

THE WAGEWORKER

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UNION LABOR AND THE INJUNCTION.

In an address recently delivered in New York City, Public Prosecutor William Travers Jerome paid attention to the injunction, and in the course of his remarks said:

"And let me add, that the greatest peril to the labor movement in this country is the misunderstanding now so prevalent on the question of injunctions; for the thing that is going to stand between the labor organizations and their oppressors in the future is the injunction of the federal courts, in spite of the idea that is held of it today by members of trade unions."

That sounds very good, and if existing conditions were fair and just it would doubtless be as good as it sounds. But Mr. Jerome utterly fails to take into consideration existing conditions. If the poor man had an equal show before the courts with the rich corporations, then the poor man would be very willing to take his chances against the injunction alongside the rich corporation. The Wage-worker realizes fully that in even intimating that the courts are influenced in favor of the giant corporations it lays itself liable to be classed among the "anarchists." But at the risk of being thus classified The Wageworker unhesitatingly declares that the giant corporations have so manipulated things that they have control not only of the lawmaking branches of the government, but of the judicial branch as well. Senators and congressmen sit in legislative halls as the personal representatives of the corporations. Judges are selected for the bench with reference to their willingness to favor the corporations. What show has a laboring man in a damage suit against a railroad before a judge elevated to the bench by the railroad and a jury given free passes to and from the place of holding court?

The judge who carries a railroad pass has accepted something that every right thinking man must consider a bribe, and the judge who tries a case wherein a railroad is party to the suit, while carrying an annual pass given by that railroad, has no moral or legal right to sit as judge in the case. The judge who would accept the present of a horse from a man charged with horse stealing would be impeached. But there are judges who will sit in a case with a railroad pass in their pockets and act as judge when the railroad giving it is accused of violation of the law.

What sort of chance has the laboring man who has no favors to grant against that sort of practice? What show has the workingman before courts subservient to the corporations? The corporation manager has but to crook his finger and the creature he has elevated to place and power cringes to do his bidding.

Take it right here in Nebraska. Every judge on the district bench, with possibly one exception, carries a pocket full of railroad passes. Federal judges come and go in private cars belonging to general managers. Men drawn on federal grand juries travel to and from Omaha on passes. Every county prosecutor carries a pocket full of railroad passes. Practical every practicing attorney is beholden to the railroads because of railroad passes. This insidious form of corruption permeates the body politic, and the result is that the great corporations have everything their own way. Legislatures yield and courts uphold. The workingman who seeks to stop the injustice the corporation puts upon him is either laughed to scorn or worn out by technicalities and laggard courts that are quick only to do the bidding of the strong. The workingman who seeks his natural rights is enjoined temporarily and the injunction is made permanent because he can not afford either time or money to make showing in his favor.

The injunction is a weapon the workingman can not use, but a weapon that corporations force courts to wield in the interests of the corporations. Courts have enjoined men from walking the public highways. Courts have enjoined ministers of the gospel from praying for the souls of the men who toil. Courts have enjoined men from quitting the service of cruel taskmasters. Courts have enjoined men who sought only to exercise the constitutional right of free speech. With courts notoriously subservient to corporations William Travers Jerome has the nerve to tell the labor unions that the injunction is going to stand between them and their oppressors. William Travers Jerome will have to guess again.

"BUFFALO BILL," GOLD BRICK.

Another idol has been shattered, another statue thought to be of pure gold has been found to be gilded only. For thirty years we have worshipped at the shrine of "Buffalo Bill" and thought of him as the chivalric embodiment of all that was knightly. Time and again have we stood in his presence with bated breath and silently worshipped. Long years ago—more than we care to recall—we first saw the waving locks of the renowned plainsman and were permitted to clasp the hand that had sent Chief Yellow Tail to his long home. For years the memory of that handclasp was as wine to the weak or the perfume of flowers to the lonely wanderer through the desert of a dreary life. We measured all men by the plainsman who had scouted where death stalked abroad, and reamed by night and thought by day of the daring deeds of darksome danger performed by the plainsman. How eagerly we devoured the wild and weird tales of Ned Buntline, and swore by them as by the words of holy writ.

