

THE WAGWORKER



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SIGNIFICANT WORLD VOICES.

Rev. Charles Stelzle Writes Interestingly of Forces Now at Work.

The world is echoing with new, strange voices. Sometimes it is the cry of one in the wilderness, the forerunner of a new world policy, a new social system, a new religious force. Often it is the voice of thunder that comes from the heart of the masses, speaking with no uncertain sound.

If these world voices could be blended into one grand chorus, their name would be expressed by a single word—"Expansion."

Men are today seeking national expansion. America is bound to grow because we have all the conditions which make for permanent success.

We are demanding social and economic expansion. This will mean a larger, fuller liberty. It will mean a more abundant life. In this struggle the people are going to win. No human power can prevent it, and no divine power will. It is part of God's plan that men should grow, and, growing, they will burst the bonds that held them.

But the world is today expanding religiously. Rarely have there been such times when men cried out after the noblest and best things in life. The world is not yet in the hands of the devil, as some are saying. It is still God's world. He rules. Let us never forget that. It is well for us to be in harmony with His plans. No sane man would think of fighting the laws of nature. He would be a fool who tried to stop the stars in their courses. But for some reason some men believe that they have power to successfully oppose God in the spiritual world, forgetting that the spiritual world is God's world, as well as the physical world, and that God's laws prevail in the unseen world, just as they do in the seen.

It is only the small man who will see no power beyond himself, who recognizes nothing that is divine. He who would attempt to stifle the voices that prophecy progress will be confronted with the old truth that "the voice of the people is the voice of God."

SUNDAY'S FLOOD.

Wagworker Advertisers Hit Hard by the Terrific Cloud Burst.

Several of The Wagworker's advertisers were hit hard by the cloudburst last Sunday evening. The storm sewers could not carry off the water, and as a result it backed up into many basements on O street. Miller & Paine's basement rooms were flooded to a depth of three feet, damaging stock to the amount of about \$4,000. This was perhaps the heaviest loss in the city. The Armstrong Clothing Co. had about a foot of water, but by timely hustling a good share of the goods stored in the basement were lifted out of danger. The damage there amounted to perhaps \$1,500. Rector's pharmacy got a bad dose of flood water and the damage to stock amounts to perhaps \$1,200.

The losers were as cheerful as could be expected under the circumstances, and if any tears were shed they were shed in private. So far as the public could see the losers were too busy getting things in shape for business Monday morning to spend any time in mourning.

HIT ST. PAUL PRINTING FIRMS.

Typographical Union Makes Charges Against Employers.

Six secret indictments, said to be against firms and members of St. Paul printing establishments for the alleged violation of the state anti-trust and combination statute were returned on June 26 by the grand jury. It has been alleged and formal complaint was filed with the county attorney by the legal representatives of the Typographical union that a combination exists among the printing establishments in the matter of presenting bids on state printing, which is in effect a violation of this act.

TOO MUCH WATER.

James Parker, a member of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, who conducts a sporting goods store and repair shop at Twelfth and P streets, was a heavy loser by Sunday night's flood. All of his machinery and repair tools were in the basement, together with a goodly bunch of surplus stock. About five feet of water rushed into the basement.

A Few Words With The Commercial Club

The union workingmen of Lincoln have been quite well aware for some time that the greatest opposition to unionism has come from members of the Commercial Club. That merchants who owe most to the patronage of working men should oppose a system that means increased spending ability on the part of workingmen is one of the mysteries that union men have been unable to fathom. Last spring the union carpenters formulated some demands and these were agreed to by a number of fair contractors. But other contractors refused to acquiesce in the demands of the carpenters and sent out postal cards to postmasters throughout the country, asking them to hand the same to local carpenters. The cards carried the information that carpenters were badly needed in Lincoln. As a result a large number of non-union carpenters were imported into Lincoln to compete with local members of the craft.

That some members of the Commercial Club assisted in this work is quite

well known to the union men of the city. It is to such members that The Wagworker now addresses itself.

Ninety per cent of the members of the local Carpenters' Union are men of family who have their homes in Lincoln. They spend all their money for goods sold by Lincoln merchants. Many of them are taxpayers. Their patronage, together with the patronage of other union men, amounts to hundreds of thousands of dollars every year. A majority of the carpenters brought to Lincoln by these postal card announcements did not bring their families with them. They came to Lincoln, drew the same pay as the resident union carpenters, and then sent two-thirds of their wages home to be spent with the merchants of other cities. This means that thousands of dollars earned in Lincoln were spent elsewhere, to the detriment of local merchants and local business enterprises.

The Wagworker confesses its inability to understand the logic of a retail merchant who opposes labor unions. Labor unions mean increased wages and shorter hours, and in-

creased wages and shorter hours mean a larger volume of business for the retail merchants. If The Wagworker were a mercantile institution it would rather have the patronage of 1,000 union men earning \$3 a day than the patronage of 500 non-unionists earning \$1.50 a day. It would rather have 1,000 resident union men of family earning \$18 a week than 2,000 non-resident non-union men earning the same wage and sending two-thirds of it to Muscatine, Davenport and other cities in Iowa to be spent with the merchants of those cities.

