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Still Harping About That Labor Fair

Elsewhere in this issue will be found an article taken from the Lincoln Herald and relating to the present labor fair. The editor of The Wageworker does not know whether to take it as a roast, a compliment or a joke. The Herald intimates that "many unionists seemed to labor under the impression that the fair was a scheme of graft inaugurated by the editor of The Wageworker." Such an intimation is neither a joke nor a compliment. The Herald, however, is kind enough to declare its disbelief in any such idea, for which it has the thanks of the editor of The Wageworker.

If there is a unionist in Lincoln or elsewhere who believes that the editor of The Wageworker had a scheme of graft in connection with the labor fair, he is cordially invited to make his belief known to the editor of The Wageworker. If such unionist is financially responsible he will be haled into court as soon as the proper papers can be prepared and given the opportunity to either prove his charges or pay damages. If he is not financially responsible the editor will undertake to find recourse in another way. The editor of this humble little labor paper is not going to waste time paying attention to the "knocks" of men who are always "knocking," but he is more than ready to pay attention to the contemptible liars who charge him with using The Wageworker to further any scheme of "graft." Mr. Maupin's connection with the labor fair was not at all secret. His agreement with the Central Labor Union has been made public. He is not ashamed of that agreement, but having had the experience he unhesitatingly declares that he would not make another one like it. As a matter of fact he would not again perform the work he did and undergo the worry he was compelled to undergo in trying to make the fair a success, for a sum equal to the gross receipts of the recent labor fair. He can make money easier by paying close attention to his profession, and have his evenings with his family instead of walking the streets trying to arouse unionists to a sense of their duty.

The Herald says: "We understand there is some feeling among unionists against Mr. Maupin of The Wageworker because of his constant efforts to push himself to the front and his burning desire to lead." We prefer to believe that this is one of the Herald's jokes. If there are any unionists who have such a feeling they may lay it aside and sleep soundly. If there is any one thing Mr. Maupin does not yearn to be it is that thing, a leader. If he has any ambition at all in the labor movement it is to be an earnest, consistent and helpful worker in the ranks. He stands ready to further any good work calculated to advance the cause of labor, but having seen the sort of reward handed out by the rank and file to the men who have sacrificed themselves to become leaders, he is more than willing to follow. Labor leaders are usually allowed to do all the sacrificing in order that the followers may profit thereby.

We are under obligations to the Herald for saying: "We do not believe Mr. Maupin to be a grafter, and take pleasure in doing what little we can to dispel this idea." Thanks. In this connection Mr. Maupin desires to state that if there is a man in Lincoln, or elsewhere, who can prove that Mr. Maupin ever grafted one penny, in any manner whatsoever, he will be given The Wageworker, in whole, free of incumbrance, as a reward for submitting such proof. And The Wageworker is pretty good newspaper property, too.

The Herald further says, "When the unionists, singly or individually, subscribe to maintain a labor paper, they feel that the editor thereof is their hired man, and should do their bidding." If there is a unionist or a union on the subscription roll of The Wageworker that thinks that way, it would do well to cancel its subscriptions at once. The Wageworker is the organ of no union, and it is the property of the unionist whose name is at the head of the editorial column. It does the bidding of but one man—its editor. The union or the individual

set him right on several important points.

As for the union men who think the acme of unionism is to "knock" and shout "grafter" at every unionist who tries to do something for the advancement of unionism—well, fudge on them! Until they accumulate enough manhood to make their charges in the open they are not worthy the attention of a man who has to hustle for his daily bread.

WHAT UNIONS DO.

Help the Non-Unionists to Better Things of Life.

John P. Altgeld once said: "Every time union labor achieves a victory it not only raises the standard of the union men, but of the non-unionists, who receive the benefit of all that union labor receives." Every time the non-unionist takes a striker's job and crushes a union he not only lowers the status of the union, but himself and his own family, who must share the degradation of all labor. But few working men are capable of standing upon their own bottom during these days of mad commercialism. Merit is forgotten in the terrible race for wealth. A workingman may be ever so capable, but he will receive no more wages, except in extraordinary cases, than his employer is willing to give him. The amount usually depends upon the size of the employer's conscience. This is where the value of a trade union is manifested. It makes an injury to one the concern of all. Have you ever passed through a large factory, equipped with machinery of the most modern type? If you have, did you notice how each piece of machinery was dependent upon the others? In a shoe factory, for instance, each machine has its particular work to do, and all of them

are necessary to complete the shoe. So with the workingmen. We are dependent upon each other. Why remain unorganized and alone? Get together for mutual benefit and protection.

