

THE WAGWORKER



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Down in the Wilds of Arkansas and Her Hills

Hot Springs, nestling among the Ozark Hills of Arkansas, was rightfully named. Hot water spurts from the rocks on every hand, hot air blows from the crevices, and hot sun pours down without mercy. The hospitality of the people is always feverish, and the welcome and entertainment of Hot Springs Typographical Union was too warm to be measured by any dinky little old thermometer. There are only sixteen members of the Hot Springs union, and most of them are working on the three daily papers, so in order to see that the visitors were properly welcomed and entertained the union went out and hired some bully good fellows and some charming women to assist them. There is only one married member of the Hot Springs union, so there is no auxiliary. But the local printers went down to Little Rock, where there is a live auxiliary, and secured the services of a committee of handsome and clever women, and this committee looked after the visiting women.

Conrad Miller was chairman of the entertainment committee, assisted by Messrs. Griffith and Johnson, and they covered themselves with glory and perspiration.

There was something doing all the time—something lively, too.

The local committee had entertainment ribbed up for every hour of the day—and night—that the two conventions were not in session. These entertainments consisted of receptions, vaudeville, barbecue, "muligans," watermelonfeasts, dances, drives and reunions.

And between each attraction, and between each session, the ever present photographer made us pose for a photograph. After posing for the photograph we were each time separated from a dollar or two.

There were some bad and some good features about the convention—and one of them was both good and bad. It was the Butte case, presented by Duke Lanstrom on appeal from the executive council. According to law and precedent all appeals from the decision of the executive council must be heard by an appeals committee appointed by the president of the International Typographical Union, who is also chairman of the executive council. The Butte union appealed from a decision of the council and Lanstrom, as delegate from Butte, asked the convention to select a special committee to hear Butte's appeal. He put up the plea that it was unfair to Butte to compel it to present its case to a committee appointed by the other party to the dispute.

Of course the convention turned him down. The convention, lacking a leader to head a revolt, was absolutely dominated by Lynch. It was regrettable that Butte was handed the lemon—but it was poetic justice, for Butte received the same lemon that its delegates to Toronto handed to Shelby Smith and Philadelphia No. 2. Lanstrom approached Calvert of Philadelphia and sought his support for the resolution to appoint a special committee.

"It isn't a square deal that Lynch is handing us," said Lanstrom. Then he proceeded to show its unfairness. Calvert listened patiently and then said:

"Lanstrom, Jim Lynch is just as honest today as he was this week two years ago at Toronto, when your local union voted to make us like the same kind of treatment you are belly-aching about now."

And the Duke of Butte had nothing more to say.

The other regrettable case was that of Frank Swigart of St. Louis. After framing up his friends to get into the fight for him, Swigart laid down and made a compromise, leaving his real friends hanging in the air. Swigart has performed a grand work for the home and is entitled to credit for it, but he should have been willing to die in the last ditch for the men who took up his fight against the tyrannical order of the executive council. Instead of that, he accepted a compromise that thanked him for his work and endorsed the executive council for slapping him in the face.

Two or three times the laws com-

mittee had to bring Lynch and Bramwood to the floor in its defense, and if the "antis" had been blessed with a leader worthy of the name the administration would have received a deserved bump or two. Tracey of San Francisco, chairman of the laws committee, was a candidate to succeed Lynch up to the time the convention adjourned. Tracey is not in the running at this moment. If we must have a Lynch in the chair we want the real thing, not an imitation.

The weather was beastly hot during the convention—so hot, indeed, that it militated against the enjoyment of the week. Delegate Moffat of St. Paul died of apoplexy, superinduced by the heat. Several other delegates were prostrated. If it hadn't been for this awful heat Lexington, Ky., would have won the 1908 convention. As it was Boston won out by a decisive vote. St. Joseph, Mo., seems in line for the 1909 convention.

The "Pirates' Reunion" was pulled off Thursday afternoon on a hillside way up in a canon of the Ozarks, amidst the big pines and the clear springs. A lot of us, as we were winding here and there through the gorge, dodging boulders and jumping gullies, almost imagined that we were again dodging switch targets, water tanks and brakemen in an attempt to "make a freight." One on the reunion grounds there was plenty of fun. There were a lot of the old guard there, some of them rendent and reminiscent of the old days. The "mulligan" stew was as savory as it could be. The bear meat sandwiches were toothsome to a high degree, and the venison roast up to the mark. There was plenty of liquid refreshments, and as the day was warm it "hurt good." The boys ate their fill, and then with foaming mugs wandered around or sat on the soft pine needles and talked about the old "hand set" days, when before the machine took a lot of the romance out of the craft. It was a pleasant occasion and those who participated will never forget it.

