

# THE WAGEWORKER



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## Printers Pay Loving Tribute to Their Dead

Last Sunday afternoon Lincoln Typographical Union No. 209 observed "Union Printers' Memorial Day" with appropriate exercises at the First Christian church and on the union's burial lot in Wyuka cemetery. The church was well filled despite the threatening weather, and the assembly at the cemetery was the largest since the custom was established. Three times has the Lincoln Typographical Union observed this day, and three times has the weather man interfered, giving raw, chilly and threatening weather. But this did not discourage the earnest unionists and their wives, and each year sees a larger number attending the services.

Lincoln Typographical Union inaugurated this custom, which now has the sanction of international law, and last Sunday it was honored by having two splendid orators to deliver addresses, one of them the foremost orator of this day and age, the other one of the foremost newspaper men of the country.

William J. Bryan delivered the memorial address at the church, and Richard L. Metcalfe, associate editor of the Commoner, delivered the address at the cemetery. Both of these men are staunch friends of organized labor, and both of them are especially close to the union printers.

Mr. Bryan's address was all too brief, but into his twenty minute address he put a world of sentiment, of hope, and of cheer. He praised the Typographical Union for its progressiveness, and said that the printers, always in the front of progress, were deserving of praise for setting the example of devoting one day in the year to paying a tribute of love and tears to the memory of departed comrades in the industrial strife.

"We pay the tribute of our tears to those who have preceded us to the other world," said Mr. Bryan. "One by one the ties which bind us to this life are broken, and one by one the ties which draw us to the other world grow stronger. I shall never forget the moment when, after a year of journeying around the world, we drew near to the shores of our own beloved land. Here were ties that bound us close. Here were friends whose hearts were knit to our hearts with bonds of love, love stronger than steel. And words fall me in attempting to describe the emotions of our hearts when we gazed into the well known faces of neighbors who had traveled fifteen hundred miles to meet us. I have faith to believe that when we approach the shores of the other world the ties which bind us to those loved ones will make our landing on that far shore much happier, than any return to loved ones and to home on this earth. I believe that in God's wisdom and goodness He will so arrange it that we shall know each other there. Not with the bodily eye, for this poor shell of mortality will have crumbled to decay. But from the spirit of the Creator we shall gather the spiritual body which shall be recognized and greeted by our loved ones there. The grain of wheat found in the Egyptian sarcophagus after lying there for three thousand years, still contained the germ of life. That grain of wheat buried in the ground will die, but in its death it gathers from earth and atmosphere the substance which makes the tender shoot, the full stalk and then the ripe grain in the stalk. So, too, I believe, will this spirit of ours, when its mortal shell shall have fallen to decay, gather from spiritual abundance and grow into the perfection of spirituality."

Mr. Bryan's address was characterized by that simple faith in immortality which has marked his entire career and which has stamped him as one of the great teachers and leaders of his day and generation.

Mr. Bryan's address was preceded by a brief review of the history of the International Typographical Union, given by a member of the union. Rev. H. H. Harmon, pastor of the First Christian, invoked the divine blessing upon the assembly, and the benediction was pronounced by Rev. S. Z. Batten, pastor of the First Baptist church.

At the conclusion of the church service the Union and Auxiliary took a special car to the cemetery, where the decoration services were carried out. The address was delivered by Richard L. Metcalfe, who said:

Faith, Hope and Charity—the least as well as the greatest of these—ring true within that realm where the children live, and love, and play. In this Kingdom-of-Make-Believe there is no pretense in the virtues that "exalt great Nature's favorites." In that domain friendship is the friendliest, truth is the truest, and love is the loveliest.

The best demonstration of that fraternity which ought to exist between all men living a common life and working to a common end is found in the relations between the little one of our own flesh and blood and the invisible child with whom we often find him prattling and playing. Listen to the story of those two comrades as told by the sweet singer of the Baltimore Sun:

All day in the swing of his fancy, the lad of the laughter, he goes,  
Whose life is a gleam in the sunlight,  
A lily, a pearl and a rose;  
And there to a phantom talking, with a phantom by his side,  
He moves with a shadow playmate, together they romp and glide.

I hear through the hours of his revel his little tongue chatter away;  
Alone, but not lonesome, he follows the fairies that flit through the day.  
He shares with his dream and his phantom his blocks and his drum and his horn,  
And he talks to his dear little playmate, invisible there in the morn.

