## THE WAGEWORKER

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#### LEGALITY VS. JUSTICE.

Judge Smith of the Illinois appellate court has handed down a decision in which he declares as follows:

"There is no such thing as peaceful picketing, any more than there can be chaste, polite and gentlemanly vulgarity, or peaceful

mobbing or lawful lynching."

This may be good law, but with all due respect to Judge Smith we deny it. If it is good law it is infernally poor justice. In trades union parlance a picket is a union man who watches a struck mill or shop and attempts to persuade non-unionists that they are injuring themselves and their fellows by taking the places of the strikers. It is claimed by the opponents of unionism that this is depriving a man of his property rights-in other words, declaring that the employer is injured in his business by having his non-union workmen seduced away from him. But that is a law that works only one way -to the benefit of the employer. The union picket seeks to do by written appeal. The Wageworker has two very liberal advertisers personal appeal what the advertiser in the newspaper seeks to do by among the clothing merchants of the city. Suppose that another firm which does not patronize The Wageworker but pretends to be very friendly to organized labor, should seek an injunction against the Armstrong Clothing or the Lincoln Clothing company, restraining them from advertising in The Wageworker because it injured the the plaintiff by inducing or influencing men to defendants' stores who might otherwise go to plaintiff's stores. The merchant who would make such a fool play would be ridiculed out of the city-and yet it is exactly the same thing that is done by non-union employers who secure injunctions against picketing.

When Judge Smith said that there could be no such thing as peaceful picketing, any more than there could be "gentlemanly vulgarity" or "lawful lynching," he made a very clever play upon words. The trouble is that Judge Smith was wrong. For all we know he may have known he was wrong but felt impelled to return favor for favor. We have seen lawyers who know not law, and we have seen judges who were strangers to justice-why, then, doubt that

there could be peaceful picketing?

The organs of the union busting association complain bitterly that workingmen have no respect for law. For legally enacted statute law all workingmen who are good citizens have the utmost respect. But for judge-made law-law made by judicial effactmentworkingmen have come to look upon with contempt, knowing full well that it is usually the result of bargain and sale made between influential corporations and venal and self-seeking men who were anxious to land a good job on the woolsack. And judges like Judge Smith, who sets up his dictum as law, are the kind that are bringing law into disrepute and causing the honest workingmen of America to believe that they have no show before the courts when opposed

We have seen many judges. Some of them we hold in such utter contempt that all the millions of John D. Rockefeller would not pay the fines, and were we to live to be as old as Methuselah our jail sentences for contempt would lap over into eternity a thousand

### THE METHODIST CHURCH ON THE FENCE.

Do not be deceived by the above headline. We do not mean to charge all Methodists with being "on the fence" in this labor controversy; neither do we charge that all Methodist churches are controlled by members who are "on the fence." But the Rock River conference of the Methodist church has backed and filled on the

union labor proposition until it is all tangled up in the harness.

The printers employed in the Western Methodist Book Concern went on strike to enforce a demand for the eight-hour day. The manager of the concern aligned himself with the Typotheta and tried to fill his shop with "rat" printers. The Typographical Union carried the matter to the Rock River conference. Perhaps the printers were wrong in expecting that their demands would be complied with or receive the sanction of the conference. Perhaps they were foolish to expect that their request would be noticed. But certainly they had a right to expect that if their protest was noticed it would be either turned down or given approval. But the conference backed and filled for three or four days, and then a committee was appointed. The committee was out a little while and returned with a meaningless jumble of words and terms, talking about "ideal conditions" and "the welfare of the laborer," and all that sort of rot-but the Methodist Book Concern is still "rat," it still adheres to the nine-hour day, and its manager is associating himself with an organization that is seeking to disrupt the labor organizations and make individual workers the slaves of every whim and caprice of arrogant capital.

And yet there are many eminent Methodist divines who wonder why workingmen do not attend church in greater numbers, and grieve because the gospel of the Carpenter of Nazareth as expounded by Methodist divines does not reach the hearts of more of America's

toiling millions. The American workingman knows why.

The attention of our Methodist brethren is called to the fact that our Presbyterian brethren are getting next to the labor unions, and that so far as reported every Presbyterian paper and publishing firm approached has signed up with the Typogaphical Union for the eight-hour day.

Andrew Carnegie has proposed his own epitaph. He wants this engraved on his monument: "That was damned white of you, We would be willing to carve it for him if he would bring back to life the men killed at Homestead, and give life again to the mothers and babies starved under the infernal system that his breed has maintained. Until he does this we will insist that these words be carved on his monument: "We hope you find it warm enough,

Look here, Mr. Union Man; when you hear a non-unionist criticising the unions it makes you hot under the collar, doesn't it? And you have a right to get hot, haven't you? And the non-unionist has no right to criticise, has he? Well, quit your criticism of the church of Jesus Christ. Until you get into the church and try to live a Christian, you have no right to talk about the "shortcomings of the church" or pass any criticisms on its method of work.

