

Patronize The Wageworker Advertisers

THE WAGWORKER

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

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Beef Trust Hits The Toilers

A dispatch to the Chicago Record-Herald, under date of Kansas City, March 12, says: "Cuthbert Powell, commercial editor of the Journal, and for more than a quarter of a century in close touch with the packing houses and live stock interest of the west, has prepared an article, based on accurate figures to show that Commissioner Garfield was in error when he reported that packers make a profit of only 39 cents a head.

Table with 3 columns: Item, Yield per head, Value per head. Includes items like Hides, Texas, Colorado, Cows, Bulls.

"This gives an average of \$7.32 per head. The following shows the yield of fats from a week's killing of 6,000 native steers averaging 1,205 pounds; crude fats, 86 pounds; finished product, 69 pounds:

Table with 3 columns: Item, Weight, Value. Lists various animal products like Blood, Switches, Neatfoot oil, Hoofs, Skulls, Jaws, Knuckles, Shins, Glue, Bladder, Heart, Liver, Cheek meat, Weasand, Ox lips, Tongue meat, Sweetbreads, Tripe, Brains, Castings.

"It is plain from these figures why the little houses can not prosper. The small offal and the fats yield the big house a profit of \$7.32 per head, which is mostly lost by the little killer. And when the value of the cured hide is added, the large packing companies receive a gross income from the side products of \$15.14. Native steers on the hoof, average 1,205 pounds, and dressing 58 per cent in killing, make 700 pounds of clear meat, were selling on this market \$4.75 per hundred weight, which would make their cost at the yard on the hoof \$37.25. Taking from this the value of the offal, shown above to be \$15.14, and the cost of the net carcass to the packer is \$42.09.

For Mayor of Lincoln, Frank W. Brown, Successful Business Man and Fair Employer

The Wageworker is always ready to give its reasons for adopting any line of action. It will always be found ready to oppose anything bad that may crop out in unionism, and it will always be found ready to defend the right, no matter how unpopular it may be. There are no strings attached to this humble little newspaper. Just now The Wageworker is supporting Frank W. Brown, the democratic candidate for mayor, not because he is a democrat, but rather in spite of it, and is quite ready to give its reasons for so doing—reasons that should be apparent to every union man within the corporate limits of the city of Lincoln.

Frank W. Brown is one of the largest employers of labor in the city. Apart from the public franchise corporations there are not to exceed two, or three at most, employers in the city who pay out more in wages each week than the concerns managed by Mr. Brown.

Mr. Brown is in hearty sympathy with the principles of unionism, and has shown his sympathy by his actions. He not only recognizes the "closed shop," but does so voluntarily. The business enterprises in which Mr. Brown is engaged pay out upwards of \$1,100 a week in wages, 95 per cent of which is paid out to union men, the balance to men working in lines of industry not organized.

The excise question seems to be the question of paramount interest in some quarters. Mr. Brown's record as a member of the excise board for two terms is an open book. He has always stood for strict enforcement of the excise laws and rules, and the records of the board show that he secured the revocation of the only license ever revoked in Lincoln for violation of the excise laws.

Lincoln needs a business man as mayor, because the business of a municipality like Lincoln is large and varied and needs the careful supervision of a man of large affairs. Organized labor should rally to the support of Mr. Brown for the reasons above outlined.

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Speaking of "Experience" This is a Good Sample

"Frank W. Brown, the democratic candidate for mayor," says the Evening News, "has absolutely no experience in municipal affairs."

Perhaps not, but we are willing to wager a big red apple that Frank W. Brown is too good a business man to erect a building and install a costly lighting plant on ground that he neither owns nor has a lease upon.

"Mr. Hutton," says the Evening News, "has had six years' experience in municipal affairs and is competent to attend to the city's business."

Well, there is room for doubt. Mr. Hutton is chairman of the lighting committee, and poses before the people as the "father of the municipal lighting plant. In fact, Mr. Hutton's name appears on a huge tablet adorning the front of the building in which the municipal lighting plant is to be installed. He has had more to do with that business than any other member of the city council. The people have a right to expect that he would carefully safeguard their interests. Now what are the facts?

The municipal lighting station has been erected upon a lot to which the city has no deed, and upon which it has no lease. The lot is owned by a private individual, and it is within his power to build a fence nine thousand feet high all around it if he wants to and is willing to spend the money that way.

