

THE WAGELERKER

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PUT THIS IN YOUR PIPE AND SMOKE IT.

The editor of this humble little labor publication has worked on some big metropolitan newspapers as printer, reporter, desk man and editorial writer. He rather prides himself on being familiar with all branches of the daily newspaper business and able to make a pretty good hand at anything from police reporter up to editor-in-chief—or down rather. Good reporters are a blamed sight scarcer than good editorial writers.

Perhaps the daily newspaper experience of the editor of this little labor paper has caused him to think more of a certain peculiar situation now existing in daily newspaper circles than the average union man would. It is a very peculiar situation, but it deserves the thoughtful consideration of unionists everywhere, because it emphasizes something of vast importance to men who earn their daily bread by manual labor. In order to make the points clear it will be necessary to recount a little recent history.

A few weeks ago the daily newspapers were full of the story about President Corey of the steel trust and his liaisons with Mabelle Gilman, a chorus girl. Corey deserted his wife to carry on an intrigue with this painted siren of the comic opera stage. The steel king had married his wife in the old days when he was poor, and the wife had stood by him and helped him and advised him until he became a powerful factor in the financial world—a multi-millionaire. Then he deserted her to revel in the fresher charms of the fascinating chorus girl. Very justly the daily newspapers have been denouncing Corey for his scandalous desertion of his wife. They have printed long editorial homilies upon the subject, and Corey has been held up to public scorn.

A few days ago there died in New York City a man whose financial career was little short of marvelous. His name was Yerkes. He began life in Philadelphia, and went wrong. He was sent to prison, but the faithful wife stood by him and greeted him when he was released. He kissed her goodbye and went west to retrieve his fortunes. Back home the faithful wife waited and prayed for him. Yerkes had the touch of Midas, and gold poured in on him in a flood. But he forgot the faithful wife. He divorced her to marry a younger woman. This woman in turn was discarded in order that he might revel in the charms of one still younger. He died reviled of all right-thinking men, and not even the great fortune he left to public institutions will save his name from being execrated as long as men and women regard the marriage tie as sacred and woman's honor a pearl beyond price. Since Yerkes died, and even before, the daily newspapers teemed with editorial denunciations of his lecherous career.

But here is a point that must not be overlooked. Neither one of these men—Corey and Yerkes—were heavy advertisers. They were not patrons of the daily newspaper business offices. Their relations with the business offices were not such as to yank any strings leading to the editorial rooms.

But there are others besides Corey and Yerkes. Have you ever seen in any daily newspaper an editorial "roast" of Charles W. Post?

Not on your tintage! And yet Charles W. Post so treated the wife who had toiled with him and suffered with him in the days of poverty, that in the days of his prosperity she was forced into the divorce courts to seek a separation, and it was granted to her on the grounds of cruelty. And before the ink was dry on her decree Charles W. Post had married his stenographer.

But unlike Corey and Yerkes, Post has very intimate relations with the business office of every daily newspaper in the land. Not only is he a heavy advertiser, but he is president of the National Association of Advertisers.

Does it begin to dawn upon you? Good heavens, fellow unionist, will a brick house have to fall on you before you grasp the fact that the modern daily newspaper is but a reflex of the business office, and that the business office is controlled by the men who put up the money to buy advertising space? Can you not readily see why the daily newspapers are constantly exaggerating every little labor trouble into riot, arson and murder?

Corey, the man who doesn't advertise, deserted his wife to revel in the charms of a chorus girl, and the daily newspapers roast him to a frazzle.

Post, the man who controls and places millions of money in advertising every year, got rid of a faithful wife and married a stenographer with indecent haste, and the newspapers not only remain as mum as oysters about it, but actually at his command exaggerate everything in the labor field into riot and assassination.

Stop and think about it for just a minute or two, and then ask yourself this question:

"Do such newspapers deserve the patronage of union men?" And yet there are union organizations right here in Lincoln that refuse to take this humble little labor paper, although its cost doesn't amount to the cost of the froth on one glass of beer every two weeks.

If we could locate a big daily newspaper that would roast Charles W. Post as the big daily newspapers have roasted Corey and Yerkes, we would put up the cash for a year's subscription. But we never expect to find it.

SONGS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW.

Up in the little town of Battle Creek
There is a gripe-nut sho-o-o-p.
Postum and all that sort of fool dope.
If eating it you don't sto-o-o-p.
oPstum and all that sort of fool dope,
Stale bread and glucose vile;
Eat it and you will lose all your hope,
And dry up after while.
O, Post, at you we've laughed.
We've punched holes in your graft.
Charley, Charley, O, Charley Post,
Your stuff will make one look like a gho-o-o-st.
Postum slop and gripe nuts galore—
But we don't eat no more.

TAKE THE SENSIBLE VIEW.

Look here, Mr. Non-Union Man! The Posts and the Parrys are telling you that the unions are bad things for the workingmen. Now just stop and use your gray matter a little bit—if you have any.