The Auxiliary convention was largely attended and the sessions were interesting. For the first time in its history the Auxiliary was asked to participate in the opening exercises of the printers' convention, and Mrs. Bowen, the president, performed the task with great credit to herself and to her organization. The committee from the Little Rock Auxiliary left nothing undone to make the entertainment of the women all that it should be.

On Wednesday afternoon a watermelon feast and talkfest was held at the race track, but the writer and his wife, accompanied by Frank Kennedy and wife and Mrs. Ingalls of Omaha, chartered a carriage and drove out into the Arkansas wilds. In and out among the hills, past the cottonfields in full bloom, through the pineries and the oak forests, and over the clear streams tumbling over the rocks, we drove and drove and drove. When one is a couple of miles out of Hot Springs one is in the very wilds. The farm houses are merely shacks of unpainted and unfinished native lumber. Everything looks poverty-stricken, although situated in the midst of native resources almost unlimited. The country population is about equally divided between whites and blacks, and the cabins of the whites differ from those of the blacks only in size. The farms of the whites, however, are better kept and look more fruitful. This is because the whites own their places while the blacks are "share croppers."

We visited a half-dozen negro cabins under pretense of being thirsty, and visited with the southern "darkey" in his native lair. At one place we found a big iron kettle bubbling over a chip fire.

"Are you making soap?" we asked.

"No, sah," replied the man of the house. "Dat ain't soap, sah. We make ouah own soap, sah, but not dis time o' yeah. Dat's some kin' o' lin'ment. Ain't dat lin'ment, Mandy?"

"No, dat ain't no lin'ment," replied his wife. "Dat's sah've fo' ring-worms."

A half-dozen grinning black faces

belonging to the children of the cabin peered from around the corners, and it was with difficulty that they could be persuaded to approach. But when they had reached out and taken the pennies offered them, and had them carefully squeezed in their moist palms, they became more communicative. Most of them were attending summer school, and the older ones could read and write a little. But the parents were totally illiterate.

"We've got a moughty good school, sah," said one negro man. "An' we're tryin' t' git ouah chilluns some knowlidge. Take youah fingah out'n youah mouth, boy an' say youah lettahs fo' de white folks."

Whereupon a grinning boy of about ten years removed his finger from his expansive mouth and repeated the alphabet while his proud parents looked on with delight.

"Dat othah boy o' mine is doin' powahful fine at school, too, sah,"

said the proud mother, pointing to a lad of about eight. "Teachah says as he whe's gittin' along right peart."

"How long has he been going to school?" queried one of the visiting women.

"O, he's done gone two days now, an' teachah says he's gittin' along powahful fine."

These "share croppers" hire out to the farm owner, working the place on shares. The owner furnishes them seed and a mule and some farm tools, and provides them with bacon and meal until the crop is harvested. At the end of the season the negro is usually in debt to the owner and has to remain until the debt is squared. As a result a system of peonage exists that is little short of slavery. Indeed, so far as creature comforts are concerned, the average southern negro "share cropper" is worse off than he was under the slave system.

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Hammond Bros' Print Shop in Fremont Struck by Printers

On Saturday, August 17, ten men out of the eleven employed in the printing establishment of Hammond Bros., Fremont, walked out of that office, the office having refused to sign the scale and adopt the eight hour day. One Wilson, who made himself so troublesome to the Lincoln union, and who afterwards "ratted" in Omaha, is the only man left in the Tribune plant, and he is getting out the daily. The job plant is idle, despite widespread advertising for non-union printers.

The Daily Herald, owned by Perkins & Richmond, signed the scale without hesitation. The Herald plant had five men when the Tribune was struck, and is now employing eight and feeling the good effects of solid union support.

Hammond Bros. have always opposed unions, and to their efforts is due the fact that Fremont remained unorganized for so long. Some time ago, however, a Typographical Union was organized, and when it had grown in strength and experience it demanded a voice in the matter of wages and hours. This Hammond Bros. refused to grant. They have al-

ways worked nine and ten hours and paid low wages, employing girls in the composing rooms when possible. By reason of the fact that they paid low wages and worked long hours they were able to compete with the union shops of Lincoln and Omaha and get the best pickings of the state printing. This was not fair to the employers of union men and the union determined to end it. Very quietly the Tribune office was manned by unionists from Omaha and elsewhere, and in good time a local organized. When the right time came the walk-out took place. At present the Tribune establishment is practically idle, and the Hammonds are advertising for non-unionists.

