, "what do you want?"

"To fight you."
 "For tripping me up?"
 "No; ostensibly for scowling at me; really for a matter which it concerns you and a certain lady to keep dark."

"Who are you?" asked Rackle, nervously pulling his mustache.

"Allan Douglas' law partner."

"Indeed, I am surprised that you wish to bring trouble on him."
 "I don't. I wish to save him from trouble."

"By a public altercation?"

"No; by a private fight to the death."
 There was something so calm in Brownell's tone and eye, yet so determined, that Rackle paled.

"When and where?"
 "Now, in an upper room of this hotel."

Rackle stood looking in different directions like a cornered rat seeking an outlet.

"What will obviate the necessity for this meeting?"

"Your pledge never to communicate with Mrs. Douglas again."

Rackle thought it over, still pulling his mustache. Finally he said:

"To avoid bringing a lady's name into unpleasant notoriety I shall have to submit, I promise."
 "Write it."

A paper was drawn and signed, which Brownell put in his pocketbook, and the two separated.

In less than a week Douglas came to his friend and announced that he must dissolve the partnership. Mrs. Douglas had taken an unaccountable dislike to Brownell and had made the dissolution a sine qua non. Brownell pressed his friend's hand fervently and assented.

Two years passed. Douglas' endowments had not gained him any prominence except in society, and, though he did not know the cause, his wife's intimacy with Rackle had detracted from even this. Certain prominent judges said that Brownell possessed the finest legal mind at the bar, and if he had ambition he might be the foremost lawyer in the city. This got spread abroad, and there was a good deal of curiosity with reference to Brownell.

One day Douglas told his old friend that Mrs. Douglas had recovered from her prejudice and wished him to come to dinner. Brownell accepted. Then Mrs. Douglas went and sat by her guest and whispered in his ear:

"You were just in time to save me. I was a fool. From this time I as well as Allan will be devoted to you."

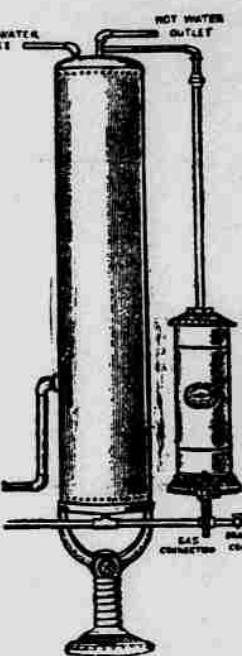
Another ten years have passed. The attentions of Rackle to Mrs. Douglas are forgotten in society, and Mrs. Douglas is a model wife and mother. Among his friends Douglas is regarded as prosy, but on Saturday nights he gets a select few old fellows of vigorous minds at his house, the central figure of whom is Judge Brownell, and in this way the host retains his reputation for an intellectual man.

F. A. MITCHEL.

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