

The Wageworker

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Editor and Publisher.

\$1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE



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126 NORTH FOURTEENTH ST.

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.

MR. MILLER'S CANDIDACY.

Elsewhere in this issue The Wageworker gives its reasons for supporting John E. Miller, who is a candidate for election to the legislature from Lancaster county. The Wageworker believes that the reasons given will have weight with every unbiased and thoughtful union man who will spare the time to read them.

After all has been said and done, after the forensic displays upon the floors of our union meetings, after all the theories and all the planning—after all of these things have been indulged in, the fact still remains that union labor can accomplish almighty little until it solidifies its vote at the ballot box. Men may parade on Labor Day and talk about the millennium when the laborer shall come into his reward, but until labor quits voting for machine politicians and interests that are antagonistic to the welfare of labor, and begins voting as a unit for labor's interests, nothing of any moment will be accomplished. The curse of the party lash is upon organized labor. Partisan politics is doing more to thwart the plans of unionism than all the Parryites in America. As long as the opponents of unionism can keep the labor vote divided on partisan lines they do not fear it. When labor begins voting as a unit it will begin reaping the reward that belongs to those who eat their bread in the sweat of their faces.

Don't think that because a candidate of your personal choice stands no show of election a vote for him is thrown away. A vote cast for principle is never lost, even though it be the only one cast therefor. Take time to vote, and vote intelligently. Vote for the men who stand for the things which you advocate and which tend to benefit you as a laboring man. Vote for labor's friends, even though they may be political enemies.

Take time to vote. The grocer will trot from the crackerbox to the scales a dozen times a day in order to make the scales balance. The mechanic demands pay for overtime, and usually gets it—always if he is a union man. But the grocer who trots from crackerbox to scales, and the mechanic who insists upon pay for overtime, often refrains from voting because it takes a few extra minutes, although the exercise of the franchise is the greatest privilege that an American citizen can boast. Take time to read and mark your ballot. The man who boasts that he always votes a straight ticket merely boasts that he is too ignorant to think and too lazy to investigate.

Read the reasons The Wageworker advances for supporting Mr. Miller's candidacy. Think for yourselves. Vote for your own interests.

EVER NOTICE IT?

In all this discussion between the advocates and the opponents of unionism, there is one peculiar fact that deserves especial attention. The advocates of unionism are all union men. The mechanic at the lathe, the printer at the case, the carpenter at the bench—every branch of organized trade—furnishes men who can stand forth and give a reason for being union men and defend their cause with tongue or pen. Did you ever see a "scab" who could do it? Have you ever noticed that all the arguments in favor of the "scab" and against unionism are advanced by the employers? If the "scab" is the "free and intelligent" man, "the unfettered working man," that the employers say he is, why in God's name don't some "scab" stand up and speak for himself? Why does the employer have to do all the talking for the "scabs?"

The answer is easy. The intelligent, thoughtful, skilled mechanic is always a union man, either in fact or in sympathy. The "scab" must have his thinking done for him, and nine times out of ten he is either ineligible for membership in a union because of incompetency, or unreliable morally. He is the disease germ that threatens the

welfare of labor. He is the monkey who pulls the chestnuts from the fire for the benefit of the selfish and unscrupulous employer. He is the hard-headed battering ram selected by greed to batter down the walls that labor has erected for its own protection against greed and selfishness.

Coward capital insists that the conflict is between the "slave of the union" and the "free and independent workingman"—the "scab." And the "scab" hasn't sense enough to see that he is being used to do the dirty work that capital is too cowardly to undertake itself.

Every benefit that labor enjoys today has come through the work of the labor unions.

Every law for the protection of life and limb in factory, workshop and mine is the result of efforts put forth by labor unions.

Every sanitary law guarding the health of those who toil at a trade is the result of labor union activity and effort.

The "Scab" who can not speak for himself but must be spoken for by the employer, enjoys these benefits without having the manhood to acknowledge the obligation and bear his share of the burden. And every employer who defends the "scab" and attacks the union has opposed every one of the laws mentioned above, and opposed them because they curbed his greed and prevented him from exploiting the workingman. The men who have opposed laws against child labor, who have opposed laws regulating sanitary conditions in mills and mines, who have opposed laws compelling the use of safety appliances on railroads, who have opposed shorter hours, who have opposed everything that labor has sought for its own protection—the men who have opposed these things are the men who always speak for the "scab." Union men who have secured all of these blessings for labor are able to speak for themselves.

