

THE WAGEWORKER

A Newspaper with a Mission and without a Muzzle that is published in the Interest of Wageworkers Everywhere.

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An Open Letter to Post of Battle Creek

A few weeks ago Mrs. C. W. Post, of Battle Creek, Mich., secured a divorce from C. W. Post, manufacturer of "postum cereal" and grape nuts, on the ground of cruelty. A few days later Post married his young and pretty stenographer.

Lincoln, Nebraska, December 3, 1904.
—To C. W. Post, Manufacturer of Grape Nuts and Postum Cereal, Battle Creek, Mich.—Dear Sir: You will I am quite sure, pardon me for addressing this letter to you when you become acquainted with all the facts that have led me to turn to you in my time of trouble. I have long been an interested reader of your advertisements, and especially have I been interested in the work you have been doing to free this country from the awful domination of these anarchistic organizations known as the "labor unions." My soul has been filled with rejoicings at your repeated illustrations of your kindness and thoughtfulness for the hundreds who are employed in your factories at Battle Creek. I am convinced from what I have read from your pen that you are a man who can feel for the sorrows of others; that you are a man who will gladly give time to listening to the woeful tales of the unfortunate, and that you are ever ready with advice and money to assist the needy.

It is because I have formed this opinion of you, after reading what you have said about yourself and your work that I turn to you in my time of trouble. I beseech you to help me, Mr. Post, and for your help I will ever be deeply grateful.

I am not, as you may have concluded after reading thus far, in need of financial help. No, indeed. My trouble is far deeper and greater than the mere lack of money. I have sufficient money for my needs, thank God, but there are better things than money—and some of these things I lack. Perhaps the story of my life will be the best explanation of my case.

A number of years ago, no matter how many I was a poor girl, learning my own living. I worked hard to maintain myself in respect and to protect my good name from the attacks of the scandal-mongers and the gossips. While thus engaged I met a young man. He was a good worker, but as poor as myself. We fell in love, and finally we were married. We had nothing but love and health to begin our married life upon, but we were brave and confident. We struggled along as best we could. I helped as opportunity offered to supply the larder, and I did all that I knew how to make a home for my husband. It was hard, bitter hard, the struggle forced upon us, but our mutual love lightened the road and made pleasant many otherwise dreary days. During all these years I felt my youth and freshness fading because of the hard struggle, and more than once I feared that my husband's love was dying because I no longer offered the same attractions as in the old days when I was a rosy-cheeked and light-hearted girl. But I toiled on, wearing my fingers to the bone to make our home pleasant for my husband.

Finally there came to us what seemed the last straw that was to break the camel's back. My husband was taken sick. Our little savings were soon exhausted and starvation stared us in the face. But just when things looked darkest kind friends—friends though strangers—came to our aid. Adventists took my husband to their hospital, and while he was by them being nursed back to health he learned how they made most of their celebrated food preparations. When he was well he took advantage of his new found knowledge and began manufacturing some preparations of a similar nature but under other names. We struggled day and night. We schemed and planned, and success finally rewarded our efforts. Money began pouring in on us in a golden flood, and we were soon able to cease our terrible toil and begin taking life easy. I thought then that the sum of my happiness was complete.

own in the matter of beauty and freshness and gaiety with the women who had never toiled and struggled and suffered in the grip of biting poverty. I soon saw that I was the dark spot in his life. Without me he might be able to cut a great figure in society, but with me has handicapped and held back. He forgot all the sacrifices I had made to help him to his envied situation. He forgot that half the labor, half the suffering and most of the sacrificing were mine. He selfishly arrogated to himself credit for all the success that had come, and looked upon me as a hindrance instead of a help. I was in his way to social success. He was ashamed of my faded and sunken cheeks, my toll-hardened hands, my lack of "taste" and my inability to compare favorably with the butterflies of society who had begun to flutter around him.

I tried, O, so hard, to hold him to me, but I failed. From indifference he advanced to open dislike, and from dislike to cruelty was a short step. He deserted me for younger and fresher women. He met me only to taunt me with my lost youth. From taunts to open cruelty was only a short step, and he took it. And then came the end, in self-defense I had to take refuge in the law, and a few weeks ago I secured a divorce and a small share of the vast fortune which I had helped him to make. A few days later he married a younger and handsomer woman, flaunting her silks and jewels and youth and freshness in my face.

This, my dear Mr. Post, is my life story. Today I am sitting lonely and desolate in the mansion which is now to me a prison. All of its gorgeousness, all of its glitter of gold and silver, of cut glass and rich draperies, can not compensate me for the loss of my husband, and I would give it all for a return to the old days of poverty and heartache and toil if only there came with it the love of the man to whom I gave my best years and my heart's love.

