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ORGANIZER YOUNG TALKS TO TEAMSTERS

Albert Young, general organizer of the International Brotherhood of Team Drivers, addressed an open meeting of Lincoln teamsters at Carpenters' hall last Monday evening. Mr. Young makes his headquarters in Chicago, but spends most of his time on the road in the interests of the great organization he represents. During the past month he has been devoting considerable time to organization work in Omaha, and he has met with remarkable success in that city and in South Omaha and Council Bluffs. When he went to Omaha he found the union in bad shape. Its membership had dwindled away under the terrific fire of the "Citizen's Alliance," and the men were discouraged. Mr. Young's first work was to inject a little ginger into those who had remained faithful. Then he went after those who had fallen by the wayside and got them back into the fold with renewed courage and enthusiasm. Then he went after the men who had never been organized. Today he has the coal drivers, the transfer drivers and the laundry drivers of Omaha organized into separate locals, and the tide of unionism is growing stronger every day.

The transfer companies issued notice to their drivers that any man joining the union could consider himself discharged. The night of the first open meeting called by Mr. Young a dozen employers stood around on the corner of Fourteenth and Dodge "keeping cases" on the men who were going up into the hall. But the men went up just the same. And they have entered heartily into the work of putting the Team Drivers of Omaha on their feet as an organization. The Citizen's Alliance is putting every possible obstacle in the path of the organizers, but it is not making much progress. The drivers of Omaha, as elsewhere, have learned a whole lot by experience, and now they are profiting by it. Mr. Young is not yet through with his work in Omaha, but he came to Lincoln to inaugurate the work, and after this week will spend considerable time in this city, and before he leaves this section he will have thoroughly organized the teamsters.

The meeting Monday night was the largest and most successful in the history of local 440—and that local has pulled off some very successful meetings. More than a hundred team drivers responded to the call, and the attention given to Mr. Young and the other speakers, and the deep interest manifested in organization makes the future look bright. The work was started right off the reel, and it will be kept going. Mr. Young announced another meeting for next Monday night, November 6, and every team driver in Lincoln ought to be there. The reason why will be plain enough to those who take the time to read Mr. Young's remarks in this issue, or take advantage of an opportunity to talk with him for a few moments.

Mr. Young took charge of Monday night's meeting and he kept the interest up from the start. A colored friend and brother tore off a few chunks of banjo music, and incidentally sang a few verses and unravelled a few jig steps.

Between speeches J. J. Conniff sang a solo and performed a few fancy jig steps that earned him a hearty recall, and he came back

and delivered himself of a few athletic stunts that were right up to the mark. Mr. Conniff made a much better appearance than 75 per cent of the "artists" who come out before the footlights and remark, "Ladies and gentlemen, with your kind permission," etc., etc., and then proceed to do it without permission because the patient public has no means of preventing it. In other words Mr. Conniff made a great hit, and the indications are that he will be often called on in future to help make things lively at the meetings of other unions. And he looks so good-natured that the chances are he couldn't refuse if he wanted to.

Sidney J. Kent spoke at considerable length, and as usual held the attention of his auditors. Mr. Kent knows the labor "game" from beginning to end, for he has grown up in the labor movement and was for several years a member of the executive board of the International Brotherhood of Carpenters. He pointed out the great changes that have been wrought in the industrial field since he was a boy. At the age of ten he was indentured and learned the trade of stairbuilder. He had to get up in the morning at 4 or 5 o'clock, walk a mile to a railroad station and take a "workman's train" into the suburbs. Then a mile or a mile and a half to the job, where breakfast as well as dinner was eaten, and then work until 6 at night and home again—if the boss didn't hold him there an hour or two longer as punishment for some fancied infraction of the rules. That was in England. But the labor unions have changed all that. Now the union men work eight hours a day and have a Saturday half holiday. And in addition to shortening their hours they have secured more pay. In New Zealand, a country settled by convicts sent from Great Britain, they have organized and put into force the best economic system in the world. They are not struggling for the eight-hour day in New Zealand, for they have had it fifty years. No, they are now preparing to move for a six-hour day.

"Some of you teamsters wouldn't know what to do with a half-holiday if you got it, would you?" queried Mr. Kent.

Mr. Kent explained in well-chosen language the objects and aims of unionism, and pointed out succinctly and clearly why it was to every man's advantage to join the union of his craft. He was selfish in wanting to better the conditions of the teamsters, because if they were

benefitted every workingman in the city would be benefitted. He closed with an earnest plea to every teamster to lend a willing hand in the work of making the organization perfect in Lincoln.

General Kelsey Talks.

General Kelsey spoke briefly but to the point, and urged the teamsters to get together. He knows what unionism does for the workingman because he had gone through the mill. He has carried a card for upwards of forty years, and every day he has realized benefits from it. "Get together," said General Kelsey, "not for the purpose of engaging in a strike, but for the purpose of rendering strikes unnecessary. A strike should be the last resort. Get together for the purpose of bettering your conditions. Get together in order that you may help each other."

