

THE WAGEWORKER

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

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PRINTERS AND AUXILIARY.

News Notes From Two Live Organizations That Always Keep Busy.

The excessive rain the day before the Fourth impelled the managers of the proposed Auxiliary picnic to postpone that event. Regret is felt on all sides, as complete arrangements had been made for a fine time, and the Fourth turned out to be an elegant day. In lieu of the picnic the Auxiliary will endeavor to make the July social a record breaker, and the indications are that the effort will not be in vain.

The Auxiliary held its first July meetings at Bonhanon's hall Wednesday and transacted a lot of business. Mesdames J. E. Mickel, F. W. Mickel and W. M. Maupin served refreshments at the conclusion of the meeting.

John Moore, who has completely recovered from a long siege of typhoid fever, is again at work as head push of the Star ad alley. Mrs. Moore is also fully recovered. At the July meeting of the Typographical union resolutions of rejoicing at the recovery of this popular couple were introduced and unanimously approved.

Ed Howe has scraped the hirsute barnacles from his visage and looks like a tyro fresh from the country in search of a card and a regular "sit."

Perry Barngrover stepped on a piece of rusty tin the other day, and as a result the lad is hobbling around with the injured member tied up in a rag.

Marie Mickel made a misstep the other day and as a result has been suffering from a severely sprained ankle.

Little Miss Mea Armstead of North Bend, is visiting with her aunt, Mrs. W. M. Maupin.

The Typographical Union took in three members at the July meeting. The work of revising the constitution and by-laws is well under way and

will be completed at the August meeting.

Plans are on foot for a grand eight-hour rally of the allied printing trades in the Missouri valley and the local Typographical Union has selected a committee to represent it in the work of making arrangements.

Will Norton was off a couple of days last week on account of illness, but is again at work at the "P. G." house. Do not forget the Central Labor Union benefit at the Oliver theatre Wednesday evening, July 19.

G. E. Locker has switched from the night side of the Journal and is now working on the day side of the News.

CARPENTERS' UNION

Some Brief Items From the Big Union of Lincoln

Carpenters are plenty in Lincoln. The Lincoln Sash & Door Co., will get out the trim for the new post-office.

Bro. C. E. Woodward visited Omaha for the Fourth and reports all kinds of work there.

Several 1055 boys have gone to work at the new postoffice.

New foundations are getting fewer. Isn't it about time we began to prepare for Labor day?

The business agent is putting men at work every day.

Send items for publication pertaining to the Carpenters to the business agent.

What is the matter with the Carpenters having a social?

Installation of officers Thursday July 6.

If you want the handiest saw clamp on the market, one that is unbreakable and that you can put in a chest (ill, inquire of Bro. S. J. Kent.

Lots of applications are rolling into the Union. We are nearing the 300 mark.

NO SCABS FOR HIM.

Philadelphia Landlord Fires a Bunch Looking for Them.

Manager O'Neill of the Hotel Columbus, Philadelphia, has no use for "scabs," and he thinks even less of men who will chase around hiring them. Last week there was a strike at the Burrell boiler works on Staten Island, and immediately the managers sent out men to hunt for strikebreakers. A couple of these agents went to Philadelphia and put up at Manager O'Neill's hostelry. They advertised and soon "scabs" and loafers began flocking in to get a "half dollar in advance." The presence of the odorous bunch attracted Manager O'Neill's attention and he investigated. As soon as he learned the facts he fired the agents out of his hotel.

"You can't set up any 'scab' employment bureau in my house," exclaimed Manager O'Neill. "If you don't hike out of here in less than five minutes I'll kick the whole bunch into the street."

The agents looked at the irate manager for a second or two, and then quietly sneaked out, taking their odorous bunch with them.

SPECIAL TRAIN TO BEATRICE.

On Sunday, July 9 and 16 the Union Pacific will run special trains to Beatrice Chautauqua, trains leaving Lincoln at 9:05 a. m., returning leave Beatrice at 7 p. m. Fare \$1.00. Tickets on sale at city office, 1044 O street. Depot at Fourth and O streets.

LEAD POISONING.

Henry Bruening, head stereotyper at the Free Press, was taken to the office of Dr. Wilmeth Monday evening suffering from a severe attack of lead poisoning. He is again at work, but sees the necessity of engaging in some other line of work and will retire from the stereotyping business in the near future.

