

THE WAGEWORKER



A Newspaper with a Mission and without a Muzzle that is published in the interest of Wage-workers Everywhere.

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The Affairs of General Printerdom

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

That is the rallying cry of the union printers of America and Canada, and they are making it good. From all points where trouble is being experienced there come gratifying reports of progress. The Typotheta tries to make it appear that it is getting non-union men, but its action in striving to secure injunctions shows the desperate straits into which it has fallen. The printers are standing like a stone wall. There are no desertions from the ranks. On the contrary accessions are being secured every day. The "rats" that have been secured by the Typotheta are incompetents. The composing rooms may be full as regards numbers, but the barometer is the press room—and the press rooms are practically idle in all Typotheta shops. The "rats" can not deliver the forms. Every bulletin from headquarters sounds better than the one preceding it.

In Detroit the printers have been out eleven weeks and there has not been a desertion. The Typotheta has secured a sweeping injunction against the union, but the men are still confident—and the general public is with them.

Norwich, N. Y.; Carbondale, Pa., and Richmond, Ind., were added to the eight-hour list last week. Three shops were signed up in Peoria, Ill. Ennis, Tex., reports every shop signed. Galveston, Tex., also comes over into the eight-hour reservation. It looks good all along the line.

The Wageworker hopes that Lincoln Typographical Union No. 209 will return a unanimous vote in favor of the proposition just submitted by the executive council and having reference to the financing of the eight-hour struggle. It will not last long if the 53,000 men come to the front and show the Typotheta that it is up against it good and hard. It is only a question of a few weeks, and it means too much to the printer to lay down now. Vote "yes" without a murmur, and it will have its influence in after years.

The Wageworker's good friend, A. F. Bloomer, of Washington, says he "can not understand why he was dragged into the scrap between Shrope of the Easton, Pa., Journal and Maupin of the Lincoln, Neb., Wageworker." Bless his dear heart, there is no scrap between Shrope and Maupin. There were never two better friends on earth than Shrope and Maupin. Bloomer merely butted in. And as an authority on "skunk smells" both Shrope and myself will yield Brer Bloomer the palm, for he recognizes it every time he exhales.

This happened in Omaha along sometime about the winter of 1886-87, and he wasn't known as the Marquis then. He was just plain "Bill." "Bill" dropped into Omaha with a silk hat, a Prince Albert coat and one hundred and sixty big iron dollars. And the old gang of "Missouri river pirates" that thronged Farnam street from Tenth to the old Herald building hailed "Bill's" advent with chorales of joy. Would they sign his application for membership? Well would they? They only thing that they were sorry about was that the application blanks were so small that only a limited number could get their names thereon. "How's work?" asked "Bill." "O, there was plenty of work. Why, the employers were crying for printers. And right over there on Douglas was a sick printer who wanted to sell his cases. Did 'Bill' want to buy cases? Yes, 'Bill' wanted to purchase and he parted with thirty of his one hundred and sixty bones. Then he helped the boys spend the thirty, but he didn't know it. By the time that thirty was spent 'Bill' didn't have any more money than a rabbit, and so he wandered up to the old Herald composing room to take the cases he had bought and paid for. My, but wasn't 'Ol' MacDiarmid' a mean thing for refusing to countenance the transaction! But

"Bill" could "sub" all he wanted to—and "Bill" did. But he was minus the silk tile and the Prince Albert coat, and he didn't have enough of the hundred and sixty to get his shirt away from Kim Lee Wah. But "Bill" was game, all right, all right. He spent the rest of the winter right there in Omaha, and when he lit out for the effete east again he was as blithe and chipper as ever—and he had a new silk tile and a Prince Albert coat that smelled slightly of moth balls. But the memory of "Bill" still lingers around the old haunts, and the few remaining "pirates" refuse to recognize him under the nom de plume of "Marquis."

Lynn Freeman, formerly of Lincoln but now operating a "mill" at Hastings, is having more fun than anybody these days. Lynn is one of the "square men," as all of the Lincoln printers know. But this fact is not known to the Typotheta, therefore Lynn gets about five letters a week offering him "splendid situations" as a strikebreaker in Omaha. And then Lynn seizes his trusty pen and writes answers that burn holes in Uncle Sam's mail sacks. He says he wouldn't miss the fun for twice the money he is getting.

The committee selected to cast about for permanent quarters for the union met last Sunday evening and talked over plans and suggestions. The committee feels that it has about perfected a plan that is feasible. A report will be made in due time.

A move is on foot to organize a little entertainment among the members of the union and invite the Auxiliary members to come over as guests. If such an affair is pulled off it will be worth going miles to see.

