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THE WAGEWORKER
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THE WAGEWORKER
A Union Labor Newspaper published in the interests of Union Labor.
Being published in the interests of Union Labor it is therefore published in the interests of all men who work for wages.
The Wagerworker is Independent.
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Fearless.
Fair.
Courageous.
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To encourage the growth of social intercourse between the families of toilers.
To give the labor news of Union circles.
To give the social happenings in Union Labor circles.
To promote fraternity.
The Wagerworker will avoid a great many things—among them:
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The chronic politician.
The grafter who grafts on labor.
The "knocker."
The "backcapper."
The fellow who traffics in his "influence" among Union labor men.
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Open Meeting of Central Labor Union

The Central Labor Union held another open meeting last Tuesday evening. The meeting had been well advertised in the local papers, and the evening was all that could be desired from a weather standpoint. Frank A. Kennedy, organizer of the American Federation of Labor and one of the most prominent and forceful labor leaders in the country, was billed to speak. And yet, despite all of these things, less than 100 union men attended the meeting.

It would seem that union labor in Lincoln will have to get a jolt that will jar its teeth loose before it wakes up to the gravity of the situation confronting it. Last Tuesday night's meeting should have been so big that Red Ribbon hall would not hold it. "Revival of interest in union affairs," was the key-note of the meeting, but the small attendance prompted a gentleman present to remark:

"It's not a revival we need. What we need is a resurrection."
Organized labor is facing a grave danger. It is facing a well organized, well disciplined and well financed enemy, and yet organized labor in Lincoln will not muster up enough energy to come out to a meeting and learn the enemy's methods of warfare. If this state of affairs does not change soon, organized labor in Lincoln is going to find itself suddenly up against an enemy without having any sinews of war, without having any plan of campaign, and without having cohesiveness enough to withstand the final assault. What the result will be of those conditions does not require the services of a prophet to set forth.

Despite the discouragingly small attendance the meeting was a success in point of interest and enthusiasm. Mr. Kennedy urged more interest in thorough unionism and reiterated his former declaration that the first and most important work in the local field was to put The Wagerworker into the hands of every union man in Lincoln. Mr. Maupin announced that the carpenters had just subscribed in a body, numbering 198, and that the barbers had also come to the front in a body, fifty strong. This announcement was greeted by hearty applause. Manager Bach of The Wagerworker, President Kelsey of the Central Labor Union, and E. F. Glassman of the Hodcarriers' Union, made short talks.

The feeling of the Lincoln unions has reached a high pitch over the boycotting of the Rocky Mountain News and Denver Times by the business men. It took the form of resolutions, introduced and passed at the meeting Tuesday night. "More than lip recitation" will be given when the time comes, says the document.

Speeches were made by many members, some reviewing conditions in Colorado, others urging a greater unity among the unions in Lincoln. At the previous meeting a committee was named to draw resolutions denouncing the carnage in Colorado and condemning the military despotism, which deported miners into the alkali deserts. These resolutions were read and adopted.

From the publicity given in labor papers to the "Parry movement" among employers, a number of the members spoke on the situation in Lincoln, present and possible. It was the view of some that Lincoln business men are already organized in a measure, ready to pounce upon the unions one by one as trouble should arise and wipe them from earth. The master plumbers were cited. The restaurant owners who defeated the cooks and waiters in their strike a year ago were mentioned. This was taken to be at least a mutual understanding that would bode ill for future strikes in Lincoln.

"It is coming, whether it is here now or not," said a member, who predicted that it would show its force after the election.

One member ventured to discuss the recent resignation of the secretary of the Commercial club. He suggested it as probable that, if the inside facts were known, it was not exactly a resignation. He intimated that there was some eruption chargeable to the plumbers' strike.

Mention was made of the garnishee law which the retail grocers' association sought to have enacted at the last session of the legislature. The same thing was presented in other legislatures of the country. In most places it was defeated through the timely interposition of union men. Questions at uncomfortable times during the consideration of the bills in the various states developed the fact that they originated in a national organization and were framed in New York.

