

The Labor Editor Dreams

(Continued from page 1.)

Mr. Rockefeller's income exceeds the total yearly wage of the forty pressmen of Lincoln. It takes Mr. Rockefeller an hour and forty minutes to make more than the ten union bookbinders of Lincoln make in a year. Just three hours slip by ere Mr. Rockefeller makes more than the sixteen union stereotypers of Lincoln make in twelve months. In less than four days Mr. Rockefeller's income is greater than the total yearly wage of the 400 trainmen who live in Lincoln. In less than twenty hours Mr. Rockefeller's income amounts to more than the total annual wage of the ninety firemen who shovel tons of coal into the yawning fireboxes of the locomotives. Mr. Rockefeller's income for three days is greater than the total annual wage of the 400 shopmen of Lincoln. In one day and four hours his income exceeds the total annual wages of the 200 street railway employees of the city. Every second his income is greater by one-third than the daily wage of any one of the sewing girls who toil away in the Lincoln Shirt and Overall factory while its manager is praying for their souls and beseeching the Creator that they be led along the paths of virtue. Mr. Rockefeller's income for four days exceeds by several thousand dollars the annual wage of the 1,000 clerks in Lincoln's retail establishments. The fifty ministers of Lincoln work the year 'round to make less than Mr. Rockefeller's income for eighteen hours. The cooks and waiters draw a total wage in a whole year that is only two-thirds of Mr. Rockefeller's income for one day. Mr. Rockefeller's income for one month is greater by far than the total annual wage of the 2,000 miscellaneous workers of Lincoln.

As Mr. Rockefeller reviewed the parade and figured out all these things, he rejoiced in spirit and was exceeding glad for the wonderful bounty bestowed upon him by the Creator. But suddenly there appeared to the dreaming editor the figure of an angel clothed in purest white and carrying in its hand a bit of folded paper. "Wake up, thou dreamer!" exclaimed the angel. "Dost thou realize why yon man enjoys a monthly income greater than the annual income of all those who toil and sweat and suffer, and then think themselves fortunate that they are permitted to call one day their own? Listen thou foolish one, and then tell the hosts of foolish ones who marched with you today. Art thou listening?"

The dreaming editor rolled over, yawned a moment and then said he was listening. "That man enjoys his gigantic income because he realizes the wonderful power of this insignificant bit of paper I hold in my hand. Dost thou know what it is? It is a ballot. Because he realizes its power his income every second is equal to the average daily wage of all the wageworkers of the land. By its deft manipulation he has secured control of legislatures and made them enact laws that turned new golden streams into his coffers. By its deft manipulation he has influenced judges to construe laws in his favor. By its deft manipulation he has prevented a robbed and despoiled people from breaking the chains which he has thrown around them. And you, thou foolish dreamer, and all thy foolish brethren have helped him in his schemes. When he could not persuade you to vote as he wished, he merely worked a scheme that caused you to vote against each other. Now and then he let you enact a law, that you foolishly believed would benefit you, and while you were rejoicing he had only to exert his pressure upon the courts, and lo the law was nullified. O, thou foolish one!"

The angel turned as if to leave and the dreamer stirred in his sleep. "Hark!" exclaimed the angel. "I will leave this bit of paper here. If thou wilt use it well, thou and thy brethren, thou mayest break the chains that bind thee. With it thou canst secure more of the product of thy labor and compel yon man to be content with less. Use this bit of paper as thou shouldst and—"

And then the dreamer was awakened by the 6 o'clock whistle, and rising slowly and sleepily he dressed for the day's round of toil. While he was putting on his clothes Mr. Rockefeller made more than the awakened sleeper made during the toil of that torrid August day. Will the dream cause the toilers of Lincoln to think a little bit?

IN CHICAGO PRINT CIRCLES.

Scheme of the Typothetae Blocked by Vigorous Action of Chicago Union and Walk Out Occurs.

The scheme of the Typothetae in Chicago was too transparent, and the bluff made by the "open shop" advocates was called by No. 16. As a result the issue has been forced by the printers and every Typothetae shop in the city with one or two exceptions, is strike bound. The Typothetae scheme was to open one shop at a time, thus insuring non-union help by degrees, but the officials of No. 16 took this action as a challenge and immediately put all the Typothetae shops on the rack. Monday morning 125 men were out, and President Wright and the business agent made formal calls on the remaining Typothetae shops and asked for some assurances. Meeting with chilly receptions, the remaining shops were struck, and Wednesday morning the big struggle was on for fair.

