

THE WAGWORKER



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Among the Live Ones Here and Elsewhere

Three thousand union men, nineteenth of whom are voters in Douglas county, marched in the Labor Day parade in Omaha last Monday. If all who were voters of the republican faith had gone to the primaries next day and voted for Tony Donahue, an almighty good union man would have been nominated for sheriff of Douglas county. But after parading on Monday and showing their banners and badges, the union men forgot to vote the next day, and as a result Donahue was beaten.

It may be different some day, but it often looks almighty discouraging.

Right in the center of this page this week appears the portrait of one Frank A. Kennedy, the oldest labor editor in point of service west of the Mississippi river, and the handsomest labor editor in the country, bar one whose name we refrain from mentioning because of modesty that cannot be overcome. Kennedy started in the labor editing business when it was a guess whether the editor could gather in enough money during the week to put meat on the table for Sunday dinner. But he kept at it, and for the past few years he has been eating three square meals a day with astonishing regularity. By reason of being consistent, a fighter, a hater of hypocrisy and a believer in squareness, Kennedy has accumulated a bunch of enemies of which any man might well be proud. He has also acquired a host of friends whose friendship counts for something in time of stress. His Western Laborer is the "lives wire" in the labor paper field, due to the fact that Kennedy is the original viper and buzzard and chief of the clan—if vipers and buzzards have clans. He is also THE executive committee of the B. O. O. Z., an organization that is remarkable for the unanimity with which its executive council enforces its mandates. The membership of this organization, made up exclusively of Union Printers, has been recruited a whole lot since the Hot Springs convention. In printer circles Kennedy is best known as "Sadie Maguire," under which cognomen he name is anathema in sycophantic circles. He is wise to the labor game in all of its intricacies; he is a friend worth having and a foe who fights fair. He has been running the Western Laborer for fourteen years, during which time his hair has turned to gray, not from worry, as his enemies would have us believe, but merely to keep in harmony with the gray matter inside the skull which the hair covers. The Western Laborer is prosperous, and as a result of good support is putting in some bully good licks for unionism not only in Omaha, but throughout the west. In addition to accumulating friends and enemies, Kennedy has accumulated a family consisting of one wife and three children, two handsome daughters, a manly son and a wife who is a constant help to him in his work. The Wagworker man is proud to call Frank Kennedy his friend.

By the way, Lincoln people showed where their friendship lies as between the two street railway companies by the patronage given during the fair. A little observation showed that for every passenger carried to and from the fair grounds by the Traction company, the Citizens' company carried ten.

The strike of the telegraphers has been broken—again. If you do not believe it, just try to send a telegram. Lincoln is due to receive the "flying squadron" in a few days. The "flying squadron" is a bunch of near-operators of the feminine gender who are sent from city to city to make a noise like strike breakers. They walk into the telegraph office, sit around and pretend to work the keys, and the public is invited in to see how easily the company can get telegraphers and be convinced that the strike is broken. After a few days of this sort of thing the "flying squadron" is sent elsewhere. It was sent to Omaha last

week and its time must be nearly up. The horrible bridge accident at Quebec, wherein nearly one hundred bridge workers were killed by a collapse of the bridge across the St. Lawrence, was due to the failure of the telegraph company to transmit and deliver a telegram calling the workmen off the structure. The telegraph company actually has the nerve to lay the blame on the strikers, claiming that if they had not quit work the telegram could have been transmitted and delivered on-time. Now what do you think of that?

Here in Lincoln the striking telegraph operators are getting along all right. Only one man, a fellow named Johnson, "scabbed" on the union. His only excuse was that he needed the money. He has been working a little side graft for a year, but he will be prided loose from that pretty soon. Secretary Taylor is keeping in touch with the situation and he is as optimistic as a man can be. The Western Union and the Postal are simply not doing the business.

When will people get wise? Last Tuesday The Wagworker man and a friend hunted the fair grounds over for a union made cigar, and finally found one at a little booth near the agricultural building. It must be that a lot of union men went without a smoke on the grounds because there were no blue label cigars to be found. The men who run the concessions ought to have sense enough to offer the kind of cigars that everybody will buy instead of offering the kind that no loyal union man will buy.

