

THE WAGELWORKER

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FRANCIS W. BROWN.

Elsewhere in this issue The Wageworker presents its reasons for advocating the election of Francis W. Brown to congress at the special election to be held Tuesday, July 18. The Wageworker earnestly requests every reader to carefully read the article elsewhere, and ponder over the arguments therein presented. An opportunity to make its influence felt should not be ignored by union labor, and the special election affords that opportunity.

Mr. Brown did not seek the nomination, and only consented to run when urgently requested to do so by his friends. His acceptance of the nomination entailed a sacrifice on his part, and if he is elected it will compel him to give attention to public matters that is demanded by his private business. It is not necessary for The Wageworker to assure the union men of Lincoln that Mr. Brown is their friend, for his friendship has been manifested on more than one occasion. Now that an opportunity is afforded to not only show appreciation of that friendship but to make the influence of the labor vote felt, it should be seized by all unionists who are interested in securing recognition of labor.

"NEW THEORIES," INDEED!

The St. Louis Christian-Evangelist, a religious publication representing the Disciples of Christ, or Christian church, recently contained the following interesting paragraph in a department entitled "Editor's Easy Chair":

Who owns the lake? The question was passed on here recently by one of the small, bright boys whose parents are resorting here. Returning from the lake where he had been to take his constitutional he told his mother, with some indignation, that another boy had said to him that a man owned the lake and that he (the boy) would not be allowed to bathe in it any more. "What did you say to him?" his mother asked. "I told him," said the philosopher, "that I guessed the lake belonged to God, and that anybody could bathe in it that wanted to!" The boy was right. In the highest and truest sense the lake belongs to God, and therefore can not be monopolized by any man or by any group of men. The boys logic, too, was entirely sound. Because it belonged to God anybody could bathe in it that wanted to. God's things are for all. The air is his, and all may breathe it. The sun is his and all may share in its warmth and light. The seas are his, and all who can may sail over them or profit by them. The land, too, used to belong to God, but it has nearly all been "taken up"! But there now! We are not going to be drawn by this boy's logic into any new theories of land ownership. But we do believe that "the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof," and that he wishes all to share in it.

"New theories of land ownership," indeed! Is the theory that the land belongs to all the people any newer than the theory that the atmosphere belongs to all the people? And why should the editor of the Christian-Evangelist refuse to be "drawn into" this theory? If there is anything physical that a religious newspaper ought to discuss it is this same land theory, for the corruption of the theory that the land belongs to all the people is responsible for 99 per cent of all the woe, misery, destitution, calamity and degradation that exists among the peoples of the earth. What's the use of talking about an all-wise and all-merciful God to a man who is compelled to stand by and watch his wife and little ones starve and die and rot in a noisome tenement, while a block or two away a multi-millionaire feasts his friends and pays the bills with money wrung from people who are forced to pay him tribute because he has seized upon the land—the common heritage of all the people! When men are so engrossed in acquiring riches that they can think of nothing else, naturally they lose sight of God and their fellow men. And when men are compelled to hasten from bed to work, and from work back to bed, toiling all their waking hours and then find themselves unable to provide suitably for their loved ones—when men are thus driven they naturally forget God, or, remembering Him, remember Him only as a God that forgets the poor.

The infernal unchristian landlord system is responsible for the failure of Christianity to lay hold of the hearts of all the people. Cure the land ill—if such a term is permissible—and all other ills will be either removed or lessened.

The religious journals of the country would do well to get down to real business. A little more help in the present and a little less talk about the future would be a good thing. The man who is starving today is not very much interested in the menu card of a great banquet to be spread some day next month. The Wageworker would very much like to see the esteemed Christian-Evangelist—whose editor the Wageworker's editor has known ever since the latter was a little boy—and all other religious journals "drawn into theories of land ownership."

If "the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof," then it is indeed the land of all His people, and not the land of a few of the trades people who rent it out and live like princes on the rent.

THE MISSION OF "THE WAGELWORKER."

At a regular meeting of a certain trades union in Lincoln a few weeks ago the matter of renewing the union's subscription to The Wageworker came up. A wide-awake union man, in a speech very complimentary to this modest little publication, moved that the subscription be renewed and immediately another wide-awake union man seconded the motion. Then a member arose to his feet and objected.

"Those who want the paper ought to pay for it. I don't want it because there is nothing in it but stuff telling us what kind of clothes we ought to wear and what kind of tobacco and cigars we ought to use."

The Wageworker is very much obliged to the protesting member. He has very forcibly and briefly outlined The Wageworker's policy. The only trouble is that he is not the possessor of enough unionism to stand by his fellow unionists. He is one of the already too numerous throng of so-called unionists who are too selfish to think of anybody but himself. As long as he can draw the scale and stand sure of receiving a sick or strike benefit he is satisfied, and his fellow unionists can go to thunder for all he cares. This is the class that disgraces unionism and nullifies in large part the efforts of better men to advance the cause of the laboring classes. Hell is full of union members who are unionists because they want to draw the scale.