The Typothetae has been advertising in papers throughout the west for weeks in the hope of securing non-union help enough to enable them to defy the union, but up to date the answers have not been at all numerous. Local unions throughout the country are on the watch and are heading off possible strike breakers. The "schools" organized by the Typothetae have not panned out to any great extent. The girls who have learned the machines in order that they might be able to "rat" on the union do not seem to be materializing.

Chicago union has been anticipating this struggle ever since the 8-hour movement was inaugurated, and has been preparing for exactly the conditions that exist today. As a result of all this preparation No. 16 is in good financial shape. A 10 per cent assessment has been voted by the local, and as there are something like 1,800 printers in the city who have the 8-hour day and whom the strike does not effect, revenues will not be lacking. By common consent the Typothetae members seem to have agreed to make their test in Chicago. All of their resources will be bent on winning in the Windy City.

Omaha is preparing for a big fight, and as the Parryites are particularly strong in that city it looks like a fierce struggle on the part of the union.

THE SCRIPTURAL FOOLISHNESS OF MR. BAER.

Head of the Coal Trust Misinterprets the Scriptures in a Way That Cannot Be Overlooked.

George F. Baer, president of the Reading railroad and head of the anthracite coal trust, is a God-fearing man. He is deeply religious, too. A year or so ago Mr. Baer admitted that he was one of God's mundane trustees, and that into his keeping, and the keeping of men like him, had been entrusted the watchcare over the millions of toilers in this great republic. Mr. Baer is opposed to unions, of course. The other day he had something to say about strikes and strikers, and being a devout Christian he naturally appealed to the scriptures to bear out his argument.

"Cain was the first striker," exclaimed Mr. Baer. "And he killed Abel because Abel was the most prosperous fellow."

Unfortunate Mr. Baer. That argument merely exposed his ignorance of Holy Writ. Mr. Baer was especially unfortunate in referring to that little incident, because it not only does not bear out his side of the case, but actually does confound his argument.

Instead of being the first striker Cain was the first advocate of the "open shop." Cain insisted that he would "run his business to suit himself," and he declared that no "walking delegate" could come around to him and compel him to make a certain kind of sacrifice. When God laid down the rule that sacrifices should consist of the blood of sheep, of bullocks and of rams, Cain swelled up like the manufacturer of some sawdust breakfast food and declared that he had a right to make any old kind of a sacrifice he wanted to. Accordingly he refused to sign an agreement with the Almighty to observe certain rules, and went out and offered up a few sheaves of musty oats, some weevily wheat and a lot of corn that had been badly bitten by the chinchbugs. And when he found that the sacrifice wouldn't go, he hollered worse than the husband of the former stenographer does when he discovers that people will have nothing to do with his charred sawdust and grape nuts.

Cain the first striker? Not on your tintype. Cain was the first man to declare for the open shop in sacrifices. He didn't propose

WHEN IN LINCOLN



in attendance at the State Fair a great many men will make it a point to see the town as well. We would ask all our friends to bring their baggage direct to this store, check it with us and then feel at liberty to come and go as you please.

Our New Fall Shipments

Of men's suits and men's furnishings are arriving daily. The great variety in style, cut and fabric of men's suits enables us to please the most fastidious taste, to exact approval from the most skeptical. In order that our many out of town friends may find something in Lincoln to take advantage of, we have arranged for a week of sacrificing of values, and our store presents a grand offering of bargains. Men will make this store their stopping place while in Lincoln.

ARMSTRONG CLOTHING CO

GOOD CLOTHES MERCHANTS

PIPING and FIXTURES



We are prepared to pipe your house for lighting and fuel gas, and furnish the fixings, at practically the cost of the pipe. We are constantly adding to our facilities in this line. Today the expense of piping your house and putting in handsome modern fixtures is merely nominal. Our stock of gas fixtures is complete in every detail, and prices were never so low.

If you are not using gas for lighting and fuel purposes, come in and let us demonstrate its economy, its convenience and its superiority.



Lincoln Gas & Electric Light Co.

1323 O Street, Lincoln, Nebraska.

BELL 75.

OPEN EVENINGS

AUTO 2575

to let even the Almighty lay down any shop rules regarding sacrifices. If he could he would have called out the militia to enforce his right to make any kind of a sacrifice he wanted to, but there didn't happen to be any militia handy just then.