A GOOD START.

Musicians Should Get Busy Now and Organize a Local.

The musicians of Lincoln—those who believe in unionism—ought to get busy at once and organize a local. There were enough in the labor fair orchestra to complete an organization with a little work, and they owe it to themselves and to unionism to organize. There ought to be a strong Musicians' Union in Lincoln. This city ought to have a first-class union orchestra and a first-class union band.

An orchestra made up of union musicians will get lots of work, and it's a cinch that hereafter there will be no non-union bands in Labor Day parades. Get busy, you musicians! You have a good start.

CARPENTERS—OFFICIAL NOTICE.

To all Members of the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America, Local No. 1055: You are requested to present due books to the trustees for comparison with ledger before January 1, 1907, under penalty.

ED BLY,
Recording Secretary.

The Lyric has a strong bill this week.

Big Holiday bill at Bijou next week.

The Pullman porters are organizing.

Five hundred silver workers are striking in New York City.

Is This a Gentle Roast

Or Just a Little Joke?

The labor fair which was on at the auditorium last week was considerable

of a failure so far as patronage and interest on the part of unionists was concerned. Many unionists seemed to labor under the impression that the fair was a scheme of graft inaugurated by the publisher of The Wageworker and thus much patronage and moral support was withheld. The Herald believes this was a mistaken idea. We understand there is some feeling among unionists against Mr. Maupin of the Wageworker because of his constant efforts to push himself to the front and his burning desire to lead, but we do not believe he is a grafter, and take pleasure in doing what little we can to dispel this idea.

While it is always commendable in a man to endeavor to get to the front and reasonable ambition is always laudable, Mr. Maupin does not seem to have learned that the editor of a labor paper is one who is debarred to these privileges, while anything even remotely bordering on officiousness affords a most excellent and wieldy club for the knocker. And there are many reasons for this condition of affairs.

When the unionists, individually or collectively, subscribe to the maintenance of a labor paper, they feel that the editor thereof is their hired man, and should do their bidding and not assume to lead, or dictate, or aspire. If he attempts any personal preferment he is using his paper as a booster. If he proposes any financial enterprise and figures conspicuously in it, he has a graft and there are always plenty of jealous, would-be leaders ready to hand out

packages that will asperse his motives, and class him as a unionist for revenue only.

Labor unionists are always suspicious. They have been the victims of so many fakirs and fakes that the moment a man of their rank becomes conspicuously active, he is looked upon as having an ax to grind, particularly if he is the editor of a labor paper. Mr. Maupin does not seem to realize the delicacy of his position or else he would not have undertaken a labor fair and mourning now that it was a failure and in a fair way to cost him a neat sum, individually.

The Herald regrets the failure of the fair. Though not a member of any union at this time, a long life of unionism gives me the most kindly feeling and a real interest in unionism of the genuine character and I regret any failure of unionism where directed to a legitimate purpose.

Unionism means more than high wages, short hours and union label. It means brotherhood, co-operation instead of strife and antagonism. It means education, elevation and the bettering of the laborers social condition. It ought to mean, above all union at the ballot box, but in this it has thus far signally failed. While Lincoln is strong in unionism the Herald would like to see more harmony prevail; more interest, more general good feeling and less scabbing at the ballot box. Pardon this seeming boost, but the Herald household is the best unionist in the community. We pay the union scale for all labor we give out, have no scab prices on advertising and when it comes to the ballot box we cast our vote in favor of giving to the laborer all he produces, which can only be attained by the adoption of co-operation or socialism.

The Herald understands there is a financial shortage as a result of the fair and that it is likely to fall on the publisher of The Wageworker. We trust the union boys will cease to question the honesty of any one's intentions connected with the fair, put away all criticism along the line of mismanagement, put their shoulder to the wheel and pull out the shortage, turn their faces hopefully to the future, give the white winged dove of peace an opportunity to settle down to business and let the tomahawk be buried.

LEATHERWORKERS ELECT.