Any business man of ordinary intelligence and capacity would have known better than to erect a building on another man's lot without first securing a lease thereon. A public servant of ordinary shrewdness and ability would have first secured a deed or a lease before spending the taxpayers' money building a municipal building on a piece of ground platted and lying within the city limits.

It is fortunate for Lincoln that the lot upon which the municipal lighting plant stands is owned by a public-spirited gentleman who would not under any consideration try to hold the city up. But what if that lot were owned by a "shark" who wanted to squeeze the city? Why, he could make the city pay him anywhere from \$500 to \$2,000 for a lot that is not really worth more than \$75.

Anonymous Critic Given an Answer

The Wageworker is in receipt of the following letter from a man who lacks the courage to sign his name, and while the anonymous letter deserves no attention, The Wageworker feels impelled to discuss this one for the reason that it contains a few things worthy of consideration:

"Chicago, Ills., March 14.—To the Editor of The Wageworker: I happened to get one of your papers while in Lincoln, and have read with much interest some of the articles, but have been looking in vain for some good advice to the laboring man. Unionism is all right in a lawful form, but the lawlessness to which the labor unions stoop ought to be righted by the strong arm of the law. "Infraction of the law should be punished promptly and effectively everywhere. A man has a legal right to quit work, but no man is justified in preventing another from taking his place by using force—not in this or any other country.

"Another thing: Where do you find the most deadbeats? In the ranks of the labor unions. All men should be made to feel their responsibilities for any debts contracted. Can you point to the labor union that has a law prohibiting membership to a man who is a dead beat? I do not know of any.

"It is this that keeps unions in disfavor, and will continue to do so until such dead beats are weeded out and refused membership. If such creatures are carried on the roster then the union ought to stand good for them and pay their bills. The honest members necessarily suffer for it. Both in and out of the unions many of the honest members owning homes, stores, etc., are beaten by that class, as well as the well-to-do.

"FELLOW MECHANIC."

In the first place, this anonymous letter writer is not honest, because the letter is proof that it was written by a man much more accustomed to the use of a pen than to the use of a tool. Secondly, the letter was written on scratch paper such as is used in all business offices. But the question is this: Does the anonymous letter writer state facts?

He says, "Infraction of the law should be punished promptly and effectively everywhere." Nobody denies it, but a lot of men insist that the law should be enforced against the workingman who resists oppression" but not enforced against his oppressors. The workingman who violates a court injunction goes to jail without a hearing; the beef trust magnate who snaps his fingers at a court injunction is not molested. And yet men profess to wonder why workingmen do not entertain a proper respect for our courts.

The "lawlessness of labor unions" is a favorite topic with the opponents of labor unions, but the lawlessness of the trusts and corporations is never mentioned by them. The rich and powerful of France raised a great hue and cry about the first edition of Jean Jacques Rousseau, and laughed to scorn the complaints of the poor toilers. The second edition of Rousseau's book was bound in the skins of those who laughed at and denounced the first edition. What element is it in the labor unions that is guilty of assaults, riotings and general lawlessness? The element imported into this country by conscienceless capitalists to beat the American workingmen down to the peasant level of Russia, Hungary, Finland and Poland. Riots, arson, assault and murder harvest in labor troubles is reaped from the seed sown by the men who mourn so bitterly about the "lawlessness of labor unions." The seed was of their own planting; why should they mourn over the harvest? And this "lawlessness," now attributed to the labor unions would be a thousand times worse than it is were it not curbed by the restraining influence of organization.

TIME TO CALL A HALT.

That's an old and a stereotyped headline, of course. But just now it is pertinent. It is time to call a halt on some things in this city that are ruining boys and girls. Look here: One evening last week a little girl not over 15 years old, reeled and staggered along South Thirteenth street in company with a cigarette-smoking whippersnapper of a boy who should have been safe in bed. The girl was drunk, and her escort seemed to think it was a good joke.

Where did the girl get the liquor that intoxicated her? There isn't a saloon in town where either she or the boy could have secured a drink. The answer is as easy as falling off a log—at a soda fountain! This is an evil that is growing at an alarming rate in this city. It is an evil that must be regulated, and at once. It is an insidious evil that is piling up more grief and woe for parents than can ever be assuaged.