The carpenters seem to have a just cause of complaint against Mayer Bros. That firm has been very active in appealing for the trade of union men, but it seems that it prefers to let its construction work to contractors who are rabid union hater. At any rate, the good sized contractor remodeling the building on O street between Twelfth and Thirteenth, owned by Mayer Bros., was let to Contractor Clei Campbell, who never loses an opportunity to abuse trades unions, and who prefers to employ non-unionists and "scabs." Mayer Bros. were given a list of fair contractors to select from, but it seems that a difference of a few dollars in the contract price led them to an unfair contractor. The results are being firmly impressed upon the minds of the members of the firm.

Now that the Labor Day matter is over for another year, it is high time to get busy on that Labor Temple matter. The Wagworker has been laying low on that matter for a month, but it serves notice right now that it is going to push things from this time on. Five or six unions have selected their member of the temple committee, and the rest ought to be getting in line without any further delay. Next Monday evening The Wagworker editor wants to meet all members of the committee thus far selected at his home, 1216 South Sixteenth street. At that time it is hoped to frame up a plan for the winter campaign and get things in shape to actually start building operations next spring. Members of the committee will confer a favor upon "ye editor" by accepting this as a formal invitation to visit him next Monday evening and partake of such humble hospitality as he and his better half can tender.

By the way, do you realize that without any organized effort whatever, more than \$3,000 had been pledged to the Labor Temple fund? That's a fact. Now what could be done during the next three months if a lot of earnest, loyal, energetic union men took hold of the project and pushed? O, nothing but a Labor Temple that would be the pride of Lincoln unionists and a credit to the capital city of Nebraska. If you get into the Labor Temple game and help to make it a success it will be something which you can remember with pride and satisfaction.

The Electrical Workers employed

by the Citizens' Street Railway company are feeling first-rate, thank you. A short time ago they asked the management for a nine-hour day without any reduction in wages, and the management almost immediately granted the request. O. M. Rudy, who is acting as business agent for the local, acted for the men, and he says he was accorded the most courteous treatment by the management of the company.

The threatened strike of Traction company motormen and conductors did not, of course, materialize. A bunch of men who haven't got the nerve to organize haven't got enough nerve to ask for decent wages. That's a cinch. Its dollars to doughnuts that the Traction company management did not lose a wink of sleep over the rumor that the men would strike for better wages the first of the week, thus taking advantage of the fair traffic. Some of these days, perhaps, the men employed by the Scudderized Traction company will get wise. Then they will organize and make a concerted effort to secure justice. But as long as they haven't got the nerve to organize there is not the least bit of danger that they will

Citizens' company is about 25 per cent higher than that of the Traction company.

CALLED TO FINAL ACCOUNT.

The "Iron Judge" Jackson Has Issued His Last Labor Injunction.

Judge John Jay Jackson, the most notorious judge of modern times, died at Atlantic City on September 2. The annals of jurisprudence recalls but one judge of his class—the notorious Judge Jeffries of England.

Judge Jackson was a notorious labor hater, and never lost an opportunity to obey the behests of the employers. It was Jackson who issued an order restraining a Methodist minister from praying in public for the striking miners of Pennsylvania and West Virginia. He sent "Mother" Jones to jail for daring to exercise her right of free speech in violation of his injunction. He enjoined striking miners from using the public highways. It seemed that when an opportunity presented itself to bait union men he fairly went insane in his haste to seize it. He wielded a power as a federal judge that even the czar of Russia would hesitate to use, and any workingman who dared to cross



FRANK A. KENNEDY, OMAHA

strike for decent wages. Under the wage scale that now obtains on the Lincoln Traction company lines it is possible for a motorman or a conductor to make \$2.34 by working thirteen hours at work that not only requires experience and skill, but which is classed as hazardous by all life and accident insurance companies. That is almost as much as a union printer makes in five hours, a union bricklayer in four hours, a union carpenter in seven hours, a union plumber in four hours, and about the same that union press feeder makes in eight hours. The idea of men who have submitted for years to such a condition having the nerve to ask for better wages! It is to laugh.

