

THE WAGWORKER

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HOW IT WORKED.

Several years ago the English in South Africa concluded that they would make the Kaffirs—native Africans—work for even less than the meagre wages they were paying them. The Kaffirs refused to work, and the English, smiling their superior smile, said to themselves, "We will starve the 'niggers' into submission."

But they did not. And why? The Kaffirs merely returned to the land, which was not owned by private individuals and speculative corporations, and proceeded to make a living. The English couldn't find them, for the country was too big. Finally the English had to submit, increase the wage above the old standard and offer better treatment. Then the Kaffirs returned to the mines.

Here's another case. A few years ago a young man with a family came to Lincoln and secured employment with the Lincoln Distraction company. He owned eighty acres of land near Bennett, but came to Lincoln because of the superior school facilities offered. He worked for the company four years without an increase in his meagre pay, and then went to the office and asked for more. He was told that he would get no increase; on the contrary, he would have to take a small reduction. When he protested he was told that the company could put on a new and younger man who in six weeks could do the work as well and do it for less money.

"Put him on," was the reply. "I will go back to the farm." He did return to the farm. Why? Because he owned the farm. Do you begin to get a glimmer of the facts? The land is the source of all wealth, and it should not be privately owned, any more than the air we breathe or the sunlight we enjoy should be privately owned. As long as the present land ownership system remains just so long will monopolistic privilege prevail and the wage earner be subject to its caprices.

Just think it over for a little while. Then think some more. Then keep on thinking until you begin to get a glimmer of the real truth. Here is something from the pen of Tom Bawden, editor of "Our Commonwealth." Read it and digest it at your leisure:

"Labor must war on monopolistic privilege instead of productive capital, and with the 'open shop' demand 'open opportunities' in natural resources and communal privileges, in order to equalize this terribly unequal distribution of material progress."

When organized labor begins to think a few days ahead of next Saturday night's pay envelope it will have made a big step towards solving the problems confronting it.

PROSPERITY—NO!

Prosperous times in this country? Comparatively, yes. In fact, no. For five weeks the entire country has been fast in the grip of a cold spell almost unprecedented in its severity. During that time a million people have suffered from lack of fuel and clothing—while the Astors and the Vanderbilts held their balls and routs and displayed millions of dollars worth of diamonds.

Right here in Nebraska hundreds of unfortunates suffered from the cold because they had no fuel, although they had plenty to eat. In Pennsylvania and Virginia thousands suffered from hunger, although they had plenty of coal to keep them warm. Yet the building of huge public libraries goes merrily on while people freeze and starve in hopeless misery.

In God's name, fellow citizens, what's wrong?

Don't try to answer with the miserable cant of "equal opportunities" or "improvidence of the poor." That's not the answer. There's something wrong somewhere. Thousands shiver with insufficient clothing in the rigors of a northern winter, and southern planters are burning cotton because the price is so low it will not pay the cost of production and they seek to reduce the supply and thus get living prices. Great factories shut down because of "overproduction," and thousands starve and die because they can't get the things produced in these great factories. Shoe factories close down because there is no market for their wares, and thousands upon thousands walk through the snow with their almost bare feet upon the ground. The government spends \$130,000,000 in a year on its army and navy and thinks it nothing, but it points with great pride to the fact that it expects to spend \$10,000,000 within the next eight or ten years in irrigation projects that will make homes for the people.

The average wage in 1850 was \$300 a year, and the largest income was \$25,000 a year. The average wage in 1904 was \$500 a year, and the largest income was \$35,000,000.

Prosperity? Yes, for the very few; but what about the innumerable many?

Get your thinking caps on, you wage earners. Wipe the dust out of your eyes and look into the future a little further than the next pay day.

Steady work this week, with no assurance of work next week; three meals a day this week, with no assurance of anything to eat next week; the music of the shop whistle this week with no assurance that the music will ring next week—that's not prosperity by a long way.

THE WAY TO HELP.