If the unions did not better wages and shorten hours, do you imagine for a minute that the Posts and Parrys would be fighting them? If the unions were bad for the workingmen, don't you suppose that the Parrys and the Posts would be favoring unionism?

Now just think a minute or two—if you can. The Posts and Parrys are not humanitarians—not by a mill site. They are out for the stuff. And they fight the unions because the unions stand between them and the full realization of their greed. They tell you they fight them for other reasons, but they lie like thunder when they say it.

After you have thought this over, try thinking about something else. It's a good habit to get into—this habit of thinking.

THEY ARE ALL ORGANIZED.

When you hear a physician arguing against trades unions, gently elongate his ears a foot or two and breathe into them the fact that his profession is organized more closely than any trades union in the country. Physicians call their non-unionists "quacks."

And if a lawyer tells you that trades unionism is wrong, just get a mallet and pound into his thick head the astonishing fact that the lawyers are organized wonderfully well. They do not call their non-unionists "scabs." No, they call them "shysters."

If you do not think the physicians are organized, just ask one of

OUR GREATEST JANUARY CLEARING SALE



WHEN we looked over our stock books January 1st, they showed how the lack of snow had kept back trade. We face the figures, bow to the inevitable and make a quick move to right things—cut prices early enough and low enough to make the men in Lincoln even more eager to buy than we are to sell. You can do your friends no better turn than to tell, telephone or write them about this sale.

Men's Suits and Overcoats Divided into Six Great Lots

Men's Suits and Overcoats, worth \$30, \$27.50 and \$25, now.....	\$18.90	Men's Suits and Overcoats, worth \$12.50 and \$10, now.....	\$6.90
Men's Suits and Overcoats, worth \$22.50, \$20 and \$18, now.....	\$13.90	Men's Suits and Overcoats, worth \$8.75 and \$7.50, now.....	\$5.90
Men's Suits and Overcoats, worth \$16.50, \$15 and \$13.50, now.....	\$8.90	Men's Suits and Overcoats, worth \$7, \$6.50 and \$6.00, now.....	\$4.90

Odds and ends of Men's Suits, worth \$5, \$6, \$6.50, \$7.50 and \$10—some in only coats and vests, all made of splendid, honest material and cut in right style, now.....

\$3.90

All Black Suits are Reserved

Armstrong Clothing Co.

Good Clothes Merchants.

them to advertise. Then watch him swell up like a pouter pigeon and spout a lot of rot about the "code of ethics."

Organized? Bless your soul, the physicians have got the trades unionists skinned both ways from the middle on organization.

The Gilhooley case in Chicago is ended, and several members of a union have been found guilty of murder and sentenced to the penitentiary. There is no going behind the jury's verdict at this stage of the game. The men have been proved guilty. If they are, we are glad they must go to the penitentiary. They have brought reproach upon unionism—a reproach that it will take years to live down. The one union man who goes wrong works more damage to unionism than the good that a million true union men can do in a decade will repair. There is no place in modern trade unionism for the thug and the slugger.

A union man slugs the man who took his job and is sent to the penitentiary. The manufacturer who takes a thousand jobs away from toilers and starves them to death in order that he may make a fortune manipulating the stock market is hailed as a financier and looked up to as an exemplary citizen. That's the way of the world.

John R. Walsh, who bought and maintained a Chicago daily newspaper in order to help him break down organized labor, went broke. And his daily newspaper was union from cellar to roof all the time, too. That's rubbing it in.

The Standard Oil Co. pays its Chicago teamsters \$2 a day. They make less in a year than their chief employer makes in an hour. But they evidently like it, else they wouldn't vote for it every time they get a chance.

Do not forget that in the great battle for industrial betterment the other fellows' label is just as important as your own. If you fail to ask for the other fellow's label, don't grumble if he fails to ask for yours.

Every union man who resorts to slugging ought to be put behind the bars twice—once for slugging and once for bringing disgrace and shame upon unionism. If we can not win peacefully let us lose gracefully.

The only man who thinks that the printers will not win their fight for eight hours is Mr. McIntyre, and Mr. McIntyre draws a big salary for thinking the way he does. The men who pay it know better.

It took the unionists of the country about a year to get next to the Parry-Post union busting game. But now Post and Parry are sparring for wind. The next round will be a finisher for that bunch.

Steel King Corey might have avoided all that publicity by patenting a new kind of sawdust food or anti-coffee slop and advertising it heavily in the daily newspapers.

The way to make Lincoln a big and prosperous city is to secure factories that pay fair wages and work fair hours. And union factories guarantee both of these things.

The "daylight factory" is still advertising for help. It means employes now, but it will be advertising for financial help if the unionists of Lincoln do their duty.

There have been scores of breaks in the ranks of the United Typothaete but not one in the ranks of the International Typographical Union. Lest we forget.

