

THE WAGELER

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THE HUMOR OF MR. POST.

Charles W. Post, the husband of the stenographer and resident in the mansion at the end of the road to Wellville, is blossoming into quite a humorist. True we have laughed at Mr. Post gyrations for quite a long time, but it was not because he was humorous. It was because he was simply ridiculous. But now he is injecting humor, and as a result we beg leave for time in which to laugh in our editorial sleeve.

"Ha, ha!" Likewise "Ho, ho," to say nothing of "Te-he!" Having had our little laugh we will now reveal the cause thereof. Mr. Post is going to establish a "printers' home."

Wouldn't that make you wrinkle your face? He is going to establish a "printers' home" with the understanding that it will be open alike to union and non-union printers.

This is certainly very kind of the husband of the stenographer, but we stop the press long enough to thank him for nothing.

Mr. Post may induce divers and sundry non-union printers to accept his hospitality and imitation food, but Hades will have boiled down to a poultice before any union printers accept it. They do not have to. Union printers have a very comfortable home of their own, and no thanks to Mr. Post. They built it themselves, and they pay the running expenses. There is no charity about it. It is a home in fact as well as in name, and the printers who dwell beneath its roof are neither guests nor inmates—they are in their own home, a home bought, paid for and conducted by themselves.

The spectacle of Mr. Post building a "home" for printers, or any other craft, would be worth going miles to see.

Before Mr. Post's "printers' home" is filled, even with non-unionists, he will have to give bond not to dope the inmates with toasted sawdust and roasted sperial.

THE EIGHT-HOUR BATTLE CRY.

"We propose to sell to the employer eight hours of the twenty-four, and we will do as we please with the remaining sixteen."

This is the official slogan of the International Typographical Union, adopted at Toronto last month. It should be the slogan of every labor organization in the country. The eight-hour day movement as it now exists is not the fight of the union printers—it is the fight of every labor organization that is not already enjoying the eight-hour day.

Eight hours a day is long enough for any man to work if he expects to get any pleasure out of life as he goes through it. The man who is driven from his bed to work and then crawls, tired and insensate from his work to his bed, can never become what he should be as a citizen, a husband or a father.

If labor received a full equivalent the eight-hour day would be too long, but modern conditions are so firmly established that it is idle to dream of wholly revolutionizing them during this or the coming generation. But little by little labor can secure more of the product, and as it gains thus little by little it can rise to greater heights of usefulness as citizens and as parents.

Workingmen must have more time in which to study questions affecting the welfare of the republic, and having secured the time they must devote a goodly portion of it to that study. In no other way can the problems that directly affect the toiler be solved. Let the slogan of the union printers become the slogan of workingmen everywhere.

THE PARK COMMISSION.

Mayor Brown and the city councilmen who have backed him up in his efforts to solve the park problem in Lincoln, deserve the thanks of the laboring men of the city for what they have already accomplished. True, only a beginning has been made, but a beginning is just what the people of the city have been asking for during the past twenty years. Now that the city owns a park site and is in a position to acquire additional property, there is every reason why the people should take hold and keep pushing until Lincoln has a park system worthy of the city.

The gentlemen who have been named as park commissioners are known to be personally interested in the park question and enthusiastic in favor of doing everything possible to give the city the needed facilities. Politics will cut absolutely no figure in the make-up of the board, and The Wage Worker believes that every member will work diligently to make the park system what it ought to be in a city like Lincoln. The start should have been made thirty years ago, but it was not. And now that it has been made, let everybody help push it along. Organized labor is especially interested in the movement and The Wage Worker knows without question that it voices the sentiments of every union man in the city when it says that Mayor Brown, the council and the park commission will have the earnest support of organized labor in the effort to give Lincoln a park system worthy of the name.

THE MUNICIPAL LIGHTING PLANT.

The city of Lincoln now owns its own lighting plant and its own water plant. So far, so good. But it has not yet gone far enough. There are a couple of other public utilities that the city should own. Chief of those remaining under private ownership is the street railway. Just as soon as possible that public utility should be taken over by the city and administered for the benefit of the public instead of for the benefit of a few individuals.