The motormen and conductors in the employ of the Citizens' Street Railway company are waking up at last. They are now talking of organizing, and there wouldn't be any doubt about it if the international body would send an organizer to Lincoln. The company has practically invited the men to organize, and men high in authority in the company's affairs have told The Wagworker that they would be glad to make a contract with the employees as a union. The friendship of the management towards union labor is actually advertised in The Wagworker every week. It asks for the patronage of union men on the ground that it not only gives the best service, but has no objection to the employees organizing. Now what do you think of a bunch of workingmen who wouldn't jump at the chance to accept such an invitation? The wage scale of the

him was hustled off to jail like a common felon.

The judiciary was disgraced by this labor hating judge, and when he resigned on account of age and ill health the resignation immeasurably elevated the judiciary. Judge Jackson is dead now. There are no injunction writs where he has landed, wherever that may be.

AFTER HASKELL'S SCALP.

C. N. Haskell, democratic candidate for governor of Oklahoma, has been exposed as one of the charter members of a "Citizens' Alliance" at Muskogee, and the author of a resolution declaring for the open shop and against the "contemptible fanaticism of trades unionism." That ought to settle the political hash of C. N. Haskell. It is up to the Farmers' Unions and the trades unions of Oklahoma to give Haskell "his'n" without any further discussion.

SPECIAL MEETING

All members of local No. 1055, United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America, are hereby notified to appear at a special meeting next Tuesday evening. Important business.

J. A. CHAMBERS,
Rec. Sec.

Paris.—The terrible disasters which have recently occurred in the coal mines of Germany and France have directed the attention of scientists, especially in the former country, to introducing methods of protecting the miners against a recurrence of such calamities, or at least of diminishing as far as possible the loss of life.

Labor Day and How Lincoln Observed It

It rained all night Sunday night, and as a result the Labor Day picnic at Antelope Park was not as well attended as it otherwise would have been. People were afraid it would be too wet. In this they were mistaken, for the park was in fine shape. The weather was delightful, and the 500 men, women and children who celebrated at the park had a fine time.

Gus Swanson showed up on time with his barrel and his lemonade, and as a lemon mixer he made good with the crowd. He kept the barrel full all the time, and it was surrounded by an appreciative crowd. The diving dog was another attraction. The intelligent canine dived from a height of fifty-four feet and seemed to enjoy the work as much as the crowd of spectators.

The running races created a lot of excitement. The first race, for men with union cards, sixty yards, was won by Roy Mayes, pressman; R. C. C. Buehner, painter, second. Time, 6 seconds, and on a grass track. The first prize was a watch fob, and so was the second.

The boys' race, under 15 years, was won by Medford Smith; Frank Needham second. Time not taken. There were eight entries and the boys made a lot of fun out of it.

The girls' race, under 12 years, was won by Joy Eagleson; Lora McMurray second.

There were three entries in the race for married women, wives of union men. It was won by Mrs. E. A. Jenkins, with Mrs. M. D. Hoover a close second.

The Boller-makers' club of Havelock failed to show up according to promise and the Pressmen were forced to go without a game. The game between the Bricklayers and the Printers furnished a lot of fun for six innings. The Bricklayers worked as hard as they usually do on a wall, but without the same results. They were easy picking for the Printers, the score resulting in something like 27 to 3. Thomas of the printers had a finger "pled" during the contest and had to seek the services of a surgeon. Crissman, also a printer, collided with the ball and walked sideways for several hours. The umpire escaped injury.

The park commission has erected a lot of fine swings in the park, and the boys and girls took full advantage of them. These swings are made of wire cable and are as safe as swings can be.

In the evening a lot of families spread their suppers on the grass and spent a happy hour feeding themselves. A lot of people who were timid about the weather conditions missed an afternoon and evening of rare enjoyment by not going to the park and taking in the amusements offered.