A LABOR EDITOR'S TALK AT A COUNTRY CLUB'S CELEBRATION

The Lincoln "Country Club" observed the Fourth of July at the spacious grounds made ready for the guests. During the day several match games of tennis and golf were played, and in the evening picnic parties were the rule, the diners scattering themselves over the grounds or eating in the cafes as inclination led them. The attendance was unusually large, the day being perfect, and Lincoln's society folk were out in full force. After the picnic supper the crowd assembled at the club house and Hon. Frank M. Hall, acting as master of ceremonies, introduced the speakers of the evening. Mr. R. L. Metcalfe, associate editor of the Commoner, and Mrs. A. J. Sawyer were the first speakers. Will M. Maupin, editor of the Wageworker, was the last speaker, and using as his subject "The Needed Patriotism," spoke as follows:

It is so common for the American citizen to open his vocal apparatus on this glorious anniversary and shout in gladsome tones about the grandeur and bigness of this country, that I am impelled both by precedent and inclination to follow the general rule and devote the limited time at my command to patergyrics upon our republic.

This is indeed the land of big things. We have the largest area of country dedicated to human freedom in all the wide universe. We have the most beautiful flag, whether viewed from the artistic or the sentimental standpoint. We have the handsomest women, the strongest men, the best behaved children, the fastest horses, the best poker players and the greatest swindlers. We have the longest rivers and the widest chasm between the classes. We have the greatest lakes and the greatest trusts; the highest mountains and the lowest depths of political degradation. Indeed, this is the land of superlatives, and one who would pay just and proper tribute to our republic must exhaust the dictionary of its adjectives.

It is indeed proper, then, that we make this day a day of noise and rejoicing, for when we have the biggest of all the things, the best of all things and the meanest of all things, certainly there must be those somewhere ready to celebrate our possession of all these things.

There are a thousand definitions of patriotism, not the most inaccurate being that of Dr. Johnson who defined it as "the last refuge of a scoundrel." The grandest scoundrels we have ever had in this country have been men who were loudest in the protestations of patriotism, and we are all familiar with the wonderful patriotism of the men who are always shouting for the old flag and a fat office with a big appropriation for incidental and contingent expenses.

But it is not my purpose at this time to deal with the abstract phases of patriotism. I must follow precedent and endeavor to snatch a few feathers from the tail of the eagle and wave them aloft for the delectation of the assembled multitude. Let me, then, devote a goodly portion of the time at my disposal to giving in detail some of the wonderful characteristics of this country. For more than a century we have been holding aloft our flag as a beacon to guide the oppressed of all nations to a haven of liberty and equality, but we have prudently shut our eyes to a few other things which those who follow the beacon find here among us. We prate of liberty—and go forth with sword and cannon to impose our rule upon a weaker and a helpless people. We boast of equality before the law—and the rich criminal escapes with a letter of recommendation while the poor devil who steals to save a starving family goes to jail amidst the execrations of press and public. We point with pride to the vast stretches of unoccupied lands within our borders, capable of affording homes for added millions—and forget to add that these unoccupied lands have been grabbed by speculators and frenzied financiers and are held out of the market until they are made more valuable by the sweat and toil of the homeless. We point with pride to our great universities and colleges endowed by our multi-millionaires—and shut our eyes to the hundreds of thousands of children who can never take advantage of them because human greed has condemned them to slavery in the sweat shops, the mines and the factories. We boast of equal opportunities to all—and take no thought of the fact that men whose only god is gold have purchased special laws that afford them immunity in their damnable work of robbing the masses to enrich themselves. We swell up with patriotic pride and declare that every American citizen is a sovereign—and then let a few unprincipled rascals ride rough shod over us to place and power where they can work out their own selfish plans and schemes at their elegant leisure. We have told in song and story of our utter disregard for aristocracy and our contempt for patents of nobility—and scarce a month goes by that some American sovereign does not buy a titled husband for his daughter and wed her to the frayed and frazzled remnant of some washed out race of dukes and earls. We boast of our Christian civilization and pride ourselves on being the most advanced people in all the history of the world—and take no thought of the fact that within one square mile in the center of the greatest metropolis upon the western continent there exists the highest luxury that wealth can buy and the deepest poverty that ever afflicted humanity. We boast of our civic virtue—and graft reigns supreme in our cities, in our legislatures and in our congressional halls. We boast of representative government, meaning by that term representation of the people in the making of our laws and in the governing of our institutions—and then, gone mad with partisanship, we turn in and elect representatives of the trusts and corporations to guard their interests at the expense of our own. Our society columns are full of magnificent descriptions of elegant social functions, but never a word about the starving men and women who live and suffer and die and rot in the tenements within the shadow of the palaces erected by our multi-millionaires.