"Socialism!" exclaims some one. Not a bit of it—just ordinary common sense. It is just as foolish for a city to give away a franchise to run street cars as it would be for a builder to give away a franchise to a corporation to run an elevator in his sky-scraper office building. The streets belong to the city and should be preserved to the city. Any profit accruing by reason of use of the streets should go to the municipality. If owned by the public the street railway would be conducted for the convenience of the public. It is now conducted with a view to profit, and profit and public convenience are constantly at war.

THE VOTING MACHINE.

Mayor Brown will add additional prestige to his administration if he will use his efforts to secure voting machines for Lincoln without any more delay than is necessary. The people are looking for convenience and safety rather than for economy in elections, although the economical feature has its advantages. The voting machine offers ease of voting, freedom from corruption and absolute guarantee of fairness in both vote and count. That is what the people are most interested in these days. The Wage Worker doesn't know one voting machine from another, and doesn't care a rap what make of machine is purchased, just so it will meet the requirements. The offer made by Mr. Powers, however, seems as reasonable as anyone could ask. He has figured out just what the city would save by using the machines, and offers to take payments equal to the saving effected. Having inaugurated a park system, Mayor Brown might go ahead and be instrumental in introducing the voting machine. Then his administration would be well established as conducive to the welfare of the community.

Pat Crowe was in Lincoln last Monday. Pat has been guilty of some very wrong things, but so far as known he never divorced the wife who had helped make him rich in order to spend the money on a young and fresh stenographer while posing as a friend of decency and law.

The time for buying your winter suit is close at hand. Now is the time to begin reminding yourself about the necessity of demanding the label when you go in to purchase it.

Compel the Lincoln Distraction company to take up the unused rails on several of the down town streets.

At a committee meeting of union men the other day one committeeman made a strong "get-together-and-stay-together" speech, and when he concluded he sat down and rolled a cigarette out of "scab" tobacco. And this happened right here in Lincoln, too.

Gentlemen who have land suited for park purposes and are willing to donate it to the city of Lincoln, are respectfully invited to open up correspondence with "F. W. B.," care City Hall, Lincoln, Nebraska.

This is the season of year when you can give your fellow unionists among the teamsters a boost. Purchase coal only from dealers who will guarantee to have it delivered by union teamsters.

Mr. Rockefeller spent some money the other day entertaining the American Press Humorists. He will do most of his laughing when he makes the public reimburse him.

The newly appointed park commissioners are respectfully requested not to plant any "mossbacks" in the new park. There are too many in Lincoln now.

When Post builds his "printers' home" he will have to get some federal judge to mandamus printers into it before he can get enough to raise an echo.

When Grand Chief Stone of the B. L. E. comes to Lincoln he should receive a royal welcome from organized labor.

Help boost the great rally that is soon to be held in Lincoln by the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers.

If the teamster has no button, refuse to sign or pay for the coal. Get into the union game for fair.

An Echo of Labor Day

When Mr. Workem came home on the evening of Labor day he was tired and happy. Throwing his uniform to one side, and pinning his badges on the wall, Workem dropped into a chair with a sigh of satisfaction and exclaimed:

"That was the biggest celebration labor ever had in this man's town!"

Mrs. Workem said nothing until she had picked up the discarded uniform and hung it in the closet. Then she took a chair and replied:

"Yes, it was about the longest parade I ever saw on Labor day."

"About the longest?" shouted Workem. "It had all other parades skinned by not less than twelve blocks. We had two thousand more men in line today than we ever had before."

"I guess so," replied Mrs. Workem, who had a far-away expression in her eyes.

"Ain't supper about ready, ma?" asked Workem. "I'm as hungry as a bear."

