

THE WAGWORKER

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THE OBSERVANCE OF LABOR DAY.

Of course the action of the local Central Labor Union in declaring against a Labor Day parade is not final, but The Wagworker is in hearty accord with the resolution and hopes it will be accepted by the local unions. Let union labor make it a holiday in fact as well as in name, and spend the day quietly and restfully. Labor Day parades cost the unions an average of not less than \$1 per member, or a total of nearly \$1,500 in a city like Lincoln. It is extremely doubtful if the results justify the expenditure. If the bringing together of a great crowd to witness the parade brought profit only to the friends of organized labor it might be different.

The Wagworker suggests that the various unions hold picnics if possible. That the day be spent in the woods, resting up mentally and physically. That it be devoted to quiet consideration of methods and means of strengthening the cause of unionism.

FAIR PLAY, GENTLEMEN.

This newspaper is not a socialist organ, and its editor is not a socialist in the common acceptance of that term. But this newspaper and its editor believe in fair play all around. There are socialists in this city, and they are earnest and honest gentlemen who believe they have a remedy for all the ills that beset our body politic. While we may take issue with them on matters of principle, we should not fail to remember that they are fellow citizens and have the same rights that are accorded to other citizens. Recently the socialists attempted to inaugurate a series of Sunday afternoon street meetings, but were told by the city authorities that the meetings would not be allowed. In the meanwhile other organizations furthering a political propaganda are allowed to hold Sunday street meetings.

The Wagworker is unalterably opposed to the "wide open" Sunday. It is opposed to Sunday theatres, Sunday baseball, Sunday beer gardens, and all other forms of Sunday desecration. It is opposed to anything that might serve as an opening wedge for the introduction of any of these things. Sunday base ball might not be bad of itself, but its introduction would be the forerunner of other things. No fault is found with the refusal of the authorities to permit the socialists to hold Sunday street meetings, but if the socialists are to be shut out it is no more than fair that other organizations be shut out. The "Red Ribbon" club holds Sunday street meetings, and if there is a band of tireless political workers it is that same Red Ribbon club. It is making a political movement out of a moral issue—which may be all right in itself. But if the Red Ribbon club is allowed to talk politics on the streets on Sunday, then the socialists should be allowed to do the same thing. So, also, should any other political organization.

The thing to do is to either let them all talk, or let none of them talk. Let us play no favorites, gentlemen.

THE SAME OLD STORY.

Perhaps you are getting tired of hearing it, but that makes no difference. The Wagworker is going to keep right on repeating it as long as it is able to raise the money to pay the printing bills. It is the old, old story among demanding the label. Every time you buy "scab" made goods you are employing "scab" labor and making a mock of unionism.

"O, I have a favorite merchant, and he don't handle union made goods," says one alleged union man.

"Well, why is he your favorite?" The Wagworker would ask. "I've traded with him for years, and I have an account there. Besides, the store is handy to my house and it saves time and exertion."

What a splendid argument for a union man to advance! Suppose that merchant patronized a "rat" printery for the same reason? Every printer in Lincoln would be up in arms. Suppose he patronized a "scab" carpenter for the same reason. Every union carpenter in Lincoln would be up in arms. Suppose he employed "scab" brick-masons, or "scab" plasterers, or "scab" painters for the same reason, the members of these three unions would wax wroth and raise thunder. But hasn't the merchant just as much right to do that as a union man has to patronize that merchant for the reason given by the unionist quoted above!

"I have a favorite brand of chewing tobacco, and I can't use any other. I know it's 'scab' but it's the only kind I can use."

Well, then, for heaven's sake quit chewing tobacco. If you can't chew tobacco without "scabbing" just quit the habit. Be a man!

"I couldn't find a suit of union made clothes to fit, so I got this 'scab' suit."

That's a lie! You can get union made clothes, although it may require a little extra effort. If your clothing merchant can't fit you with a union made suit of clothes, give him the merry ha-ha and walk out of his store. He'll begin to do a little stunt of thinking right there. You may have to wear the old suit a week or two longer, but it's better to be a square man in an old suit than a "scab" in a hand-tailored outfit made by "scabs."