The Wagworker is under obligations to several of its staunch supporters for help along a line that may easily be extended. They have secured advertisements for this newspaper from stores where they trade, and have done so by calling attention to the class of people among whom The Wagworker circulates and showing its advantages as an advertising medium.

This is the kind of help that counts. And the publisher appreciates it much more than he can tell. Every time you mention The Wagworker when buying of one of its advertisers you help the paper and help the cause. And the cause is as much your own as it is the publisher's. If the editor and publisher of The Wagworker were dependent upon its net revenues for his living he would be up against it good and hard. Up to date the net receipts would not pay him 5 cents an hour for the work he has put in on it. But he is not complaining—on the contrary he is well content. He sees a future for The Wagworker. He believes that it is growing in influence as it is growing in circulation, and he is going right ahead just as long as he can meet the bills of the printers and the pressmen.

The Wagworker is not yet a year old—although it is very near it. The paper has appeared regularly every week for forty-five consecutive weeks—a record that beats anything ever before made by a labor paper in Lincoln, and there have been several such. Today The Wagworker has upwards of 1,000 names on its subscription books, and every name is either that of a bona fide subscriber or one to whom the paper is sent by a friend and paid for.

If you will stand by The Wagworker you may depend upon it that The Wagworker will stand by you.

The trusts and corporations get what they want from congress by electing representatives who will do their bidding. Organized labor does not get what it wants from congress because it helps the trusts and corporations to elect trust and corporation representatives. See?

The grand opera singer gets \$2,000 a night—that's art. The Wall street speculator sells what he hasn't got and buys what he never gets, and makes a million in a day—that's business. The corporation elects a man to the United States senate to represent its

interests, and the people pay the bills—that politics. The skilled tradesman makes an average of \$2.50 a day—that's industry. The Astorbilts give a function and spend \$50,000 for flowers and display \$10,000,000 worth of diamonds—that's society. A half million people go to bed hungry every night and wake up in the morning to face another cheerless day—that's hell.

The coal barons puts miners to work in the spring and accumulate a big stock of coal. Then they force the miners to strike. Then they proceed to put up the price on the plea of "scarcity of product" and make \$60,000,000 in addition to what they have saved in wages. And they'll keep it up until Americans learn enough to take charge of the coal that God Almighty put in the ground for the equal use and benefit of all mankind. Socialism? Not a bit of it—just commonsense.

The son of the millionaire gets on a howling drunk and the policeman puts him in a cab and sends him home—that's "sowing wild oats." A laboring man gets on a drunk because he wants to forget his troubles for a few hours, and the policeman yanks him to the bull pen and the court gives him \$5 and costs or ten days in jail—that's preserving the dignity of the law.

There are upwards of 50,000 voters in Nebraska who work for wages. It takes an average of 35,000 votes to elect a congressman. By this rule the wage earners are entitled to a congressman and three-tenths of a congressman. The Wagworker is waiting for some one to give it the name of their congressman, to say nothing of the three-tenths.

C. W. Post offered his "Result of Boycott" advertisement to a large number of country weeklies and they refused to print it. Then he got it on the patent insides, and now the country weeklies are roasting him to a frazzle. Every time Post opens his mouth he puts his foot in it so far that his instep jams his epiglottis.

The printers are paying an assessment of one-half of one per cent a month on their earnings for the purpose of raising an "8-hour fund." The fund will approximate \$200,000 by January 1, 1906. And there isn't a union printer in the country who is making any kick about the assessment, either.

There are lawyers, doctors, dentists, farmers, merchants and druggists in the Nebraska legislature. If there are any union workmen members of that body The Wagworker has been unable to get upon their track. Yet there are 5,000 union men in Omaha and 2,000 union men in Lincoln.

A snow blockade interferes with railroad traffic and the daily newspapers devote columns to telling all about it. A million people suffer horribly because of the same snow and cold, and the daily newspapers say never a word. Moral: Be a corporation if you want to attract attention.

Perhaps one reason why congressmen do not put their ears to the ground to catch public sentiment is that they are afraid of having their ears stepped on.