The National Association of Manufacturers offers a bonus of \$10 a week to "rat" printers who will work in Niagara Falls. The association can afford to put up the money. It has put a revolver to the head of the average American consumer and shouted "stand and

The Woman's Home Companion, published at Springfield, O. is a "rat" concern and has enjoined the Springfield union printers from trying to show "rat" printers the errors of their ways. If you read the Woman's Home Companion it will make your eyes sore.

The Burlington is still advertising for freight handlers in Lin coln. Here is a chance to engage in the hardest kind of manual lahor at less than day laborer's wages providing you are too "independent" to join a union.

Your unionism isn't worth a whoop if it does not impel you to demand the products of your fellow unionists when you purchase goods of any description.

Unionism makes for better citizenship because it makes for better living. Unionism is home building in its best and broadest sense

The good union man is always a good citizen. If he isn't a good citizen his unionism is not up to the standard.

# Apparel Particularly Suited to Good



# Dressers' Needs

## 5000 hand tailored Suits, Overcoats and Raincoats tailored to our order to sell at \$15

The values we are able to give in these splendid Hart, Schaffner & Marx garments are only accomplished through our immense buying facilities which enables us to place this correctly fashioned, exclusive and high class apparel before you at a saving of at least \$5.00 to \$10.00 a garment. The Suits are made in the new body fitting varsity and conservative styles, with the new side and center

vents, new bull dog lapel-in Serges, Worsteds, Thibets and Fancy Suitings. The Overcoats come in the new single and double breasted styles, strictly up-to-date and unusual values in plain and fancy fabrics. The indispensable Raincoats which every man should possess are won-

derful creations of the tailor's art-in black, grey, tan and fancy mixtures, all guaranteed waterproof. We should like to have you see these Universal style productions which have no rivals in the world at \$15.00.

50 Styles of Yale Suits at \$10 50 Styles of Yale Overcoats at \$10



Our finest Clothing in Suits and Overcoats, the exact duplicate of tailors' \$40 and \$50 productions, may be secured here at \$18, \$20, \$22.50, \$25, \$27.50 and \$30

Our \$5 Odd Trousers Equal the tailor made kind at \$15.00

# Armstrong Clothing Co. F

Finest assortment of men's fancy Vests in the state

## Whether Common or Not

WHEN YOU ARE A BOY AGAIN
Last week you slipped a quarter of a century from your shoulders, and instead of being a busy man with grave cares upon you, you were just a care-free boy again—in your mind.
These, little jaunts upon memory's train back into the blossom time of the city trustees the road to help him. Just then the "bob" guided by Charley came dashing along and it struck and struck and it struck a train back into the blossom time of life are most enjoyable excursions, are there yet, and just as slippery and any more fun coasting that winter or or over to Kunkel's on those delight. ticular jaunt you were worried and your appetite was poor and your dito be going wrong. You were just his duty to chase all under seventeen happened to doze a little bit, and the old school bell at 9 o'clock p. m. those long unused brain cells got to That's why you called "Ol' George -and lo, in less than no time Seeman." at all you were away back yonder in the old days, with nothing of weight on your mind except the work of keeping the woodbox full of wood operas in the world just to hear it chores done around the

Remember the time Lin Thompso shot himself? That was the funniest thing. Lin boarded at your house you remember, and you wanted to frame up a scheme to get Em and Ina over for an evening of hilarity under pretense that they were visit-ing your sister, Kittie. But the mothers of Em and Ina thought they ought to be studying their lessons and refused their consent. So Lin wrapped up his hand in a heavy ban-dage and you produced a little blood a little blood got you out of school more than once, if you remember. Then word was sent to Em and Ina that Lin had shot himself. But mothers were suspicious and Em's little brother, Frank, was sent ful near catching the whole crowd, over to investigate. What you did to too. Remember how he came stump-Frank was a plenty. He returned home with his eyes popping out and reported that Lin was awfully shot So Em and Ina came over. Then you and Lin and Em and Ina and Kittle had a high old time for while mother rocked in the sitting room and warned you not to make so much noise on account, of the neighbors. The two girls did think for a little bit that Lin was shot, for he did look pale and pained as he lay there propped up in bed with his hand wrapped up in a pillow case. But it took a lot of argument and persuasion and promises to fix mat-ters with the mothers of Em and Ina,

Say, remember how we boys an girls solved the sidewalk problem and the hog problem? That was too good. The old wooden walks were in hor rible shape, and the hogs roamed the streets without let or hindrance. There were too many unprogressive people to make a sidewalk crusade effective, and too many people owning hogs and letting them run free. It was hallowe'en night if you remember. There was a party over at Ann's house that night, and after tearing the roof off the house—almost—you all set out to play a few pranks. You filled your pockets with shelled corn, town. My, my! But weren't those the boys and girls of today do not was different after you got to skat-sidewalks in a fix the next morning? seem to take much fancy to that ing on Kunkel's pond. That was a Those old Missouri hogs had rooted grand old sport. The last time you mill pond, and it was awful deep.

