

# THE WAGEWORKER

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## THE SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS.

Elsewhere in this issue we reproduce an article, "The Slaughter of the Innocents," written by Elbert Hubbard and published originally in *The Philistine*.

The Wageworker would call especial attention of the fathers and mothers of this community to this article. It pictures a condition of affairs that should appall the people and set them to work removing conditions responsible for this wholesale slaughter of innocent childhood. There is not a man or woman in the United States who can not have a part in the work of wiping out this iniquitous system that is wrecking thousands of lives, darkening the sun that should shine brightly on childhood and blasting the future of the country. The descendants of the Puritans employ this child labor because it is immensely profitable. Wipe out the profits and the employers will sit up and take notice. But as long as the great American public stops its ears to the cries of the little ones and pours its money into the coffers of the employers, just so long will existing conditions continue. The way to stop the employment of child labor is to stop buying the products of child labor. And the way to stop the sale of the products of child labor is to look for the union label. The union label upon any piece of goods is a guarantee that it was not made by child labor, that it was not made in a noisome sweat shop, that it does not contain the germs of foul diseases and that it was made by honest toil fairly paid and working under comparatively sanitary conditions. The greatest protection that can be afforded to the innocent boys and girls of this great country is the protection of the union label.

Fathers and mothers should arouse themselves to the dangers that threaten their loved ones. Today you may be in a position to guard them from anything like the conditions that confront the boys and girls of South Carolina; tomorrow they may be brought face to face with similar conditions unless you step forth now and give the labor unions of the country your support against the iniquitous child labor system that is threatening the republic.

He who robs the child of childish pleasures and joys and opportunities is a murderer and a traitor to his country. He who adds one jot or tittle to the pleasures of childhood or the opportunities that confront the boys and girls, is a patriot and a doer of good. In which class will you, fathers and mothers of the next generation of American citizens, take your stand? Do you think more of cheap cotton goods than you do of childish flesh and blood? Do you think more of bargains in sheetings and fabrics than you do of innocent childhood? Do you think more of a penny than you do of your country's future? If you do, keep right on encouraging the decadent descendants of Massachusetts Puritans in their work of robbing childhood of its bloom and the country of its future citizens. If you think more of innocent children than you do of petty bargains; if you think more of justice than you do of paltry pennies; if you think more of humanity than you do of dollars; if you love your neighbor as you love yourself; if you would do unto others as you would have them do unto you—if you love God and children better than you do gold and chattels, then join with the great labor organizations of the country that are seeking to save the children from the hellish lot pictured in Elbert Hubbard's magnificent pen picture of the greatest crime of the age—child labor.

If there is one among the readers of *The Wageworker* who can read Elbert Hubbard's article and not shudder with horror, that reader is dead to shame and human suffering.

## WHAT UNION MEN HAVE DONE.

In addition to showing that union labor can and will stand by its friends, the union men of Lincoln have shown their readiness to resent gratuitous insults flung at them by desperate cliques ready to resort to any means that might promise a political advantage. A local newspaper of the hyphenated brand has insisted on classing all those who were friendly to Mr. Brown as "saloon bums," advocates of the "open town" and consorts with vice in its lowest form. The hyphenated newspapers knew better, but in its desperation it insulted the hundreds of union men who were standing by a man who has been their consistent friend. It has quoted "a man prominent in union labor circles," but it did not dare to name the man, because the interview was spurious. And the triumphant election of Frank W. Brown—a triumph due to the exertions of union men, is a just rebuke to that species of dirty political tactics and is calculated to forever put a stop to that kind of guerrilla political warfare.

In addition to being a triumph of decency and fairness, Mr. Brown's election is proof positive of the fact that in future the labor vote of the city must be reckoned with; that in future politicians will not sneeringly remark of union men that "the d—d fools won't stick together;" that in future political machines will not presume to dictate to the labor vote or ignore it entirely, but will consult it before nominations are made and recognize it after the election is over. Therein, more than in the mere election of Frank W. Brown, lies the benefits that will accrue to union labor by reason of the verdict rendered on last Tuesday.

Having demonstrated their political power let the workingmen of the city now demonstrate their good sense, and in this way increase the power that they now wield. Stand for honesty, fair play, decency and justice; stand for square dealing between man and man, between employer and employee, and make the power wielded by the labor unions a power for good and a weapon for civic and industrial progress.

The Wageworker is feeling pretty good over the result. If it contributed in any measure to the result, it is proud of it. But whether it did or not, it feels that it has a right to rejoice because the victory scored by Mr. Brown is a victory for union labor.

## CHARLEY SIMMONS' GOOD RACE.

Charley Simmons has a right to feel good over the magnificent showing he made last Tuesday. He was running against a man who was exceptionally strong. He made no active campaign for the place, and not even his most sanguine and enthusiastic friends had any idea that he could come within rifle shot of winning out. And yet he had Mr. Pratt scared half to death before the middle of the afternoon, and at 5 o'clock Mr. Pratt was hustling like a beaver, and with hunted look upon his face.

Had Simmons and his friends worked earnestly and all the time for a week before election, he would be the next city clerk—and the first union man ever elected to office in the city. But there will be one good result. It will demonstrate that Mr. Pratt—a good official and a fine fellow—is not invincible. Next time Simmons may make a better showing. Be that as it may, Mr. Simmons has a right to be proud of the showing he made under the circumstances.