A big country? The biggest on earth! The biggest trusts, and the biggest bunch of suckers that ever had an opportunity to stand up for their own rights and never had sense enough to do it. A grand country? The grandest on earth! Where the workingman is patted on the back and called the mainstay of the republic, and then crowded off the map as soon as he begins to think for himself and demand a fair share of the products of his toil, and ignorant and degraded Huns and Finns and Slavs imported in violation of our alien contract labor laws to work at wages a white man can not live on—and all for the fattening of the greed of selfish man who amass their millions and then give them with brass band accompaniment to our magnificent universities, our great colleges and our worthy missionary societies. On the one side we see the most lavish and ostentatious wealth, and on the other side we see the direst poverty and distress. On the one side we see a violator of the law with a political pull taken into political office and promoted to a fat job with a rotten insurance company with a clean bill of health in his pocket, and on the other side we see a man who had the nerve to expose graft in public place kicked down and out in disgrace. Great country! When we do things we do them on the biggest possible scale. When we celebrate the Fourth of July we spend enough money in making a noise to keep a million poor families in comfort for a generation. And when we engineer a scheme for graft it beats anything ever attempted by the unfortunates who must live under the reign of an effete monarch in

Europe. We dot the country with school houses, and then foster a condition that compels the child to enter the sweat shop or the factory almost before its tiny limbs can support its body, and keep it there until disgusted nature gives up the case as a bad job and leaves the stunted little unfortunate to either die or become an enfeebled charge upon the charity of the public.

Retrospection is a mighty good thing, providing we have lived on the square. Introspection is not always so cheering or pleasant, but it is often beneficial and profitable. Would it not be a good idea, then, my fellow citizens, to look within a little more. Instead of boasting forever about the good things we have, let us spend a little time now and then looking up the bad things with a view to correcting them. Reverence for the flag is a good thing, but are we not in danger of making the flag a fetish? Are we not in danger of making it an idol before which we bow down and worship? Standing apart the flag is nothing more than a painted rag, and unless we appreciate what the flag stands for we are nothing more nor less than idolators when we greet it with cheers and pay it the homage of our devotion. For fifty years it was a flaunting lie, because while it pretended to be the emblem of human liberty, it waved over slaves owned body and soul by men who prated of universal freedom. Can we with truth say that it is today the emblem of freedom? While that flag waves over one American citizen who is deprived of his rights, who is bilked and swindled under guise of law, who is forced to abandon hope; while that flag flies over the heads of any man whose love for it is not so ingrained in his soul that he will willingly die in its defense because it means something more to him than a mere bit of bunting, the flag flaunts a lie, and it is your duty and my duty, my fellow Americans, to wash that lie from the flag.

Now bear with me a few minutes longer—a very few minutes—while I speak to you of a patriotism that is more needed right now than any sort of patriotism was ever before needed in this republic. I have no patience with those who teach what seems to me to be the unpatriotic and unchristian doctrine called "the strenuous life," of which we have heard so much during the last few years. Those who advocate this so-called strenuous life take issue with the Man of Nazareth, and nowhere in the Good Book which we—or most of us—believe to be the inspired word of God, can there be found one iota of evidence in support of strenuousness as exemplified in our modern social and business life. That strenuousness implies the idea of climbing to success over the bowed back of weaker brethren, and whether that success be financial or social it means that the successful one has won place and power because of superior strength that enables him to overcome the lesser strength of his brethren. That such a system is contrary to the spirit of the Master must be admitted by every student of the scriptures. That it is contrary to even an embryonic understanding of the principles of human brotherhood is so apparent that we must stand amazed that such an inhuman and unselfish doctrine has obtained even a slight hold upon the hearts of American men and women.