Without labor unions labor conditions would be infinitely worse than they are, and God knows they are bad enough now. The destruction of the labor unions would remove the last bulwark that stands between the toiler and organized greed, the last bulwark that defends wives and children from those who would fatten their purses at the expense of human life. And the "scab" who can not speak for himself is lending himself to those who are seeking to destroy these bulwarks.

An esteemed evening contemporary is throwing some more fits because the gas company is not doing what the e. e. c. thinks it should do. In the meantime the Lincoln Distraction company's policy receives no condemnation from the aforesaid e. e. c., although the Lincoln Distraction company has a habit of responding to all appeals for better service by placing its corporate thumb upon its corporate nose and wriggling its corporate fingers in derision.

John E. Miller is the only candidate for office that is receiving the support of The Wageworker, and he receives it because he stands for the things advocated by this paper. The Wageworker has consistently refused to mix in politics, although it could have made temporary profit by mixing. It supports Mr. Miller because he supports policies that The Wageworker was established to support.

The man who smokes non-union cigars lays himself open to cancer, smallpox, diphtheria, itch, leprosy, syphilis, typhoid fever, mange, scarlet fever, and a host of other deadly ailments. Non-union cigars are usually made in unsanitary surroundings by filthy and diseased workmen. The blue label of the Cigarmakers' Union is a guarantee of cleanliness.

If you want to see a scattering, but into a political meeting and ask the spellbinder if his candidate is friendly to union labor and advocates the "closed shop." The old political parties are scared to death lest they be compelled to take a stand.

Owen Wister has flown to the defense of the "scab" and calls him a "brave man," the "defender of free work," and all that sort of thing. The best answer to Owen Wister's argument is to say that Wister is a writer of fiction.

When The Wageworker's bank account reaches \$65,000,000 it will inaugurate a crusade that will settle the divorce problem. It will put an army of expert cooks in the field to teach housewives the science of cookery.

Are you going to vote for men whom you know are unfriendly to organized labor, and do it because they just happen to belong to your political party?

The man who seeks to profit by destroying the labor unions is the man who always does the talking for the "scab."

The "knocker" in the union is a greater menace to unionism than the "scab" outside of the union.

Every union man in the city should take an active personal interest in

making the Central Labor Union Delegate Fund entertainment a rousing success. See full particulars elsewhere.

The "scab" is always a soldier of fortune. He will fight under any flag and for any cause, providing he is paid for it. The justice of the cause he fights against matters not to him.

A union card should be a guarantee that the man who carries it always does an honest day's work for an honest day's pay.

The man who votes without thinking is the chief reliance of the professional politicians and hoodlars.

PROPERLY LABELED

THE KNOCKER.

If the "knocker" you should meet
On the street,
Pass him by with quickened feet
Swift and fleet.

For the "knocker" is a curse
To all unions. He is worse
Than a plague, so don't converse
With the "knocker"
With his knock.
Just avoid him
By a block.

If the "knocker" comes your way
Any day,
Give no heed to what he'll say.
He's a jay.
Snub him ev'ry chance you see.
For the "knocker" is N. G.
And you'd better let him be.
For the "knocker"
With his knock
Always has his
Lies in stock.

CLERICAL.

"There goes a man who has organized more unions in this city during the last year than any other two men."
"What's his name?"
"That's the Reverend Dr. Tyemfast, who performs more marriage ceremonies than all the other ministers in town."

THE "SCAB."

He swore by all the fabled gods
He'd be a workman free.
He said no union should boss him
Nor get from him a fee.
The bosses swelled his head for fair
And sent him on his way.
He's working now for just half wage
Eleven hours a day.

CARDS.

Unionism in the heart makes a cheerful home.
The "scab" is the Benedict Arnold of the Industrial Army.
The real union man does not have to display his card on all occasions.
Successful arbitration is better than unsuccessful striking.
Politicians cheer the solid ranks of labor on Labor Day. They also cheer the divided ranks of labor on election day.

