

THE WAGWORKER

WILL M. MAUPIN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

Published Weekly. One Dollar a Year. Advertising Rates on Application



Entered as second-class matter April 21, 1904, at the postoffice at Lincoln, Neb., under the Act of Congress.

A QUEER BRAND OF UNIONISM.

Not very long ago the editor of The Wagworker was invited to address a social gathering of union men and their wives. A nice little program was arranged, and refreshments were provided. After the program was concluded, and pending the serving of the refreshments, the editor jokingly suggested to a prominent member of the union in question that an investigation be made, and all union men present found wearing hats or clothing not bearing the proper union labels be deprived of a share of the refreshments.

"O, not much!" exclaimed the union man in question. "I don't believe that would be right."

The editor then glanced into the inside coat pocket of the gentleman and discovered the reason why he was unwilling to accept the suggestion. He had on a "scab" suit of clothes. Later the editor got an opportunity to look at the gentleman's hat. It was manufactured by the most notorious "scab" manufacturer in America.

Unionism of that brand isn't worth hell room. It neither helps the union to which such a man belongs, nor helps the cause of unionism in general. On the contrary, it is a reproach to unionism.

The union man who wears "scab" clothing, uses "scab" tobacco or patronizes "scab" goods of any description is not a union man at heart, however much he may be afflicted with "unionism of the mouth." And "mouth unionism" is the curse of the union labor movement.

It takes a whole lot more than a card to make a man a unionist. It takes a vast amount of human interest—interest in the welfare of brother workmen in all lines of industry. The union printer who takes no interest in the welfare of garment workers or hat makers does not deserve a union card, certainly not the support of other unionists. The garment worker who wears a "scab" hat ought to be fired out of his own union. It is no worse to "scab" on your fellow craftsman than it is to wear the products of "scab" workmen of other crafts.

The Wagworker is doing all that it can to advance the union label. Time and again it has asserted that if every union man in the country would for one brief year demand the union label on everything, the union victory would be won. And The Wagworker repeats the declaration. The trouble is that union men, so-called, will not do it. Indifference is the great trouble. Men who are quick to resent any indifference towards their own particular label never give any thought to the label of other craftsmen. Union cigarmakers will kick if they see a union printer buying "scab" cigars, and while they are making the kick perhaps they are wearing "scab" clothing. Garment workers will howl if they see a union cigarmaker wearing "scab" clothing, and while they are howling perhaps they are puffing on a "scab" cigar or chewing "scab" tobacco.

Such unionism as that is the delight of Post, Parry, Job, and their ilk.

It is all wrong—all destructive of genuine unionism. There is, in fact, no genuine unionism in the man who will not go to almost any length to be of material assistance to fellow unionists no matter what their craft. The Wagworker has no patience with the claims of card holders who prate of their unionism while patronizing the "scabs." Such men are the men characterized by the Apostle Paul as sounding brass and clanging cymbal.

If you unionism is genuine it will not be necessary to stand on the street corners and talk about it. It will show in your every day life. It will show in the clothing, the hats and shoes, you wear. It will be shown in the treatment you accord to your fellow craftsmen of all branches of industry. The true blue union man does not wear "scab" garments or use "scab" tobacco. He does not kick on walking a block extra to get union made goods. He is always ready to pay his dues. He is always ready to help his fellows.

Get into the union game in earnest. Quit talking one thing and practicing another. Get the spirit of unionism in your soul.

And for heaven's sake don't claim to be a unionist as long as you lend aid and assistance to the "scab" by wearing the product of his toil.

THE FRUITS OF UNIONISM.

Let unionism be judged by the average of its fruits. There never yet was a tree that brought forth only perfect fruit. In the finest product of the apple tree may occasionally be found the gnarled little apple, mis-shapen and bitter. On every tree may be found a limb that is irregular in outline. But we do not condemn all the apples because perchance one may be worm-eaten, gnarled or bitter. We cast it aside and retain the good.