We used to have a sort of an idea that perhaps Mr. Baer was one of God's trustees. But we do not harbor that delusion now. A trustee would know his Bible better than Mr. Baer does.

THE HALF HOLIDAY QUESTION.

Workers of Lincoln Can Have It if They Will Ginger Up and Exercise Their Power.

The wageworkers of Lincoln have it in their power to secure a universal half-holiday in this city if they have the nerve to wield it. The wage earners of this city spend quite \$4,000,000 a year with Lincoln merchants, and this immense volume of trade is the argument to use to secure a half-holiday every Saturday from May 1 until November 1.

Suppose the wage earners of Lincoln simply let it be known that they will absolutely refuse to spend a dollar with any merchant who persists in keeping his store open on Saturday afternoon—what would happen?

"O, I ain't afraid," sneers one merchant. "The d—d fools won't hang together."

That's just the trouble—the wage earners will not hang together. They forget. They do not think. They are afraid of losing a penny on some "bargain."

But that does not do away with the fact that if they would they could enforce the Saturday afternoon closing scheme.

squeezed bread enough cheap New Orleans molasses to be able to work the mass into a very stiff paste. Roll out into thin sheets and thoroughly dry the same in an oven without closing the door. When thoroughly dry break up into small bits and use as you please. If the stale bread is moldy and has whiskers, if you use dirty water to soak it in, and if the general surroundings you operate in are filthy the dextrose grape sugar and other chemical rot will be brought out more fully. But do not make the mistake of trying to live on a spoonful a day of the stuff, or you will lose in weight. If you were selling the stuff it would be to your interest to tell the public that only a little of it was necessary to sustain life and build up a powerful brain, but you are not going to sell it.

"As for Cereal Coffee, if you like such sloppy stuff, just get a quantity of seed barley at about a cent a pound, grind it, cook according to Mr. Post's own directions and you will have the most delicious drink imaginable, provided, of course, your imagination is in good working order.

"I make no charges for this friendly tip to the much buncoed American public, and hope the liberal press will give it wide publicity."—Rochester Labor Journal.

A SMALL UNION.

But It Embraces Every Member of the Craft in the Country.

The smallest trades union in the United States is the Union of Steel and Copper Plate Printers. The union has but 1,256 members, 650 of whom are in Washington. It is stated that every member of the craft is also a member of the union. Most of the Washington members are in the bureau of engraving and printing and put in their working time making

POST'S LITTLE GRAFT.

Sweetened Toast and Burned Barley His Stock in Trade.

For obvious reasons the Labor Journal does not contain the large display ads of Grape Nuts and Postal Cereal, manufactured by the notorious union hating Post, which appear so lavishly in the daily papers. Readers of said sheets who are inclined to listen to the seductively worded advertisements of these scab producers are asked to read the following from a labor exchange and to paste it in their cook book:

"Do not boycott Mr. Post. I am sorry that Mr. Post has been so badly hurt by those wicked boycotters that he is obliged to protest so strongly. It is wicked to boycott—if you don't believe it ask Mr. Post or Mr. Parry. But why boycott? You can make 'Scape Nuts and Fakem Cereal' for your own use without infringing upon the patent laws. To make 'Scape Nuts' for your own use get some stale bread, the older the better, soak in water, then squeeze out the water as much as possible, and add to the well

We are expert cleaners, dyers and finishers of Ladies' and Gentlemen's Clothing of all kinds. The finest dresses a specialty.

THE NEW FIRM

SOUKUP & WOOD

A. & S. FOR PRICELIST.

PHONES: Bell, 147. Auto, 1292. 1320 N St. - - Lincoln, Neb.

Henry Pfeiff

DEALER IN

Fresh and Salt Meats

Sausage, Poultry, Etc

Staple and Fancy Groceries.

Telephones 288-477. 314 So. 11th Street

YOUR CHRISTMAS PHOTOS

Go To Hayden

STUCKEY'S

1429 O.

Confectionery

Ice Cream.

Dr. Clifford R. Tefft

DENTIST

Office Over Sidles Bicycle Store

FAGAN'S

CAFE

1226 O STREET

HANDLES EVERYTHING IN

SEASON

MODERATE PRICES. FIRST

CLASS SERVICE

MEALS, 15c and UP

OPEN ALL NIGHT