

# ARE YOU

## A HEN OR A DUCK?

A duck which stuck faithfully to business during the Summer and laid several dozens of large fawn-colored eggs, complained that she wasn't appreciated. "See that Hen over there?" said the Duck. "She has'n't laid as many eggs as I have, nor as big, but she has books written about her and verses composed in her honor, while nobody is saying a word about me."



"The trouble with you is," said the wise old Rooster standing near, "that you don't tell the public what you have done. You lay an egg and waddle off without saying a word, but that sister of mine never lays one without letting everyone in the neighborhood know about it. If you want to cut any ice in the community, you must learn to Advertise."

Get wise, Mr. Business Man, and do your cackling in

### THE WAGeworker

1705 O Street Auto Phone 2748

## The Bargain Centre of the West

When you see the surprisingly low prices asked for goods in our store you will understand why we are doing a larger volume of business than any other similar institution in the city. We want you to see for yourselves.

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Men's 89c Night Shirts at ..... 69c  
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Ladies' Ready-to-Wear Apparel

Wool Skirts, made with plaits and silk bands, Panamas and Voiles, at ..... \$2.49

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Darning Cotton, 3 for ..... 5c

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## Grand Dry Goods Co.

10th and P Streets

## The Wagerworker Publishing Co.

Does Fine Commercial Printing

1705 O St. Auto 2748

## LABOR'S GREAT FIGHT

Victory It Strives For Comes Slow, but Sure.

### UNION ARMY MARCHES ON.

Opposed by Mighty Forces, It Approaches the Goal of Justice and Human Rights—Shameful Position of the Nonunionist.

It takes courage—and pluck—to fight, and never more so than in an uphill battle. Labor leaders and followers everywhere recognize that fact; also they realize that the victory they strive for cannot be taken by storm in one grand assault, but must come by tantalizingly (so it seems at times at least) slow degrees.

It required more than a mere flesh wound to bring labor to the fighting stage. It will take more than that to make it stop fighting until the battle is won.

No regiment ever faced the fire of a strong enemy that did not at times falter. Many have retreated when things became too warm for them.

Certain portions of the vast army of organized labor have at times faltered, some have even retreated, but in the main the army has steadily improved in fighting courage and in strength until today it is nearer the goal of victory than ever it was. And this notwithstanding the efforts of the Manufacturers' association, the United States Steel corporation and other fair wage, short hour haters, who have called into play unlimited capital, the highest courts in the land, the militia, politics and what not to stay its onward march. No tactics were too unscrupulous to employ against organized labor, no amount of money too great to throw into the fight. Nothing that could be done has not apparently been done to hold back the oncoming army. And yet it marches on—not serenely at all times, but onward nevertheless.

Each and every member of a labor union is a soldier in this great fight. Each and every soldier has to suffer his share of the hardships of war. It requires courage to fight, and the real test comes in time of strike, when mayhap the pocket is light, the stomach empty and the larder devoid of the necessaries of life.

It is when the bombs of doubt and misrepresentation regarding the union leaders are fired into camp by the enemy that the soldier displays his courage or his cowardice. A strong man will nearly always fight back. The courage of a man weakened by the doubt and worry of perhaps months of striking is more susceptible to blows of misapprehension.

In days gone by men—our ancestors—gave up their homes, their families and in countless cases their lives for their country and considered that they were but doing their duty.

Approximately 2,000,000 men are now fighting for their rights. Are not the rights of the millions of working people—men, women and even children—worthy of some sacrifices? How can men stand by and see others fighting their battle for them? For shame on those who have not manhood enough in them to come out and give a hand in the battle against oppression! For shame on those stay at homes who dare not carry a union card for fear of offending those they call master!

The sweatshop, child labor, the twelve and the ten hour day, insanitary workshops, unsafe, poorly inspected mines, wage reducing and price raising corporations, corrupt politics—these and more—is it not a man's battle to fight these institutions? Is a man worthy of the name who, having to earn his daily bread by the sweat of his brow, will benefit directly or indirectly if they be removed and does not come out and enlist himself?

Every man who joins the union ranks depletes that of the enemy by one. It is not right to term capital the enemy, you say? Perhaps not in the accepted sense of that word. But if capital as a whole has ever done anything for labor that would entitle it to be termed a friend I have yet to learn of it.

Individual employers there are who are most fair to their employees—now. We read today of model factories, etc., here and there. Was any thought ever given to the welfare of the workingman until the advent of organized labor? Were there any "To Let" signs staring the visitor at the former sweatshop in the face? Were there any laws for the regulation of the employment of child labor? Or, if there were any of the latter, were they ever enforced? Were such institutions as the eight hour day dreamed of a few years ago? What assurance had—what assurance has—the individual nonunion workingman that the wages of today may not be cut in twain tomorrow? The law of supply and demand, you say? Yes, but is there a position for every man in the world today? If so, what of the thousands of strong, able-bodied men who walk the streets of our great cities, sometimes even in summer, when work should be most easily procured?

