

THE WAGEWORKER



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NO. 48

Among the Live Crafts In This Good Town

OF INTEREST TO PRINTERS.

Another Welcome Announcement About the Assessment Received.

Last week the welcome announcement came from international headquarters that beginning on Monday, March 3, the assessment for the eight-hour day cause would be reduced to 2 per cent. This makes a total reduction of eight per cent since last fall. With the unparalleled label agitation now in progress it is believed that such a demand will be created for good printers that the assessment may soon be abrogated. Since the beginning of the struggle for the eight-hour day Lincoln Typographical Union, No. 209, has raised and forwarded to headquarters \$9,000, in addition to which it has financed its local affairs to the extent of about \$1,200. All this has been done in seventeen months—a mighty good record for a union that averages about ninety in membership. It means practically an average of \$100 per man in the seventeen months.

Monday the union men in the Nebraska Printing Co. shop were pulled out, the proprietor of that concern refusing to sign the eight-hour contract. Four men came out. "Levy has robbed the cradle and the grave to keep going," remarked a unionist who looked in at the window and saw the bunch of near-printers who were attempting to act like real mechanics. At the proper time the local will give this shop the attention due it. The four men who walked out were speedily placed.

Lincoln Typographical Union met in regular session last Sunday afternoon, and the session was full of interest. Three new members were admitted and obligated. The attendance was unusually large.

Detroit Typographical Union, notwithstanding a long strike and a heavy drain on its treasury, has pledged \$1,000 to the new Y. M. C. A. building in that city. It will be the best investment the union ever made, too. What do you think of a bunch of mechanics who have been paying a 10 per cent assessment for nearly two years walking up and promising to donate a thousand dollars to a religious institution? Can you beat a bunch like that?

W. H. Colescott, aged 76, a member of Typographical Union No. 1, died at the soldiers' home at Marion, Indiana, last week.

Shelby Smith, who was sacrificed at Toronto to make a Roman holiday, is doing more for the cause than any half-dozen of the gang that went after his scalp. Through his efforts one of the biggest shops in Philadelphia was organized recently. Then Smith, as editor and publisher of the Trades Union News, proceeded to get busy for fair. He went to the unfair shop that had the contract for printing the Musical Enterprise and asked it to square up. It haughtily refused. Smith turned around and secured the contract for printing the magazine. Now he is after other publications that are now printed in unfair shops. If the shops square up he will not interfere. And this is the man whose "scalp" they had to have to save their outraged union honor!

John W. Wise has sued the Lyric theatre management for \$3,800 damages. He said he had a contract for printing the programs, said contract having been assigned to him by the firm originally holding it. Manager Miller is not worrying. The people who sold Wise a "contract" had none. They paid Miller so much for the privilege of furnishing the program.

Things are looking up in Detroit. Within the last couple of weeks twenty-five men working in unfair shops have voluntarily joined the union or left town. The "rat" printeries are up against it worse than ever.

Typographical Unions all over the country are already making preparations for the proper observance of "Printers' Memorial Day," which is the last Sunday in May. The printers were the first craftsmen to officially adopt such a day and custom.

THE PRESSMEN.

The Printing Pressmen's and Assistants' Union is getting along quite well, thank you. Four new members were obligated at the last meeting and several applications remain to be acted

upon. There is a growing enthusiasm among the members, and all are taking a greater interest in union work. Work is better than ever before in the history of the town, and pay envelopes are fattened up accordingly.

Printers have succeeded in reclaiming three shops in St. Joseph, Mo.

THE CARPENTERS.

All carpenters of L. U. 1055, C. and J. of A., are hereby notified to appear at the next meeting, March 12, as it is a special called meeting for the purpose of acting on a special assessment recommended by the trustees. Bring your due books for quarterly examination. This is to be a meeting of great importance and every member should come and get next. J. A. CHAMBERS, Secretary.

STEVE ADAMS' CASE.

The case of Steve Adams, charged

with the murder of Fred Tyler, went to the jury Wednesday afternoon. The instructions of Judge Richards were claimed by the defense to be all that the prosecution asked for. No reference to the Western Federation of Miners appears in the instructions. The Wageworker's forms closed before a verdict was reached.

Pressmen's unions pretty generally throughout the country are up in arms over the agreement signed by their national officers postponing the eight-hour day.

Labor News Picked Up Here and There

THE ACQUITTAL OF SHEA.

