

# THE WAGEWORKER

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

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## The Editor Dreams About Labor Day

Following is a table which we believe conservatively estimates the wage earning capacity of the toilers of Lincoln. In order to appreciate the "dream" that follows the reader is invited to give careful study to the table:

| Occupation—                                 | No. Employed. | Per Week. | Per Year.   |
|---|---------------|-----------|-------------|
| Teamsters .....                             | 140           | \$12.00   | \$ 85,200   |
| Printers .....                              | 125           | 18.00     | 117,000     |
| Carpenters .....                            | 300           | 16.00     | 249,000     |
| Engineers .....                             | 90            | 37.50     | 462,000     |
| Cigarmakers .....                           | 50            | 15.00     | 39,000      |
| Barbers .....                               | 15            | 15.00     | 46,500      |
| Bricklayers .....                           | 30            | 30.00     | 46,800      |
| Bartenders .....                            | 60            | 20.00     | 67,400      |
| Laborers .....                              | 150           | 12.00     | 93,600      |
| Pressmen .....                              | 40            | 14.00     | 29,120      |
| Bookbinders .....                           | 10            | 15.00     | 7,800       |
| Stereotypers .....                          | 15            | 16.00     | 12,480      |
| Trainmen .....                              | 400           | 22.50     | 432,000     |
| Firemen .....                               | 90            | 22.50     | 97,200      |
| Shopmen .....                               | 400           | 18.00     | 374,400     |
| Street Railway .....                        | 200           | 12.00     | 145,600     |
| Clerks .....                                | 1,000         | 8.00      | 416,000     |
| Ministers .....                             | 50            | 25.00     | 65,000      |
| Cooks and Waiters .....                     | 200           | 7.00      | 72,800      |
| Girls at Jones' .....                       | 50            | 6.00      | 15,600      |
| Miscellaneous .....                         | 2,000         | 6.00      | 624,000     |
| Total of wages paid in Lincoln yearly ..... |               |           | \$3,198,400 |

The other night the editor of The Wagerworker had a dream. During the day he had been very busy hustling to do his part towards making the Labor Day excursion to Beatrice a huge success, and when he retired to his couch his mind was full of labor matters. As a result he had a dream.

It was the morning of Labor Day, and the hosts of toil were gathering to make their annual display of banners and enthusiasm and pride in their occupations. The streets were thronged with people gathered from far and near to witness the great spectacle, and everybody was happy and full of sweet content. Labor had been well employed during the year, and the average wage had not been reduced. True the price of living had been materially increased, but as the men who could increase the cost of living at will had not seized upon their well known ability to reduce wages at will, labor felt in a happy mood. In fact, labor felt thankful to the "captains of finance and industry" for not having cut the wages in two when the cost of living was multiplied by two.

Among the thousands gathered to witness the great parade was a man of perhaps 72 years. He was wrinkled of face, stooped of shoulder, and his head was devoid of hair. The corners of his mouth dropped down, giving his face a sinister look, and his shifty gray eyes seemed to take in every detail of the occasion.

The editor, having seen the man's picture in many a magazine, instantly recognized him. It was John D. Rockefeller, the great oil king, Sunday school superintendent, philanthropist and friend of education.

Having a few moments leisure the editor stepped into a doorway and figured a little. He figured the Rockefeller fortune at \$500,000,000, and knew that his estimate was conservative. He figured an income of 8 per cent on that fortune, knowing that Rockefeller had the power to make it quadruple that if he so willed. Then he figured out that the man who stood on the corner to watch Lincoln workmen march by enjoyed an income of \$40,000,000 a year, or \$109,000 a day, or \$4,566 an hour, or \$76 a minute, or \$1.35 every time the watch in his pocket ticked off a second of time.

But while the editor was figuring the crash of a band fell upon his ears, and knowing that the parade was starting he hastened to join his union.