Ah, what a great fight organized labor has had! What a stupendous battle still has to fight! And what a vast army of courageous, whole souled, fighting men it has to fight with! A member of the vast army of our workingmen can do his part.—C. L. Baine in Shoe Workers' Journal.

#### Many Fatal Accidents.

The United States bureau of labor states that the fatal accidents to wage earners in the United States are between 30,000 and 35,000 a year

## MENACE OF UNIONISM.

It Opposes Only the Foes of Education and Progress.

Enemies of the union movement continually characterize it as a menace, but do not explain themselves, for the very good reason that in nearly every such case the person who enters such denunciatory remarks is either engaged in some work or business in which his personal desires are for the moment at least thwarted by the existence of unions or he is a pleader for some friends or clients with such interests.

It makes a big difference whose ox is being gored.

Many employers of labor will broadly approve of labor unions when there are no questions in controversy within their own establishment, only to roundly denounce the unions at the first sign of dissatisfaction in any department of their business.

Take Van Cleave, for instance. He always proclaimed that he believed in labor unions "of the right kind," but his conduct showed he did not wish to have any in his establishment, and at that point he began to talk about the "menace" of unions.

Kirby, being president of a union fighting association of employees, calls unionism a menace. So do Post and Parry.

Ellot talks glibly about alleged defects or dangers in unionism, of which he knows nothing by practical experience and can only represent the prejudiced views of employing interests with whom he is friendly or upon whom he depends.

There are other broader minded men, some of whom are employers, who recognize that unions are a necessity to the workers; that without unions the workers would be crushed out of existence; that wages would be so low if fixed by the unchecked desires of the meanness of the employers that home life would be destroyed, education denied to children, proper nourishment denied to the workers and the future existence of the workers made impossible.

They recognize the unions as standing for the home, the family, education, progress, civilization and posterity—a menace to all foes of these and to nothing else.

The unions may well be proud of the enemies they have made.—Shoe Workers' Journal.

### RAILROAD MEN WIN.

Employees of New Haven System Get Substantial Advance.

Every demand of the brotherhoods of trainmen, conductors and yardmen of the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad has been granted by the road.

A liberal wage increase and a shortening of the hours of work have been agreed upon. Practically every employee of the New Haven system is affected by the increase.

The wage schedule includes the payment of the conductors and trainmen on the basis of miles instead of hours, as formerly. The old minimum wage for conductors was raised from \$3.00 to \$4.20, and 100 miles was declared to constitute the basis of a day's work. Overtime work will be paid for at the rate of 42 cents an hour.

For electric conductors an increase from \$2.70 to \$4.20 daily was granted. Steam ticket collectors were granted a raise from \$2.40 to \$3.35 and electric ticket collectors the same. Baggage-men received a raise from \$2.40 to \$2.75 and brakemen from \$2.20 to \$2.55. Overtime pay for ticket collectors was placed at 33 cents an hour and that of baggage-men at 27 cents an hour. Flagmen and brakemen received an overtime wage of 25 cents an hour.

In the case of freight trains with a run under 100 miles daily the hours of work for the crew were lowered from eleven to ten hours as the maximum. The increases will mean an additional expense to the road of about \$500,000 a year.

#### Child Labor in New Jersey.

In the published report of the New Jersey department of labor for the year 1909 Commissioner Lewis T. Bryant expresses the opinion that the child labor situation and general factory conditions were never better in that state and adds: "The laws controlling the operation of the department of labor are, as a whole, very satisfactory, but it is, of course, a frequent criticism that no legislation is provided prohibiting the employment of night of minors under sixteen years of age, the absence of any regulation of the working hours of women and the fact that the prohibition of the employment of minors under fourteen years of age is confined to factories."

### LABOR BRIEFS.

Wages to be paid to journeymen carpenters in Davenport, Ia., from May 1, 1910, until May 1, 1911, will be 45 cents per hour.

The total income of the Cigarmakers' International union for the last year was \$828,498.87. The benefits paid for the year were \$553,832.34.

The legislature of California has passed a law making the unauthorized wearing of a union button or display of a union card a criminal offense.

The Chicago Federation of Labor has placed a boycott on the Cleveland American baseball team because the ball park at Cleveland was built by nonunion labor.

Statistics issued by the bureau of labor show that at this time there are 6,000,000 wage earning women in the United States and that they are not only working for less wages in the same industries, but are required to work more hours than the men.

## HIS REVENGE.

A Man Was First Ruined, Then Made Rich in a Peculiar Way.

By WILLARD BLAKEMAN.