Officers Who Will Conduct Affairs for a Time.

The local union of Leatherworkers in Horse Goods have elected the following officers for the ensuing term:

President, F. M. Lewis.
Vice president, Jos. Lanty.
Secretary-treasurer, J. J. Stone.
Recording secretary, Frank Porak.
Chaplain, C. M. Smith.
Marshal, W. H. Schleifer.
Guard, Hoopy McPherson.
Executive Board, L. H. Neff, L. E. Marti, Peter Schmitz.
Delegates to C. L. U., G. H. Bush, T. C. Kelsey, J. J. Stone.

SUCCESS OF HIGH DUES.

The United Hatters of America is one of the most remarkable labor organizations in the country. Its officers state that its success dates from the time it adopted high dues. Every member pays 3 per cent of his earnings into the union treasury. Two per cent goes to the international union, while 1 per cent is used for local expenses. There are 9,000 members in the union out of \$12,000 engaged in the business in North America.—Piano Workers' Journal.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

The Wageworker calls especial attention to the article, "Keeping Christmas in the Heart," which appears in this issue. It was written by Richard L. Metcalfe, associate editor of the Commoner, and reproduced by courtesy of that publication. It is written in Mr. Metcalfe's best vein—the vein that shows him at his best, and no one can read it without being bettered. By the way, none of us is so good that we can not be bettered, so read this beautiful Christmas story, "Keeping Christmas in the Heart."

"KEEPING CHRISTMAS IN THE HEART"

Richard L. Metcalfe in The Commoner

"A gran' rasslin' match is goin' on in ivy corner iv th' civlyzed globe," says Mr. Dooley in the American Magazine, "an' we're all in a tangle, fightin', quarrelin', robbin', plunderin', or murdrin', accordin' to our tastes. It's what Hogan calls th' struggle fr' existence, an' it'll always go on while there's a dollar in the wurruld, a woman, or a ribbon to wear in our coats. But on the three hundred and sixty-fifth day suddenly we hear a voice: 'Gentlemen, gentlemen, not before th' children.' An' we get up an' brush th' dust off our clothes an' shake hands pretindin' it was all fun. Th' kids have come in."

Wouldn't things be changed if after the truce observed December 25, 1906, the men and women of the world failed to renew the fighting and the quarreling? Wouldn't life be more than worth the living if after keeping Christmas in the form, by filling the children's stockings on Christmas eve and exchanging gifts and salutations with friends on Christmas day, we kept Christmas in the heart for the balance of the year?

One writer gave us a hint when he said that the kindness and good cheer generally prevalent during the Christmas season represents the normal condition of society when it shall reach that perfection possible among human beings. And there are those who believe that in spite of wars and rumors of wars between nations, in the face of oppression and greed among individuals, we are moving to that very condition where—keeping Christmas in the heart—men and women will obtain during all the year the inspiration and exaltation they derive during the few hours of the designated season when they keep Christmas in the form. And those who indulge in this bit of optimism tell us that love is leading the way.

Well, Love knows the way; and the men and women who follow her call will find it.

And how are we to put in the entire year "keeping Christmas in the heart"? Certainly not by hanging up the stockings every evening of the year; nor by continual exchange of gifts; nor by making perpetual the strain and labor of the Christmas season as we now observe it. But rather by toning down some of the madness—or, if you prefer to call it, the enthusiasm—of that season, so that in our efforts to make a showing for ourselves and our immediate friends we put no undue strain upon the pocketbook of our breadwinner, and impose no undue burdens upon the poorly-paid shop girl. She—though we sometimes forget it—is the child of some other parents who are just as anxious that their child be comfortable and free from vexatious burdens as we are that our child be surfeited with Christmas gifts.

It is by the use of a little leaven that leaveneth the whole lump; by a little spreading out of the great pile of friendly salutation, of generosity, of good cheer and of kindly disposition that now characterize the Christmas season; so that without detracting from the joy of that period, we contribute to the continuing happiness of men and to the permanent well-being of the world. "But only Love may lead love in, to Arcady, to Arcady."

One would be thought simple, indeed, were he to ask in this day: "What is love?" There are, ready at hand, so many answers to the question and most of them are plainly illustrated in every day life. The mother bending o'er her first born tells

us that is love—and the love light that lies within that mother's eyes tell us that, at least, is truth.