My sole ambition in life now is, Mr. Post, to assist other women that they may not suffer as I have suffered. Perhaps you can help me. I have read about what a kind employer you are; how devotedly you seek to help your fellows; what a deep interest you take in the welfare of those less fortunate than yourself, and therefore I write you. Will you guarantee me that the habitual use of your "grape nuts" and "postum cereal" will cause a husband to love his wife, even though he rise from poverty to affluence and his wife loses the charms that attracted him in the days of their youth. Will you guarantee me that feeding your patent preparations to men will prevent them from forgetting the toil and sacrifices of the women whom they promised to love, cherish and protect?

Certainly a man of your well-known philanthropy will take an interest in women who are unfortunate like myself, and assist me in preventing other women from suffering as I am suffering today.

I think you for permitting me to address you, and I close with the heartfelt wish that you will join with me in an effort to protect my sisters from going through my sad experience. Yours very truly,
MRS. SARAH CASTIC LABELLEAGUE.

A GREAT SUCCESS.

The Labor League's Social Won Out in Every Way.

If the members of the Woman's Labor League are not proud it is not because of lack of reasons, for they have every reason to be proud of the immense success that attended their box social last Monday night. Socially and financially it was by long odds the most successful affair ever engineered in general labor circles in this city.

The social took the form of a box party, and the number of boxes provided and the amounts realized when they were auctioned off was an evidence of the aroused interest in union affairs. Many of the boxes were handsomely decorated, and all of them were filled with good things to eat. Mrs. Wright officiated as auctioneer and sold the boxes at prices that were extremely gratifying to those who prepared them and to the League treasury. The League netted about \$25 as a result of the social.

union men and women to take a more active interest in it. T. C. Kelsey made a brief and earnest talk along union lines, and W. M. Maupin read a couple of verses of his own manufacture. Little Miss Swanson and Glassman favored the audience, the one with a piano solo, the other with a song. Little Miss ——— recited a touching poem about a little millworker. Mr. Echeimyer made an interesting talk and read a song he had written for the Label League. Misses ——— and ——— rendered a piano duet and were loudly encored. Following the sale of the boxes and the eating of the contents, dancing was indulged in until midnight. From every viewpoint the affair was a huge success and reflected great credit upon the enterprising women who had it in charge.

A MASQUE PARTY.

Capital Auxiliary Preparing for Another Of Its Popular Socials.

Next Monday evening Capital Auxiliary No. 11 will give its regular monthly social for the printers of the city and their wives and sweethearts. The social will be held at Central Labor Union hall and will take the form of a masquerade. All eligible to admission are earnestly requested to appear in costume, but printers and their wives and sweethearts will not be compelled to abide by the request. Those who do not care to masquerade will be excused on the payment of a small fine.

The Auxiliary is maturing plans to make this December social a greater success than any of the series, and judging by the past they will succeed. Good music will be provided and refreshments will be served. Every printer in town who can possibly do so should make it a point to attend.

HERE'S A SUGGESTION.

How the Allied Printing Trades Might Act On This.

The Wageworker offers a suggestion to the Typographical Union, the Stereotypers' Union, the Bookbinders' Union and the Pressmen's Union, and to other trades organizations in the city. If followed up it may have a good effect.

The state printing board is made up of the state officers, and this board passes upon all contracts for state printing. The real work of the board

devolves upon a secretary who receives a salary of \$1,000 a year. The work of the secretary is not so heavy that it requires all of his time. The salary paid is sufficient for the work required. Now by all means the secretary should be a union printer who is qualified to estimate work, judge quality of paper and cloth, distinguish between good and inferior press work, and otherwise protect not only the interests of the taxpayers but stand between fair employers and those who employ cheap and inferior labor of incompetent workmen or children. Certainly it needs no argument to convince thinking men that the better the wages the better it is for all concerned clear down the line.

The big offices of Omaha and Lincoln pay good wages, but they are forced to compete with York and Fremont establishments that employ cheap help, most of it being boy apprentices and girls. Union men owe it to fair employers to protect them, and one way to do it is to use the influence of the trades unions to throw all work possible to the fair offices. The Wageworker suggests that the Allied Printing Trades council and other unions send a committee to the state printing board and urge the appointment of a capable union printer to the office of secretary of the board. Now is the time to do it.

FIDO'S UNTIMELY DEMISE.

Master Kenneth Marshall, the seven-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Marshall, of 1523 North Twenty-sixth street, had his first introduction to real grief the first of this week. Some two months ago Kenneth came in possession of a young dog, to which he had become greatly attached, and which was his almost constant companion. Kenneth and the aforesaid canine joined Mr. and Mrs. Marshall in a walk in the northeast part of the city Sunday afternoon, during which the dog got on the street car track ahead of one of the traction company's large cars, and not being familiar with the speed of these cars under the new schedule, was overtaken, with fatal results to the dog. The boy was overcome with grief at the sad ending of his pet, and the head of the Marshall family is diligently searching for some kind of a canine that will to some extent take the place of "Fido" in Kenneth's affections.

