The Wageworker

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LABEL PRINTING TRADES UNION LABEL COUNCIL

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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 WAGEWORKER, 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.

A BETTER SCHEME

The Wageworker from time to time publishes a "We do not patronize" list, not because it is a sincere believer in this method of prosecuting the work of unionism, but because of the absence of a better method. The Wageworker believes that more may be accomplished by boosting the friends or organized labor than by knocking its avowed enemies. If union men will talk more about friendly employers and less about unfriendly employers, and will advance the interests of the fair employers, much more good will be accomplished.

The great trouble with organized labor is a lack of unanimity in pushing the interests of those who are friendly. Instead of knocking the non-union employer, just ignore him and give your patronage to the fair employer. The way to detect the fair employer is to look for the label on the goods he manufactures. The label tells its own story. The unfair list is all right in its place, but it should not be the sole guide of the labor unionist. The label is the only safe guide. Look for it, and keep on looking until you find it.

FIGURE IT OUT

There are not less than 5,000 men in Lincoln who smoke cigars It is safe to say that an average of 15,000 cigars are smoked in Lincoln every day, and just as safe to say that less than 10 per cent of this number are made in Lincoln. Men who know nothing about unionism are invited to ponder on a few facts in this connection.

The average stint for a cigar-maker is 250 cigars a day. If every cigar smoked in Lincoln was made by a Lincoln cigarmaker, it would mean the employment of from 60 to 75 cigarmakers steadily and at good wages. This would mean the payment of wages amounting to upwards of $1,000 a week that would be spent with Lincoln merchants and run through the channels of Lincoln trade. The citizen who can not look at this from the standpoint of unionism might profit by looking at it from the purely financial standpoint.

The editor of The Wageworker smokes, and rather opines that he knows a good cigar. And here and now he makes bold to state that he can get just as good a cigar made here in Lincoln as is made anywhere else, price considered. Every time you smoke a Lincoln made cigar you are contributing to the business of the city, and not to the business of foreign cities where cheap scab and sweat-shop labor is employed. From the standpoint of "patronizing home industries" the scheme is worth pusning. The Commercial club is doing some good work along this line, but it could and should do more. "Lincoln made cigars for Lincoln smokers" is a pretty good watchword right now.

THE JONES WAIL

Manager Jones of the Lincoln Overall and Shirt company wants the citizens to furnish his company with a building. Failing this he will take his factory elsewhere. This would be a severe loss to Lincoln and especially to a large number of women and girls who made excellent wages at this factory—not. Mr. Jones is opposed to union labor, and we have been told that he required all employes to sign an agreement not to join a labor union while in his employ. We do know that Mr. Jones is opposed to labor organizations, and we do know that he is a very pious man. He is head and front of the Epworth Assembly, which is a magnificent influence for good, and which has the best wishes of The Wageworker despite Mr. Jones' connection therewith. But while Mr. Jones is loudly praising the Master and singing with unction that good old song,

"For all the Lord has done for me
I never shall cease to love Him;
And for His grace so full and free
I never shall cease to love Him"—

While he has been singing, we repeat, that good old song with great unction, girls have been toiling fifty-four hours a week over machines in his factory and drawing the magnificent wage of from $9 to $13 a month for it. While he was praising the Lord in song, tired girls in his factory were making overalls for 27 cents a dozen. Somehow or other we fail to grasp the true inwardness of the professed Christian who willingly walks around and watches girls making overalls for 27 cents a dozen.

When we take note of the wages paid by Mr. Jones we can understand why he will not permit any labor unions to "interfere with the management of his business." He is wise enough to know that the labor unions are opposed to that sort of a wage system.

Lincoln can not afford to offer any inducements to factories that pay the wages admittedly paid by the Lincoln Overall and Shirt factory. Such factories will come soon enough without inducements, and with their coming will come all their attendant evils—evils easily recognized by those who have visited the sweat shops and factory centers of the east.

Before Lincoln people put up any good money to subsidize Mr. Jones' factory they ought to investigate wages and hours. Certainly Mr. Jones has a right to manage his own business as he pleases, but when it pleases him to work girls fifty-four hours for a wage of from $7 to $13 a month loyal and thoughtful Lincoln citizens should not permit themselves to be made a party to the thing.

The farmer who antagonizes labor unions is either ignorant or criminally foolish. The dissolution of the labor unions would mean the practical ruin of every farmer in the country. Unions enforce living wages, therefore making it possible for the farmer to sell his produce. Good wages attract men to the cities, thus reducing the competition among farmers. The interests of the farmer and the union man are identical, and they should be working together shoulder to shoulder for the same ends.

Post of Battle Creek depends almost entirely upon small retailers for the sale of his dyspepsia breeding "health foods," and yet he is the same Post who is backing the parcels post bill that will put small retailers out of business and build up the big mail order houses. The small retailer who contributes to Post's wealth is merely cutting his own business throat.