If there is anything on earth that is calculated to disgust intelligent men with the claims of unionism it is the sight of an alleged union man clad in "scab" clothing, puffing a "scab" cigar and kicking with "scab" shoes, shooting off his mouth about the cause of union labor. One alleged unionist with a "scab" outfit on got the cause of unionism more harm with his mouth than Gripe-Guts Post can do with all of his money and superabundant gall.

As between the opponent of unionism who works in the open, and the alleged unionist who patronizes "scab" made goods, give us the open opponent of unionism. He is honest, however much he may be mistaken. The alleged unionist is both dishonest and mistaken.

If you are wearing a suit of "scab" clothes while you are reading this, don't forget that this article refers to you.

And if you don't like The Wagworker because it is always hammering away on this subject, just stop your subscription. We'd rather be without it. This newspaper was established for a purpose, and that purpose is to advance the cause of unionism. If you don't like it, the fault is with you. Besides, if you don't like it, it is a sure sign that The Wagworker is making at least a small success in pursuing its mission.

This will be all for this time. There's another dose due next week, and you'll get it if you read this paper—as you should.

Did you ever hear of officers of an international trades union who carried dead men on the pay rolls, paid enormous salaries to dummy lawyers and directors and loaned themselves the union's money on bogus securities? Not much. That sort of thing has been left to the eminent financiers, those conservators of the nation's honor and integrity, who manage our big corporations.

The eminent military gentleman who handled the militia funds during the recent trouble in Colorado, and who was an especial pet of the Peabody-Bell outfit, is said to be short somewhere between \$100,000 and \$300,000.

If you are a real union man you will see to it that your union's delegates attend the Central Labor Union. The Central body meets next Tuesday evening.

Don't boycott Charles W. Post's products. Just refuse to buy 'em.

If it is delivered by a non-union carrier, send it back.

In Panama

They are bound in red tape in most horrible shape. While trying to dig the big ditch. And from "Yellow Jack's" crepe there appears no escape. And many the quibble and hitch. From glee they have dropped to lugubrious tone: There is trouble galore in the Panama zone. And the hands of the railroads have clearly been shown. In getting the congress to switch.

There is weary delay and they make no headway. In getting the old canal cut; And the profligate way fills us all with dismay. They have struck M. DeLessep's old rut. They shovel out gold and throw dirt with a spoon; 'Tis grass-grown at eve where 'twas dug out at noon. And the only pleased people are Shonts and Magoon, Who are getting good salaries, but—

When Wallace stepped down there was trouble in town, And things were a-popping for fair, And William Taft's frown shriveled Wallace up brown, But Wallace showed never a care. And the railroads looked on and most gleefully laughed; Their managers figured on greed and on graft, And there's trouble in plenty for William H. Taft. In building a ditch on the square.

Awful Mistake

"Great goodness, judge!" exclaimed the docket clerk, "a most horrible mistake has been made." "What, this court make a mistake?" exclaimed the judge. "Yes, your honor. By mistake the embezzling banker has been entered up for a sentence of twenty years, and the infamous scoundrel that stole a side of bacon and a peck of potatoes has been let off with six months."

He Did Not Succeed Because—

He sulked. He complained too much. He was afraid to venture. He couldn't profit by mistakes. He could not profit from failure. He expected others to do for him. He kept late hours—morning and night. He automobilized on a street car margin. He quit by the clock and began by inclination. He kept late hours better than he kept his books. He did not care what people thought of him. He sacrificed tomorrow's profits for today's pleasure. He carried his business troubles home with him. He didn't advertise, because "Everybody knew him." He spent too much time envying the success of others. He could either drink or let it alone, and did not let it alone. He couldn't manage himself, but tried to manage others. He was so busy "knocking" he could never find time to "boost." He wasted too much time giving advice to other men how to succeed. He knew so much at the start that he could learn nothing on the way. He trusted to others to do the work that he should have done himself. He attended to everybody's business better than he attended to his own. He wanted to do a big business without building up from a little business. He was too busy to attend to little things and too lazy to tackle big things. He took too much pleasure during business hours, and too much business through his pleasure hours. He depended too much on the popular magazine stories of "How I Achieved Success." He spent so much time being a good fellow that he had no time to attend to business. He spent one-half of today regretting yesterday and the other half figuring on tomorrow. He tried to make a corn-beef-and-cabbage income provide for a champagne-and-terrific appetite. He endeavored to get something for nothing from people who wanted to trade nothing for something. He thought the world owed him a living and ought to chase him around to make him accept payment of the debt. He was too high toned to accept a subordinate position and not capable of welding authority on account of inexperience.