Don't forget the Colorado Springs club. A paltry 50 cents a week means that you can go to the convention next year, and a trip to the convention means that you will have the time of your life.

Last Monday was Fred Ihringer's 'teenth birthday and a few of his friends made a raid on him in the evening. The bad weather interfered somewhat, but those who braved it and reached the Ihringer residence had a bushel of fun—as usual. Elevated quintette occupied the time from 8:30 until 10:30, and then mastication of edibles claimed attention. The self-invited guests left as late as possible, wishing Fred many happy returns of the day.

Mrs. Jesse Mickel and children returned to Harvard Wednesday after a week's visit with friends and relatives in Lincoln.

Don't forget to use the little Allied Printing Trades Council label stickers. They have been the means of accomplishing much good already, and if pushed to the limit will accomplish a great deal more.

PUSHING AHEAD.

Organizer of Teamsters Preparing to Help Work.

General Organizer Young of Chicago, representing the International Teamsters' Union, was in Lincoln a few hours the first of the week and arranged to return Saturday morning and devote a few days to the work of strengthening the organization in this city. Next Monday evening there will be an open meeting of teamsters, union and non-union, at Carpenters' hall, at which time Mr. Young, S. J. Kent and others will speak.

Mr. Young has been spending some time in Omaha and reports that he is meeting with splendid success in the work of strengthening the teamsters of that city. He also reports that the printers are making good headway. "I went to the theatres three or four times," said Mr. Young, "and we didn't have any programs. Either they wouldn't have them without the label or the 'rats' couldn't print them."

Teamsters, Attention!

There will be an open meeting of Lincoln Local, Teamsters' Union, at Carpenters' Hall, on Monday evening, October 30. General Organizer Young of Chicago, Sidney J. Kent of Lincoln, and others will address the meeting. Members should be present.

Non-Union Teamsters are Cordially Invited

THE OLD PRINTER'S LAST "TAKE"

By Robert J. Burdette.

And so, year after year, he wrought among the boys on a morning paper. He went to bed about the same time the rest of the world got up, and he arose about the time the rest of the world sat down to dinner. He worked by every kind of light except sunlight. There were candles in the office when he came in; then they had lard oil lamps that smoked and spluttered and smelled; then he saw two or three printers blinded by explosions of camphor and spirit gas; then kerosene came in and heated up the news room on summer nights like a furnace; then the office put in gas, and now the electric light swung from the ceiling and dazzled his old eyes and glared into them from his copy. If he sang on his way home a policeman bade him "cheese that," and reminded him that he was disturbing the peace and the people wanted to sleep. But when he wanted to sleep the rest of the world, for whom he had sat up all night to make a morning paper, roared and crashed by down the noisy streets under his window, with cart and truck and omnibus; blared with brass bands, howled with hand-organs, talked and shouted, and even the shrieking newsboys, with a ghastly sarcasm, murdered the sleep of the tired old printer by calling the name of his own paper.

Year after year the foreman roared out at him to remember that this wasn't an afternoon paper; editors shrieked down the tube to have a blind man put on that deaf man's case; smart young proof-readers scribbled sarcastic comments on his work on the margin of his proof slips, and he didn't know how to read; long-winded correspondents learning to write, and long haired poets who could never learn to spell, wretchedly cast all their imperfections upon his head. But through it all he wrought patiently, and found more sunshine than shadow in the world. He had more friends than enemies. Printers and foremen and pressmen and reporters came and went, but he stayed, and he saw news-room and sanctum filled and emptied and emptied and filled and emptied again, and filled again with new, strange faces. He believed in his craft, and to end he had a silent pity, that came as near being contempt as his good, forgiving old heart could feel, for an editor who had not worked his way from a regular devilship up past the case and the imposing stone.

He worked all that night, and when the hours that are so short in the ball-room and so long in the composing-room drew wearily on he was tired. He hadn't thrown in a very full case, he said, and he had to climb clear into the boxes and chase a type up into a corner of it before he could get

hold of it. One of the boys, tired as himself—but a printer is never too tired to be good natured—offered to change places with him, but the old man said there was enough in his case to last him through his take, and he wouldn't work any more tonight. The type clicked in the silent room, and by and by the old man said:

"I'm out of sorts."

And he sat down on the low window sill by his case, with his stick in his hand, his hands folded wearily in his lap. The types clicked on. A galley of telegraph waited.

"What gentleman is lingering with D 13?" called the foreman who was always dangerously polished and polite when he was on the point of exploding with wrath and impatience.

Slug Nine passing by the alley, stopped to speak to the old man sitting there so quietly.