They seem such good comrades and friendly, and get on together so well;  
There's never a moment of quarreling and never a sorrow to tell;  
The phantom does just as he wants him, the shadow plays everything right—  
O, beautiful playmates that revel light-hearted in realms of light!

They plan and they ponder together, the living locked arms with the dream;  
They sail on invisible waters and fish in a make-believe stream;  
They tunnel for coal in dream mountains and fight in invisible wars,  
And they hide in the walls of their fortress when the enemy's battery roars.

All day in the childheart splendor, a lad of the legions of fun,  
With a little invisible playmate, talks on as they laugh in the sun;  
And, happy and heartfree together, I lean and look down on them there  
And dream of my own vanished playmates, dear phantoms that float everywhere!

Ay, tender, invisible comrades, like children of old at our play,  
We dance in the dews of the morning and dance through the dreams of the day;  
And arm upon arm in the sunlight, with laughter and longing and tears,  
We move like an army of shadows far down in the valley of years!

The Invisible Playmate knows other paths than those leading to the nursery; nor is he always a child playing with a child; sometimes he hunts out those whose hair is turning gray; sometimes he seeks those whose eyes are growing dim.

How quickly the Invisible Playmate of some of the grown folks responds to the summons once fond memory brings the light of other days around us:

A rusty sword—a blade that never knew dishonor—and we go arm in arm with the father who, perhaps, gave to the world considerably more than the world ever gave to him; living again, with him, the life so full of tender memories; learning again, from him, the lessons of stern duty.

A picture spotted with the dust of time—and we stand within the very presence of the gentle one who gave us birth; feeling, almost, the clasp of her dear hand; hearing, almost, the

sound of her sweet voice—taking, in truth, the benediction of her holy love. A little shoe, frayed, at the heel and punctured at the toe—and we feel around our neck the clasp of two little arms and hold against our wildly beating heart the "Little Breeches" of our home.

"Oh, the little white arms that encircle My neck in their tender embrace  
Oh, the smiles that are halos of heaven,  
Shedding sunshine of love on my face."

A scrap of paper—and we are drawn to the side of some old friend long gone beyond; and there the days of old are lived again—call it in "Dreamland" if you please—but lived again!

Playmates of the long ago! Invisible all, but playmates every one!

"And arm upon arm in the sunlight, with laughter and longing and tears,  
We move like an army of shadows far down in the valley of years!"

Who says we must see before we believe? We forget that the unseen are the real forces. One note of music will bring a smile; another will draw a tear; a burst of song will set in motion all the memories and emotions of a life-time. We know something of the marvelous things wrought by electricity, but with all of our progress we can not tell the whence or the whither of that great force. We know that love has well been called the "greatest thing in the world"—yet no man has seen it, while all men have felt it.

Parting is the sweetest sorrow, because meeting is of the force that was not born to die. Love proves immortality, because we would not part with the one great grief if by doing so we must forfeit the one great joy. In all this beautiful city of the dead, where "love is loveliest because embalmed in tears," there is not a grave which those who hold it dear would blot from out the realm of fact, if the memory for which it stands must be obliterated.

As love proves immortality, so sorrow proves the "Elder Brother." Our very helplessness suggests the God, our very helplessness demands the Christ. Out of our own night of grief we look to Gethsemane; from under our own heavy cross we turn to Calvary.

We may obtain some idea of the tears that have been shed within this world when we remember that within the silent city of one hundred acres, hardly an inch of soil has escaped the tears of those who have loved—and for the moment imagined they had lost. Men may think the have made progress when they dismiss, as unworthy of the consideration of practical people, the lessons taught by the mothers; but standing within the shadow that falls athwart our own home, we may realize that the inspiring story of the life of the mission of the Man of Galilee is history's solitary answer to the pathetic call that goes up from every vacant chair:

"Oh, into what bosom, I wonder, Is poured the whole sorrow of years?  
For eternity only seems keeping Account of the great human weeping;  
May God, then, the Maker and Father—  
May He find a place for the tears!"

"Beyond the smiling and the weeping, beyond the waking and the sleeping; beyond the rock waste and the river; beyond the ever and the never—love, rest and home!" Love, rest, and home—and reunion with the playmates—big and little—of the olden time—playmates now invisible to the human ken but immortal in the law of love as they are immortal in the law of life!

Civilization has not vindicated itself in the presence of the thing we call death. These little birds singing their Te Deums from the tree-tops and these sweet flowers bringing reassurance of another springtime and asserting, through their green leaves and fragrant blossoms, the great eternal law of life and love are better settings for this calm and peaceful scene than the emblems of woe and hopelessness which give denial to our faith.