The father, ready to sacrifice his all for the future of his boy, tells us that is love; and we know that he speaks as one who feels and, feeling, knows.

The maiden knows that love is described in that picture where:

"A warrior so bold, and a virgin so bright

Conversed as they sat on the green.

They gazed on each other with tenderest delight.

Alonzo the Brave was the name of the knight—

The maiden's the Fair Imogene."

The manly lad with the first touch of down on his lip knows what love is when, turning to the sweetheart of his youth, he says:

"If you become a nun, dear,

The bishop Love will be;

The cupids every one, dear!

Will chant—"We trust in thee!"

One poet tells us "Love is madness, love is sadness;" another that it is "The sweetest joy, the wildest woe." One grown crusty in bachelorhood calls it "a delusion and a snare;" and a hopeless one declares "Love is the tyrant of the heart; it darkens reason, confounds discretion; deaf to counsel it runs a headlong course to desperate madness."

But the billiousness of the poets and the cynicism of the despondent can not affect the views of the man who has walked by love's side; walked by love's side when he gathered the myrtle with Mary; walked by love's side when he led to the altar the girl of his choice; walked by love's side at the cradle of the first born to that holy union; trembling by love's side—and held within his own trembling grasp love's firm hand—by the little grave in which was centered that common interest which binds two hearts closer than any marriage vow yet spoken by a priest.

We know that when the maid and the lad, the mother and the father, and the friend have spoken they have told us of love—and that that is love, indeed! But all these are but representative of the real thing—the out-cropping in particular individuals of that which was to affect all individuals; the triumph in particular quarters of that which was to dominate in all quarters; the love—strong and beautiful, but a mere hint nevertheless—of that great "truth of truths" which Disraeli described as "The principle of existence and its only end."

Keeping Christmas in the heart as a rule of life rather than as a mere holiday pastime it will not be necessary "when the children come in" for us to "brush th' dust off our clothes an' shake hands pretindin' it was all fun." Then "the children's season" will last the year 'round; then the air will be full of music; the world will be full of flowers; life will be full of hope—because the hearts of men are full of love.

The world is not growing worse as some of the disconsolate would have us believe. It is growing better and there flows, at this moment, from the hearts of men more of the milk of human kindness than at any other time in the history of the world. What if meanness and oppression are revealed? The very revelation shows the power of public opinion; and shows also, that the trend of men's thought is upward. What if doctrinaires complain that men are becoming indifferent to the details of creeds? That is be-

cause they are more determined than ever in their efforts to get closer to God.

Dr. P. L. Hall, one of the best known of Nebraska bankers, responding to the question: "Is the world getting worse?" replied, "No," and added: "There never was a generation in this country in which the moral hazard as a basis for credit entered so largely as in this."

Practical men are turning to the better things of life. They know that love and the things it stands for are alone worth cultivating; they know that to cherish malice, to lay traps for one's neighbor, to encourage vanity and indulge in bombast is a veritable waste of time. They feel with the poet of old who wrote:

"The warrior for the True, the Right, Fights in Love's name;

The love that lures thee from that fight Lures thee to shame;

"That love which lifts the heart, yet leaves The spirit free—

That love, or none, is fit for one Man-shaped like thee."

"Keeping Christmas in the heart" will yet become the habit of men; and he who adopts that habit will find

"My bounty is as boundless as the sea, My love as deep: the more I give to Thee The more I have, for both are infinite."

In art and literature the little child is made the representative of innocence for obvious reasons. The Danish queen who wrote, "Oh keep me innocent, make others great" voiced what is to-day the wish of many thoughtful parents with respect to the future of their children, as it well might be the wish of thoughtful men with respect to the future of their race. Men of the past who were controlled by vanity where they were not moved by greed, struggled under the embarrassments and handicaps of those who would be "great;" let the men of the future be touched with the satisfying qualities of innocence and find that contentment awaiting those who are willing to seek it along the simple lines where Love will lead the way.

For my own children I breathe this Christmas prayer:

Give them knowledge; but hold them true.

Ripen their intellect; but keep their hearts young.

Lead them to the heights where by learning

much from their teachers men may give much to their fellows; but let them retain to the end a

practical trust in the tenderness of men and a

simple faith in the goodness and