Union men were urged to be kindly in their thoughts, reasonable in their acts, sober, industrious and watchful. "Your interests are those of your employers. You need them and they need you. That fact should appeal to your reason," said one speaker. "All wealthy men are not evil. Most business men like unions. The hot heads and the indiscreet discredit their organizations. The reason the modern business man likes unionism is that he can treat with the men as a body better than with the men singly. Some

he will visit the fair in St. Louis. He expects to be gone about three weeks.
A machine operator was explaining to a number of interested friends the noble and kind traits of his cow. When he was asked why he considered the cow so modest, he said: "Because a cow never blows her own horn."
C. H. Beacham left Monday night for a two weeks' visit to Oklahoma, where he has property interests. At present his wife and little boy are on a ranch, and the trip will be an enjoyable one, as well as one of recreation.

While walking up the street sideways with a tendency to lean outward, Jake Greenley was met and asked the cause of his peculiar navigation. He sharply replied: "Nothing; only I've been printing italic all day."
It is known that H. C. Peate is very fond of fruit pie. He reports that cherries are ripening very fast in the vicinity of his new home. It is hoped that his abnormal appetite for cherries will be once satisfied; and that the owners of the trees will not suspect the object of his taking a few nights off.

James Leaden has again resolved to get up promptly at 12:30 instead of 5 o'clock. He says he sleeps too much and that as a result his optics feel like an italic eye (I). While hitting off a 10-mile clip down P street he was suddenly halted and asked what the rush was about. He hurriedly answered: "Getting to work on time."
Accompanied with one of his extremely fancy vests, with buttons as large as a saucer, and glittering like sunbeams, was pleasantly approached for the negotiation of a small loan, but he hesitatingly informed the gentleman that he was not easy, and furthermore that he wore rubber heels, so everybody couldn't hear him coming. Walter, was that you?
A nice looking young man, but who seemed to be in great anxiety, was asked, "What can we do for you, sir?" His uneasiness grew more apparent, and finally said, "I come up in this printing office to whip somebody." He was coolly asked: "What for?" "Oh, since the paper said my wife was charming, and entertained so lovely, it has been impossible for me to get along with her, and I've got to make some kind of a showing."
Fred Mann, ad. foreman, and Wm. McQuinnie, the genial cigar man at Du Tell's, were out fishing in Mill Creek for a few days. They report having a very pleasant and successful trip. Fred's arms and neck are badly sun-burned and his face is as red as an auction flag. Will is in the same fix, nevertheless they promised themselves another trip in the near future. Fish stories are difficult to make people believe, hence the writer will not attempt to convince the reader of the size of the fish that fell easy prey to the fishermen; but from accounts they must have consumed a large quantity from the frypan, else the wagon would have broken down from being overloaded.
A St. Joseph's Catholic church in York, Neb., on June 23, Mr. A. L. Compton and Miss Katharine Kearns were united in marriage. Rev. Father Cullen officiating. The church was beautifully decorated for the occasion and upon entrance of the bridal party a wedding march was played. The bride was attended by her brother, Bernard, and the groom by Miss May Neville. Only the immediate relatives and a few invited friends were present. The bride was charmingly attired in a dress of cream voile, with hat of the same color. The groom wore the conventional black. After the ceremony the party proceeded to the home of the bride's parents where all partook of a sumptuous spread. The bride and groom were the recipients of many valuable and useful presents, and hosts of congratulations were offered. Both have lived in York the greater part of their lives, Mr. Compton being employed at the Nebraska Newspaper Union. Last November Mr. Compton came to Lincoln and has been employed at his trade as ad. compositor on the Lincoln Evening News. Mr. and Mrs. Compton will live at 1457 N street, where a home is in readiness. The chapel and members of Lincoln Typographical Union wish them a happy and prosperous future.
A. RAY BOWMAN.