Mrs. Workem went into the little kitchen and after briskly moving about for a few minutes announced that the evening meal was ready. Workem hastened in, not forgetting to give the baby a kiss as he passed his high chair. During the ensuing fifteen minutes Workem said very little, being very busy with knife and fork. Mrs. Workem ate her meal in silence. Finally Workem showed his chair back, reached into his upper vest pocket and pulled out a cigar. When the cigar was going to his satisfaction he leaned back in his chair and said:

"Ah, but we made a magnificent showing this day. Labor showed its strength today in a way that will make the bosses sit up and take notice. We own the world, I tell you. The sight of this grand army of toil marching proudly to march to shoulder is one that will—"

"Rats!" exclaimed Mrs. Workem. "What's that, ma?" shouted the astonished Workem.

"Look here, husband," said Mrs. Workem, a steely glitter showing in her eyes and the lines about her mouth settling deeper. "Look here! I've been thinking all day today. I had to stay at home and take care of the baby while you paraded, and I had plenty of time to think about thinking on this problem of organization. I'm a good union woman, my dear, and your working card is as dear to me as it is to you. I'll suffer anything with you, too, to stand by the union's principles. But I'm afraid you unionists are merely a veneer."

"Why, ma! How can you say that? Why, I'd die for my union if necessary. I've gone ragged and hungry rather than go back on the boys, and I'd do it again. Why, my unionism is as deep as any man can—"

"All right, my husband. I'll admit it for the argument, and then make my indictment. Didn't you carry a banner today saying something about the peril of Chinese cheap labor?"

"Yes, ma; I did. The importation of Chinese cheap labor to compete with American work—"

"O, stop, husband. I've heard that till my ears ache. And all the time you are howling against Chinese cheap labor you have been voting the ticket put up by men who have been importing cheap labor from the slums of Europe by the hundreds of thousands. You've been foolish enough to let the Baers and Morgans keep you howling about Chinamen so loud you couldn't hear the tread of the hundreds of thousands of criminals and paupers being imported by contract to work in the mills and the mines of the east."

"Why, look here, ma; I wouldn't get—"

"And last campaign you spilled grease all over your best coat carrying a torch in a parade and holding it so everybody could see the words on a banner your marching comrade carried. It said 'Protection to American Workmen.' Didn't it?"

"Yes, ma; and I—"

"Well, the men who paid for that banner and who contributed the expenses of that and other parades, have raised the price of their meat and flour and sugar and clothing a half-dozen times since then. Now tell me where we come in? Has your wages been increased. The landlord has raised the rent. The coal dealer has added a dollar on the ton. We get three pounds less sugar for a dollar. We pay as much for a round steak as we did for a tenderloin. The trust managers furnished the parade money and the workmen furnished the votes—now tell me who is getting the worst of it? Show me your share of the 'protection' you talked about."

"Why, mother!" exclaimed Workem. "You wouldn't have me voting against these sweat shop slaves?"

"The grand old party that freed the slaves and—"

"Freed the black slaves, yes;" interrupted Mrs. Workem. "But how about some white ones? The girls in Gouge

& Grind's overall factory could not parade today because Gouge & Grind wouldn't allow them a holiday and the girls couldn't afford to lose the time. What have you done to emancipate

"Now look here, ma; there ain't no use o' your—"

"Last campaign you hollered yourself hoarse for Senator Smooth. He went down to Washington and hasn't been heard of since. Last week he took his family to a sea shore resort, riding in a special car furnished by the railroads. You and me and the baby have been to the park one Sunday afternoon so far this summer. Ain't I right?"

"Yes, ma. But I had to support Senator Smooth because he was my party's candidate, and—"

"And who made him your party's candidate? Why the men who are putting up the price of everything we have to buy and keeping down the price of your labor by importing white men through New York city who hollered about keeping the Chinaman from coming in through San Francisco."