The telegraph boy came running in with the last manifold sheet, shouting:

"Thirty."

They carried the old man to the foreman's long table and laid him down reverently and covered his face. They took the stick out of his nerveless hand, and read the last take:

"Boston, Nov. 28.—The American harque Pilgrim went to pieces off Marblehead in a light gale about midnight. She was old and unseaworthy, and this was to have been her last trip."

A GREAT PAPER.

Covers the News Field in Best Possible Manner.

Last week's issue of The Wageworker contained a half-page advertisement of the Lincoln Sunday Star, and the advertisement made some big promises concerning the aforesaid Sunday issue. And when the Sunday Star made its appearance it was seen that every promise had been more than met. The Sunday Star is a great newspaper. Its "Workers' Department" should be read by every craftsman in this section of the country. Its news features cover the field in all directions, and its special articles are selected with a view to pleasing all classes of readers.

William J. Bryan's letters from abroad will appear in the Lincoln Daily Star, and in no other daily newspaper in this immediate section of the country.

A GREAT REFORM.

Initiative and Referendum Should Be Adopted Now.

Petitions are being circulated in Lincoln asking the council to adopt an ordinance putting the initiative and referendum into effect in this city. The petition reads as follows:

"To the City Clerk of the City

of Lincoln, Lancaster County, Nebraska: We, the undersigned, voters of the city of Lincoln, said county and state, hereby petition the honorable mayor and city council of the city of Lincoln, said county and state, to pass an ordinance adopting the initiative and referendum, as provided for in article II, chapter 26, of the Compiled Statutes of Nebraska, 1903, and submit the same to the voters of said city for rejection or approval at the general election to be held in the city of Lincoln, November, 1905."

Every wage-earner should take an interest in this move and lend it his support. It simply means that the voters will then run things to suit themselves instead of delegating the matter to the city council. Under such a system the council can not balk the citizens who are determined to defeat a franchise, nor can it refuse to adopt any ordinance demanded by the people. It is the essence of popular government, and it simply means that the people may have what legislation they want or defeat what legislation they do not want.

The petitions may be had of Isaac DeLong, secretary of the Central Labor Union. Circulate them immediately.

AN EASY BERTH.

Wanted a Good Place to Take His Nap.

Several years ago S. S. Merrill was general manager of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad. Mr. Merrill is two inches above six feet tall and wide in proportion, and upon this fact hangs a peculiar situation in Milwaukee railroading. The Milwaukee, unlike most railroads, owns and operates its own sleeping cars. For several years its cars were all standard Pullman size, both as to cars and berths, but after Mr. Merrill became manager he changed things. He wanted a berth that would permit him to stretch out and sleep instead of doubling him up like a jackknife. So he began rebuilding the sleepers and had all the berths made six feet and four inches long, and four inches wider than the regular width.

The traveling public was not slow to catch on to this increased size in the berths and hastened to take advantage of it. The roomy berths, with an electric light in each berth, makes travel on the Milwaukee a real comfort. And it all happened because a general manager happened to be an unusually large man.

The Carpenters Have a Grievance

The union carpenters of Lincoln have a grievance, and Tuesday night it was presented to the Central Labor Union, and by that body received and ordered referred to the affiliated locals. When action has been taken upon it in the locals and reported back to the central body, the matter will be carried up. The Wage-worker has referred to this matter once before, but does so again with great cheerfulness. The name of the individual in question is not given at this time, owing to the pendency of the case, but the facts are in brief as follows:

Several years ago this man, whom we will call Hawtree because that is not his name, joined the Carpenters' Union in this city. Before he had been in the union more than a month or two he arranged to build him a little cottage. If memory serves aright he had the lumber on the lot. But before he could go to building his own cottage he fell from a scaffold while working on another man's house and broke his leg. Of course his fellow unionists rallied to his assistance, for that is what unionism means. He received aid in several ways, but the greatest aid was rendered when the carpenters built his cottage for him. This they did by each donating a day's work or hiring a substitute. A foreman was employed and paid \$60 out of the union treasury for his work. When Hawtree was able to arise from his bed and hobble around he found his little cottage ready for the plasterers and paperhangers.

Of course Hawtree protested that he could never return the obligation—and he evidently didn't try. Within a short time after his recovery he secured a job as fireman at one of the city pumping stations and soon forgot that he ever was a union man. His card lapsed and he was finally let out for non-payment of dues. In time he was promoted to engineer at a good wage. Last spring he decided to invest some of his money in a flat building, and did so, building not more than seven miles from Fourteenth and L streets.