Every Chicago daily newspaper with one exception opposed Judge Dunne. Dunne was elected. Carter Harrison was always opposed by the Chicago daily press, and Carter Harrison—both of them—never failed to win. The daily press of Chicago is good from a news standpoint, but the people have no confidence in their editorial utterances.

The News, now that the election is over, admits that its charge of a boodle fund for the democratic ticket raised among the saloon-keepers and bawdy houses, was founded on the statement of a policeman whose name it refuses to divulge. The News would not accept such authority in a case where there was the least danger of a suit for libel.

The Industrial Independent, published at Indianapolis, Ind., in the interests of the Dave Parryites, is fighting the union label. To be sure! The label stands between the greed of the union crushers and their anxiously sought profits from the toil of poorly paid labor.

There are merchants who put in a line of union label goods after much solicitation, and because they do not at once secure the trade

of every union man they begin declaring that the unionists are disloyal to their principles. Others put in union label goods and undertake to reap an extra 10 or 15 per cent profit on the strength of union loyalty. The wise merchant handles union made goods because they are standard, and because there is a growing demand for the label.

The Michigan Union Advocate has been sued for libel by C. W. Post. The Advocate accused Post of wife beating, which was a mistake. Post did not beat his wife. He hasn't got nerve enough to even strike a woman. He prefers another way—he tries petty meanness, desertion, and that sort of thing. Catch Post striking anything that is able to fight back! His long suit is hiring hack writers to write bitter attacks on the labor unions that are smashing his imitation food graft.

Every time you smoke a union made Lincoln cigar you are helping to build up the business interests of the city, taking a whack at the infamous American Tobacco company, and giving employment to local workingmen who are helping make Lincoln a bigger and better town.

Alva Adams will be the next governor of Colorado if he lives, and his majority will be so large that no unscrupulous Peabody gang will dare to count him out.

Having realized what it can do when it acts unitedly, union labor should now prepare to secure the election of "square men" to the city council next June.

If you see it in *The Wageworker* it is not founded on petty political meanness. *The Wageworker* is not a hyphenated daily newspaper.

The workingmen of the city are entitled to representation on the board of education. Get ready for the next school board election.

The Parryite movement is on the wane. Keep up the fight a year longer and the name of Parry will be a faint memory.

Child labor is a menace to the republic. The union label is a guarantee against child labor and bulwark of the republic.

Now that union labor has shown its voting strength, let it show its strength in another way, and build a labor temple.

And now for the labor temple. It will be easy if the 2,000 union men of Lincoln put their shoulders to the wheel.

To the Journal-News, Greeting:—For that sore feeling try Brown's Warranted Extract of Civic Decency.

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## Properly Labeled

### The Modern Philanthropist

He put peas in the pepper,  
And mixed coffee up with beans;  
He blighted things with acid;  
Colored things with aniline;  
He poisoned scores of babies  
With adulterated food;  
Then gave millions to the heathen—  
And people called him good.

He cornered all the breadstuff  
That 'twere possible to seize;  
Then got his grip on coal mines  
And said, "Pay up or freeze!"  
And thousands froze and hungered—  
It worried not his mind—  
He bought a university  
And people called him kind.

He bought some legislatures,  
Corrupted by bench.  
In iron and greed and privilege  
His forces did entrench.  
He robbed and squeezed and plundered  
Nor heeded human cries.  
He built a college building—  
And people called him wise.

He paved his way to fortune  
With bleaching bones of toil.  
The needs of wives and babies  
He used to wreak his spoil.  
His conscience never hurt him;  
'Twas grown too dumb to call.  
He gave vast sums to churches  
And thought that squared it all.

Thousands to schools and churches—  
They're built on dead men's bones.  
Thousands to public buildings—  
There's blood stains on their stones.  
And thoughtless may applaud him  
And cheer him on his way;  
But blood and tears will mock him  
On God's great judgment day.

Blood and tears and heartaches;  
Anguish and grief and want.  
The faces of weeping children,  
Haggard and pinched and gaunt.  
Wracks of human endeavor—  
All this to achieve a goal.  
What profits a man to gain it  
And lose his immortal soul?

### Playing Safe

The great Captain of Finance pulled the last wire and finished up on the greatest business deal in his whole career. Calling in his private secretary he asked:

"Have we got all the foodstuffs under control?"

"Yes sir; the cries of the people warrant the assumption that they are starved into submission to our demands."

"How about the coal supply?"

"All in our hands. The miners have refused to work on starvation wages and the supply mined under pressure is good. We can get 200 per cent more profit per ton now that the plan has worked out, and the people are already shivering and getting ready to submit to our demands."

"And how about oil?"

"Everything lovely. We've knocked out every competitor but one, and if he doesn't submit in twenty-four hours his plant will be like that one that so mysteriously blew up a few years ago."

"We will now turn over the great Captain of Finance. If you are satisfied that everything is all right you may bring in those checks you made out to the universities and churches and I will sign them before I go to lunch."

### Best in the Armory

When his Satanic Majesty appeared we were, of course, terribly frightened for our souls.

"Don't get scared," said he. "I just dropped in."

"What's doing in your line?" we queried, more for the purpose of appearing at ease than anything else.

"Plenty! Plenty!" exclaimed his Satanic Majesty with a grin.

"Anything new?"

"Best ever," he replied. "Got a new scheme that beats 'em all to death."

Naturally we asked what it was.

"Dividing the swag with my enemies," he replied, "and then of course common courtesy makes 'em keep rather quiet. It beats anything I've tried yet."

"Then you are doing—"

But before we could finish there was a puff of smoke that blinded us for a moment, and when we recovered there

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