We are waiting to hear what "Sadie Maguire" of Omaha has to say in reply to Secretary Bramwood of the International Typographical Union. Whatever it may be it is quite sure to be Hot Stuff.

Too cold to attend union meeting last week, eh? Well, it wasn't too cold to accept the benefits that accrue to you by reason of your union, was it?

If it hasn't got the union label on it you may be—and doubtless are—contributing to the enemy of organized labor. Moral: Demand the label.

If a union card means anything at all it should mean that the bearer is willing to do a fair day's work for a fair day's pay.

It takes a whole lot more than a union card in the pocket and a union button on the coat to make a union man.

When you patronize a Wagworker advertiser you are helping three of us—The Wagworker, yourself and the advertiser.

If you are in the union game at all, get into it clear up to your eyebrows. The half-way unionist is two-fourths "scab."

Here is a little matter to consider: The true blue union man will insist that his coal be delivered by a union teamster.

If you can't get union made chewing tobacco, quit chewing. Better quit anyhow.

Gee, how popular the laboring man is right now in every city that holds its election in the spring!

Property Labeled

THEN AND NOW

They say of General Washington "He could not tell a lie." Which fact is put in history and oft embalmed in rhyme. And if 'tis so—of course it is—as days go fleeting by. We see how sadly things have changed since George's day and time. For Washington achieved success in finance and in war. Despite the fact he struck to truth through thick and thin with vim. But just suppose a little case—the thought gives one a jar—If George lived now, and tried it on, pray what would happen him? If he should go to Wall street To deal with bulls and bears; Or trade in puts and calls neat. Or buy and sell some shares In deep blue sky or bricks of gold Pray tell me if you please, How soon would George, if truth he told.

Be brought down on his knees? We have heard the hatchet story some three thousand times or more; We've had the picture held before our weak and sinful eyes. In dreams we've seen his papa come with angry mien and roar And heard George 'fess, "I chopped it, pa; I cannot tell a lie!" Iconoclasts are telling us the story is untrue But true or false 'twas good enough to point a moral clear. But what, I ask, could Washington in "frenzied finance" do If he should try the truthful dodge in this particular year? He couldn't run a beef trust Or corner coal and wheat; 'Twould make his heart with grief burst To tackle sugar sweet. He'd last a round with Mr. Baer.

About as long with Schwab; They'd quickly do him up for fair And jolt him from his job.

'Tis well for General Washington and for his wondrous fame He lived a century ago, for were he with us now And tried to beat the "system" at its own peculiar game Instead of saying "I can't lie," he'd go to learning how. For "gentlemen's agreements" and all such financial tricks, The "rebates" and the "mileage"—well, I rather think you know The man who tried the truthful game with such a meek to mix Would quickly get it in the neck and stand no earthly show. He couldn't form a brass trust Or dabble long in steel. He couldn't run a glass trust Or corner flour and meal. Truth is not on Wall street's roll, And falsehood's above par; So George, I think upon the whole You're better where you are.

RECONSIDERATION

"I am opposed to this so-called bill for the relief of the people," exclaimed the pompous congressman. "The people are too ignorant to know what is best for their interests. I shall exercise my superior judgment in their behalf and save them from the consequences of their own folly by opposing this vicious bill." "But your constituents have petitioned you to support it," we ventured, modestly and tremblingly. "That, sir, as I said before, is because my constituents do not know what they want." "But 3,000 farmers in the south end of your district met yesterday and burned you in effigy, while 4,000 farmers and merchants met day before yesterday and unanimously voted to oppose your re-election. The chairman of your congressional committee has resigned, and seven of the nine members of that committee are out actively fighting your re-nomination." "What's that?" gasped the congressman. "Framing it up to beat me because I oppose their wishes. What's this country coming to? By the way,

on second thoughts I believe there are some merits to this proposed law, and I rather think I should give it my support."

SPEAKING OF BABIES

"Are babies worth what they cost?" asks an exchange. The man or woman who would ask that question is to be pitied. "Are babies worth what they cost?" Bless their little hearts, the dividends they pay each day exceed their cost by as many thousand per cent as there are dimples in their faces and smiles on their lips.