The union man who is always watchful for the interests of his fellow unionists, and helps them by patronizing union made articles; who cheerfully pays his dues and assessments and talks unionism in season and out of season—that kind of a union man is making unionism a vital force in the industrial world. The member of a trades union who is a unionist for purely selfish reasons isn't worth the price of enough powder to blow his carcass to Battle Creek, Mich.

The Wageworker is doing just what the above protesting union member complained about. It is advocating unionism that means something, and is proud of it. If it could educate every union member up to demanding the union label it would be the proudest achievement that any newspaper could boast of. And The Wageworker is going to keep it up just as long as it manages to eke out an existence. The union member who doesn't like that sort of thing may protest till he is black in the face. The Wageworker doesn't care a tinker's dam whether he subscribes for it or not. He will lose a whole lot more than The Wageworker will by missing the weekly visits of this modest and humble little labor organ.

Edward A. Moffett is again editing the Bricklayer and Mason, a fact which entitles the members of that great organization to congratulations. Mr. Moffett is one of the best in the country, and under his guidance the Bricklayer and Mason will always be on the firing line with plenty of hot ammunition on hand.

The union man who pays dues only when pressed and who absents himself regularly from the meetings of his union, is as much a menace to unionism as the rankest "scab." You always know where to find the "scab."

The Michigan Labor Advocate is complaining of labor editors who "swipe" editorials and forget to give credit. Bless the dear Advocate, that's so common that The Wageworker has quit complaining about it.

It has been three months since the husband of his stenographer, Charles Willipus Post, became president of the union busters' association, and yet there are several trades unions still doing business.

Battle Creek, Mich., business men are complaining because Battle Creek mechanics are patronizing Chicago mail order houses. If they don't like it they ought to call off their leader, Mr. Post.

If the finances of some labor organization had been handled like the finances of the Equitable Insurance company, what a roar would have gone up from Post, Parry, et al.

A county campaign is on and it is really wonderful what a lot of friendship for union labor is being shown in quarters where friendship for union labor was never suspected.

A vote for Francis W. Brown for congress is a vote to compel the managers of all political parties to give some heed to the demands of the laboring men of the district.

The employer who fights the eight-hour day is merely trying to sweep back the ocean's tide with a whisk broom. The eight-hour day is coming, and coming soon.

With a first-class auditorium and plenty of good hotels, Lincoln ought to get into the game and land a few international conventions of trades unions.

Every time you patronize a Wageworker advertiser you increase the power of this labor newspaper for good.

Vote for Francis W. Brown for congress and compel recognition of the labor vote.

Get busy, and help make the Central Labor Union benefit a rousing success.

Some Union Made Humor

DOROTHY

Two little blue little eyes
Laughing and dancing with glee.
And the tresses that fly
As the breezes go by
Are giving sweet welcome to me.

Neat little sweet little feet
Dancing and prancing with cheer,
And the angelic grace
Of the bright smiling face
Like vision of joy doth appear.

Red little spread little lips
Lipsing a welcome to me,
And the prints of a kiss
From the lips of the miss
Bid worry and sorrow to flee.

Smile all the while, little girl,
Carry your message of light,
And the touch of your hands
Shall sever care's bands
And make all my burdens grow light.

The Woman

She belonged to a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, but she made the poor dressmaker work day and night to get her ball dress ready on time, and then forgot to pay the dressmaker for weeks and weeks.

She belonged to the society for the amelioration of humankind, but she was keen on hunting bargains that were made possible by the toil and sufferings of her sisters in noisome sweat shops.

She reprimanded the small boy that threw a stone at a cat, yet she drove a team of horses with docked tails.

She wrote a beautiful article for the local paper advocating the organization of Audubon societies among the boys and girls, then donned a hat containing three stuffed birds and gaily went to the editor's sanctum to submit the article.

She was chairman of the committee on social science at the club, and gave the servant girl a cheerless garret with broken and marred furniture.

She was prominent in her church Kensington and read a paper depicting the fact that the poor do not attend church more, and while reading it she wore silks and satins enough to defray the living expenses of the average workingman's family for six months.

Something about the inconsistency of the men might be added to this, but space is too limited to make even a start on that subject.

Procrastination

"I wonder why I am not recognized," complained the seceded country of Norway.

"Huh, you didn't know enough to send a canal concession on ahead as advance agent," sneered the Panama representative.

Realizing the fatal mistake made at the start, the seceded section sorrowfully turned on its heel and departed tearfully.