But the idol of our youth has been shattered, the dreams of the days of adolescence have been dissipated, and "Buffalo Bill" stands forth a mere man, stripped of all his glittering glory and revealed in his true character of a two-spot.

"Buffalo Bill," like many another man, has gone the pace that kills. Unbalanced by the homage paid him, he lost his mental poise, his manhood and his reputation—traded off for the smiles of bawds and the fleeting pleasures of the wine cup. Succumbing to the sinister smiles of the strumpets of society and concert halls, "Buffalo Bill" turned his back upon the faithful wife who sacrificed and toiled to make him famous, and today he stands revealed as a cheap imitation of a real man who would swap a virtuous bed of roses for the lecherous joys of a bawdy house garbage heap.

We used to think of "Buffalo Bill," armed to the teeth and breathing destruction to the savage foe, as the embodiment of all that was brave. Today we see in him a big and burly brutal coward low enough in the moral scale to make a cowardly assault upon a little woman whose only crime was in loving a man so infinitely below her that she would have to descend a thousand feet into Inferno before she could stoop far enough to reach his uplifted fingers. Little did we reckon, nearly thirty years ago, that the man we worshipped as a knight without fear and without reproach was filling the house that sheltered his wife with the loud-mouthed bawds of army posts and reveling through the nights in their lewd arms and foul jests while the wife of his bosom, trying in vain to shut out the sounds of her degradation, was moaning and sobbing in her own room, mourning the husband who had outraged her every finer feeling as wife and mother.

"Buffalo Bill" acquired his cognomen by reason of slaughtering a few thousand buffalo to feed the construction gangs that built the Overland Route. Buffalo were more numerous than hot tonales, therefore, we presume, that in this wise he escaped the sobriquet of "Hot Tomale Bill." "Pahaska," the Indians called him—"The Long Haired One." Had we known thirty years ago what we know now

about this long-haired critter, we would have christened him "White Livered Bill," and it's dollars to doughnuts the name would have stuck to him like cockleburs to a sheep's pelt.

Who but a white-livered libel on the name of man would take cheap bawds to his home and expect his virtuous wife to welcome them as guests and minister to their physical wants?

We mourn for the idol of our vanished youth. The memory of the "Buffalo Bill" we thought we knew has been wrapped in grave cloth and laid away forever. The knowledge of the "Buffalo Bill" that makes us reach for the carboic acid bottle and light the fumigating candle made of sulphur. To us he is neither "Pahaska" nor "Buffalo Bill"—he is "Cody the Coyote," a man who would charge the wife who loved him well enough to die for him with trying to poison him in order that he might get a divorce upon the charge and be free forever to pillow his dime novel locks upon the lecherous bosoms of bleached bawds.

"Buffalo Bill." O ye gods and diminutive fishes. Rather is he "Two-Spot Bill, the Bibulous Bluff."

Every railroad corporation in the state maintains a high priced lobby in Lincoln, and these lobbies occupy the finest suites of rooms in the hotels. Every member of the legislature has passes over all the railroads for themselves, their families and their wives' relations. Is it any wonder that workingmen can not get the legislation they ask, nor the people the relief they seek?

The Lincoln Distraction company announces that it is going to do the public the favor of buying a couple of more decent cars. The public should now make haste to relieve the Distraction company of all its delinquent taxes and cease their demands for decent treatment.

The man who insists upon sharing the benefits procured by organized labor while refusing to assist in the work of securing those benefits, is no better than the man who would steal the pennies from a dead man's eyes to pay for rushing the growler.

The "open shop" simply means that the people employed therein have no means of protecting themselves against the insatiable greed of men who think more of dirty dollars than they do of their immortal souls.

Let every union and union man in the city get behind the Labor Temple project. A year of unanimous effort would mean the erection of a temple that would forever stop all agitation in favor of Parrisism in this town.

If disgruntled politicians of Lincoln imagine for a moment that they can persuade organized labor to drag their moldy chestnuts out of the fire, they would better seize the first opportunity to take another think.

If the legislature has any time after giving the corporations all that they demand, the people may stand some show of getting a little of what they want, providing the corporations do not object.