"Ol' George Seeman?" Of course you remember him. He wasn't so old, but he was town marshal, and it was about to give up in despair when you off the streets when Ben Harris rang By the way, perhaps if you strain your ears a little you can hear that old study bell again. No? again, wouldn't it?

It was on another hallowe'en night, wasn't it, that the whole crowd of -and had great times until long after everybody else was in bed, and through a window into the old school took months to make and surreptitiously fit got up into the bell tower. Then he tied a string to the old clapper and let the free end down on the outside of the tower. Then he and Zeke and "two others" remained while the rest of you went over to the old Methodist church and the old Christian church and performed similar feats of legerdemain with their And when the old Christian church bell gave the signal what an awful jangle of bells there was!

ing along with that old cane, and how the whole crowd had to sneak down behind the fence because you were afraid to go into the house, knowing that "Ol' George" was watch-ing? It was awful cold that night, and if "Ol' George" had waited just a little bit longer he'd have captured death hugging the frozen ground. But he had to hunt for a fire, so you

Yes that's "Ol' George's" tomb stone; that one over there on the where the tattered little flag They put it there last Memorial day, for "Ol' George" was a soldier, and he never wholly recovered from the wound he received at

lown the long hill just west of town!

thinking he was badly hurt she started across the road to help him. Just then the "bob" guided by Charley

gone-out into the world to hustle

"Will DeBaugh's overshoes?" Of are some things so gigantic that once seen are never forgotten. He used swung back on the rever and imto always bring them inside of the school room. He wouldn't leave them outside like the rest of you did yours. And one day when Prof. Hill was out of the room somebody got hold of them and there was a grand overshoe throwing match. hung them on the chandeller and got back into his seat just as Prof. face in the whole room was that of Lou's. My, how innocent that boy of some particularly big bit of mis-chief! Of course you remember who it was that was charged with the heinous offense. He took his books in hand and went home at the request of Prof Hill. And all the time Lou sat there and looked as innocent as a babe. A couple of days later he went back, because Lou "fessed up" to his father that night. Somehow or other Lou's posture at his desk seemed rather strained for a week or two.

All of you thought Prof. Hill was And "Ol' George Seeman" came aw-ful near catching the whole crowd, cross and crabbed, and you used to realize what a benefit his counsel and his example have been to you. And you never think of him without regret for his departure, and never fai to pay a tribute to his memory when you meet one of those old school-mates. If you ever go through a little bit longer he'd have captured stop off and pay a tribute of tears the crowd, for you nearly frozen to and flowers above the grave where lies the dust of one of God's noble men-Osmer C. Hill, Gentleman.

Right over there, where all those big trees are growing used to be a pond. Brodbeck's pond, it was; and it was the only skating place for miles around. The rains have washed wilson's Creek, when he fought unlong ago it was that you skated there You never got credit for it, but you brush in the timber suilding fires on That was the finest coasting hill in the banks of that pond in the winter time country, wasn't it? And what great erowds you used to have out there. You'd start at the top, and wizz!! Swish!! There you were at Cora, and Joe, and Zeke, and Lin, a mile away. It was a long walk the list is too long. But you used to back, but you didn't mind it provid- walk a mile and a half to that pond ing the right party had accompanied and skate until Jaxe Foster's hack you down the hill. But you rather on the way back from the 11:17 train all set out to play a few pranks. You filled your pockets with shelled corn, then beginning at the middle of the street you scattered that corn up to and under those dilapidated old sidewalks, repeating the process all over twenty. But weren't those the boys and girls of today do not was different after you got home before midnight. There wasn't any danger skating on that pond, because it would be frozen to the bottom when the ice was three or four inches thick. It

night Ann got hurt. She was coming up the hill with Fred and saw would try the ice early in the winter the time when you were perched up

My, how time does fly. Only a lit-

press used to sit right over there by

that door. That cylinder press doesn't look natural now. In those course you remember them. There old days you used to manipulate the roller while John Marshall Croley pressed upon the white paper items that "Deacon" had jotted down type. That tall young fellow is the baby brother of the old day when you took your first lesson in the printing business in the old Sentinel office. About the only familiar sight is that of "Deacon," who still hustles the locals. He is just as young, just as jolly and just as companionable as he was a quarter of a century ago. But that colored boy, the little old cemetery, and Tom, al-though he is now half-owner of the paper, seldom goes there because he has to look after the mails. you see the pile of Sentinels turned out by that cylinder press how you are mighty thankful it isn't a hand roller on one side while John Marshal Croley swung the lever on the other side. O, how heavy that old roller used to get! And what ugly blisters you used to dress after the last side

But thinking of that old printing office, and of that old Sentinel, is what brings you back, and brings you

trying to decipher the correspondence from Forbes, or Maitland, or Forest, a grimy faced urchin sticks his head

Pshaw! The girls and boys of to-day don't have fun like you used to have. It takes 'em too long to dress Why, you were so anxious to get started that you went right over in the same clothes you wore to school. And now the boys have to send flowers and maybe drive over in a hack. Huh! You used to think you were doing it up brown if you had a dime's worth of mixed candy in a paper bag when "she" opened the

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