"But I ain't a goin' back on my party, you bet. I'm goin' to stick to it, 'cause it is the greatest—"

"Of course you'll stick to your party, husband. I don't expect you to quit it. It's been so long since you done anything for yourself that you couldn't do it. I done a bit of figuring while you were parading. Every time you stepped while keeping time to the bass drum Mr. Rockefeller made as much as you make by half a day's work. And he makes it because you and your fellow unionists have been voting for the policies that Mr. Rockefeller advocates—policies that make the wages of a workingman earning \$2 a day. Every time your right foot struck the ground Mr. Carnegie was making more than you make in a day, and making it because your 'protection' vote let him fix the price on his product as well as the price of your toll. While you were taking one step Mr. Baer issued an order and raised the price of coal 25 cents a ton. It made his company \$20,000,000 in less time than it took you to march a half a block. And your vote, together with the vote of others like you, made it possible for Baer and his crowd to make that money by compelling you to pay it."

"Why, ma; you're talkin' kind o' crazy, ain't you? What's got into your head, anyhow?"

"Something that don't seem to have got in yours, husband—sense. What's the good of parading on Labor day and letting the oppressors of labor run things every other day? If the two million union men of the country can march together on Labor day, why can't they vote together on election day? You've been doing the marching and the voting all these years, husband. Now we are going to divide up. You are going to do the marching just as you please, but I'll attend to the voting. You'll have to cast the ballot, but it must be as I say. And I'm going to vote thoughts instead of prejudices."

"But women don't know nothing about politics, ma."

"Nothing about your kind of politics, thank goodness!" ejaculated Mrs. Workem. "We women can't see where we get any protection under a system that increases the expense of housekeeping without adding something to the pay envelope. We can't see the difference between having our husbands thrown out of work by a Chinaman and having them thrown out of work by a contract criminal from Hungary. We can't see the sense in getting together to assert the dignity of labor on the first Monday in September, and then getting apart hear the tread of the first Monday in November simply because the trust bosses have their orders from the trust magnates. We can't see the sense of hollering for 'protection' and then submitting to being robbed on everything from the cradle to the coffin."

"I don't know what's got into you, ma," said Workem sorrowfully. "I'm sure I'm doin' the best I know how."

"Of course you are, pa; but you don't know how very much. That's what I'm complainin' about."

"Well, what can I do, ma?"

"That's easy. Get your fellow unionists to vote as solidly for their interests as they march to display the dignity of labor. Vote for us women and the babies instead of the wives and babies of the men who are getting richer and richer every day off your toll and votes. If you men took as much trouble to learn what your duty on election day is as you do to make a fine showing in a Labor day parade you wouldn't be quite so helpless. I reckon the trust managers don't care how much you parade on Labor day just as you vote with them on election day. Well, I declare if the baby ain't gone to sleep sittin' right there in his little chair. You get his nightgown, husband, while I take off his clothes."

And as Workem groped his way to the bedroom closet he was muttering to himself:

"Somebody's wrong with ma. I guess she's been workin' too hard."

Bright Homes are Those Which Burn Gas

Considered from the standpoint of general utility, practical economy and the possibilities of beautifying effects, there is no light which will bear comparison with gas light. If you want a bright, steady light, one by which you can read for hours without injury to the eyes in the least, let us pipe your house for gas. It will not cost you much and the amount of gas consumed will be insignificant when compared to the enjoyment good light brings to your home.

Lincoln Gas & Electric Light Company

Auto Phone 2575, Bell 75, 1323-O Street

Instantaneous Hot Water Heaters

The greatest convenience of modern times. No waiting for hours when you want a bath. All you have to do is to strike a match, light the gas, turn on the faucet and the hot water is pouring into your tub.

ALL THE HOT WATER YOU WANT WITHOUT A MOMENT OF LOST TIME

Friendship

When the sun is bright and the sky is blue,

And calm is the wind and weather,

Then plenty of friends will stick by you

And walk down the ways together.

For easy the path where the flowers grow

And the grass in the wind nods to and fro,

So many a friend with you will go

On the way o'er the sunlit heather.

But if clouds grow dark and the way grows steep

And the harsh wind blood is chilling,

But few you'll find at your side will keep

With hearts that are warm and willing.

For hard is the path where the sharp thorns hide,

Where the rough rocks hinder on every side,

And you see the wraiths of the loves that died

When your life with woe was filling.