There are drug store soda fountains in this city that are catering to this class of trade—and the trade is growing and very profitable. Boys and girls frequent these places, and thinking it smart to "wink at the man," toss off concoctions that would soon put an old stager under the table. The awful consequences that naturally follow such a practice must be left to the imagination. This thing is growing worse every day, and its increasing number of victims come from a class heretofore immune. It is a class that the saloons could not reach. It is so easy, is becoming so "fashionable," and is so "chic" that the results are beginning to manifest themselves in the increased swagger of boys and girls, a growing disregard for parental authority, poorer work in the schools, and in time will wreck homes and bring the gray hairs of fathers and mothers sorrowing to the grave. The wine room, of which we see and hear so much in other cities, is mild in its injurious effects compared with the unbridled soda fountain that concocts beverages loaded with alcohol. Innocent girls are led astray, mere boys create an appetite that will make them physical, mental and moral wrecks, and women who would feel highly insulted if asked to go into a saloon or a wine room think nothing of lining up at a soda fountain and drinking "soda" that would tickle the palates of the most confirmed drunkard in Christendom.

These be solemn facts, ladies and gentlemen. The Wageworker knows whereof it speaks. It can—and if necessary, will—give facts and incidents to prove its every assertion. It can tell of an exemplary citizen who came home to supper and found his wife drunk on beverages drunk at a soda fountain. It can tell of a woman who apologized to a friend because her breath smelled of brandy, explaining that she had just taken a drink at "Blank's" soda fountain. It can tell of little girls barely in their teens frequently these places and drinking drinks that were loaded with alcoholic preparations disguised under high-sounding names. It can tell of boys who have taken their first lessons in drunkenness at these soda fountains and are already well started on the downward road of unbridled dissipation. Everybody who has given the matter any consideration knows that these things are true.

It is time to call a halt!

Too Previous The shade of Warren Hastings strolled sadly along the banks of the Styx. "Why mournest thou?" queried the shade of John Law. "Alas, that I should have missed such a great opportunity." "What opportunity did you miss?" queried the shade of the Mississippi Bubble. "The opportunity that would have come to me had I lived a few hundred years later and been allowed to dodge the facts by submitting myself to the investigation of a commissioner." Pulling a copy of the Stygian Daily News from its ghostly pocket, the shade of Hastings turned to the Washington date line and resumed its re-reading of the Garfield beef trust report.

Brain Leaks True love is impelled trust. Piety consists of doing, not of looking. The more we put into life the more we get out of it. It takes more than dogma and creed to make a Christian. We strengthen ourselves by the exercise of lifting up others. Satan wastes no time scheming to get hold of a heart full of hate. The happiest man is he who makes the best he can of the worst he gets. Some of our greatest joys are recalling the sorrows we have outlived. It is impossible to make a mountain of dollars high enough to reach heaven. The giving of a kind word often accomplishes more than the gift of much gold. Some men train their consciences to approve of evil, and then calmly insist that they are doing right. The greatest reformer and teacher the world has ever known never carried a "big stick," never swaggered, never insured peace by preparing for war and never posed.

"We think baby will make a great politician." "Why." "Well, he crawls out of everything so easily." The older some women get the more glibly they try to act.

THE EXPECTED HAPPENED.

Of course the bill compelling street railway companies to enlarge the scope of transfers was killed. Nobody expected anything else. The committee on municipal corporations listened to the pleas of the wage earners with owl-wisdom—and then quietly recommended the bill for indefinite postponement. The welfare of the street railway companies was of paramount importance. Tell with the workingman! He can not hand out free passes or subscribe big rums to campaign funds. Every law asked for by the laboring men of Nebraska has been turned down in the legislature. Clinton R. Lee, who holds a very one-sided contract with the state for the labor of convicts, got what he wanted, but the laboring men got it in the neck. The street railway companies had more influence with the legislators than the workingmen had, consequently the street railway companies can go right ahead working their graft. The railroad managers can hand out annuals and provide long and hilarious junkets therefore the railroad employes can whistle for damages sustained while discharging their duties, for the employers' liability act was indefinitely postponed on the motion of Senator Laverty, who introduced it "by request" and killed it as a small measure of return for the annual passes he received as a "courtesy" from the railroad managers. Everything the corporations have wanted has been granted

Now for this carcass, the same date, packers were receiving an average of 7 cents per pound. This would give for the 700 pounds of meat \$4.90 for the average. Killing, the cost of which approximately is 50 cents per head, leaves \$2.40 net for the carcass. Deducting from this \$42.09, the cost of the live animal, after allowing \$15.14, the value of the offal, and there remains a gross profit to the packer of \$9.91 per head.