

THE WAGEWORKER

A Newspaper with a Mission and without a Muzzle that is published in the interest of Wage-workers Everywhere.

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Are Such "Factories"

Good For Lincoln?

Among other business firms crippled by Tuesday night's big fire was the Lincoln Shirt and Overall company, which sustained a complete loss of its plant and stock, although the monetary loss is practically covered by insurance. The loss is chiefly from the fact that it is put out of business for a long time right at a period of the year when it should be busiest in getting ready to fill spring orders.

A meeting of the directors of the company was held Wednesday morning and the situation gone over. It was the unanimous opinion that the people of Lincoln ought to come to the front and provide the company with a suitable building at a rental not to exceed \$100 a month, and that if this was not done the company would locate its plant in some other and preferable smaller city.

The Wageworker would be sorry to see any business enterprise lost to Lincoln, and it entertains the hope that the Lincoln Overall and Shirt company will not feel compelled to go elsewhere. But right here The Wageworker desires to make a few deductions from figures given in Tuesday evening's News and doubtless inspired. The News says:

"This enterprise has been one of large importance to the city as well as to the company. Seventy-five persons have been given practically constant employment, and an average weekly pay roll of \$500 has been expended in the city. The business is on a good basis and growing rapidly. It is no experiment, and yet the company confronts a serious dilemma."

A simple little sum in long division will show that "an average weekly pay roll of \$500" distributed among seventy-five employes means an average weekly wage of \$6.66 a week. But superintendents, traveling men, foremen and foreladies, bookkeepers, etc., etc., certainly draw more than the average, and in view of this fact one wonders what wage is drawn by the girls who run the machines or do the real work of making the shirts and overalls.

This "average wage" business is very deceitful. For instance, the "average wage" on any great railroad system, including president, vice presidents, general manager, division superintendents, master mechanics and everybody else would doubtless look good, but the section hand working for a dollar and fifteen cents a day lacks a long way of drawing the "average." And an "average wage" of \$6.66 a week in a manufacturing plant like the Lincoln Overall and Shirt factory simply means that quite a number are working nine and ten hours a day for an almighty scant pittance.

If The Wageworker is not mistaken Manager Jones of the Lincoln Overall and Shirt factory is opposed to labor unions and one of those eminent business gentlemen who insist upon "running their own business without the interference of walking delegates." If The Wageworker is mistaken it apologizes. But employers who pay an average wage of \$6.66 a week are usually very much incensed at the idea of interference from organized labor.

As before stated, The Wageworker would regret it exceedingly if any Lincoln enterprise should be compelled to seek another field, but before it rends its nether garments trying to provide the Lincoln Overall and Shirt factory with a suitable location at a merely nominal rent, it would like to know a little more about the "average wage" paid.

Why? Because they can not do the work, for one thing; and another thing, they wouldn't be given any consideration whatever after they had been used to hammer down the wages of expert pressmen. The country pressmen would better stick to their jobs and let the above glittering offer go. Don't be a "scab."

PRISON-MADE BROOMS.

Watch for Them and Admit Them to no Good Unions Home.

The Lee Broom and Duster Co., is displaying in the show windows of Lincoln business houses the diploma it received at the St. Louis exposition. The Lee broom is convict made and is made in competition with free labor. Union men and women should make note of the fact.

The Merkle-Wiley broom, made at Paris, Ill., is not a fair broom. The Merkle-Wiley company was made a union shop at the request of the proprietors in 1899. Now the company is trying to force the open shop and the employes are on strike. Keep your eyes opened for the Merkle-Wiley broom, and when you see it remember that it is "unfair."

SOME RESOLUTIONS.

Pointers and Decorators Disclaim any Connection With Political Scheme.