Fair weather friends by your side will run

When yours is the path of pleasure;

But cloudy the sky and obscured the sun

Their love lacks the needed measure,

For love like theirs is mere selfishness

That withers away in the storm and stress.

For 'tis rooted in pleasure and takes no less

Than a self-willed meed of pleasure.

So here's to the friend who stands by you

Tho' foul be the wind and weather;

Whose eyes look love and whose heart beats true

As you tread dark ways together.

For he lends you strength from his strong right arm.

And you build new faith on his heart-beats warm.

While you laugh at fate and its threats of harm

On your way o'er the storm-swept heather.

Brain Leaks

Any fool can become intoxicated; all who do are.

Love laughs at locksmiths, but not at goldsmiths.

The man who agrees with our views is always a sensible fellow.

A face painted on canvas is always much prettier than a face painted under a hat.

Too many people conjure up trouble and then seek credit for bearing heavy crosses.

No man is really wise until he is willing to admit that there are things he does not know.

People who go to church through a sense of duty seldom get any good out of the service.

When we see a boy loafing on the streets we suspect that the father may be to blame.

It is a pleasure to lend to a neighbor who always returns a heaping cup for the level cup she borrowed.

A great many business houses now use the card system. Another kind of a card system has ruined many business houses.

The worst thing about a bad cold is the task of explaining to your friends why you do not try the remedies they suggest.

A SQUARE DEAL.

What a Great Daily Newspaper Says of Trades Unions.

The cost of labor is one of the principal items that enter into competition between business men. No one can deny this. Then is it not a decided advantage to deal with an organization of labor that guarantees to the business man that his competitor is paying the same wages that he does? And, besides, there is not a union in existence which places minimum wages above what a man can afford to support a man upon comfortably. Union wages are always reasonable wages. Employers of labor who object to the strictly union shops do so simply because union regulations require a standard justice to the workmen that most employers want to violate in the interests of profit.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Our Piano Prices and Others

Go through some of the Piano stores, note carefully the quality and price of Pianos offered. Then come here and make comparisons. It is worth that much trouble to make sure that you are getting the worth of your money. The flood of cheap, showy Pianos especially made for "Sales" is on the increase. You won't find any Pianos of that sort in this store. Every Piano here comes from a reliable maker, and you can buy a Piano from us without fear. A person must be woefully careless to buy a Piano without first visiting the Curtice store. The only place where you can see a new

Chickering, Ivers & Pond, Starr, Vose, Everett, Packard, Richmond, Harvard.

WE RENT GOOD PIANOS

Ross P. Curtice Co.

1125 O Street.

The best place to buy a good piano. Other stores at Omaha, Nebraska City, Beatrice and Grand Island.

The Greatest Opportunity of Your Life to Get a Fine Pair of Shoes--Union Made--Cheap....

Men's \$4.50 to \$5.00 Shoes now \$3.25 to \$3.50

Ladies' \$4.00 Shoes for..... \$3.00

Work Shoes worth \$2.50 now.....\$2.00

We need the money and you need the shoes. Boy's and Girl's shoes 25 per cent off. We can save you money.

DON'T FORGET THE PLACE

ODEN'S

1322 O Street

SATISFACTORY BUSINESS.

Had All the Clerks Could Do, and Are Well Pleased.

The Lincoln Clothing Co. enjoyed a big business during fair week.

"We put on all the additional clerks we could find," said Manager Aach, "and then we couldn't wait on the people fast enough. Our business during the week was really immense."

This store is building up a trade to be proud of, and is doing it by catering to the wants of the people. It has been doing business only a couple of years—although members of the firm have been residents of Lin-

coln for a long time—and in that short time has built up a business that reflects credit upon its management. Every week you can see some of the Lincoln Clothing company's many bargains explained in the advertising columns of The Wage-worker.

San Francisco bookbinders have no agreement, but by tact understanding the bookbinders only work eight hours now. That is the printer's workday and the bookbinders have quietly taken it without any kick being made against it.