It Means Trouble, To be Sure!

The Citizens' Industrial association held its annual convention in New York city this week. For the benefit of the uninitiated we stop the press to say that the "Citizens' Industrial association" is the high-sounding title adopted by Parry and his gang of union busters for their anti-union organization. Of course David M. Parry made the principal speech of the convention, and told the usual superheated atmosphere story about what his organization was doing to relieve the country of the terrible plague of "labor union domination." He sprang the usual talk about "individual liberty," and made the usual tearful plea for the "independent workman"—meaning the "scab" who is willing to work for any old wages. He also talked loud and long about the "open shop," but advanced nothing new in the way of argument.

But the Wageworker is not going to waste time on Parry. It wants to call attention to the speech of another "union buster," Mr. Francis C. Numenmacher, whose subject was "The Liberty of the Press." Among other things he said: "By inaugurating a strike for an eight hour day on January 1, 1906, the Typographical Union would paralyze the entire printing industry from one end of the country to the other, for they are now engaged in organizing all the smaller cities as rapidly as it can be done so there will be no non-union printers to take their places in the larger cities. It is up to you to make it sure that the union will not triumph in this matter. The United Typographers to a man, will fight it to the end, but unaided by their customers it will cost some of them their fortunes. Let the union get the eight hour day and you know what will happen in other lines of industry."

Of course it is very wrong—in fact, diabolical—for the Typographical Union to organize the country printers and thus put a cluck under the wheels of the union busters who want to kill off the Typographical Union by bringing in country printers to take the places of union men. We hope the members of the Typographical Union

will see the error of their ways and discontinue this cruel wrong. But we want to call especial attention to the last sentence quoted above. Here it is again, in this time in capital letters:

"LET THE UNION (printers) GET THE EIGHT HOUR DAY AND YOU KNOW WHAT WILL HAPPEN IN OTHER LINES OF INDUSTRY."

That's the milk in the cocoanut. While posing as the friend of the "free and independent workmen," he meant the "scab," this union busting outfit is actuated by something else—the desire to prevent labor from improving its condition. You see, if the printers manage to secure the eight-hour day, other common mechanics would begin asking for it, too. Why, even the hod carriers, or the teamsters, or the firemen would insist upon it, the sassy, greasy, dirty things! And if these common mechanics got an eight-hour working day they would have just that much more time to read and study and think, and that would be awfully dangerous, don't you know.

Of course we know what will happen in other lines of industry if the printers succeed in establishing the eight-hour day. Why, every other mechanic in the country will ask for it, and how are they to be kept in ignorance if they are not kept at work from the time they get up in the morning until they drag their weary bodies to bed at nightfall. The idea of a common laboring man asking to have working hours reduced so he can have just that much more time to agitate and educate! It's just too ridiculous for anything. These dirty mechanics must learn to know their places, and keep them. We can hardly discuss with patience the insolent demands of these fellows whose mission on earth is to obey the commands of the men selected by God Almighty to administer the affairs of this world. They actually seem to be falling into the notion that they have a right to say something about the disposition of their own time. Clearly we who have been delegated to act for the Almighty must take steps to compel these insolent mechanics to remember their place.

Rev. Mr. Marshall Explains Himself

The Wageworker owes Rev. John L. Marshall, Jr., an apology. It has, however unintentionally, done him an injustice, for which it is truly sorry, and for which it craves his pardon.

Taking for its text a quotation attributed by the Daily Star to Rev. Mr. Marshall, The Wageworker said a few things about the reverend gentleman which would not have been said had this newspaper been aware of the facts. (Rev. Mr. Marshall accepted our invitation and came to The Wageworker office to talk it over.)

We trust that Rev. Mr. Marshall will call again. Right here it may be said in order to avoid any misunderstanding, that we can not agree with the reverend gentleman on many things, particularly on the question of labor unions and interpretation of the scriptures. We are frank enough to tell him that we believe him to be narrow in many things. But of his sincerity, his honesty of purpose, his desire to do good and his willingness to sacrifice or the good of others, we have not the slightest doubt. We confess that we took a liking to the Rev. Mr. Marshall, notwithstanding his peculiar attitude towards the unions. He was so delightfully frank in expressing his belief that there are too many ministers who are cowards, so many churches that teach everything but the love of God, and so many professed Christians who utterly failed to live up to their professions—in other words, he was so delightfully frank in admitting that the church is not living up to its opportunities and its claims that we cottoned to him, so to speak, notwithstanding the wide difference between us on the labor union question.