Did he remember the time the union carpenters came to his assistance in his hour of need? Did he remember the obligation he took when he entered the Carpenters' Union? Did he show that he had even a faint glimmer of the meaning of the word "gratitude?"

Not at all. The carpenter work on his new building was done by "scabs." Every door, window, floor, upright, sill, brace—all handled by non-union carpenters, and every day there passed this new building union men who had a few years before donated their work to help the flat owner when he was in bed with a broken leg and up against hard luck for fair. And yet this man holds a municipal job and his salary is paid in part by the union carpenters to whom he has shown such base ingratitude. The Carpenters' union asks that every local union take cognizance of the matter. The carpenters rightly believe that a man so lost to all gratitude is unworthy of public employment, and they further believe that they have a right to expect the help of sister unions in making an example of this man.

The sin of ingratitude is, above all things, the worst sin outside of the criminal code. And there are men who would rather be found guilty of anything else short of murder in the first degree.

At Tuesday night's meeting the central body took cognizance of the flood of foreign immigration, and while disclaiming any intention of being opposed to immigration did adopt resolutions calling upon congress to restrict it and demanding that the officials charged with the duty of enforcing existing law get busy. The building plans of the Y. M. C. A. were discussed informally and it was the sense of the meeting that the central body should have a part of the work. A committee consisting of Messrs. Maupin, Evans and C. S. Smith was appointed to look after the details. President M. T. Castor was met

in his seat Tuesday night. For two weeks he has been laid up with an acute attack of bronchitis. His friends will rejoice to know that he is well along on the road to recovery and expects to be back at work by the first of the week.

Delegate Kelsey will speak before the Men's Club of St. Mark's church next Tuesday evening, his subject being "The Struggle for Existence." A cordial invitation is extended to all men.

THE TEAMSTERS.

Rushed With Work and Looking For More Help.

The Teamsters' union is feeling good these days. There is a renewed interest in the work of the organization, and as a result the attendance is better and members who have been negligent in paying their dues are coming to the front and getting squared up. Business Agent Morris is busier than a cranberry merchant right now trying to find men and teams to respond to the call of employers. Work is unusually good. The Interurban railroad is requiring the services of a lot of men, and excavation work is remarkably good for this season of the year. On top of all that comes the crying demand for men and teams to deliver coal. This simply means that a man with a team is forced to dodge opportunities to work in order to find time for rest for himself and his horses.

Business Agent Morris is still busy trying to strengthen the lines of the union and is meeting with success. The attention of all union men and women in Lincoln is called to the fact that the following coal firms have signed an agreement with the Teamsters' union:

Marsh-Burke Coal Co.
PHELPS-BURRUSS COAL CO.
Adam Schuapp Coal Co.

When ordering coal be sure and thus throw the weight of your moral support to the Teamsters' Union. The Teamsters may be depended upon to return the favor at any and every opportunity.

ALL RIGHT.

"Union Labor Bank" Project in Chicago Abandoned.

The move to establish a "union labor bank" in Chicago has been abandoned. The central body overwhelmingly defeated a resolution endorsing the plan. This is well. Organized labor needs to concentrate its fire—not scatter it. It already has a weapon strong enough to win its fight if it will use it intelligently—the union label.

Don't go fooling after strange and new projects. Stick to the main issue—the label.

Don't frame up great schemes that look good on paper but which would require too much time away from the one great weapon of unionism—the label.

Don't fool away time listening to men who talk loud about their unionism but always manage to make the folk redown to their selfish advantage. Get into the game and use a weapon that stands as a bulwark against oppression—the label.

If every union man and woman in the country would demand the label for one year, and take nothing without the label—the battle would be won. Then banks, newspapers, insurance companies—all the great engines of modern industry—would be seeking favors at the hands of unionism. Politicians would quit sneering at the labor vote. Unions would get together solidly, each for all and all for one.

The union label is weapon enough if we will but use it intelligently and persistently.

HELP IT ALONG.

Every mechanic and artisan in Lincoln should do something towards helping the Y. M. C. A. in its efforts to secure a permanent home. The Young Men's Christian association is doing a splendid work, and it deserves the support of every man. Let the wage-earners of Lincoln get behind the building scheme and give it a big boost.

To the Public

Union printers throughout the country are striving for the Eight Hour Day. Strikes are in progress in Chicago, Detroit, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Buffalo and other large cities. Printers point with pride to the fact that they are conducting their strike in an orderly and law abiding manner, and to the added fact that they are winning. The justice of their demands cannot be questioned. They ask the support of the public. You can help the printers by demanding the Allied Trades Label on your printed matter