A Suggestion

"It appears to me," remarked Uncle Simeon, "that after the peace commissioners get through with that job at Washington they might try to settle the differences between the stand-patters and the no-shelter fellows."

An Essay on Man

The man stood upon a high hill, and looking out over the wide expanse inflated his chest, tilted his chin in the air and exclaimed:

"Behold, I am it. I have solved all things, and have dominion over all things. To me nature has been compelled to reveal her innermost secrets, and I—"

"But can you make light without heat?" queried the fire-fly that went sailing by.

"And can you soar aloft without perceptible motion?" queried the buzzard.

"And can you tell me why we migrate?" queried the bird.

"You call me electricity," said the lightning flash, "but can you tell what I am?"

"Why is the grass green, and violet blue, and rose red, and the clover

white?" queried the little rootlet. Thick and fast came the questions, and quickly the man shrank to infinitesimal proportions. In a short while the high hill was vacant save for the rocks and shrubs, and the man was grovelling in the valley.

Brain Leaks

When jealousy sneaks in love slips out. Some people pray like they ask for rebates.

Cheerfulness is a flower that must be cultivated. Satan is always experimenting with new bait for wary fish.

The fruits of industry must be irrigated with perspiration. The greatest heroes are those who have spent their lives for others.

When a man does his very best, God will take care of the final result. Men who build good characters need never worry about their reputations.

The best parts of a vacation are looking forward to it and looking backwards at it. The worst failures we have ever seen have been scored by men whom the world has called successful.

They may be necessary, but somehow or other we can never have a friendly feeling for dog catchers. There are husbands whose ideal woman is one who can retain her good nature when the jelly refuses to jell.

The business man who strives merely to keep just inside the law is not a safe man to trust with your business.

One trouble with most men is that they think they could do another man's work better than they ever do their own.

The waitress barber shop would deprive a lot of men of an excuse for staying down town late on Saturday night.

The man who is always looking for the smooth road has no reason to complain if other men drive first to the goal of success.

The workman who makes it a principle to take an interest in his work sooner or later has the principal interest in the product.

Sacrifice does not consist in giving away something you do not want, nor in refraining from doing something you do not want to do.

It is a sad commentary on our boasted civilization that the newspapers think it necessary to print columns about a public official who is trying to expose graft.

The fellow who wins is the fellow who hustles out and gets a job. The fellow who is always hanging on by his eyebrows is the fellow who "accepts a situation."

The old patriarch declared, "I said in my haste all men are liars," and we have often wondered what else he would have said if he had not been pressed for time.

An English court has decided that no man is a gentleman who earns his living. We have gentlemen, then, at both ends of American society. Those at one end we call "tramps;" those at the other end call themselves "the 400."

Crockett and the Mules

When Davy Crockett sat in the national legislature as a representative of the state of Texas he had many clashes with men of more education, but less wit than himself. It is told of him that one day while standing in front of his hotel on Pennsylvania avenue, a drove of mules trotted by under the custody of an overseer from one of the stock farms in Virginia. A congressman from Boston, who was standing near by, attracted Crockett's attention to the unusual sight, saying:

"Hello there, Crockett; here's a lot of your constituents on parade. Where are they going?"

The celebrated hunter looked at the animals with a quizzical glance, and then turning to the other said quietly, but with great emphasis, "They are going to Massachusetts to teach school."—Harper's Weekly.

Gasology

Don't be prejudiced. Prejudice has cost a great many people lots of good money. Perhaps you have been prejudiced against the use of gas for fuel, and have refused to use it. If you have that prejudice has cost you money and added very much to your discomfort.

Fuel Gas Cheaper Than Coal

Can you make a six-dollar ton of coal last three months, using it for baking, washing and ironing? You can make six dollars' worth of gas do all that work for three months—and have lots of comfort thereby that is impossible with a coal range that heats the kitchen seven times hotter than a potter's oven.

No Waste Heat About Gas

All the heat at once right where you want it, and only as long as you want it. You do not have to heat the kitchen as hot as the oven in order to get an oven hot enough to bake. With a gas range you can make biscuits and coffee, eat supper and wash the dishes in less time than it takes to split kindling, carry coal and get a coal range fired up ready for business.

A Fuel Gas Range Is Fuel Economy

It also adds strength and health and comfort. Gas in the kitchen means a cheerful housewife—and a cheerful housewife means a cozy and comfortable home. The wise husband will insist on putting a gas range in the kitchen.

We SELL And INSTALL Gas Ranges

All sizes and all prices—and when we sell the range we connect it free of charge. Just the price of the range and the fuel is always ready to hand. Nothing pleases us more than to exhibit our ranges to prospective customers.

A Gas Water Heater a Great Convenience

Water for the bath room in a very few minutes at a cost of less than two cents per bath. Get one and render unnecessary the heating up of the coal range and kitchen.

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