Rev. Mr. Marshall bases his opposition to labor unions on what seem to him to be scriptural grounds. He is amply able to defend his position, too. But he opposes them because Christians and non-Christians are yoked together therein contrary to the words of the Master, who told His followers not to become yoked up with unbelievers. But with the chief objects and aims of the men who are banded together in labor unions he is in sympathy, and as an outsider he will help them; he can not, however, conscientiously join with them in a society.

Of course this will seem narrow to most of us, but Rev. Mr. Marshall is honest and sincere in his belief. And most of us would rather meet up with a narrow-minded man who is honest in his beliefs than to meet up with a man so fearfully broadminded that he had no convictions at all.

Rev. Mr. Marshall says he was misquoted in the Daily Star, and asked The Wageworker to print the following which appeared in the Star of November 23 in explanation of his position. We gladly give space to the article, and assure Rev. Mr. Marshall that we respect his views and apologize to him for having misunderstood his position. But we do wish he would learn more about labor unions before taking such a decided stand in opposition to Christians becoming members. We opine that a little more of the heaven of genuine Christianity would help the labor unions. We are absolutely sure it would be an almighty good thing to inject into most of our churches.

To The Star.—In the report of the meeting of the Ministerial association as given in The Star of last Monday, my remarks concerning labor unions were misquoted. Kindly permit me to make the correction by stating my convictions on the subject.

I believe that Christian laboring men should not be united with non-Christian laboring men in unions. It is equally true, of course, that Christian employers should not be federated with non-Christian employers. The declaration of God's Word which is binding upon every Christian is, "Be not unequally yoked with unbelievers, for what fellowship have righteousness and iniquity? Or what communion hath light with darkness? And what concord hath Christ with Belial? Or what portion hath a believer with an unbeliever?" (2 Corinthians, 6:14-15 R. V.)

issue a course that is inconsistent with the teaching of Christ. The principle not only applies to labor unions, but to all the other relations of men, whether commercial, political, social, or matrimonial.

There is a great difference between opposing the labor unions as conducted and opposing the interests of the laboring men. Labor unions often demand nothing more than the men are entitled to—just wages and terms, but frequently their methods and their spirit are un-Christian.

I believe that the Christian employer should furnish employment to the man who needs work the more, whether he is a union man or a non-union man.

The minister of Christ who is not in sympathy with the laboring man is not in harmony with his Master. The burden of proof is on him to show that he is a minister of Christ at all, Jesus of Nazareth was a carpenter. He was the friend of those who toil. He is the friend of those who toil today.

It is not to be wondered at, that non-Christian laboring men band themselves together in unions for their own defense, for in many places the heel of the oppressor is upon them. It is not surprising that they resort to un-Christian methods for they do not know the better way. But Christian laboring men should know the better way.

If prayer and Christian persuasion do not bring employers to agree to just terms, let the Christian employees leave the results with the Judge of the Universe, rather than resort to the un-Christian methods of unsaved laboring men. The God who sent the ravens to feed Elijah will not let his most insignificant child starve, if he obeys and trusts Him. Though that kind of sentiment is foolishness to the unbeliever, it is true wisdom to the man who knows God and believes his Bible. This promise of Jesus is still worth its face value: "But seek ye first his kingdom, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." (Matthew, 6:33)

I wish to recommend to every laboring man, and to every man, that he study the Bible and learn God's view of the problem of labor and capital. There are many passages on the subject, but I will simply quote this one: "Go, to now, ye rich, weep and howl for your miseries that are coming upon you. Your riches are corrupted, and your garments are moth-eaten. Your gold and your silver are rusted; and their rust shall be for a testimony against you, and shall eat your flesh as fire. Ye have laid up your treasure in the last days. Behold, the hire of the laborers who mowed your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth out; and the cries of them that reaped have entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth. Ye have lived delicately on the earth, and taken your pleasure; ye have nourished your hearts in a day of slaughter." (James 5:1-5)

I wish to be a true friend to every man who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow. True friendship, however, does not encourage a man in wrong-doing, but makes an earnest effort to enable him to do right. Yours in the name of Jesus.

JOHN L. MARSHALL, JR.

THE UNION LABEL

A Powerful Weapon for the Advancement Of Labor Interests

With every accession to the membership of the trade unions the potential value of the union label is increased. Its real value, however, depends upon it, he support given it by the unionists and their friends and sympathizers. Organized labor must demand union-made goods and the services of union men. The union label and the union card must stand steadfastly and consistently for honesty and against scampering and adulteration. A campaign of education is needed as to the meaning and purpose of the label, and the desirability and necessity of discrimination by union men in favor of union-made goods. Then, and not until then, will the union label become indeed "organized labor's most powerful weapon"—a weapon which cuts both ways, benefiting the union man in his dual capacity as a consumer and a producer.

—F. T. Colton in the Federationist.

The reason a girl doesn't scream when a man is kissing her against her will is she is afraid some one will hear.