Painters and Decorators' Union No. 18 of Lincoln has adopted the following resolutions:

Whereas, A few men have gotten themselves together and formed a "Laboring Men's Political Club" and have endorsed certain candidates, etc., and Whereas, This has placed organized labor in Lincoln in a false position, and Whereas, This union stands for clean

government and the enforcement of law and order, therefore be it

Resolved, by Local No. 18, Brotherhood of Painters, Decorators and Paperhangers of America, representing one of the largest bodies of mechanics in the city, do hereby state to the public that we are not a party to the "Laboring Men's Political Club" and we deny the right of a few men to speak in behalf of all the workers of the city.

W. E. DEWEY, Pres.
I. R. DELONG, Sec.
(Seal.)

ELECTRICAL WORKERS.

Getting Ready for Their Third Anniversary Ball on February 10.

The Electrical Workers give their third annual ball at Fraternity hall on February 10, and the preparations they are making to entertain their friends is sufficient guarantee that the evening will be enjoyably spent. The sale of tickets is now going on and the indications are that the crowd will tax the capacity of the hall.

The Electrical Workers have a habit of springing pleasant surprises at their annual functions, and it is hinted that there will be some unusual doings in this line this year.

NOTICE TO PAINTERS.

Important Meeting Called to Consider Questions of Great Interest to Them.

All members of Local No. 18, Brotherhood of Painters, Decorators and Paperhangers of America, are urgently requested to be present at the second meeting in February, Friday the 10th, for the purpose of transacting business vital to the welfare of the union. Every member should bear the date in mind and be there without fail.

Capital Auxiliary

Celebrates Anniversary

On January 21 Capital Auxiliary No. 11 to Typographical Union No. 209 celebrated its second anniversary, and the members of the auxiliary made it an occasion for entertaining their husbands at the hospitable home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Righer, 2308 Dudley. Despite the bitter cold weather seventeen couples were present, and a more pleasant evening the average printer man never had the privilege of enjoying. The committee in charge of the celebration had left nothing undone to make the affair a success.

Remembering the fact that the Lincoln Distraction company thinks so much of its dingy little yellow cars that it turns them into the barn shortly after sundown, the auxiliary planned to make the evening as long as possible, and for that reason it was announced that the festivities would begin promptly at 7 o'clock—and they did. The gentlemen went right from their work to the Righter home, and there they found their wives—and supper all ready. It was a genuine supper, too. None of your little coffee and wafer and toothpick feeds, but the kind of a supper that makes a tired and hungry workman feel like a grand duke and gives the cottage the appearance of a baronial castle. It took an hour to do the banquet justice, but the feat was accomplished to the complete satisfaction of the ladies. The best compliment one can pay a good cook is to eat all she can stack before you. The ladies of the auxiliary were handed a fine bunch of compliments on this special occasion.

A neat little game of wits—and geography—was played. Tickets made in the form of coupon railroad tickets were handed around, and with the warning to "tote fair" the guests were turned loose and invited to guess. There were sixteen stations on each ticket. This is the way it worked: Station No. 1 was described as "that for which our forefathers fought." The wise guest wrote "Independence." Station No. 10 was described as "an opera encore" and one guest guessed it, although the answer was as easy as falling on a Lincoln pavement, "Sing Sing." The editor of the Wageworker won the gentleman's prize in this contest, having succeeded in correctly naming thirteen of the sixteen stations. The prize was a pair of strictly union made suspenders. He lacked one button of having enough to fit, but the hostess kindly supplied a pin. Mrs. Frank Odell won the ladies' prize, an apron made of handkerchiefs and bearing the union label.

The anniversary cake, made by Mrs. Freeman and ornamented by two candles, was then brought forth and carved. Mrs. Freeman was given a unanimous vote of thanks for this display of her culinary skill. Each guest was given an anniversary card bearing an appropriate toast, and the reading of these toasts brought forth loud applause and laughter. While the ladies were setting things to rights after the banquet the gentlemen wended their way upstairs with union made cigars in their faces and spent a halfhour wondering how the executive committee was getting along, and telling of old times when "subbing" was good. Singing of old-time songs, stories, and social converse whiled away the hours until it was "grab things and run" or miss the last car.