When one whom we love better than life itself passes through "Glory's morning gate" our hearts will ache. But when the march of civilization will sweep away the barbaric customs

which, at the bier of our loved ones only contribute to our woes then "that ancient Saxon phrase which calls the burial ground God's acre" will be in common use; then the smiles will mingle with the tears; the band of crepe will go, the wreath of flowers will come; and in that day the men and women of this world will know that what we now call death is really "God's great morning lighting up the sky."

Night after night we go to sleep without the slightest fear, trusting to nature to bring us again to life and to duty; night after night we bid our loved ones adieu and wish their pleasant dreams in their journey to an unknown, but not, to tired men, a dreaded land—

"And why not then Lie down to our last sleep, still trusting Him  
Who guided us so oft through shadows dim,  
Believing somewhere on our senses again  
Some lark's sweet notes, some golden beam shall break,  
And with glad voices cry, 'Awake! Awake!'"

At the conclusion of Mr. Metcalfe's address the roll of the union's dead was called, and at each name a member of Capital Auxiliary stepped forward and laid upon the lot the tributes of flowers brought by surviving comrades. As the flowers were being laid upon the mound the sun pierced through the clouds and flooded the day with golden beauty. Then Miss Ruth Walter stepped forward and the silvery notes of the bugle, as she sounded "taps," were borne upon the chilly wind. The assembly then sang the "Doxology." Rev. Mr. Batten pronounced the benediction, and the ceremonies were over.

### CARPENTERS' SPECIAL MEETING.

Next Tuesday Date Set to Vote on Amalgamation Question.

All members of Local 1055, Carpenters and Joiners, are hereby notified that next Tuesday night is a special called meeting for the purpose of taking a referendum vote on the consolidation of the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America and the Amalgamated Woodworkers. Also nomination of officers for this local for the next term and such other business as may legally come before the meeting.

J. A. CHAMBERS, Rec. Sec.  
Local Union 1055 adopted the following resolutions:

Whereas, God in His wisdom has taken from our brother, Louis P. Faulhaber, a devoted father; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we tender our sorrowing and afflicted brother our heartfelt sympathy in his bereavement to the end that he may be encouraged to accept with resignation the Divine will. An be it further

Resolved, That our charter be draped in mourning for fifteen days; that a copy of these resolutions be sent to Brother Faulhaber and family, a copy be entered upon the minutes of this local, and that they be published in the Wageworker.

J. W. EMBERTSON,  
G. L. QUICK,  
J. M. SCHULER,  
Committee.

### THE BARTENDERS.

Convention Will Be Held in Cleveland, Ohio, Next October

The proposed amendment to the constitution to establish additional locals in cities with over 400,000 inhabitants, which was left to a general referendum vote, was lost by a large majority.

According to statements made by the Gen. Sec.-Treas., a convention will be held in Toledo, Ohio, next October. The general result will not be known for certain until next month.

### GOSPEL TRUTH.

Every once in a while some merchant will tell you that union men will not buy union goods. That is a mistake. A union man will always call for union goods, and will buy them in preference to any other goods at advanced prices. Any member of a union who will do otherwise is a scab with a union card.—Label Pusher.

## Advocates of Open Shop Caught in Nasty Work

John MacIntyre, secretary of the United Typothetae of America; Charles Stillings, ex-secretary of the New York Typothetae and now public printer, and several other "open shop" advocates and self-constituted guardians of industrial freedom and liberty, have been caught with the goods on them. These eminent gentlemen organized a company to exploit a patent medicine, the purpose of which no decent newspaper could print in detail. The advertisement of such nostrums is prohibited by law, but this company had its publicity bureau guided by the wise council of a man of great legal attainments, and he seems to have made it possible to avoid the law to a great extent. As near as The Wageworker can explain, the medicine compounded by the delectable bunch of guardians of industrial freedom was claimed to be a sure means of carrying out the race suicide campaign so strenuously opposed by President Roosevelt. They organized a company under the laws of West Virginia for the purpose of manufacturing a drug to be used with criminal intent and purpose. The medicine was put up in tablet form and called a "herb remedy." The criminal nature of the medicine was indicated by a "caution" so worded as to broadly inform the buyer that it was a "race suicide" preparation. Plainly speaking, the "caution" was to the effect that under certain conditions the medicine should not be used by the woman purchasing it.