Be fair, then, and judge unionism by its average, not by its worst. Unionism is not perfect, and in the nature of things can never be perfect. One perfect man only ever walked this earth, and He was crucified.

Where is labor the freest and best paid? In those countries where trades unionism is the best developed.

Where is the laborer the happiest? In those countries where his opportunities are the broadest.

And where are laborers' opportunities broadest? In those countries where labor unionism has lifted him from serfdom and made him a true man.

Where is the life of the laborer safeguarded best? In those countries where labor unionism is strongest.

Where is the average of education among workmen the highest? In those countries where labor unionism is strongest.

Where is the average wage the highest, and the average mode of living the highest? In those countries where labor unionism is the strongest.

Show us a country steeped in ignorance and we will show you a country where labor unionism is either weak or altogether absent.

Show us a country where liberty is a myth and individual freedom a mockery, and we will show you a country where there are no trades unions.

Ignorance and unionism can not live side by side. Despotism and unionism are as antagonistic as darkness and light. Where labor is the most degraded unionism is the weakest; where labor enjoys the most unionism is most virile.

Everything material that labor enjoys today is the fruit of unionism. Mistakes we have made, and many of them. But out of all the strife and striving; out of all the error and endeavor, labor has been lifted steadily upward to better things.

Bankers bitterly denounce those who judge the profession by its Bigelows and its Moshers. Ministers object when their profession is judged by its unfrocked members. Merchants object when their profession is judged by its scheming members who profit by conflagration and bankruptcy. Unionism objects when it is judged by those who sully it by lawlessness and riot.

Judge us by our average, and we will utter no word of complaint. Judge us by the great good our organization has wrought, not by the occasional error of judgment or the occasional outburst of animalism inherent in us all.

A Chicago millionaire stumbled and fell white mounting his automobile the other day, skinning his patrician shins very badly. The police claim to have a clue to the striking teamster responsible for the crime.

If Charles W. Post feeds his Union Busting Alliance on gripe-guts and roastum-serious it will not have enough energy left at the end of three months to dictate to a stenographer.

The political bosses of the country don't give a continental how much labor talks just so long as labor divides its vote at the ballot box. Don't be clumps.

The demand for the union label is the best form of boycott ever devised against unfair goods. Try boosting your friends for a time.

A union card in the pocket of a "scab" coat lacks a whole lot of making a union man of the fellow who wears the coat.

The union man who constantly forgets to ask for the union label need not be surprised if he is forgotten.

In all of Chicago's troubles most of the bloodshed was caused by imported strike breakers.

If you are a genuine union man you can show it by displaying the label on all you wear.

It takes more than a paid up card to make a union man, and don't you forget it.

Perhaps we will have a decent city park some day—after we "see Scudder."

THE AUXILIARY.

(The following verses were written by the editor of The Wagworker and read recently at a social given by Capital Auxiliary No. 11 to Lincoln Typographical Union No. 209.)

"When a woman will, she will, depend on't;
And when she won't, she won't—and that's th' end on't."
—Old Adage.

So runs the ancient adage, and the truth is known to all,
So why not heed the lesson therein found?

When it comes right down to hustle women always have the call,
And to win whatever they fight for they are bound,

Now for ginger, push and rustle, and ability to hustle,
We know women who are best twist Gulf and Lake,

And for work that adds great measure to the printer's life and pleasure
The Auxiliary women take the cake.

The men may hold their "sessions" and may "knock" till they are hoarse,
And consign the "scab" and "rat" to kingdom come;

But compared with union women you'll admit their work is coarse
When it comes to putting "scabby" on the bum.

Says the woman: "Show the label! I will take it if you're able,
If you're not, just keep it—I'll not purchase such!"

At that kind of agitation up and down the whole creation,
The Auxiliary women "beat the Dutch."

The men get out their hammers when they get their pipes alight
And begin to talk—and let it end in talk.

But these women, acting wiser, beat that system out of sight—
If it isn't union made they simply balk.