The "closed shop" merely means that the employer is willing to deal justly with the men in his employ. The "open shop" means the destruction of the labor unions, and its advocates well know it.

Mr. Workingman, how do you like the idea of trying your case against the railroad before a judge who rides on a railroad pass and generally accepts the tender of the manager's private car?

Before you vote for councilman, ascertain how the candidate stands on the question of organized labor. The time to do the real work for unionism is before the election, not afterwards.

If it is a law calculated to be of benefit to labor, it is safe to say that it was enacted against the opposition of men who profited by reason of not having such a law long before.

The allied printing trades label on all city printing simply means that the city gets good work for its money while giving competent workmen a fair wage for doing the work.

The coal dealer who employs non-union teamsters and has his printing done at a "rat" printery has no reason to complain if union men refuse to patronize him.

Organized labor will not offer any banquets to legislative committees. That sort of work will be left to concerns like the Lee Broem and Duster company.

For that tired union feeling, take regular doses of The Wage-worker. Fifty-two doses for one dollar, and a year's treatment guaranteed to cure.

At the risk of growing tiresome The Wageworker repeats that if you do not demand the union label your unionism isn't worth a tinker's dam.

When organized labor makes a unanimous strike at the ballot box it will accomplish something.

Patronize The Wageworker's advertisers, and tell the advertiser all about it. It helps a lot.

The union label is the badge of well paid labor. Do you ask to see the badge?

C. W. Post reminds us of the trapped rattlesnake that bites itself in its frenzy.

The professional "scab" is always a professional lawbreaker.

creeps by,
So what is the use of weeping?
When the sun shines o'er the world today,
When hope walks with us along the way,
And joy is joy, let come what may,
Flowers will awake from sleeping.
There's a promise true in the sky's clear blue,
But what will it be tomorrow?
There is hope for you if your heart beats true,
So trouble you should not borrow.
When the sun shines warm and soft wind blows,
When the Frost King bows to fate and goes,
And love is love, and the joy tide flows,
'Tis never a time for sorrow.

MARCH
There's a twang in the air, and the sun shines fair,
But what will it be tomorrow?
There's a soft breeze rare, so away with care,
For trouble we should not borrow.
When the sun tolls out old Winter's knell,
When the buds with joy begin to swell,
And life is life, and all is well,
We've never a time for sorrow.
There's a lilt in the breeze through the waking trees,
But what will tomorrow bring us?
There's a gleam on the leas where the song birds flee,
So list for the songs they sing us.
When the rivers wake from their ice-clad sleep,
When the springtime flowers begin to peep,
And hope is hope, then let us keep
The joys the spring days fling us.

There's a blue in the sky as the sun mounts high,
But what is tomorrow keeping?
There's a light for the eye as the day

"But I have been working some today, myself, Mr. Bildad. And there are many things yet to be done before I can go to bed."

"You ought to manage your affairs better, Mrs. Bildad. You allow your work to accumulate and push you. I never do. I have everything down to a system."

"Yes, and it is an easy system," said Mrs. Bildad. "After you ate your breakfast you spent an hour looking over the morning paper while I was getting the children ready for school and gathering up the dishes. Then you sauntered on to the car and spent twenty minutes riding to the office while I was sousing my hands in hot dishwater and planning on what I should give the children for lunch. When you got off the car you —"

"I'm not going to stand this sort of —" began Mr. Bildad, but his wife went right on.

"When you got off the car you sauntered into the cigar store on the corner and bought a half-dollar's worth of cigars and chatted with the cigar dealer about politics while I was sweeping the rooms and making the beds. Then you went on to the office and —"

"Yes, went to the office and slaved all day!" shouted Mr. Bildad.