The Evils of Child Labor

How mysterious are the ways of Providence! Why is it that children of the tenderest years are subjected to the fiercest tortures? God give us His Holy Spirit to amend our hearts and lives, for we are desperately wicked. They who do such things, and we who do not prevent them. Shall I deliver my poor children to the print works? God be with me!
"How mysterious are the ways of Providence!" Thus wrote the great Lord Shaftsbury in 1845, when he was in the midst of the stupendous undertaking of endeavoring to pass the factory legislation, that should protect the children of the country from the crushing conditions under which they were being compelled to work. Lord Ashley, as he then was, had espoused the cause of the weak, with the chivalry of a Sir Galahad. Tempting offers of a seat in the cabinet had been made again and again, if he abandoned his

Journal Chapel

S. H. McCaw of the reportorial staff has returned from a week's visit in the east.
W. E. Kirby of the book chapel announces his intention to leave for Kansas City shortly.
Morris Crisman is training up. Outdoor exercise is great for the constitution in the summer time.
J. D. Smith takes his regular afternoon exercise on O street. He says without it he gets too fleshy.
Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Barngrover returned from a short visit in Crete, and report having a pleasant time.
G. E. Locker says: "Three cigars cost me 5 cents, and I smoke all of them every day; what more do you want for a nickel."
Before leaving the city, J. W. McCluskey gave every chapel member an individual tribute, and announced some eastern city as his objective point.
Garrett Bustard is finishing strong. He is about midway on his machine apprenticeship and from present indications he will make a good operator.
As soon as the democratic national convention is over, our able telegraph editor, H. G. McVicker, announced that

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schemes of reform, but nothing moved him from his holy purpose.
The lives of the children in the cotton and calico works had specially stirred his pity and indignation. Their employment began between the age of seven to nine, but cases were known of babies beginning work from three to four years of age. Hours for young girls were intolerably long, often lasting from sixteen to eighteen hours a day.
The conditions under which the work was carried on were abominable, most of the children contracted diseases of the eyes, the wages were extremely low, and education they had none.

Such was the condition of the little ones for whom Lord Ashley pleaded and obtained a reluctant hearing before the parliament opened, in February, 1845, by the young queen herself, but on the 30th of June his bill for the protection of these little slaves became, through his unwearied efforts, the law of England. Half a century ago Macauley wrote:
"It may here be noticed that the practice of setting children prematurely to work, a practice which the state, the legitimate protector of those who cannot protect themselves, has, in our time, wisely and humanely interdicted, prevailed in the seventeenth century to an extent which, when compared with the extent of the manufacturing system, seems almost incredible. At Norwich, the chief seat of the clothing trade, a little creature of six years was thought fit to labor."
An idea has therefore long prevailed that child labor has been killed, that this modern St. George had slain the dragon that devastated helpless homes and preyed on unprotected lives.
But in the last days of the nineteenth century it was still true that little children oiled with weary hands and worn fingers, in a ceaseless round of labor made almost unendurable by the fact that school had to be wedged into the day of these little "half-timers," as they are called, as well as the grind of hard and pitiless work. It is true that the factory could no longer claim children under eleven years of age, but the garret workshops of the toilers were always open to the little totlers where no factory inspection could interfere.
The manufacture of dolls and the making of dolls' clothes is an industry in which many children are engaged. Dolls, the idea conjures up happy hours, tender memories. I can see through the mist of years even now, a certain waxen face which I thought, the most beautiful in the world, and I never smell the fragrance of the hawthorn blossom without remembering this precious doll was passed, when I was in quarantine for some childish illness, and this vision of beauty laid in my arms that sunny spring morning.
And yet the happy children who clasp their treasures little know what the word means to white faces, bending in dark garrets over dolls' clothes. A London newspaper correspondent who, following in the steps of the "Children's Earl," has done much to effect the reform which has just been made law, interviewed one of these little workers, and asked her age. Neily was only eight years old, thinly clad, with shoes in holes, a pathetic little figure, with a face already drawn and sad. She explained that she lived with her "mother, brother, one sister, baby and me," the oldest of the lot, "that her mother made dolls' clothes for a living and she helped."
"How much to you get in a week?"
"Five shillings, but sometimes not so much, and they all lived in one room."
"What part of the work do you do?"
"All parts, sir. I can make dolls' jackets and shirts and petticoats and bodices, and everything what it wears."
"And when do you work?"
"In the dinner times, but most in the even's and nights."
"How late do you stop up, helping?"
"Till nearly 10."
What sad stories the gaily dressed dolls could have told their little foster-parents.
"Another mite of eight helped her mother who made boxes. Twopence a dozen was the price paid. The little pale face looked up and said:
"I have helped mother ever so long, ever since I was 'quite little.'"
"Why, you are little now," said her interviewer. "How long have you worked, two or three years?"
"I helped 'er ever since I can remember," was the answer.
These are home industries, into which factory inspectors are not expected to inquire; but the verdict of the school mistress was the same, as child after child passed under review. "They have to toil and moil at early morn and late at night to keep the hungry wolf from the door."
One of the children, a girl of thirteen, was a barmaid in a shop in Bethnal Green. Her school hours kept her employed most of the day, but the dinner hour and evenings were devoted to this calling, and nights on Saturdays.
"How late do you serve?" the child was asked.
"Till about 'leven, sir."
"How much do you get?"
"A shillin' a week and my food."
Willie, a pale boy, was employed by an undertaker. A nervous child, whose eyes looked as though they had reamed on grewsome sights.
"I works mostly all the evenin's," said the boy. "I goes with the men