Complain was made to the postal authorities and at once a decoy order for the medicine was sent to the company headquarters. The tablets were sent to the decoy address and promptly receipted for by a government agent. The medicine, together with the skillfully worded advertisements of the company, was filed with the postoffice and legal departments. The Eastern Laborer says that Public Printer Stillings was sent for and questioned. At first, it is said, he denied any connection with the company and branded the charge as one trumped up by some discharged employes of the government printing office. The post office department refuses access to his final statement, so its exact text can not be given.

It is said that Mr. Stillings, after admitting that he had been one of the incorporators, declared that he had withdrawn from the company on being appointed public printer and that he had never known the nature of its business. To controvert this, it is said, evidence has been obtained to show that he did not transfer his stock until the middle of July last year, when, it is said, he became alarmed because a fight was being made because of his administration of the government printing office.

The case dragged along during the last months of Postmaster-General Cortelyou's administration. Those who were investigating it could get no satisfaction from the inspector's office.

"We are investigating." "There has been no decision yet." These were the stereotyped answers they received. On every hand there were evidence that political pressure was being brought to bear, or a time the one idea was to keep the scandal from the president.

A few weeks ago additional evidence of a most startling nature—that the nostrum had actually been peddled about the government printing office—was brought to the notice of the post office department in a letter which read:

"W. J. Vickery, Chief Inspector Post Office Department, Washington, D. C.:

"In regard to the matter of the Native Herb Remedy Company, of Bolivar, W. Va., I wish to call your attention to the fact, which has lately come to my knowledge, that Oliver C. Terry, late of the Government Printing Office, now of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, was the first and principal agent to handle the 'proof tablet' nostrum for the company in the Government Printing Office."

"I learn that he held direct communication with the manager and officers of the company and acted as

its agent while he was employed in the general printing office.

"He also advertised in the papers of Washington for female canvassers to go from door to door in this city. At that time Terry was rooming with Dr. Charles D. Ake, of No. 231 E street, N. W., who is aware of the movements of the company."

The men implicated in this criminal deal are all union haters and rank open shop advocates. They have worn their lungs to a frazzle talking about the "criminal labor unions," and they have long posed as the holiest of the holy.

Public Printer Stillings is an appointee of President Roosevelt. What the strenuous opponent of race suicide do with the man who is trying to boom the race suicide industry?

### MASONS AND STONECUTTERS.

Philadelphia Agreement Which Means End of Long Dispute.

The Philadelphia Trades Union News of last week conveys the welcome information that the long disagreement between the unions of bricklayers, granite cutters and soft stone cutters of that city has been settled. This means that in a short time the matter will have been settled all over the country, thus ending what has been a long and costly trades union war. The Trades Union News says:

All strikes on the part of the unions of bricklayers and masons, granite cutters and soft stone cutters were called off this week and the mason builders' lockout lifted at the appointed hour, in accordance with the understanding reached between the labor leaders on Saturday. The costly fight over the right to set cut stone, which for three years has caused endless disturbance and delay in building operations, and for the last two weeks has involved nearly every building trade in dead-locked idleness, was thereby ended.

All the mechanics involved in the ended strikes and lockouts reported for work after having received official notice at their meeting Monday night as to the end of their fight. The remaining negotiations between their leaders will in no way affect the men at work, who when building operations started up again had the assurance that they will not more be interrupted.

The five men responsible for the peace arrangements are William J. Bowen, president of the International Union of Bricklayers and Masons; Thomas Preece, first vice-president, and William Dobson, secretary, on the one side, and Thomas Maguire, of the Granite Cutters' Union, with Stephen Carroll, of the Soft Stone Cutters' Union on the other. These men will still continue their conferences to settle every detail of a permanent trade agreement between their unions, so that they in the future may work in harmony with one another, each trade within a definite sphere of its own. It was the mutual desire of the conferring sides to have these trade boundaries definitely settled which brought them to the understanding on Saturday, and made a permanent agreement not only a possibility, but an absolute certainty. Thus assured that there will be no interruption to the final negotiations with their opponents, the national officers of the Bricklayers and Masons' Union were able to report to the Mason Builders' Association that they were ready to resume work. The masters' lockout was then lifted at once, and the official statement issued that all work would be resumed. The conferring labor officials have employed every art of diplomacy so that neither side to the trade dispute will have to confess defeat. The ultimate trade agreement between the four unions involved will be such that all sides may claim a victory.

### AUXILIARY MEETING.

Capital Auxiliary No. 11 to Typographical Union No. 209, will meet with Mrs. Radebach, 1721 P street, Friday afternoon at 2:30.