Some Plain Truths About the Famous Chicago Case.

At last the Shea conspiracy case is ended. President Shea and his teamsters' union associates have been acquitted. Only two jurors were for

conviction at the start, and these quickly yielded to the other ten. The prosecution was utterly without merit. It was instigated and maintained both in court and in the trust newspapers, for private business ends. The prosecuting lawyer was hardly more than nominally a member of the prosecuting officer's staff. He was the private attorney of the business interests that instigated the prosecution. And the prosecution itself, while nominally for a blackmailing conspiracy to injure the business of a mercantile firm, was in fact for the criminalization of sympathetic strikes. It failed, first because there was no credible testimony of blackmail, and second because the jury would not place sympathetic strikes under the ban of the criminal law.

A curious thing happened after the trial. Three or four labor leaders who had been accepted as informers, had sworn to transactions calculated to prove that the strike was in furtherance of pecuniary objects, that brutal violence had been resorted to deliberately by the strike leaders, that they themselves had participated in these criminal purposes and acts, that no promise of immunity had been made them, and that having pleaded guilty they expected to be imprisoned. Now, it is true that the jury refused to believe these informers (some of whom were shown to be convicted criminals), in so far as their testimony incriminated the men on trial. But that was no reason for exonerating them upon their own pleas of guilty. Although the men on trial were acquitted, these informers were guilty on their own pleas. If the indictment described a crime, they stood before the court self-convicted of that crime. Yet the prosecuting attorney, failing to convict the innocent men, exonerated these guilty ones. This may be the law, for the prosecuting attorney did it; presumably it must be the law, for the judge allowed it. But what kind of law is it that permits guilty men, men guilty of crime upon their own confession in open court, to go free because a jury would not believe their testimony against other men?—Chicago Public.

DENOUNCE SENATOR FORAKER.

Unionists Declare This Champion of Humanity is a Sweat Shopper.

Cincinnati, O., Feb. 26.—The union men of this city are simply disgusted over the brazen effrontery of Senator Foraker in pretending to champion human rights in the Brownsville affair while using his employes like dogs instead of men.

Foraker's Cincinnati Traction company discharges an army of more than 1,000 men every year, who are denied both a personal hearing or appeal by a representative, the evidence against them being gathered by Pinkertons and presented behind closed doors, and no known union man is tolerated in the service. Many of the discharged men are blacklisted.

This is the corporation of Senator Foraker, who shouts to the galleries his protest against the summary discharge of a company of 67 colored troops by President Roosevelt. How does he reconcile his pretended interest in the colored troops with his position in the employment of labor?

BUILDING TRADES COUNCIL.

The Building Trades Council met last Wednesday evening and elected the following officers for the ensuing term: President, George Quick, Carpenters' Union; vice-president, Louis Hale, Painters' Union; secretary-treasurer, B. J. Chipman, Plumbers' Union; sergeant-at-arms, Charles Burns, Plumbers' Union.

CAPITAL AUXILIARY.

Capital Auxiliary, No. 11, to Lincoln Typographical Union, No. 209, will meet Friday at 2:30 p. m., March 15, at the home of Mrs. J. E. Marshall, 1523 North Twenty-sixth street. There will be a picnic supper and social in the evening to which all members and their families are invited.

Within 120 years 23,000,000 foreigners have come into this country, and within the past year the immigrants numbered more than 1,000,000, or 20 per cent more than any previous year.

VICTIMS OF CAPITALISTIC HATE



President Moyer



Secretary Haywood

THE KIDNAPED MINERS' OFFICIALS

LETTERS FROM A WORKINGMAN

LETTER NO. 1

TO THE MINISTERS OF LINCOLN.—Dear Brothers: I note that a committee from your union visited with the excise board the first of the week for the purpose of securing what seems to you to be some necessary steps in the curtailment of the saloon evil. You would have my support in this matter were it not for the fact that experience teaches me that your church people have gone at this liquor problem wrong end to. In order to make my position clear let me state, emphatically and positively, that if I had the power I would close every saloon in the world before next Monday morning. But as I haven't that power, and there is as yet no power developed that can do it, I believe we ought to face the problem fairly and squarely and try to solve it with horse sense and not with hysterics.

Let me tell you something, brethren: The quickest way to put the saloon out of business is to offer to men something that will be more attractive. When you seek the aid of the law to wipe out what you claim is a moral wrong, you admit that the power of the gospel of the Nazarene is not efficacious, and that it needs an enacting clause from a fallible legislature and a constable's club in the hands of a sworn officer to make it effective. I can not believe that you really mean to make that admission.