Will M. Maupin, editor of The Wagemaker, spoke briefly and told why he was a union man. He also urged the teamsters to get together, saying that if they wouldn't help themselves they ought not to ask others to help them. "Capital has organized," said he. "Money has organized as never before. Now you get together and organize the capital that lies in your muscles and brains and take advantage of the opportunities that lie before you."

Mr. Young's Remarks.

Mr. Young then took the floor and made a rattling good talk. It is to be regretted that only a brief summary can be reproduced. Mr. Young lacks many of the graces of the polished orator, but what he lacks of fancy flourishes he more than makes up with ability to talk plain, practical sense straight from the shoulder. There is no dodging about him. He talks readily, but it is the talk of a man who thinks a whole lot more of results than of fancy flights.

Mr. Young introduced himself by saying that he was the man who organized the teamsters of Chicago. "They tell you that the teamsters' strike in Chicago was a failure," he exclaimed. "It is not true—it was a magnificent success. There are 5,000 more union teamsters in Chicago than there were before the strike. We are in better shape than ever, and it's a safe bet that there won't be another strike of teamsters in Chicago for a long while for the very simple reason that the bosses won't

let us strike. They've learned a whole lot while trying to teach us a few things."

This statement brought out a terrific round of applause. Then Mr. Young explained what unionism has done for the teamsters.

"We don't have to get up at 4 o'clock in the morning where we are well organized," he said. "And we don't have to work until 8 or 9 o'clock at night. Not much. We work nine hours a day, and we get a lot more money for the nine hours than we used to get for the thirteen or fourteen. And we don't have to take care of the bosses' teams on Sunday, either. We go to church with our families, and we go to the parks, and we go down to the lake front. We have Sunday to ourselves now, but we didn't have then."

"Wages are not the only thing to be considered in this matter of unionism. There are other things to be done, and when they are done the wage question will settle itself. I believe in fraternal insurance, and I belong to three fraternal orders. They are good things, too. But after all, the money I put into them I'll never see again. Maybe some other 'skate' will come along and spend it. But the money I have put into my union I get returns from right along. I have the fun of enjoying those benefits. I don't have to die to beat the game. I might have worked for the wage I received before I joined the Team Drivers' union a thousand years, and I couldn't have saved money enough out of my wages to build me a home. Now my wife and my two little ones have a roof to cover their heads. Every week my wife can take my envelope and out of it save something for a rainy day. Before I went into the union I couldn't have saved enough in forty years to buy a cotton umbrella. Before we were organized our wage averaged \$1.25 a day. Now the teamsters of Chicago get \$5 a day for nine hours' work and time and a half for overtime. The man who owns and works his own team gets \$6 a day. In Boston, in New York and in other cities, we have a Saturday half holiday. Some of you Lincoln teamsters wouldn't know what to do with a half holiday if you got it all at once, would you?"

"No, we wouldn't!" was the loud reply from all parts of the hall.

"Don't imagine for a minute that I am here to organize you so you can go out on a strike. A strike is the last thing I want to see. I am here for the purpose of organizing you so you won't have to strike in order to get what's

coming to you. But if you won't get out and help me to make your conditions better, I'm not going to waste any time on you. You've had an organization here, but it hasn't done what it should. That's because you have been negligent. Why, I understand that only a few weeks ago a member of your local got up on the floor of this hall and moved that your local surrender its charter. That man's head ought to be bored for the simples. Give up your charter? No—a thousand times no! What you want to do is to hustle. Get wise to the fact that you are alive! When the Hebrew cemetery committee wanted an inscription to go on the arch spanning the entrance to their new graveyard they asked the Irish sexton to give them something. Pat thought a minute and then said: 'O' t'ink thot 'we are here to stay' would be th' r'ight thing."

"We are here to stay, and don't you forget it. Now you get out and hustle and help me to be of some service to you. If you'll do your share I'll promise to stay right here until you are thoroughly organized. We received our charter from the American Federation of Labor in 1888. We organized seven little locals with a membership of less than \$2,500. In seventeen years we have grown to be the third largest union in America. In another year we will be the second largest. And the team drivers' union is the real key to the industrial situation. They can't do without us. Now, with all this in our favor why not get together and take advantage of our opportunities. I am a union man because I want my children to have a better chance than I have had, I want my children to be better than I have been, I want them to have better schooling than I have had—and I know that without the unions my children and your children would be driven into the mills and the sweat shops. There isn't a man here who wouldn't fight like a wild cat if some brute insulted your wife on the streets, but you go right ahead working for starvation wages and leaving your wife to suffer the pangs of privation and hunger and you haven't got the sand to protest. Shame on you. Protect your homes and your families. I'd rather have my wife insulted than to have her starve, but I'll be blown if I'll stand for either one if I can help it, and I rather think I can. I can protect her from insult by my own efforts, but I can only protect her from privation by having the combined help of my fellow craftsmen, for singly and alone I am a mere nothing in the industrial field."

"Now, boys; let's get down to business and organize, organize, organize."