Manifestations of patriotism are not confined to one rat; and it is not necessary for one to die upon the field of battle to evidence his patriotism. Not for worlds would I detract from the glory of those who have responded to the nation's call for armed defenders and marched away to die and drum to fight and die in defense of their country and its institutions. But there is a higher and a diviner manifestation of patriotism than this, and to it I would call your attention—the patriotism that impels the citizen to live for his country. War offers many opportunities for a display of patriotism, but greater opportunities are afforded us in these days of so-called peace, and these opportunities may be found in the slums of our great cities where men and women and children weep and starve and suffer and die in destitution and woe—victims of the greed of men who are our most vociferous advocates of the strenuous life in the financial and business world. Were I rich, rich beyond the dreams of avarice, and inclined to build monuments to patriots who have served their country well, I would for the time being pass by those who have died upon the field of battle, and rear monuments to those grand heroes and heroines who, sacrificing their own creature comforts, have toiled and moldered in the filth and dirt of the slums to carry some ray of hope and cheer and comfort into the darkened lives of the untold number of victims to human greed. To my mind the knightliest hero who ever couched lance and rode in full tilt to the fray—no matter what his cause—is not for one moment to be compared to that grand woman of Chicago whose life has been devoted to bettering the conditions of her brothers and her sisters of the slums. When the final roll of earth's greatest and best is called, the name of Jane Addams will lead many of those whom the world hails as heroes. I would rather live in the memory of a few by reason of having done a work like that of Jane Addams of Hull House fame, or Jacob Ris of East Side fame, than to lie under a marble shaft reared because I had gained honor and fame and glory upon the battlefield.

Dr. Johnson was too narrow in his definition of patriotism, but when we stop to think about it for a moment can we deny that there is in his definition a great truth which we need to impress more firmly upon our minds. A multi-millionaire at the beginning of our recent war with Spain armed and equipped a regiment at his own expense, and he was hailed by press and public as a "patriot." And yet we know that his vast fortune was accumulated at the expense of millions of his fellows, and that the pearls and diamonds worn by his wife and daughters were the crystallized tears of widows and orphans whose comfort had been sacrificed, whose lives had been blighted and whose homes had been wrecked to satisfy the greed and avarice of this man. Men who have accumulated fortunes by trickery, chicanery and fraud, but who have kept inside the letter of the law of the land while violating its spirit, scattering woe and misery in their wake, stand forth with smug face and sanctimonious cant and give huge sums to "charity"—God save the mark—and men and women hail them as philanthropists and talk about how much these men love their country and their fellows. All the millions given by a Rockefeller or a Carnegie will not weigh as much in the scales of the Almighty as the sacrifice of one who, putting comfort behind, goes forth among the suffering humanity and laves the parched lips of God's unfortunates.

You and I know men right here in Lincoln who would unhesitatingly announce their willingness to die for their country, and yet these men perjure themselves every year when the tax collector come around to get the money necessary to the life of the country.

We need less of this willing-to-die-for-one's-country patriotism, and more of the patriotism that will impel us to live for our country. To sacrifice not only our time but our money to better the conditions of our fellows and afford them an opportunity to become strong, thoughtful and intelligent citizens. The future of this country lies not in the hands of those who are ready and willing to die for it, but in the hands of those who are ready to live for it—live for it and devote their lives to abolishing the evils that have crept into our social being—the evils of greed and avarice. The "sweat shop," the trust and all other cancerous growths that sicken our body politic are not to be cured by an exhibition of that patriotism that contemplates only death upon the battlefield.

God hasten the day when the citizenship of America shall realize that the crying need of the nation is not sacrifice upon the battlefield but sacrifice along the primrose paths of peace.

THE OLIVER THEATER

Central Labor Union Benefit

WEDNESDAY EVE., JULY 19

By the kindness of the Fulton Stock Company and Manager Frank Zehring of the Oliver, a benefit for the Lincoln Central Labor Union will be given on Wednesday evening, July 19, on which occasion the magnificent Labor Play,

"LOST PARADISE"

Will be given. This splendid play deals with the ever-pressing Labor Problem and should be seen by every employer and employe in Lincoln and vicinity. It is full of heart interest, replete with thrilling situations, and is presented with a wealth of scenic effect by a splendid company.

See the Great Mill Scene. See the Great Strike Scene.

The proceeds of the entertainment will be turned into the treasury of the Central Labor Union. No advance from regular prices of admission—25 cents; 15 cents and 10 cents. Tickets exchangeable for reserved seats at the box office on sale by Central Labor Union delegates.

...Specialties Between Acts...

The Fulton Stock Company, now playing a summer engagement at the Oliver, is equal to many of the attractions playing one night engagements at a heavy advance over the regular season prices. Its productions are unusually well staged, its plays the best that can be secured, and the individual members of the company are artists in their profession.

"LOST PARADISE"

Conveys a valuable lesson to both Labor and Capital. Its love stories are unique. Its comedy is clean. Let every workingman and woman in the city take an active interest in this benefit performance.

Wednesday Eve., July 19th