"You went to the office, opened a dozen letters, dictated replies, finished up the morning paper, smoked three cigars and went to the club for lunch while I was cleaning out the closets and washing the windows. After lunch you spent two hours playing billiards in the club rooms while I scrubbed the hall and bath room floors and took down the curtains up stairs. After you had finished your billiards you went back to the office and dictated a dozen more letters and then called up three or four friends by phone and talked to them about your spring hunting trip while I was taking up the carpets in the front bed rooms upstairs and lugging them out on the line and beating them. About 5 o'clock —"

"Yes, 5 o'clock when I was utterly fatigued by my business cares I —" began Mr. Bildad. But Mrs. Bildad paid no attention and went right on:

"About 5 o'clock you started home, but stopped on the corner to buy some more cigars and talk city politics, while I was getting supper ready and trying to keep the children from tearing the house down. Now you want to read the evening paper and leave me to wash the supper dishes, mend the children's clothes, sew the buttons on your coat and trousers, get the children ready for bed, set the yeast to raise because you can't eat baker's bread, and get things in shape to make good time with my house cleaning tomorrow. Mr. Bildad, I want you to help me pull the tacks —"

"Where's that tack puller, Mrs. Bildad?" shouted Mr. Bildad, throwing the evening newspaper into the corner a hopeless wad of wood pulp. "Give me that tack puller. Tired as I am I would rather pull tacks than listen to your constant harangues."

A minute later Mr. Bildad was pulling the tacks and saying things to himself that are not to be repeated here. But Mrs. Bildad never smiled. She went right on with her endless work.

CARDS

The joys of tomorrow must be earned today.
Self-help does not necessarily mean selfish help.

Man made money is better than a money made man.

The crosses we elect to bear are not the crosses that win the brightest crowns.

There is a world of difference between asking God to help and asking God to do it all.

It is possible to borrow and be the gainer by the interest. A good book, for instance.

Speaking of investments, what brings greater returns than a word of cheer spoken at the right time?

The man who takes his business troubles home with him seldom has any home joys to lighten his office hours.

Some men never look up save when they toss back their heads to make sure of getting the last drop in the glass.

We incline to the belief that the mother who keeps the "cookie jar" well filled seldom has any trouble with her boys.

When a girl is too little she is very anxious to help mamma. When she is big enough she has very likely lost the desire.

After you have put yourself in the other man's place for a short time, you may have a reason for changing your place.

There is entirely too much of this subway business about national legislation. What the country needs is more work above ground.

It is easy enough to be cheerful when things are coming right, but the man who faces adversity with a smile is the man who wins out in the end.

It might have been true in Solomon's time that "the wicked flee when no man pursueth," but in this day and age they usually grab the market and chase the rest of us into a corner.

The man who marries a small woman with the idea that her dressmaking bills will not be as large as that of her larger sisters, is due for a big surprise shortly after the honeymoon is over.

Strange how some erroneous ideas cling to the minds of the people. The real poets we have seen looked to us like reasonably prosperous business men. The poorest poets we have seen usually affected the long hair and slouch dress idea we have been taught to associate with poetry.

Frock-Coated Legislation
Now comes the season of legislatures. At the national capital, and at the capitals of most of our forty-five states gathering of "statesmen"—and of the sinister camp followers of and suttlers to the lawmaking army. Of these several thousand temporary

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but potent custodians of our rights, how many sit in seats bought for them by interests hostile to the public good? How many of them it as mere registering keys of political machines, financed and controlled by those same interests? How many sit for the people rather than for party? Finally, how many sit in their own proper persons, men free and eager to do what is right?

Most of them are in parson-like frock coats—they give the legislative chambers an air of solemn, even funeral, respectability. But if they buttoned their frock coats and, without doing any lawmaking, rode home on their free passes from the railroads, would we as a nation be any the worse off? How much they will do that ought not to be done! How little that will not have to be undone.—Saturday Evening Post.

Limerick

There was a young man in Calcutta
Who found a long hair in the butta.
But the star boarder said
With a shake of his head,
"It won't help you to futta or mutta."

LOOKS GOOD

Just before Christmas time The Wageworker chronicled a little trouble on the cold storage building, which is being erected by Contractor Campbell. Mr. Campbell waxed wroth because some of the building laborer had joined the union and he fired them in a bunch. His object seems to have been to put a quietus on the Hod Carriers and Building Laborers Union. If it was, then Contractor Campbell missed out.

Today the union has seventy-five active members, whereas it had only nineteen on Dec. 1, 1904. And the entire cold storage job is now union and work is being pushed at a rate that makes Contractor Campbell feel good.