Mr. Young spoke for nearly an hour, but not a man left the hall, and he was interrupted by hearty cheers all through his remarks. He said that it was intention to organize the team drivers into at least three locals, transfer drivers, coal drivers and laundry drivers. Without this separate organization little could be done to improve conditions, and he explained why this is true. Several transfer drivers were present and signified their desire to be organized into a separate union. Mr. Young then told them what to do and how to do it, and arranged for another meeting next Monday evening. And every teamster in Lincoln should be there. It will be money in his pocket and hours with his family to join hands in perfecting the organization of the craft in Lincoln.

Teamsters, Attention!

There will be an open meeting of Lincoln Local, Teamsters' Union, at Carpenters' Hall, on Monday evening, November 6. General Organizer Young of Chicago, will address the meeting. Members should be present. Refreshments.

Non-Union Teamsters are Cordially Invited

ON THE OTHER FOOT.

Detroit Printers Take a Hand in the Little Game of Injunction.

The striking printers of Detroit have taken a hand in the little game known as "government by injunction," and the first card they led was a "jack catcher."

When the union went out on strike to enforce the eight-hour day the employers immediately hunted up a judge and secured the old and very familiar injunction that restrained the union men from everything save eating, drinking and breathing. They would have stopped them, too, if both air and water were not free from corporation control, and eating something that could not be stopped as long as strike benefits were paid. The injunction did not hurt the strikers a little bit. They had not engaged in any unlawful acts and they went on quietly with their game against the Typotheta.

But the employers kept making trouble, so the strikers determined to try their hand at the injunction game. On October 28 the officers of Detroit Typographical Union No. 18 appeared before Judge Mandel in the circuit court and secured an injunction restraining the Detroit branch of the Typotheta from conspiring together to destroy the credit of the International Typographical Union and Detroit Typographical Union No. 18. This will have the effect of preventing the employers from sending out circulars containing the feeble falsehood that the International is about bankrupt and the local union unable to keep its pledges to the non-union men who come into the organization in preference to playing the "rat."

This is said to be the first time in history that a labor union has brought an action of this kind, and when it was brought the employers were thrown into dire confusion. They have

thought for so long that the injunction was a weapon solely for the employers' use that they couldn't understand why any judge should hand a labor union one from the same arsenal.

The Wagemaker goes to press too early to print the result of the referendum vote taken last week, but a bulletin from headquarters at Indianapolis conveys the news that there is no doubt about its having been carried. They only changes in the strike situation since the last issue have all been in favor of the union. Several towns have been "squared" and the Typotheta crippled in other centers. It looks good all along the line. It is only a question of a short time when victory will be here to stay. There was never a better fight, nor one better managed, than the one now being put up by the International Typographical Union under the direction of President Lynch, Vice Presi-

dent Hay, Secretary John Bramwood and Hugo Miller. We may have our little disputes on the side, but when the printers want something they ought to have they forget the differences. And the eight-hour committee is doing the kind of work that calls for recognition.

MR. POST AGAIN.

Writes to Expose His Ignorance of All Vital Economic Questions.

The Era Magazine, published at Deposit, N. Y., announces in its October number that it has engaged Mr. C. W. Post, "president of the Citizens' Industrial Alliance of America,"

to write a series of articles on "the true relations of the employing and employed classes in America." This is what the Era Magazine calls "a new era for labor," and it further boasts that this will be "in many respects the most notable series of magazine articles of the year."

We admit that in at least one respect this series of articles will be the most notable of the year. They will be noted for the profundity of the Post ignorance of economic questions, and it is only necessary to refer to one paragraph in the October installment to prove the assertion.

After charging that labor unions are trusts formed to restrict labor output and raise prices, Mr. Post claims that in effect labor is merely the laborer's product that may by him be sold at the prevailing price or withheld from the

market until the laborer thinks the price is right. He says:

According to an unchangeable commercial law the men who have certain products to sell and can not obtain the price desired from one particular buyer, may offer this product to one or more other buyers, and finally sell where they can get the best price, or hold the product, in the same manner as the farmer when trying to sell wheat, or the ranchman when trying to sell cattle, has a right to seek the best market possible, and sell or refuse to sell as he pleases.

The utter fallacy of this theory when applied to labor is so apparent that even the most ignorant day laborer can see it. Even Mr. Post can see it, but in his bigoted zeal and his insane desire for publicity he fondly imagines that no one else is bright enough to do so. Let it be put plainly.

John Jones, a hod carrier starts out in the morning to go to work and at the job is told that his wage will be cut 50 cents a day. He refuses to sell a day's labor for \$1.50 and seeks work elsewhere. It takes him two days to find it. No what is he going to get for the two day's labor he has been carting around?

The labor of one day must be sold that day or it is forever lost. It can not be stored up and drawn upon tomorrow. The farmer may haul his wheat to town and either sell or haul it home to await a better price. The man who likens the farmer's wheat to the workingman's labor is either foolish or knavish, or both.

But Mr. Post says that while the laborers have a right to refuse to sell until they get their price they have no right to play the part of bully and say that the employer shall buy labor of no one else. All that is very old straw—so old and musty that it reminds us of some patent breakfast foods. But the workingmen of the country are not so much interested in that as they are in preventing men like Post and other millionaires from fattening themselves on the backs of the people.

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