The Lincoln Commercial Club is made up of gentlemen who depend largely upon the patronage of Lincoln workingmen. If they prefer the patronage of non-resident craftsmen they will surely have their preference if they continue their present policy of antagonism to the trades unions of the city. The Wagworker believes that a very perfunctory study of the situation will convince the members of the Commercial Club that their interests are identical with the interests of the union men of the city.

The Animadversions of Billy Major, Esq.

In common with some millions of fellow unionists I got out last Wednesday and hollered my head off about the Declaration of Independence, shot off a lot of firecrackers, waved a little flag and swelled up at the thought of being an American sovereign. I do that every recurring Fourth of July. It doesn't take much brains to celebrate the Fourth of July. Anybody with the price can shoot off fireworks and holler about being an American sovereign. And it doesn't take any money at all to shoot off one's mouth about "independence" and "liberty" and other things. Perhaps that is the reason we are always shooting off our mouths about these things. But for something less than forty years I have been waking up on the morning of July 5 and wondering, as I toss around in bed, if after all we are not a blooming lot of chumps. Are we really free and independent? Are we really sovereigns? Are we freely allowed to work out our destiny?

How free are we when any little old pin-headed judge can throw us into jail without trial? How much liberty have we when a Jim Crow judge can sit down and write an order enjoining us from any old thing he pleases? What kind of liberty do we enjoy when we are compelled every hour of the day to pay tribute to organized wealth? And what becomes of our inalienable right to the pursuit of happiness when courts and legislatures and congresses are controlled by a handful of men who make us pay tribute on everything but the air we breathe and poison even that by compelling us to work in foul sweat shops, noisome mills and dangerous mines? Our Revolutionary sires fought, bled and died because they opposed taxation without representation, and yet three million union men pay taxes cheerfully and then let the handful of trust magnates and corporation managers select representatives who never recognize the rights of the workingmen.

Liberty! The average workingman has the liberty to pay his taxes and die when his time comes. But that is about all. Up to date we have never heard of a judge enjoining a workingman from paying his taxes or issuing an injunction forbidding a workingman to die. But workingmen in this country have been enjoined from doing everything else. He has been enjoined from using the United States mail. He has been enjoined against walking on the public highway, accosting his friends, praying for his misguided or suffering brother, discussing matters of public import and quitting work when he pleases. He

has been compelled to work against his will for a cruel taskmaster; compelled to submit his cause to a judge and jury selected by the prosecution, and deprived of his freedom at the whim of a judge whose breakfast had soured on his stomach. And yet, despite all these things we as workingmen rise up early on the morning of July Fourth and feel chesty all day because we are "American sovereigns."

"Life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," says the Declaration of Independence. Sounds mighty good, too. But what is life to the poor devil compelled to work in a sweat shop at starvation wages in order to keep body and soul together? What liberty has the poor devil who is compelled to support a family on a wage that will not pay for the tobacco in the tips of the cigars smoked daily by his aristocratic employer. And how futile is the pursuit of happiness when the pursuer is gaunt of cheek, hollow of eye and weak of limb because the wage offered by the trust will not suffice to fill his stomach and clothe his nakedness?

Glorious free country where 10 per cent of the people own 90 per cent of the wealth. Wonderful country where a few spend thousands in indecent orgies while hundreds of thousands starve for lack of the corn raised by farmers who shiver because they can not market their corn and buy coal. What a wise lot of people we are, talking about over production of shoes and foodstuffs while thousands walk barefoot from necessity and hunger for a square meal.

What a patriotic lot of chumps we union men are, to get out on the Fourth of July and holler our heads off about our freedom and independence, only to go back to work the next day and humbly submit while a lot of feather-headed political tricksters elect judges and legislatures to limit our rights and deprive us of our liberty! The first thing we know some 2x4 judge will take it into his adoped head to issue an injunction restraining us from getting out on the Fourth and boasting of our American sovereignty. And blamed if I don't think an order of that kind would have more sound sense for a foundation than 95 per cent of the injunctions that have been granted during the past eight or ten years.

O, yes, it's a great thing to be an American citizen and have the glorious privilege of getting out on the Fourth and wasting money for firecrackers and red lemonade. The fellows who really own the country do not care,

and when he does begin there will be "hell-a-poppin'" for a lot of snobs. BILLY MAJOR.

THE CARPENTERS.

How Lincoln's Biggest Trades Union Continues to Grow.

Five new applications were presented at the last meeting. Eight new members were initiated.

Great interest is manifest in Labor day preparations.

Local 1055 is growing rapidly. Meetings are interesting and well attended.