Brain Leaks

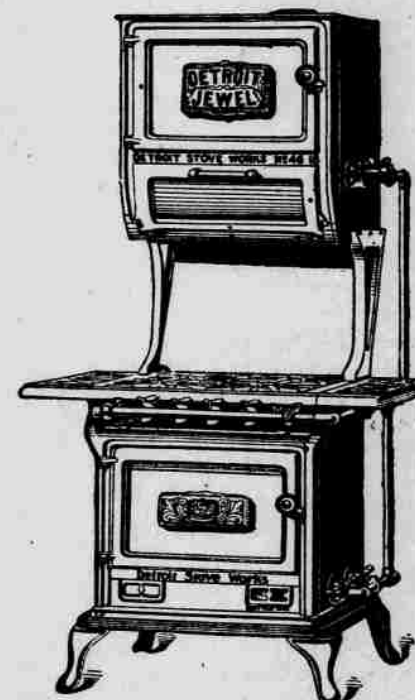
The man who never fails never tries. A home without love is merely a stopping place. It is easy to make excuses for those we love. God's throne is not reached by way of the back pew. The man who would be young again should cultivate a youthful spirit. When a man begins wondering if he looks his age it is a sure sign that he does. When we want to employ a boy we are not going to employ one who trizzes his hair and lets the way locks stick out over his brow from beneath a hat set on the back of his head. Always speak the truth, but don't forget that it is often wise not to speak at all. Strange that so many young men think that in order to be "good fellows" that have to do wrong things. The man who enjoys what little he has is far better off than the man who has everything and enjoys nothing. What has become of all the old men who could cradle ten acres of wheat a day when they were in their prime? Things would doubtless taste just as good now as they did when we were boys if we had boys' appetites. No matter how rank the grass grows in your yard, if your neighbor goes visiting and asks your boy to take care of his yard, the neighbor's yard always looks well. Young man, when she begins hinting that you would better save your money instead of spending it for buggy hire and ice cream sodas, it is time to either back up or begin looking for a cottage. When "graft" is exposed immediately the pessimists begin declaring that the world is growing worse. The world is really growing better all the time because light is being thrown into dark places and rogues are being exposed.

Kitchen Comfort

You get it with a gas range. The heat is in the range—not in the kitchen. You bake and boil the food—not the housewife.

Gas Ranges Are Economical

They Save Fuel, save time and save strength. You save money by Saving Fuel. You Save Money by Saving Time. You Save Money by Conserving Strength.



This gas range is the limit of economy and comfort for the housewife. Two ovens—one below and one above. The upper one is also a broiler. Elevated above the floor, allowing the broom to get under—a point neat housekeepers will appreciate.



LESS WORK—LESS DIRT LESS EXPENSE

This is a single oven gas range, and is cheaper than the one first mentioned, and does just as good service although not so handy in many respects.

A Little Down—A Little Each Month

You scarcely miss the money you pay for the range. In fact, the saving of fuel will pay for the range in a very short time. It will give us pleasure to show you these ranges in actual operation. With that end in view we keep open until 9:30 every evening except Sunday. Investigate for yourself and we will abide by your decision. We are willing to abide by the verdict of 5,000 users of fuel gas.

Lincoln Gas & Electric Light Company

1323 O Street, Lincoln, Neb.

Bell, 75

OPEN EVENINGS

Auto 2575