The employer who treats his employes fairly and is willing to meet them on a common ground for the discussion of mutual affairs, never has any trouble with labor. It is the man who denounces "labor union interference" because it compels him to be decent, who is always in trouble and always pays starvation wages.

Representative Burns' bill to change the city election from spring until fall and consolidate it with the county and state elections, should be defeated without loss of time. Its enactment is demanded only by parties having a selfish interest to advance and would be a step backwards in civic reform. Smash the Burns bill.

President Roosevelt's new chief statistican of the bureau of labor statistics is a college professor who is as ignorant of labor conditions as Carroll D. Wright was of a disposition to be honest in his figures.

When we can forget Homestead, Pittsburg, Chicago and Colorado we will begin damning the Russian government for St. Petersburg and Moscow. But just now our forgettery refuses to work in that direction.

If your local union is not on The Wageworker's subscription books, don't you think it would be a good idea for you to bring the matter up at the next meeting of the union and have some action taken.

You will never be a square-toed union man until you invariably insist upon seeing the label or demanding the card of the man who does your work. Get into the game.

The man who tries to "knock" John Mitchell in a convention of miners is quite apt to hit his own thumb plenty.

Having waited a long time to "see Scudder," it is now the intention of the people to make Scudder see.

Lincoln does not want sweatshop overall and shirt factories badly enough to pay bonuses for them.

Every time you give a fellow unionist a boost you boost yourself.

Old John Rockefeller is a wise gazaboo. He pays better than average wages, and therefore never has any labbr trouble to interfere with his work of gouging the public.

It is as easy to boost as it is to knock.

And the results are far better.

So you'd better be a booster

Don't be a knocker.

Demand the label.

All the time.

Everywhere.

Properly Labeled

CAKES AND HONEY

(With proper acknowledgements to Mr. J. M. Dryden of Watson, Mo.)

You may talk about your coffee and
some rolls at breakfast time,
You may sing the praise of country
eggs and ham.
You may talk in glowing measure of
the health foods fit and prime,
Or chant of chops you carve from
pig and lamb.
But I tune my voice for singing of a
finer bill of fare—
None better could the mind of man
ere wish—
O, for breakfast ev'ry morning let me
witness standing there
Smoking buckwheats and some
honey by the dish.

Give me glowing, redhot buckwheats
and some honey in the comb—
Lots of both, and then upon 'em
turn me loose—
And with knife and fork I'll rattle out
the old tune, "Home, Sweet
Home,"
Till my appetite puts out a flag of
truce.
Buckwheats hot from off the griddle,
lots of honey—O, yum-yum!
Talk about your bills of fare from
soup to fish!
I'll pass up the French chefs quickly
if you'll only give me some
Sizzling buckwheats and some honey
by the dish.

I'll admit there's lots of pleasure
'round the splendid banquet
board,
With rich viands brought from ev'ry
land and clime;
I'll confess I've smiled with pleasure
when rich vintages were poured,
And the quip and jest flew fast to
pass the time.
But despite the glare and glitter, and
despite the viands rare,
While I sat there I possessed a secret wish—
Just a wish that they would give quite
a plenty and to spare
Of good buckwheats and some honey
by the dish.

CORRECTED

Orator—"In the bright lexicon of youth there is no such word as 'fail.'"

Printer (in the rear seat).—"Huh! That publishing house needs a proofreader."

POSTSCRIPT

"Man wants but little here below"—
You've heard that oft before;
Now to that little line I'll add
But just one small line more:
"Man wants but little here below,"
Then why his vain regrets?
He wants but little, and 'tis true
It's little that he gets.

WHERE TO BUILD

"I see that the canal commission is undecided which plan of construction to follow, whether to take the thirty foot elevation, the sixty foot elevation or the ninety foot elevation"

"Say, this canal has been in the air long enough. What's the matter with building it, and building it on the level?"

OUR SUBTLE LANGUAGE

"My only desire in seeking this office," said the candidate, "is to do you good."

After being triumphantly elected he did do the people, good.

However, the people may have been to blame for not understanding the subtleties of our language.

DISAPPOINTED

He walked into our office with a stately tread, and with the grace of a Chesterfield handed us his card.

"What can we do for you?" we asked.

"Sir, you can help me herald to the world the greatest invention ever offered to man."

"And that is?" we queried, stopping to give him opportunity to explain.

"I have invented a non-losable collar button. By an attachment so small as to be almost imperceptible a bell is set ringing the moment the button is dropped, and the bell continues to ring until the button is returned to its proper position in the neckband or cuff, as the case may be. In this manner it is rendered unnecessary that the owner search in three thousand places where the button might have fallen, while all the time it is hidden away in a place where the owner could not have placed it by the most diligent effort. This invention of mine is destined to revolutionize business and bring about a reform in the matter of profanity, and I am sure that you as a man of public spirit, and—"

And then two uniformed men rushed in, grabbed the visitor and manacled his wrists.

"Beg pardon, sir," said one of them, "He is usually harmless, but if he gits started he's liable to git violent. He got away from us this mornin' an' we just got him located."