The slightest touch of a baby's hand is ample compensation for all the pain and tears and heartaches and financial investment it brings. The men or women who would stop to consider what the baby cost while looking into its eyes or listening to its cooing, would talk through their noses to save wear and tear on their teeth, or tip-toe down the street to save the wear on shoe-heels.

"Are babies worth what they cost?" The sight of a baby's smiling face at the window can make bright and glorious the finish of a day begun in mental anguish and loaded to the Pimmsolli line with financial difficulties and dread. The prattling welcome at the door could no more be measured in dollars and cents than the love of God could be measured by finite minds.

"Are babies worth what they cost?" Ask the mother and father who are weeping by the side of the little coffin that holds the mortal remains of the little one that brightened their home for a brief span, and catch the answer in their broken sobs and moans. All that they have, and all that they expect ever to have in this world, would they give just to call back to life for one brief day the little one too soon to be consigned to the bosom of Mother Earth.

Worth what they cost? As an investment they cost a few dollars in money and a few hours of pain and tears, but they return dividends of hope and love and light every day through the span of eternity.

"Are babies worth what they cost?" We'd pity the babe given into the keeping of a husband and wife who could not look into its eyes and fondling its chubby little form long enough to ask themselves that question.

As a matter of fact, we can not believe that any real father or mother ever asked such a fool question.

NOT WHOLLY BAD

John Lawrence Sullivan, erstwhile champion of the fistic world, who is now on the lecture platform and delivering temperance addresses, points with pride to the fact that he never smoked a cigarette. This calls to mind the story of the serene and benevolent old lady who was noted for her gracious habit of always having a kind word for everybody. One day while a group of girls near her was discussing some absent acquaintance and indulging in a lot of gossip, the good old lady spoke up and let drop a few words of praise in the absent one's behalf.

"Well, I do believe grandma, you would have a good work for Satan himself!" exclaimed one of the group. "Well," observed grandma with a benevolent smile. "I have always believed that Satan paid strict attention to his own business." And John L. Sullivan never smoked a cigarette.

CARDS

Self-help does not mean selfishness. Sacrifice does not mean giving up something you do not want.

Some men never learn the difference between license and liberty.

The man who minds his own business usually has a successful one.

You can not stand up for your own rights by trampling on the rights of others.

Life is vastly more than mere living. For every tongue of gossip there are sure to be at least two ears.

The man who owns nothing but money may never be in danger of the almshouse, but he is usually the inmate of a poor house.

Great reforms are not wrought in a minute, but many would-be reformers become discouraged if they do not see results in thirty seconds.

The man who looks up may stumble occasionally, but he sees more that is beautiful and wholesome and good than the man whose eyes are always turned towards the muck and mire of the street.

NOT AN EASY JOB TO TRY IT.

When Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, finished a speech of thirty minutes to the national convention of tailors, Delegate Herman Nehaus of Pittsburgh (a socialist) arose and said that there was some doubt as to whether Mr. Gompers was wearing clothes with the union label, and moved that a committee be appointed to investigate.

The motion caused a storm of protest, but Mr. Gompers quieted the delegates and suggested to the convention that Nehaus be appointed a committee of one to investigate.

The convention shouted its approval and Gompers advanced to the front of the platform and, pointing to Nehaus, urged him to come forward, at the same time opening his coat as if to display the label. Nehaus remained in his seat and the delegates yelled in derision.

Being the labor leader (president of the American Federation of Labor) is not the "snap" some people seem to think. He must keep his temper while dealing with d—n fools, and worse, who have no sympathy whatever with the labor movement.—San Francisco Star.

Thirsty Tanks—Maine's a nutty ole state, ain't it?

Frayed Fagan—Well, mebbe dere's method in its nuttiness. Mebbe dey wanner discourage tourists like up.

Thirsty Tanks—Well, dey're doin' it; cuttin' out booze an' namin' one o' deir towns "Bath."

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