After the races a lot of the young men present engaged in a jumping contest, while the old hands at the labor game sat around and fought their union battles over again.

The candidates were out in full force and gave the glad hand all around. They were warmly welcomed and if they did not advance their chances it was their own fault. They told their admiration for the laboring man, and so far as heard there was not a candidate on the ground who was not heart and soul in sympathy with unionism.

Taken all in all, the celebration was a success, and those who missed it, either from timidity or carelessness, missed a mighty good time.

Now for Labor Day, 1908.

TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION.

September Meeting Well Attended and a Lot of Business Transacted.

Lincoln Typographical Union, No. 209, met in regular monthly session last Sunday afternoon, and the attendance was even larger than usual. By an overwhelming vote the union rescinded its action putting a fine on members attending the league ball games, and all fines imposed were remitted. It was admitted that the resolution was a mistake in that it did not reach the party sought, but rather

injured a friendly management, but it was plainly to be seen that the action had resulted in stirring up a lot of label agitation with resultant good to the craft.

Frank M. Coffey, who is looking after the interests of the striking printers in Fremont, was present and gave pleasing reports of the situation in that city. He is instructed by the International to remain in charge at Fremont until further notice.

The quarterly report of the executive committee showed the union to be in good financial condition. One new member was initiated and another transferred from the two-thirds to the full membership list.

During the month Mr. Rogers was sent to the Home at Colorado Springs. It was evident from chapel reports that the state of trade is good.

OPEN SHOP—OPEN HOME.

Mr. Post Evidently Believes in Practicing What He Preaches.

Charles W. Post declares that the "open shop means good citizenship, prosperity and industrial freedom."

We opine that Mr. Post is better qualified to speak on the subject of "open homes." He has had some experience in marital freedom, as well as industrial freedom, and we cheerfully admit that we would much rather hear Post tell about the "open home." Believing that an employer has a right to employ whom he pleases, and a workman to work for whom he pleases, it naturally follows that Mr. Post advocates similar elasticity of the marriage tie. The open shop advocate believes that as soon as an employer has squeezed all the work he can out of an employee, and given as little in return as possible, the employee should be thrown aside like the rind of a squeezed lemon. From that it is a logical step to believing that as soon as a man has squeezed the bloom from a wife's cheek and the plumpness from her form he has a right to throw her into the discard and tie up with a "peachier" female who can wear to better advantage the silks and satins and laces that the prosperous man can buy for her.

We say this is a logical step, because a lot of the loudest advocates of the open shop have demonstrated by their practice that they also believe in the open marriage tie. There's Mr. Charles W. Post himself. Just as soon as he was rich enough to throw down the gauntlet to organized labor he suddenly discovered that another woman looked better to him than the faithful wife who had made sacrifices for him during the early years. The other woman happened to be Mr. Post's stenographer, and he worked his game by so treating his wife that she had to seek a divorce on the grounds of cruelty. Within a disgracefully short time after he was freed from the wife whose cheeks had lost their bloom, Mr. Post went to the marriage altar with a "peach" who just happened to have been his stenographer while the discarded wife's cheeks were losing their bloom.

And there is Ellis Corey, president of the steel trust. He is another open shop advocate. The wife of his youth was good enough and handsome enough to hold his love during the days when sacrifices were to be made, but when prosperity came and Mr. Corey had more money than he could haul in a hay wagon his wife ceased to "look good" to him. The fact that the bloom on her cheeks had been wiped off by toil and motherhood didn't appeal to Mr. Corey. The fact that care and trouble had made that good woman lose some of her youthful lines never struck Corey. He had profited by the loss of bloom and figure, and that was enough for him. So with his pockets bulging with money he looked for something peachier than the good woman who had helped him to riches, and he found it in the animal beauty of Maybelle Gilman, a variety actress. So the wife was discarded and Maybelle installed in the palatial home that the discarded wife had helped to acquire.

We might extend this list a lot further, but what's the use?