Not the most uninteresting feature was the "athletic contest" in the kitchen, participated in by the gentlemen. Ever try your "grip" by seeing which of you would let the broomhandle twist? Ever lay flat on your back alongside a friend and engage in an "Injun wrasse?" Ever stick a pin in the side of a chair and try to get it with your teeth by twisting your body around the back of the chair? Ever sit on the floor facing your opponent, grab a broomhandle and see which could pull the other to his feet? The gentlemen all tried these diversions, to the great delight of the admiring ladies. Col. H. William Smith won the pin pulling match, Major John Zurbriggen captured the "Injun wrasser's" medal, Hon. Frank Odell proved that he could stand further away from a wall, lean over till his head hit and then straighten up with his hands behind his back than any other fellow present, and "Billy" Bustard won encomiums by falling off the chair seven times in succession while trying to pull the pin. The following were present:

Mr. and Mrs. Righer, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Odell, Mr. and Mrs. Barngrover, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Bustard, Mr. and Mrs. Zurbriggen, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Mickel, Mr. and Mrs. Locker, Mr. and Mrs. Hebbard, Mr. and Mrs. Rhone, Mr. and Mrs. Marpin, Mr. and Mrs. Norton, Mr. and Mrs. Marshall, Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Freeman, Miss Hazel Smith and Miss Freda McKel.

Capital Auxiliary has been the author of many a pleasant evening, but none of them is to be compared in point of pleasure with the second anniversary celebration. If the other craftsmen in the city could realize the help, socially and financially, that an auxiliary offers, every craft in the city would soon be blest as Typographical Union No. 209 is blest—by a band of women who are doing much for the cause of unionism.

The Central's Oyster Supper

The oyster supper and social given by Central Labor Union last Tuesday evening was the most successful affair, financially and socially, ever engineered by that body, and its success argues well for the growing spirit of unionism in the Capital City. The weather was bitterly cold, and although this doubtless kept many away, it did not prevent the hall from being comfortably filled, and when the oysters were served there were four rows of guests the entire length of the hall.

It was a jolly and good natured crowd that came up for pleasure and fraternity, and they got all they came for—including the good music and the dancing. President Kelsey of the central body made a few remarks, and the editor of The Wageworker succeeded in confining his speech inside of 120 seconds. Then came the oysters, and when they had disappeared the tables followed suit, and the dancing began. In order to give the evening the proper start r. Anhauser of the Cigarmakers' Union sang "When Other Lips and Other Hearts" and was warmly applauded.

The success of the social was so great that President Kelsey's announcement of another one to follow in a reasonable time brought forth thunderous applause. The committee in charge acquitted itself nobly.

One of the features of the evening was a recitation by Master Roy Walker, who is so little that he had to stand on a table to be seen, but who recited so manfully and so plainly that he was awarded a round of applause. Master Roy is not a "child wonder," which fact made his contribution to the program all the more pleasing. But he is a bright little fellow who wins the regard of all who meet him.

It may truthfully be said that the social event wound up in a blaze of glory, for when the social closed at midnight the merrymakers were permitted to see the biggest fire that Lincoln has had in years.

What the Firemen Really Need

The Wageworker will not undertake to give either old or new facts about Tuesday night's fire. It merely desires to make a few remarks regarding the work of the fire department. The daily papers paid fulsome compliments to the firemen and the firemen deserve every word of them.

Of course the firemen worked hard and heroically. Nobody expected them ever to do anything else if occasion demanded. Every time there is a big fire the papers dilate on the "heroic work of the firemen," just as if that sort of thing were not just as common with the firemen as falling off the water wagon is in a distillery district.