Kismet

No more doth war and rumors red,
Or politics concern us.
The summer days have swiftly sped
The leaves have fallen cold and dead,
And we must start the furnace.

We sigh for dear departed days
Of summer with their breezes;
For we must hustle out and raise
At divers times and sundry ways
The coal when weather freezes.

Alas! Alack! That summer's sun
Which lately hath receded
Was not, when time was first begun,
Warmed up and through the heavens
run
In winter when 'twas needed.

Infatigable

"Did you every try your fortune with cards?"
"Yes, and that's the way I lost mine."

Dismal Failure

"Was your last magazine poem a success, Rhymsly?"
"Financially, yes; but otherwise, no."

What do you mean?

"The pay was satisfactory, but everybody understood it."

Mythology Outdone

"Is DeRant making good as a stage singer and musician?"
"Well, DeRant has old Orpheus outdone."

How's that?

"Old Orpheus' music was so good that the rocks and trees followed him. DeRant's is so bad that the produce market follows him."

Boysenaps

It is hardly right to blame a boy for taking to the streets when all the efforts of the parents are confined to making the girl's room attractive.

A boy is not to be blamed for doubting the worth of the advice against smoking that is given by his father between whiffs of a pipe.

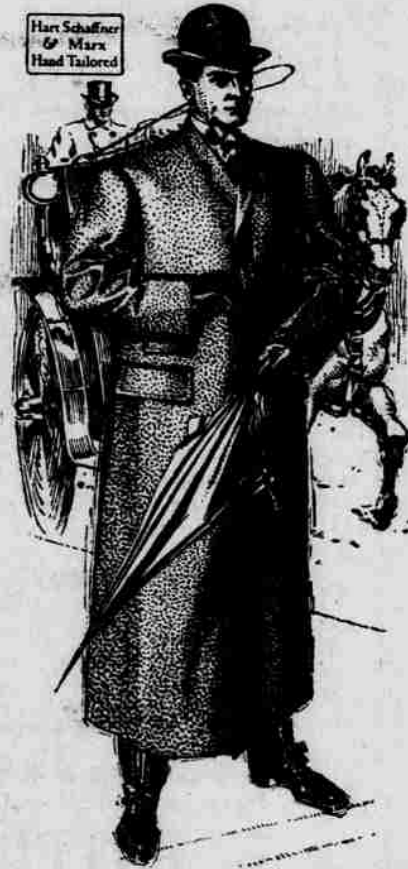
Boys will be boys, but that is no reason why they should not be gentlemen.

A boy in the house is worth two on the streets.
The boy who remembers his mother is not likely to get far away from God.
When a boy begins to comb his hair and polish his shoes without being driven to it, it is a sure sign that he has met her. And only a foolish parent will try to plague him about it.

Entitled to More

Old soldiers of the west, especially those of Nebraska, remember General Dilworth of Hastings. A braver sol-

CLOTHES to FIT the MAN, RATHER THAN the MAN to FIT the CLOTHES



OUR idea of clothes fitting may be a little different from the ordinary. At any rate we believe that clothes should help a man's general appearance rather than the man helping the looks of the clothes. There's a good many things about our clothes to recommend them to men who want to dress better than usual.

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a large fat negro.
"Have it ready by 6 o'clock," the congressman directed. "I'll come by for it."
He was there at the appointed time, but the blade had not been sharpened.
"Sorry, boss," said the negro, "but Ah jes cudn't git it fixed in time."
"Well, well, that's bad," answered Mr. Kitchen. "I've got to go to a party tonight."
At this the barber suddenly went into the back of the shop, and much to the distinguished visitor's surprise, brought out a blade with six or seven deep notches in it.
"Yer cn use dis, boss," he said, holding it out.
"Why, what do you mean? What can I do with that razor?"
"It's all right, boss," said the negro in an injured tone. "It's de one I always carries when I goes to a party."

When Congressman Kitchen, of North Carolina visited a strange town not long ago, relates the New York Times, he found out that his razor was badly in need of sharpening. He dropped in at the local barber's shop and gave the razor to the proprietor.

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