For every dollar invested in the saloon business in Lincoln there are perhaps twenty dollars invested in God's business. By God's business I mean the churches. I believe I am well within the facts when I say that there are five church properties within three blocks of the Lindell hotel that represent more actual money invested than there is invested in all the thirty-eight saloons of Lincoln.

Now suppose I should invest in all the thirty-eight saloons of Lincoln. First Presbyterian church, Thirteenth and M streets, in a stock of merchandise. Fifty thousand dollars, for instance. And suppose I should keep my store open an average of eight hours a week. What would be the result? Either I would go bankrupt or my friends and relatives would have me committed to the asylum for the insane. Now is it not a fact that with perhaps half a million dollars invested in churches in Lincoln these places of God's business are open less than an average of eight hours a week each? How can you expect to make God's business prosper on that sort of a basis?

Gentlemen of the pulpit, you may thunder your anthems against the liquor traffic until you are blue in the face; you may plead for rigid excise laws until hades boils down to a poultice; you may inveigh against the saloons until the Missouri river dries up and the Rocky mountains become holes in the ground—you may do all these things but they will avail nothing. But the moment you set to work on a commonsense basis and strive to give the workingman a club that is as attractive as the saloon, as democratic as the saloon, and that extends as cordial a welcome as the saloon, then the saloonkeeper will see his finish. Churches closed 160 hours out of every 168 do not offer these inducements. Man is a gregarious animal. He seeks the company of his kind. Will you please tell me a more democratic, likely, sociable place than the saloon for him to find it under our present social conditions? Do you expect me to hang around the closed and locked door of a church in order to meet and mingle with my fellows? Pray tell me, brethren, what has

your church to offer me outside of a few remarks calculated to impress upon my mind the necessity of taking out a fire insurance policy on my soul? Your music is good, but I can hear just as good or better every day. Your singing is good, but I can hear as good or better every time of my comrades get together and begin on the old songs. Your churches are bright on Sunday, but they are dark and cold and dismal every week day night when I am anxious to meet and mingle with my kind. If I don't go to the saloon to meet them, where will I go? To the library? Fudge! How about my evening pipe and my desire to converse with my friends? Remain at home? God bless you, brothers, I have no home, and there are nearly a thousand like me in Lincoln.

Now, as an ordinary man, with a man's instinct for mingling with his fellows and a man's instinct for amusement and entertainment, tell me what you of the churches have to offer me? The church has set its face against most of the amusements that appeal to virile men, with the result that the devil has seized them and uses them as bait to trap men into his clutches. I have seen good Methodist and Presbyterian brothers and sisters who would faint if asked to play "cinch" or euchre, grow so excited over "blinch" that they could be heard a half a block away. Pray tell me the difference between playing with cards that have pictures on them and cards that have mere figures on them. Is there a minister in Lincoln who opposes croquet? Now what is the difference between knocking wooden balls around on the green grass and knocking ivory balls around on a green cloth? I love to play billiards, and I have

yet to be convinced that it is wrong to play the game; but if I want to indulge in this splendid sport I must either join an expensive club or play it in a foul pool hall. Why? Because the church, foolishly, yea, criminally, gave this fine game over to Satan to be used as lure to drag men to destruction.

But this is wandering from the chief premise. What I mean to say is that you are wasting time fighting the saloon the way you are. They are here to stay, in one form or another, until you can find something better that will appeal more strongly to the average man. If one-half the money now invested in spires and stained glass windows, and chimes and hand-carved altar rails were invested in workingmen's clubs that would offer him clean amusements, clean fare, clean associations, hearty welcome regardless of dress, and make him feel as much at home as he feels in the saloon—say, such an investment would do more in a year to solve the saloon problem than all the gabfests, petitions and legislative enactments indulged in since Hector was an infant canine.

I visit the saloon now and then chiefly because I find there what I can not find elsewhere of an evening after my day's work is done—congenial companions, a hearty welcome, good cheer and forgetfulness for a time that I am a "Man with the hoe." If you'll find me these same things, then I'll promise you upon honor to cut out the saloon.

Dearly Beloved, I speak as a workingman who knows workingmen better, perhaps, than any clergyman in Lincoln. If my views are worth anything to you, you are welcome to them. BILLY MAJOR, Workingman.