"Mr. Merchant, show the label or it don't go on my table;
No non-union goods for me; they're not the stuff!"

And the merchant makes admission that he finds in each condition
The Auxiliary women up to snuff.

Two-ought-nine is double favored by this band of women true,
And we "lords of all creation" should be glad.

They are on a noble mission and the work that they will do
Soon will put Dave Parry's crowd off to the bad.

They are fighting for our cause, sir, without ever halt or pause, sir;
And with help like that our cause will never fall.

So this toast I give—drink standing! 'Tis your duty that's commanding—
"The Auxiliary women—bless 'em all!"

THE ELECTRICAL WORKERS.

Celebrate the Third Anniversary of the Lincoln Local with Feasting and Merriment.

The Electrical Workers of Lincoln organized into local No. 265, celebrated the third anniversary of their local last Monday evening. Pruse's hall was as cool as a sylvan bower, for the members brought along their electric fans, and with a half dozen of the aforesaid fans going full tilt it was just like an evening in the balmy woods. It was after 9 o'clock when Mr. Drummond called the assembled crowd to order and introduced M. T. Caster, who welcomed the guests on behalf of the union and gave a short history of the brotherhood.

Judge Wilbur F. Bryant talked interestingly on the subject of unionism and urged all wage earners to organize. He also urged the workmen of the country to see to it that their children were educated and expressed his belief in compulsory education.

Will M. Maupin made a few remarks along union lines and urged the non-union men not to be "pikers" but to get into the union game and help the union men bear the burden of maintaining all that has been won and securing further advancements in the interests of those who labor.

Mr. Fogelstrom, a local merchant, gave an exhibition of mind reading that was very entertaining. Blindfolded he found all sorts of articles hidden in all sorts of places, and created much amusement by his cleverness.

Refreshments were served, and the generosity of the gentlemen who dished up the ice cream was remarkable. The wives and sisters of the Electrical Workers showed that they are as proficient in constructing cake as the members are in stringing cables or making inside connections. While refreshments were being served the orchestra got busy and dancing was indulged in. The evening was delightfully spent by the large crowd present, and the third anniversary celebration of the local Brotherhood of Electrical Workers was such as to long remain a pleasant recollection.

Laugh and Hustle

Are things going wrong with you?
Laugh and hustle!

Does dire trouble still pursue?
Laugh and hustle!

When the clouds of trouble lower,
Don't get morose, sad and sour—
Just turn on a little power.
Laugh and hustle!

Does it seem that you are stuck?
Laugh and hustle!

Are you up against tough luck?
Laugh and hustle!

Grit your teeth, spit on your hands;
Gather up the broken strands,
Tackle ill luck where it stands.
Laugh and hustle!

Does the world look sad and blue?
Laugh and hustle!

That's when things are up to you.
Laugh and hustle!

Just when worst of luck appears
Don't give up to foolish tears—
Banish all your doubts and fears.
Laugh and hustle!

Are you lagging in the race?
Laugh and hustle!

Are you running second place?
Laugh and hustle!

Hold your head up good and high;
Keep on going—ne'er say die—
And you'll get there by and by.
Laugh and hustle!

Good old world if tackled right.
Laugh and hustle!

Lots of good things yet in sight.
Laugh and hustle!

Live your life upright and square;
Keep on striving, fighting fair,
And in good time you'll "get there"—
Laugh and hustle!

Our Subtle Language

The people were about to take matters in their own hands and insist upon lower freight rates, when the magnate appeared and said:

"To arbitrate—lower our rates at this time would seriously cripple some

great improvements we are contemplating. If we are not molested now we will be able to so improve our service that we will be enabled to lower the rates much more than this measure contemplates."

Being somewhat unsophisticated the people agreed to wait. Long months after the improvements were made freight rates were hoisted another notch. The people immediately sent a committee to see the magnate.

"You told us that the completion of the improvements would enable you to lower the rates," said the spokesman.