Proudly down the street came the swiving column, the big brass band marching ahead and playing quicksteps that fairly shattered the circumambient atmosphere. Mr. Rockefeller looked up with a half-smile on his face, and as the head of the column turned the corner he muttered:

"A fine parade, indeed! What a happy lot of men they are, to be sure. Well fed, well cared for, and prosperous. Why should there be any discontent among them?"

"Boom, boom, boom-boom-boom!" thundered the big bass drum, and every time the lusty drummer smote the taut sheepskin \$1.35 'dropped into the pocket of Mr. Rockefeller.

The Teamsters Union had the head of the parade this time, and as the 140 brawny men swung by, rejoicing in their strength, proud of their union and glorying in the fact that they were making good wages, Mr. Rockefeller figured on a bit of paper and then muttered: "There are 140 of them, and if they each draw \$12 a week I make \$24,589 more in a day than the whole make in a year. Surely God has been good to me."

"Boom, boom, boom-boom-boom!" thundered the drum, and keeping step to its rhythm the Typographical Union marched by. Mr. Rockefeller looked, figured on a bit of paper, and then muttered:

"The printers, eh? Claim to be the most intelligent craftsmen on earth. The art preservative of all arts. A hundred and twenty-five of them, and at the scale they work six days a week the year 'round and manage to draw an aggregate wage only \$8,000 greater than my income for one day. How thankful they ought to be that they are so well paid."

"Boom, boom, boom-boom-boom!" thundered the big drum, and keeping step thereto marched 300 carpenters. Mr. Rockefeller looked, figured on a bit of paper and then muttered:

"Three hundred of them, and each worked many months learning the trade before they could make a dollar. And the whole three hundred make only twice as much in a whole year as I make in one single day. But they should be thankful for their opportunities."

"Boom, boom, boom-boom-boom!" Here come the locomotive engineers, ninety strong. Every day they take their lives in their hands. Every day they become the guardians of the lives of our loved ones. And as Mr. Rockefeller figured a bit he muttered:

"I make as much in thirty-six hours as the whole ninety of them make in a year."

"Crash, bang! Oom-pah, oom-pah, oom-pah-pah-pah!" The band was playing "Stars and Stripes Forever," and the cigarmakers, fifty strong, went tripping by. Hastily figuring a bit, Mr. Rockefeller smiled and muttered:

"The fifty work a whole year to make less than my income for nine hours. But they handle the filthy weed called tobacco. Truly God is good to me for my moderation and cleanliness."

Behind the cigarmakers came the barbers, sixty strong, and when Mr. Rockefeller figured out that he made more every ten hours than the sixty barbers made in a year, he smiled and muttered:

"I believe I will tip my barber 5 cents the next time he shaves me. They deserve a little something extra."

And thus it went all along the line. Mr. Rockefeller compared his income with every union that marched by. The thirty union bricklayers who toil in the hottest sun have to work two hours to earn as much as Mr. Rockefeller makes every time the clock ticks. The bartenders altogether make a little more than half as much in a year as Mr. Rockefeller's income for one day. Every time the clock ticks twice Mr. Rockefeller's income amounts to 70 cents more than the laborer makes in nine hours of toil and sweat. In six hours

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# GRAND LABOR DAY

## EXCURSION AND PICNIC

### BEATRICE, NEB.

The Labor Unions of Lincoln will celebrate Labor Day at Beatrice with the unions of that city. A special train will run over the Burlington, leaving Lincoln at 8:30 a. m. sharp, and returning leave Beatrice at 7:30 p. m. The regular train over the Union Pacific will leave at 7:25 a. m. and returning leave Beatrice at 6 p. m.

**FARE FOR ROUND TRIP  
EITHER ROAD--90 CENTS  
CHILDREN--45 CENTS**

An interesting program of music, games and sports has been arranged, and Beatrice has made preparations to entertain all visitors in the most hospitable manner.

## GRAND PARADE

Arriving at Beatrice the Unionists will parade through the principal streets. Women and children will be carried to the Chautauqua grounds free of charge.

