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DEFINITION OF "SCAB."

If You Want to Know It, Here It Is For You.

At a conspiracy trial held in England, the presenting counsel gave the following definition of a scab: "A scab is to his trade what a traitor is to his country, and, although both may be useful in troublesome times, they are detested by all when peace returns; so when help is needed the scab is the last to contribute assistance and the first to grasp the benefit he never labored to secure. He cares only for himself; he sees not beyond the extent of a day and for a monetary approbation he would betray friends, family and country; in short, he first sells the journeyman, and is himself afterward sold in turn by his employer, until, at last, he is despised by both and deserted by all."

BIG MONEY.

The Typographical Union's receipts for July were \$38,684.06, and the expenditures \$31,830.06. The balance on hand is \$275,558.28, of which \$179,482.17 is in the old age pension fund.

MOYER RE-ELECTED.

Charles H. Moyer has been unanimously re-elected president of the Western Federation of Miners for the eighth time. C. E. Mahoney was elected vice-president and Ernest Mills secretary-treasurer.

W. A. Lloyd
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Horses called for and delivered
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WAGWORKER

WILL M. MAUPIN, EDITOR



Published Weekly at 137 No. 14th St., Lincoln, Neb. One Dollar a Year.

Entered as second-class matter April 11, 1904, at the postoffice at Lincoln, Neb., under the Act of Congress of March 3rd, 1879.

NO APOLOGIES TO MAKE.

The editor of The Wagworker is in receipt of several protests—verbal and written—against its publication of Rev. Mr. Stelzle's letters dealing with various phases of the liquor question. The Wagworker has no apologies to make for the appearance of Rev. Mr. Stelzle's letters. Those letters are written by a union man. They deal with a question of much more than passing concern. We have not always agreed with Rev. Mr. Stelzle. For the matter of that we have at one time or another disagreed with about everybody we ever came into contact with. Often times we have disagreed with ourselves, after taking the second thought. But Rev. Mr. Stelzle has a faculty for getting at the heart of every subject he tackles. He writes from the standpoint of a man who has played the union game fairly and squarely. He discusses a question that affects the American workingman as perhaps no other question affects him, and he discusses it without rancor, without malice, without fanaticism.

If there happens to be among those who have protested against Rev. Mr. Stelzle's letters one who desires to undertake the task of defending the American saloon, he is welcome to as much space in The Wagworker as our reverend friend uses. There are but two or three limitations upon this offer. The writer must be a union man. He must be courteous in his language, and he must be brief and fair.

The editor of The Wagworker is not a prohibitionist in the sense that he would make the matter a political question. If it is a political question then it is not a religious question. If it is a moral question it has no place in politics. A legislative enactment and a sheriff's writ are not needed to bolster up the cause of the Carpenter of Nazareth. As long as the American people handled the temperance question along "reformed-drunkard-lecture" lines the movement made no permanent advance. When we began treating it as an economic question we began moving forward. The Wagworker here and now wants to make its position known. It never has, does not now, nor never will, try to defend the saloon as a business institution. It has no defense. It has no patience with the personal liberty plea that many people so loudly put forth. Personal liberty ends right where society's rights begin. The Wagworker wants to help along towards the end when this republic will see the total elimination of the liquor traffic. But it does not believe the end can be attained merely by the enactment of law. Education, experience, and the leaven of the gospel of the Nazarene will furnish the ultimate solution. In this work of education The Wagworker wants to have a part. That is why it gladly publishes Rev. Charles Stelzle's letters and that is why it will just as gladly publish the letters of any union man who desires to take issue with our clerical friend.

GIVE HIM A CHANCE.

We know that he doesn't deserve it—we've all been there ourselves. That's why we know just how low-down mean a thing it is that he's done. But, strange to say, the experience doesn't seem to give us very much sympathy for the other fellow. True, the meanness in ourselves may not have shown itself in precisely the same way that it cropped out in the other chap; but it's the same brand of meanness, having its origin in the same streak of cussedness which seems to run through the human race.

Just how often and how much we should forgive is a question which has puzzled many a philosopher, and a good many more self-appointed judges. There are plenty of men who would enjoy serving in the capacity of the Lord's high executioners—they hate the sinner so much! But the Lord doesn't hate the sinner—He hates sin. These would-be executioners have gotten the thing twisted around. As a matter of fact, we are punished not so much for our sin as by our sin. Few of us need to wait until the hereafter

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to get what's "coming to us"—we're getting it right along, in good big doses. Perhaps the devil thinks that he'll miss out on getting some of us in the end, so he's giving us here and now some of the punishment that we deserve. According to the rules of the game, most of us deserve all that we are getting and a whole lot more, and its altogether likely that in the great tribunal we'll find no guilty man will escape—excepting as the Judge deals with us in mercy.

But we won't discuss the embarrassing question as to what we, ourselves, shall be compelled to face when all things will be made plain—that's a matter between ourselves and God—what I want to think about for myself and what every one of us should think about is the question as to how much we are ready, in view of our own shortcomings, to forgive in others.

One day Peter—big-hearted, stumbling, impetuous disciple that he was—asked Jesus how often men should forgive sin in others, and, as if to make the number large, he attempted to answer his own question by asking further: "Seven times?"

"No, not seven times," replied Jesus, "but seventy times seven," meaning, of course, that there should be no limit to the number of times that forgiveness should be granted.

Now, here's the point—if Christ, who is sinless, is ready to forgive sin, how much more should we who are full of sin be ready to pardon our fellow-sinners?

Next time that you are tempted to pitch into some other man for a peculiar sin or shortcoming, ask yourself if it isn't true that you are down on that sin because it has shown its head so often in your own life, and if you've conquered it, be glad—and help the other man to conquer it. Give him another chance—remembering that if you had been thrown down and out for good and all when you fell short, you'd be a long way from your ideal, which seems so near. It may not be much of an ideal. No doubt you should have aimed higher, because it didn't cost you much of a struggle to reach it, but who knows how hard the other sinner fought to win out, and how through tears and heartache he actually conquered where you, put to the same test, would have miserably failed.

Hear Mary E. McDowell at Capital Beach on Labor Day. She is the liveliest wire among all the splendid union women of America.

NEW YORK JANITORS ORGANIZE.
A movement has started in New York to organize the 100,000 janitors, porters and window washers in that city. A union has already been formed. And to prove these unknown workers are progressive and up-to-date, they launched their official newspaper, the Janitors' Magazine, at the same time. It is eight pages and can

give points to many older journals of a like character.

MOTHER'S WAGES.

"Mother gets up first," said the new office boy. "She lights the fire and gets my breakfast so I can get here early. Then she gets father up, gets his breakfast, and sends him off. Then she an' the baby have their

breakfast." "What is your pay here?" "I get \$3 a week and father gets \$3 a day." "How much does your mother get?" "Mother!" he said indignantly, "why, she don't have to work for anybody." "Oh! I thought you just told me she worked for the whole family every morning." "Oh! that's for us—but there ain't no money in that."—Brewers' Zeitung.

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