One might be led to think by a reading of the compliments, that the "heroic work" was something unusual. At Tuesday night's fire the members of the city fire department did not do anything surprising. It is true they fought a nasty fire in about the worst weather that could be sprung on a helpless people. It is true that they suffered horribly from the cold. It is also true that they faced death in a dozen different ways, and all that sort of thing. But nobody ever had the least suspicion that a single member of the force would ever balk. Everybody knew that the firemen would do just what they did, and everybody knows that the firemen would do it again under similar circumstances. That's what makes firemen. The fire department is not in any immediate need of compliments. It doubtless appreciates recognition of its good work, but what the department needs more than compliments or recognition of services performed is better appliances, better quarters, better pay and better hours. If the taxpayers will provide these things The Wageworker is willing to bet the firemen will quite willingly do without the compliments. The fireman's life would be chiefly "beer and skittles" if he had nothing to do but sit around the engine house and play checkers or curry the horses. But working at his business for just one night like last Tuesday night earns him about all the salary he gets in a twelvemonth. There are about 20,000 men in Lincoln who wouldn't do it for twice what a fireman gets—unless he had to, as most of the firemen do.

But the point The Wageworker wants to make is that the firemen need something more than words of praise—they need a lot of things that will make their work more effective and their vocation a bit less dangerous.

WHAT WOMEN CAN DO.

A Great Work at Hand That She can Accomplish by Unionism.

When a man marries, he generally tries to the best of his ability to make his home pleasant and comfortable for the girl who has consented to share her lot with him.

And a woman ought to consider her husband's interests first.

If a woman has a husband who is a candidate for some office on the republican ticket, do we hear her singing the praises of her opponent?

Why, even if she didn't know the difference between the republican ticket and an example in algebra, she would swear by it because her husband does.

But when a man belongs to a union, the greatest and only protection a working man has, how many wives uphold him? When there is an extra assessment to aid some strike, she will say (as a rule): "Let them take care of themselves. You are not one of them, and why should you help them? I need that small amount myself, I want to buy a new waist."

"But listen!" the husband will say; "if ever I am on strike these men will help me."

The wife answers: "But you may never go on a strike; there is all your money gone."

Such a woman might be talked to till a man turned to stone, and she'd never understand. She doesn't want to, and when a person doesn't want to understand, they're worse than those who can't.

A man comes home and says to his wife: "My dear, when you go into a store to buy anything, always ask for goods with the union label on them, as that will insure to us the fact that we are not buying penitentiary made goods."

The wife smiles very sweetly and says she will, and the very next day she goes into an unfair house and buys goods that salesmen tell her are not made by union working men.

Now, what are the union men going to do in their fight for justice when their wives, who have promised to be a helpmate to them, will tear down what they have built-up? Even if the union men do demand union-made goods, where they spend one dollar their wives and daughters spend fifty. What the country wants and needs

are union wives and union daughters. Where women have come to the front haven't they always won? Who can fight and win against a woman who is a woman?

Can't the women see that where the husbands received two dollars (\$2) a day before unions were in existence they now receive three dollars (\$3)?

The old saying, "Men must work and women must weep," has gone out of style. There is very little use for weeping, clinging women that men used to die for and consider themselves heroes for doing it. What we want now are women who work; women who are not afraid to hold up their heads and say: "I demand the rights that belong to me and mine."

Oh, women—sisters! Wake up before it is too late! When women will stand side by side with the men in their struggles the men are strengthened and encouraged, and women should consider who are men fighting for if not for them? If a man cared nothing for his family, would he care how much money he earned as long as he was provided for?

And now let us put our hand in the hand of our union brothers and say: "As long as I live I will do my part toward advancing the cause of Organized Labor by always demanding the union label."—Colorado Springs Labor News.

WHAT MEANS IT?

Looks Like a Scheme to Make Trouble for Union Pressmen.

Every day for the past week the following advertisement has appeared in the Lincoln daily newspapers: PRINTING pressmen in the state desiring to make a change address us, stating particulars. Address 274 Journal.

Doubtless this advertisement has been seen, read and answered by a number of boys in the country towns who have had a brief experience solving noteheads and envelopes into a Gordon press, or patent insides into the grippers of a country Campbell and imagine that they are pressmen. And doubtless they think they see in the advertisement an opportunity to come to a city and make big wages. The boys would better think again. The wages are not big, the work is hard, the expenses are high, and the chances are that they would not last long.

Technical Society