## SPECIAL FEATURES

Splendid amusement features have been provided to entertain the people during the day. Among them may be mentioned

**Fred A. Karcher,** Musical Humorist and Monologist, in up-to-date Specialties. There are none better in the business. | **Calliope Quartet** Voices that blend harmoniously and fill the air with sweet harmony of sound.

## PROGRAM AT GROUNDS

- Music.....Band
- Address of welcome.....Hon. M. T. Schultz  
*Mayor of Beatrice.*
- Response.....Mark T. Castor  
*President Lincoln C. L. U.*
- Music.....Vocal  
*Calliope Quartet.*

## GRAND BASKET DINNER

At 12:30 a grand basket dinner will be enjoyed. Let everybody bring well filled baskets and enjoy a square meal in the shade of the trees. Let this be an hour of good fellowship---"Let good digestion wait on appetite, and health on both."

## PROGRAM OF SPORTS

- 1:20—Tug of War between Lincoln and Beatrice Teams. Prize One Box Cigars.
- 1:40—Married Ladies' Race. Prize One Pair Fine Gloves.
- 2:00—100 Yard Race, free-for-all. Prize One Pair \$3.50 Shoes.
- 2:30—75 Yard Race, Young Ladies. Prize Fine Parasol.
- 2:45—50 Yard Race, Sack Race. Prize \$1.50.
- 3:00—100 Yard Men's Race. One from each union. Prize \$10.00 Suit of Clothes.
- 3:20—Potato Race, fifty yards. Prizes, First, \$1.00; Second, 50c.
- 3:30—Standing Jump, with weights. Prize Box of Cigars.
- 3:45—Ball Game between picked teams from Lincoln and Beatrice. Prize \$5.00.

## THE WAGEWORKER'S SPECIAL PRIZE

The Lincoln Wagerworker offers a special prize of \$7.50 to the Lincoln union showing the largest proportion of paid-up members at Beatrice on Labor Day.

## MOST POPULAR LADY

A voting contest to decide who is the most popular lady on this grounds. Prize a Pair of \$3.50 Shoes. Band Contests, incidental Contests, etc., will serve to make the day one of unalloyed pleasure.

## A City Park Secured at Last

Without any flourish of trumpets, but quietly and earnestly, Mayor Brown and the city council have at last secured a park site for the city of Lincoln. The new park will contain 32 acres at first, but it is expected that it will be materially increased in size before many months. It lies within easy distance of all parts of the city, is four blocks from a car line, and is already well supplied with trees and natural advantages. For years those who wanted a city park have had their eyes on the Sager tract, but it remained for the present city administration to make the deal. The city pays \$13,500 for the tract and it is a bargain. Only two members of the council, Hoppe and Stewart, voted against the deal. Mr. Hoppe thought the price too high, and Mr. Stewart did not condescend to give a reason for his vote.

The park deal was framed up quietly in order to avoid the real estate sharks. The mayor, together with Councilmen Bauer, Dunn and George, acted as a committee, and sent City Clerk Pratt to Illinois to complete the details. Mr. Pratt performed his part of the service well. Monday night the park proposition was submitted and went through as above recorded. By this action the present administration has endeared itself to the people who have had most to do with making Lincoln a city. A lot of close-fisted rich men who have grown rich by letting the toil of other men increase the value of their real estate may be expected to kick, but if they are wise they will keep still. They might cause the workingmen of Lincoln to get together and vote a big bond issue to buy some more park sites.

### WHEN A MAN IS DOWN ON HIS LUCK.

#### An Experiment That Taught a Man Something About What Hood Called "Rarity of Human Charity."

Mr. Gleeson of Torrington, Conn., is not only a prosperous undertaker, but, what is more, he is a director in a total abstinence union. All through his life he was taught by Sunday school teachers and others that it is not the clothes a man wears but the man himself that counts in this gray old world. Once that all sounded good to Mr. Gleeson. He swallowed it as a great truth, but since a recent experience it does not sit well on his stomach, total abstainer though he is.