The United Building Trades is already beyond expectation and promises good results.

We have good things in store for the future. All brethren of Local 1055 are requested to be present at our meetings and assist in the good work.

Next Tuesday evening, July 10, is a special called meeting for important business. Don't forget the date.

"UPLIFT NUMBER."

The Humor of a "Sweat Shop" Publishing Co. Really Very Clever.

The July number of the "World's Work," published by Doubleday, Page & Co., was what the publishers were pleased to call an "uplift number." That is very funny. The "World's Work" is published in a "rat" printshop by a lot of leaden-footed, heavy-eyed, cowering trimmers who haven't got life enough in them to stand up for their rights. Doubleday, Page & Co. insist on having in their shop a lot of cowering printers who are willing to let the boss fix wages and hours, and are afraid to ask for fair play lest they lose their jobs.

"Uplift number" is good—very good. If it has the effect of putting the country on a level with the cringing cowards in the printing department of the magazine, then God help the country.

CLOSED FOR THE SEASON.

Lyric Winds Up Successful Year and Prepares for Opening.

The Lyric has just closed a successful year, and is now waiting for the opportunity to open up the coming season in its handsome new quarters on Thirteenth street.

Manager Miller is exerting every effort to get the new theatre ready for the regular opening on August 27, and his hustling ability promises success.

During the season just closed the Lyric has given splendid satisfaction, and the promises for next season are above the average. The new theatre will be one of the handsomest in the west, and the attractions will be even better than those offered in the old quarters.

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CELEBRATED THE FOURTH.

Printers' Auxiliary Gives a Picnic Supper and Fireworks Exhibition.

Capital Auxiliary No. 11 to Typographical Union No. 209 observed the Fourth by giving a picnic supper at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Righter, winding up with a display of fireworks that would make the average village celebration look like the change out of three lead dimes. The attendance was unusually good, and when supper was served nearly 100 people partook of the good things provided, and the supper hour was filled with enjoyment.

As soon as it was dark enough the fireworks exhibition began, and it continued for an hour or more. The members of the Auxiliary left nothing undone to make the occasion an enjoyable one, and the verdict was that the efforts were successful. Without doubt this celebration is to be numbered among the successful ones of the city, and those who were present will long remember the day. Mr. and Mrs. Righter left nothing undone to make the occasion a pleasant one, and as host and hostess they have earned an enviable reputation. Several invited guests were present.

Will Norton had to go to Ashland on the Fourth to make music with his clarinet. He was missed at the Auxiliary's celebration.

The Auxiliary met on June 29 at the home of Mrs. Hart Mickel, who entertained with the help of her daughter, Miss Freddie. Owing to the extreme hot weather the attendance was below the average. The following officers were installed:

- President, Mrs. W. C. Norton.
- Vice President, Mrs. A. T. Pentzer.
- Secretary, Mrs. F. W. Mickel.
- Treasurer, Mrs. J. E. Marshall.
- Chaplain, Mrs. H. W. Smith.
- Guide, Mrs. A. L. Compton.

Members of the executive committee are calling on merchants of the city who are giving advertisements to a non-union job shop outside of the city. Don't forget to use your little red sticker when such advertising is left at your door.

Mr. Hampton, of the Hampton Printing Co., Indianapolis, Ind., is sending out letters of apology to the Auxiliaries because the label did not appear on the reports of the international election. It was an oversight on the part of men who are members of the Typographical Union. Mrs. McKee writes that she feels certain that the members will realize that it was an oversight. She gave orders that the label should appear.

The Auxiliary correspondent is at a loss to understand why less than a half-dozen out of a total membership of fifty have signed the Union Buyers' League pledge. We have been trying to push the label ever since the Auxiliary was organized, and now that The Wagworker asks us to sign a pledge to do so there is very little excuse for there not being a pledge from every member.

Mrs. Sam Uhlman attended the last meeting and was admitted to membership. Mrs. Cora Thompson was ballotted upon and unanimously elected. The Auxiliary is growing slowly but surely.

Mrs. Gilbert R. Jones of Chicago is earnestly working on her plans for the erection of a home for printers' wives similar to the one maintained by the International Typographical Union at Colorado Springs. She should have the earnest co-operation of the Auxiliary members everywhere.

TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION.

Holds Monthly Meeting and Transacts a Lot of Important Business.

Lincoln Typographical Union No. 209 met last Sunday and rushed through a lot of important business in time to adjourn before the cloudburst. The union decided to favor the proposed Labor day plan calling for a parade, picnic and benefit performance and subscribed its pro rata of the expense. Considerable attention was given to the work of promoting the use of the label, and the label committee was instructed to get busy. H. C. Peate was elected vice president to fill a vacancy.

Some "warm talks" were made on the subject of better recognition of the Auxiliary, and the union decided that it was time to wake up to the importance of giving the women more cordial support in their efforts to boost the label. One new member was initiated.