"To be sure I did," replied the magnate. "We can lower the rates when we please. Good day."

Since then the people have been inquiring into the subtleties of the language with a view of meeting magnates on their own ground.

Brain Leaks

Steadfastness is not pigheadedness.

A thing worth having is worth going after.

Love of home is the foundation of patriotism.

Punctuality is the advance guard of progress.

Selfishness and stinginess are not evidences of thrift.

Today is the crucial point of yesterday and tomorrow.

Charity given to cover a sin is a thin and gauzy garment.

Men who ride hobbies never walk in the foot-prints of others.

Have you ever wondered if a "summer girl" is as cool as she looks?

Christianity is vastly more than being good through fear of punishment.

The man who quits work by the clock will always have to work by the clock.

It is unsafe to trust an important matter to a man who has nothing else to do.

A kind word to the living is better than a hothouse full of flowers for the dead.

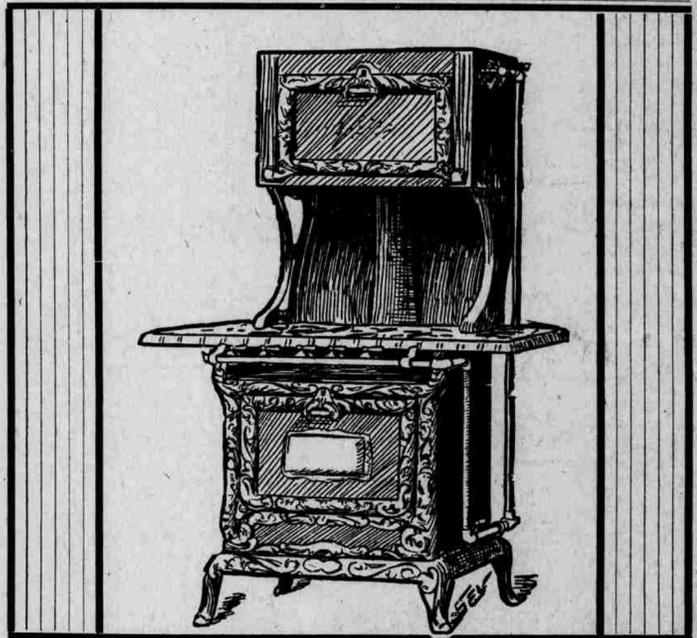
....THINGS... TO BE CONSIDERED

There are better things in life than money, although money is a good thing when used for good. But money of itself is worthless. Its worth depends on the use it is put to by its possessor. : : : : : : : : : :

CLEANLINESS
COMFORT - CONVENIENCE
GOOD HEALTH

These are the best things that life affords, and money is the first aid in securing them. All four are to be found in that modern wonder . . .

THE GAS RANGE



CLEANLINESS—Because there is no soot, no smoke, no ashes, no dirt, no kindling. Just the range and a common lucifer match.

COMFORT—Because the heat is confined to the spot where it is wanted, and not diffused throughout the house. A cool kitchen is a great boon to the housewife.

CONVENIENCE—Because it is always ready. Turn a valve and touch a match—and all the heat at once, just where you want it. When done, turn the valve again and both heat and expense stop instantly.

GOOD HEALTH—Because Cleanliness, Comfort and Convenience prevent worry and save work. Work and worry are the inveterate foes of good health.

FUEL GAS IS CHEAP The average fuel and lighting bill of the average family or firm is less than \$3 a month. And there is no work about it. We do all the work. We furnish the fuel, and save you the work of carrying coal and ashes and hunting for and splitting kindling.

ASK THOSE WHO USE IT They know. We'll abide by their verdict: Once used, always used. We sell gas ranges and connect them free. You are invited to our exhibition rooms where you can see the ranges in operation. All sizes and kinds, all prices. Gas water heaters, too.
OPEN EVENINGS

Lincoln Gas & Electric Light COMPANY

BELL 25

1326 O ST., LINCOLN.

AUTO 2575