It all came about somewhat after this fashion: Returning to Torrington from Wilkesbarre, Pa., where he was a delegate to the National Temperance convention, he determined to test the charity of the world, and incidentally of his friends. Disguising himself so that he would pass anywhere for a tramp, he walked from New York to Torrington, depending on charity and his wits to carry him through. He believed that if he really became needy while carrying out his experiment, he could call on his friends along his journey.

He started out bravely enough. The weather was perfect, and it was a delight to tramp along the roads. By the afternoon of the first day he was exhausted by the unaccustomed exertion and determined to try his luck on a trolley car. He thought that if he told the conductor just how it was, he would give him a helping hand. But after listening to the proposal, the conductor told the would-be beneficiary that he had "another think coming." And so it went. Gleeson not only had to sleep in fields and fence corners, but he couldn't get enough to eat. With tattered clothes, unkempt hair, broken shoes, he was actually an outcast.

In the entire distance covered by his experiment, he found only two individuals who did not treat him with indifference or worse—one was a waitress in a restaurant and the other a dog. Gleeson got home at last, but with a shaken faith. He stands ready to argue the "man and the clothes" question with any and all comers.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

### STRONG AND IN GOOD FINANCIAL CONDITION.

#### Bricklayers' and Masons' International Makes Report Showing Affairs of Union to be in Excellent Shape.

William Dobson, secretary of the Bricklayers' and Masons' International Union of America, has compiled his semi-annual report for the term ending June 30, 1905. It shows a total membership of 66,025 in the unions that have reported. The total number of unions at present is 893, but 70 of them have not sent in their reports, and so the actual membership is about 10,000 greater than that shown in the report of the secretary. During the term, 419 members died. The report shows that the total amount sent to the international treasury from the various locals as a reserve strike fund was \$6,074.79.

Compared with the semi-annual report for the corresponding period last year, there was a gain in the initiation of new members of 185. The number of traveling cards issued showed a gain of 3,051, and there were 232 fewer suspensions. There were 1,020 more members dropped than for the corresponding six months of last year, but there were 2,992 more reinstatements during the last six months. The total number of reinstatements during the last six months was 3,921. There was an increase in withdrawals of 161 over the corresponding period last year, but this was largely due to the prosperous conditions which allowed journeymen to become contractors. The net gain in membership was 1,250 over the six months directly preceding the period covered by the report. The report further showed that \$25,000 had been expended in supporting strikes, an increase over the corresponding term for last year of \$1,000. Thirty-five new charters were granted during the last term, and there are now 41 more local unions than last year. During the last term \$66,000 was paid out in benefits by those local organizations that have the beneficiary department.

### RECEPTION TO THE DELEGATES.

#### Printers and Wives Greet Returning Delegates to the Typographical and Auxiliary Conventions.

Last Friday evening the home of Mr. and Mrs. Will Moore, 729 South Eleventh street, was the scene of a reception to Mrs. H. W. Smith, delegate from Capital Auxiliary No. 11, and Messrs. Frank Coffey and H. W. Smith, delegates from Typographical Union No. 209 to the Toronto conventions. Reid's orchestra furnished delightful music during the evening, and at 11 o'clock the hostess, assisted by her daughter, served refreshments. Messrs. Neville & Gardner, cigar manufacturers, sent up a box of their famous "Blue Ribbon" brand of cigars, which were consumed by the gentlemen present with every evidence of appreciation.

Mrs. Smith spoke entertainingly of the Auxiliary convention, and when another speaker announced that Mrs. Smith had been elected second vice president the applause was loud and hearty. Messrs. Coffey and Smith told of the international body's deliberations and Mr. Maupin said a few words about the social side of the great meeting. Col. Fred Irlinger officiated as master of ceremonies. The next convention will be held at Colorado Springs, and a move is on foot to form a "Colorado Springs Club" with weekly assessments. The plan is to tent out near the Union Printers' Home during the convention.

We have a series of photographs showing \$3 a week girls running delicate linotype machines in Chicago while unskilled "machinists" keep the machines in repair.

Let's all go to Beatrice next Monday. Then Beatrice will come to Lincoln a year from next Monday.