EVEN

The committee of Plain People, sent to Washington to investigate Senator Graball, was ushered into the presence of the Great Man.

Thrusting his right hand into the bosom of his left breast the Great Man bowed and asked:

"And now, gentlemen, what can I do for my well beloved constituents?"

"Senator Graball," said the spokesman in an awed tone of voice, "it is charged in our state that you owe everything to the great corporations. We have come to see what basis there is for the charge, and to ask you about it."

"Gentlemen!" thundered the Great Man. "There is no basis for the cruel charge. I owe the corporations nothing—absolutely nothing. I ask you to go right ahead with your investigation."

So saying the committee of Plain People was majestically bowed from the room. As the last of the committee disappeared the Great Man smiled grimly, dropped into an easy chair and muttered:

"No, I owe the corporations nothing. I have paid them in full."

Having no access to the corporations' books the committee of Plain People was compelled to return and report accordingly.

BEFORE AND AFTER

The manager of the transportation company called his employes together and made them a little speech.

"My dear friends," said the manager, "if this bill before congress becomes a law we will, in self defense, be compelled to reduce the wages of our employes. It is to your interests to help us defeat the iniquitous measure. It strikes at your bread and butter, and I would not have your dinnerpails abbreviated."

Much more along the same line did the manager say, and the men counseled together. Throwing their influence against the bill they were enabled to see it overwhelmingly defeated. Six days later notice of a 20 per cent reduction in wages was posted. The men called on the manager en masse and protested.

"You told us that if that bill became a law our wages would be reduced. We defeated the bill, and lo, our wages are reduced just the same. How is it?"

"My unsophisticated friends," said the manager, "we went to great expense to show how that bill would reduce your wages if it became a law, and we are now merely recouping ourselves for that expense."

Realizing that they were up against a "master of finance" the employes returned to work, muttering however, and wondering what would come next.

CARDS

Not all misers hoard money.

Gossips thrive only when listeners are handy.

A starving man finds it difficult to interest himself in tracts.

God looks behind the sum given to see the heart of the giver.

Some would-be reformers exhaust themselves in the prospectus.

The man who reaps joy today is the man who sowed smiles yesterday.

The best way to measure a man is to put him alongside a big issue.

A brave man is always willing to admit that he is afraid to do wrong.

A lot of men expect to wear crowns because their wives bore heavy crosses.

When a congregation goes to sleep it is a sign that it is time to wake up the preacher.

It's a selfish man who insists on sharing the benefits without helping to bear the expense.

We know men who never do good with their right hands for fear their left hands will find it out.

Whenever a man offers as an excuse for wrongdoing that he is a victim of environment it is generally safe to guess that he chose the environment.

The greatest successes some men achieve are their failures. And some men fail most lamentably when they succeed in accomplishing their objects.

As a general proposition it is not difficult to ascertain the party who is in the wrong in a labor dispute. Just spot the one who is not willing to meet the other half way.

When we hear a man making fun of what the average woman carries in her pocketbook we feel like offering him something to make a showing of what he has in his sixteen or twenty pockets.

Edgar Howard, one of the best democratic editors in the west, defends the dress suit on the ground that it is the most democratic garment a man can wear. He says that when men wear dress suits you can not tell the chief guest from the head waiter.

A Lincoln mother who has two little daughters recently began scolding because they kept the house in a constant litter with their toys. One of the little ones looked up and asked: "Mamma, which would you rather have, your two little girls or a clean house?"

ONE WHO DIDN'T KNOW.

First Friend—"Hello, Jinks, that's a bad cold you have. Soak your feet in boiling water and drink a pint of hot vinegar and molasses. It's a sure cure."

Second Friend (a few moments later)—"By Jove! Jinks, you ought to do something for that cold. Take a big dose of quinine—sure thing every time."

Third Friend (ten minutes later)—"I say, Jinks, there's no use coughing yourself into the grave like that. Get a bottle of Jane's Hopetorant—stop it quicker'n a wink."

Fourth Friend—"Got a bad cold, haven't you?"

Jinks (after waiting some time)—"Well, do you know a sure cure?"

Gourth Friend (hoarsely)—"No. Got a bad cold myself."

APPEARANCES OFTEN DECEPTIVE

Tramp—"Please, mum, I'm almost starved."

Housekeeper—"I saw you enter half a dozen houses before you got to this one, and you stayed a good while in each."

Tramp—"Yes, mum, but they was all boardin' houses."

The beautiful Washington maiden cut him off in the middle of his impassioned proposal. "Indeed, Mr. Awlrite," she said, "you must not say any more. There are reasons why I cannot listen to you."

"Then give me leave to print!" gasped the young congressman, too badly rattled to know what he was saying.

The overfeeding of infants has been responsible for so many deaths recently that it is proposed to legislate with a view to making it compulsory for every child to be marked with a loadline corresponding to the Plimsoll mark on ships.

"The court has made him receiver for Catchem and Fleecem, the firm that failed."

"I wouldn't like that job."

"Why not?"

"It's too much like receiving stolen property."