The meanest "scab" in the industrial world is the alleged union man who is so careless that he neglects to demand the product of a fellow unionist's toil.

Detroit Typographical Union will go down in history as "Stonewall Detroit." The boys have been out nearly five months and haven't lost a man.

Where labor is best organized there is the least trouble. And where labor is best organized there is the most of prosperity for all the people.

HUMAN FACE FORMED IN ROCK

Remarkable Natural Curiosity in County of Massachusetts.

Unknown to thousands living within a radius of ten miles from its talus, the above sphinx-like rock overhangs from a bold cliff more than 100 feet above the level of the rails near the little railroad station at Assonet, Bristol county, Mass.

Considering the fidelity of its portraiture of the human face it seems incredible that it had not long ago



Joshua of the Mountain.

outranked in fame New Hampshire's Old Man of the Mountain, whose ragged lines need distance to lend enchantment to the view, and they leave much to the imagination.

The photograph is from an untouched negative of natural rock formation, or rather of the colossal Egyptian monument nature, and unaided by mortal hands, has modeled in the hard granite gneiss by the processes of erosion and cleavage.

It is ten feet from the forehead to the point of the beard. The profile is almost perfect in proportions, and unlike other more famous "rocks," it shows the facial characteristics in varying forms from many points of view. At the point from which this picture was taken the contour of the firm mouth and strong lower jaw give a tense sternness to the features, and there is just the suggestion of a stark fixedness in the stony stare turned toward the north.

A Tree House.

A summer boarder in the little village of Springtown conceived the idea of making a tree house of this old maple. Beneath is a door, which opens into a little room, from which steps lead up to the house. While forming a resting place the maple throws out shade for a considerable distance, which makes it an ideal spot for those romantically inclined.

Nodd—Why did you have your telephone changed from a direct wire to a party line?

Todd—My wife complained she couldn't hear a thing the neighbors said.

THE FIRST CUT...

This is the "Different Store," you know. We do not "cut prices" at the end of the season, but at the beginning. We make the first cut big enough to give our customers bargains and ourselves a moderate profit. Of course we make a profit. Couldn't do business without it.

Suits from \$5 to \$18

Good suits, too. Good material, well made and stylish. Made to wear and look well while being worn.

Furnishings

An immense line. Hats, caps, shoes, shirts, underwear, ties, socks, overcoats, overalls, suspenders—everything.

LINCOLN CLOTHING CO.

10th and P Streets

WITH THE MODERN WHALERS

"Thirteen American whalers of the San Francisco fleet, operating in Beaufort sea, to the north of Alaska, are frozen fast in the ice floes there," writes P. T. McGrath to the Daily News from Newfoundland. "This fact is occasioning no little comment among those who know what this simple statement means. For when, in the past, whaling vessels have been caught there and held for the winter, gruesome tragedies have resulted. Once a herd of reindeer had to be driven from Alaska to the whaling rendezvous by American government officials, the animals being then slaughtered to keep the crews alive. Another time a number of crews wintered ashore with the natives, and the contact with dirt and squalor generated a plague from which white men and brown men alike perished wholesale. Tragedies equally appalling befell the Atlantic whaling fleets which usually wintered in Hudson bay and which almost invariably met some such misfortune until now that inland sea is almost deserted. Scarcely a whaling vessel is found there to-day, where once were mighty fleets. The American whalers resorting to Hudson bay have been reduced to a handful, and the British whalers have abandoned it for the Greenland seas again.

"There are, however, three or four whaling stations along the shore of Hudson bay. In these a number of

natives are employed for the purpose of killing whales. There are one or two white men at each 'factory,' acting as overseers to the natives, who are employed to kill whales, when whales are to be found. The Eskimos are admirably suited to this work. They have become as expert as the average white man and handle the white man's weapons and manage his boats as skillfully as he does himself. These stations are cheaply run. Only the smallest pay has to be given to the natives. A single whale a year makes the station a paying venture. A supply ship visits the station once each summer, receiving the products and landing food and other necessities.

"Scottish whalers now fish chiefly off the Greenland coast. Their efforts this year promise to be more successful than for many seasons past. The Eclipse has been reported homeward bound with seven 'fish,' yielding five and one-half tons of bone. The Morning is reported with three; the Balena with four, the Windward with two, the Diana, with two and the Scotia with one. The principal article of commerce obtained from these arctic whalers is the famous 'whalebone,' the flexible substance in their lower jaws which serves them for teeth, and this is at present worth about \$12,000 a ton or \$6 a pound. It can thus be easily seen what a splendid result has been achieved by the Eclipse for her season's fishing."

The Clergyman—Do you mean to say that your wife goes to church every Sunday without you?
"Well, it isn't my fault. I can't persuade her to stay at home."

Self-interest is the principal element in the interesting things of life.
Even busy men are not too busy to stop and look at it.