Roy L. Hammond, the editor of the Tribune, and managing partner in the firm of Hammond Bros., is a well known republican politician and is trying to secure the appointment as collector of internal revenue—an office worth about \$5,000 a year. Time will be given him to get square with the Fremont Typographical Union, and if he does not come across there may be some political doings that will exert a great influence.

THE OPERATORS' STRIKE

One week after the inauguration of the telegraphers' strike the fight seems to have settled down to a test of endurance—not, however, as to the endurance of either the telegraph companies or their employees, but of the general public. According to information received at this office the telegraph officials have dropped everything but the press reports and are concentrating all efforts in this direction, keeping the wires open in order that the report may be sent out that the strike is over. The way to disprove these reports, however, is to attempt to get a message through the business centers of the country. The Western Union and Postal Telegraph company managers at the cities on strike remain on duty night and day keeping the press circuits open but entirely neglecting their regular run of business.

One instance of this kind is reported in regard to the Topeka, Kansas, Western Union where the manager is hard at work on the press reports, while messages are entirely forgotten. S. J. Houghton, a contractor of Topeka, Kans., according to the Chicago Tribune, tried in vain to notify his wife from Chicago that their young daughter was seriously ill and later that she had died. He was unable to do this. In the meantime the man on duty at Topeka was busy sending out reports that the strike was broken. Mr. Houghton left Chicago for Topeka with his dead child, the first news of whose death the mother will receive when he arrives at Topeka with the little casket.

The companies while making their claims, however, will not submit to a verification. The Chicago officials declare they have all the men they need—in fact have sent several home—but will not permit a visitor to enter the operating room, giving as a flimsy excuse that private business is being handled. Funny how careful they are of the public's interest at this time after precipitating the

strike by harsh and unjust methods, with no thought of either the public or their employees.

The strike, which originally originated in San Francisco, was brought about by the companies' tyrannical and unjust methods in dealing with its employees. In February of this year much unrest having been shown by the operators, President Clowry of the Western Union issued a statement that the salaries of Western Union operators would be increased 10 per cent on March 1. Later this increase was curtailed to many by various devices and subterfuges. The increase was made to apply to the operators and not to the positions, so that when an operator changed from one place to another he lost the increase as did also the man who took his place. In this manner a sliding scale would eventually have placed the operators where they were before the increase was granted. This was complained of.

The company had in the meantime increased its tariff rates throughout the east to cover an extra expense entailed by the increase of salary. The sliding scale would therefore have reduced salaries to the former basis, but the increased tariffs would have remained.

When a strike in New York seemed imminent President Clowry sent to Commissioner of Commerce and Labor Neill, who has made an effort to adjust the situation, a letter stating that he did not know of this discrimination, but that if any existed he would appoint a commissioner, the employees to appoint another and these two to select a third, to arbitrate any differences. The next day the telegraphers of San Francisco asked for such a committee, which was denied them—denied them before the ink on Colonel Clowry's letter was dry. A strike followed.

Mr. Neill went to San Francisco (Continued on Page 8)

A Rebuke is Due That Bar Association Bunch

On Tuesday, September 3,—primary day—the workmen of Lincoln and the farmers throughout Lancaster county owe it to themselves to go to the polls and administer a stinging rebuke to the self-opinionated lawyers who arrogated to themselves the right to select the judicial candidates that the rest of us must vote for. The claim that the Bar Association met and selected Frost, Cornish and Tuttle on high moral and patriotic grounds is the veriest bosh. The deal was concocted in the fertile brains of lawyers who had some axes to grind and engineered through by them by methods that would make the most expert ward heeler look to his political laurels.

Had these men been actuated by genuinely moral and patriotic motives they would not have stopped with the selection of three men for the three judgeships. They would have endorsed a half-dozen or more men and presented their names to the public, and they would not have confined their selections wholly to one party. But they realized full well that to submit more than three names would be fatal to their little scheme—and their scheme was to remove Judge Holmes from the running and to checkmate County Judge Waters, who was an announced candidate for the district bench. They realized that if they allowed the Bar Association meeting to consider five or six names Judge Holmes and Judge Waters would win out. That is why they hastily endorsed Frost, Cornish and Tuttle.

The Wageworker urges nothing against either of these three gentlemen on the ground of fitness for the position. They are able men, and Judges Frost and Cornish have made good records so far as is known to this newspaper. But the mere fact that they acquiesced in the insolent and impudent work of the Bar Association is enough to condemn them.