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to measure corpses, and I 'elps to put them in their coffins."
But the revelations of the last few years, thanks to those who have consecrated their lives as the children's friends, have shown how abject poverty can blind its victims until they no longer see the cruelties they practice in their feverish struggle for daily bread. When a woman is making match boxes at twopence-farthing a gross there is no leisure for love. Life is one long drive to keep soul and body together, and children have to be enlisted in the struggle. Here, then, the state steps in. Is such legislation called "grandmotherly"? Then I can only feel that the double tenderness which holds a woman's heart to the child of her child is a good simile of what a country ought to feel, and how a nation ought to act to the child whom it protects.

Victor Hugo has said: "He who has seen the misery of man only has seen nothing; he must see the misery of woman. He who has seen the misery of woman only has seen nothing; he must see the misery of childhood."
Now, thank God, in a large measure the little half-timers are protected. "Be it enacted by the king's most excellent majesty," says the recent act, "That a child shall not be employed between the hours of nine in the evening and six in the morning."
"A child under the age of eleven years shall not be employed in street trading."
"No child who is employed half time under the Factory and Workshop Act, 1901, shall be employed in any other occupation."
"A child shall not be employed to lift, carry or move anything so heavy as to be likely to cause injury to the child."
"A child shall not be employed in any occupation likely to be injurious to his life, limb, health or education, regard being had to his physical condition."
"If the local authority sends to the employer of any child a certificate signed by a registered medical practitioner that the lifting, carrying or moving of any specified weight is likely to cause injury to the child, or that any specified occupation is likely to be injurious to the life, limb, health or education of the child, the certificate shall be admissible as evidence in any subsequent proceedings against the employer in respect to the employment of the child."—Lady Henry Somerset, in Chicago American.

An Error of Diagnosis

Stories of railroad accidents were being told at Tuxedo. Spencer Trask, banker and author, of New York, in his turn contributed the following:
"In a certain railway collision, one of the victims lay for a long time on his back across the ties. Finally two men picked him up, carried him to the station and placed him on the floor."
"He'll lie easier here," they said, "till the doctor comes."
"The doctor came a little later."
"This poor chap is done for, I'm afraid," he said, glancing at the prostrate victim.
"Then he knelt down, lifted one of the man's closed eyelids and peered into a dull, blank, unseeing, lifeless eye."
"Yes, he's dead all right. Take him away," said the doctor.
"The pale lips of the injured man moved slightly and a feeble voice murmured:
"That was my glass eye, you fool."—New York Tribune.