By what right—legal, moral or political—did a handful of lawyers meet and attempt to nullify the primary law, however indirectly? These lawyers are "officers of the court," and as such are sworn to uphold the laws and to enforce justice. Yet, with a primary law designed to enable the voters to make their own selections for candidates, the Bar Association—or a part of it—meets and anticipates the primaries, and puts up judicial candidates by methods that make the old wire-pulling delegate trading, office-hawking convention look like a Sunday school picnic.

Justice demands, however, the statement that a very large minority of the Bar Association refused to countenance this political action, and many of the lawyers are very free in their expressions of condemnation.

The attack made by the State Journal upon Frank R. Waters, and the violent opposition of some of the members of the Bar Association to his candidacy, is sufficient to expose the reasons lying back of the snap judgment—Bar Association convention. Just now the State Journal is giving vent to its spleen against Judge Waters by innuendo and insinuation, its chief opposition being based upon the fact that Judge Waters has received and retained something like \$2,500 paid him for officiating at numerous weddings in his capacity as county judge. The Journal claims that these fees should have been accounted for to the county. While the court has held that technically Judge Waters is not entitled to receive these fees, it has also held that the county cannot recover. But isn't it an edifying spectacle to see the State Journal throwing spasms of virtue because Judge Waters has accepted money from happy bridegrooms who were more than willing to pay him \$3 or \$5 as the case may be for officiating at the ceremony?

Perhaps Judge Waters is not entitled to those fees. But if he is not the Wageworker guarantees that he will cover the full amount into the county treasurer within twenty-four hours after the time that the State Journal covers into the state treasury the \$85,200 it quietly took from

the state in that matter of publishing the supreme court reports. Perhaps it would be well to explain that deal. The State Journal contracted with the state to publish a given number of copies of each volume of the supreme court reports at a stated price per page. The state owned the copyright of these books. After printing and delivering the contract number of copies to the state, the Journal company proceeded to print a few thousand copies on its own account. The state sells its reports at a stated price per volume, the idea being to reimburse itself for the outlay. But the Journal company, having been paid for the composition and the making of the plates, found itself able to far undersell the state, using the plates paid for by the state. The state sued the Journal company, but the company took advantage of a lot of technicalities, to say nothing of several very patent political advantages, and has so far escaped paying into the treasury of a sum estimated at \$85,000. The State Journal's bitter hatred for John H. Mickey is based upon the fact that while Mr. Mickey was governor he endeavored to force the Journal company to "put it back."

And this is the newspaper that is so virtuously demanding that Judge Waters give up money voluntarily and gladly paid to him by men for whom he had performed the marriage ceremony!

Judge Waters showed his independence and his willingness to give the primary law a fair trial by absolutely refusing to allow his name to be submitted to the Bar Association convention. He denied the right of the association to select the judicial candidates, and declared that it was a matter for the voters to settle at the primaries. While the scheming members of the Bar Association are denouncing him, let the fair-minded voters of the county commend him for his independence and his willingness to submit his candidacy to all the people and not to a few who arrogate to themselves the right to select the district judges. Lawyers are not more interested in who shall sit upon the judicial bench than are the farmers, the business men, the mechanics and the laborers.

It is beautiful in theory to say that the lawyer is interested in securing exact justice, but it does not work out that way. The lawyer makes his living from litigation that the people pay for. The people, then, should decide who shall sit upon the bench and administer justice.

Judge Waters is entitled to retain those marriage fees. Because a minister works on a stipulated salary does it stand to reason that he must hand over to the church treasury the marriage fees received by him? Judge Waters' marriage fees have amounted to less than \$400 a year and the court has decided that the county has no claim whatever upon the money.

Because of his independence, and because it wants to see the insolence of the Bar Association rebuked, The Wageworker urges the workmen to support Judge Waters in his candidacy for the district judgeship. His administration of the office of county judge is a guarantee of his ability to fill the position of district judge.

REFUSED THE INCREASE.

Union Officials Decline to Accept a Raise of Salary

The International Iron Moulders Union of North America met in annual convention last week at Philadelphia. Among other things it unanimously voted to increase the salaries of the eleven national officers of the organization, the increase amounting to about 20 per cent.

Then something unique happened. The eleven officials went before the convention and insisted that the action be rescinded. They emphatically refused to accept the increase. They based their refusal on the ground that the organization needed all the money it could raise to further the work of extending its field of action. At first the convention refused to rescind its action, but when the officials insisted the increase was withdrawn.

Ever hear of the officials of a robbing corporation doing a thing like that?