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John Emsley and Peter Fogg were two young men in the wool business in London. Emsley was a fine, open hearted man, who preferred to do business on generous principles, while Fogg was a shaver.

Emsley, being of a speculative turn of mind, took risks, lost and got himself involved financially. He had done his partner many favors. Indeed, Fogg was indebted to him for all he was. Emsley therefore looked to Fogg to help him out. He owed Fogg a thousand pounds, but looked to him not only to give him time on the amount, but lend him money to tide him over with his other creditors. Fogg not only declined to lend, but forced Emsley into bankruptcy on his own claim. A week after Emsley had been ruined there was a change in the wool market that would have made him rich.

Emsley went to Australia, where he endeavored to recoup, but luck was against him, and nothing that he touched brought him money. He sank lower and lower in worldly goods till at last, being discouraged and having a fancy for the water, he turned fisherman.

He never forgot Fogg's ingratitude, constantly brooding over the many substantial favors he had done Fogg and the fact that when the turning point of his own life came and a little assistance was needed the man he had made unmade him. He lived in a cabin by himself on one of the points that inclose Sydney harbor. He would be out all day on the water and while waiting for fish to take his hook would think how delightful it would be could he be revenged on Fogg—not that he ever seriously considered such revenge as possible; it was a sort of monomania with him.

One night after going to sleep, his mind given over to these desires for revenge, he dreamed that he was out on the bay and was pulling in a large fish. He had much trouble landing it, but when he did so and cut it open he found within its belly an enormous diamond. He was familiar with the



LOOKING UP FROM HIS DESK, HE SAW HIS OLD PARTNER.

size of the famous diamonds of the world and knew that this one of his dream was worth a great fortune.

"I will sell it," he said, "go to London and use it to revenge myself on Fogg."

He awoke with the disappointment usual to persons who have had delightful dreams that have turned out to be dreams only. Going out on the water as usual during the day, a shark swallowed the bait on one of his lines. He killed the shark and was about to cut his line that the fish might drift away when he remembered his dream. Yielding to an impulse, he towed the shark ashore and cut him open. In his stomach he found a London newspaper. Taking it into his cabin, he dried it and that night before going to bed opened its sheets to read the news from home. On the first page he saw in large letters the words:

"War declared between France and Germany."

There was then no cable to Australia, and this shark had brought the news faster than the steamer carrying the mail that would doubtless soon arrive. Where had the shark swallowed the paper? That the shark itself only knew. Possibly it had been thrown overboard from a ship that had received it at a port where it had been sent by rail.

It did not require a long time for Emsley to see in this news that he alone possessed the diamond of his dream. When the next steamer arrived with it the price of wool would take an enormous jump. Emsley went to a wealthy wool dealer whom he knew and told him the story of the shark, withholding the news found in the paper, but asserting its importance.

"When the next steamer arrives," he said, "the price of wool will undergo an important change for the better or worse. Agree to buy or sell as I direct and pay me 75 per cent of your profits and I will produce my newspaper." The merchant stood for better terms, but Emsley threatened to take the matter to another, and an

attorney was called in who wrote a contract between the two men. Then Emsley produced his paper, and the merchant bought up the season's clip, averaging 9 pence per pound. The very next day a steamer arrived with the news of war between France and Germany. Wool jumped in price and continued to rise till it reached 3 shillings, when the wool purchased under the contract was sold. The transaction cleared for Emsley £3,000,000.

A few months later Mr. Fogg was sitting in his office in London. He had sold out his wool business which he had formerly owned in partnership with Emsley for a handsome sum and had become what is commonly called a scalper on the stock exchange, buying odd lots of stock and selling them for a very small profit. Looking up from his desk, he saw his old partner Emsley looking at him.

Fogg was an older man than Emsley, and since their parting his hair had whitened. There had been no quarrel between the two men. Indeed, Emsley had never uttered a word of reproach to his partner. Fogg stretched out his hand, and Emsley took it, though he did not grasp it heartily.

"I've come back," he said, "with a few pounds to make a new start."

Fogg, who had always regretted his action in precipitating his partner's failure, offered him what little assistance was in his power and asked him to come to his house and renew his acquaintance with his family.

"Is your little daughter Gladys there?" asked Emsley.

"Little Gladys is a woman, nineteen years old."

"Oh, I forgot!" replied Emsley. "I remember her as a child who used to sit on my lap with her arms about my neck."

Emsley had imposed a condition of secrecy on the wool dealer in Australia as to his connection with the transaction that had made them both rich and was known to his friends in London as a poor man. He was still thirsting for revenge upon his former partner. One day he remarked to Fogg that stock of the Excelsior Gold Mining company of Australia that was selling at a very high figure on the exchange was worthless. Emsley said that he had lived in the region of the mine and there was no gold there. Fogg, seeing a chance to make money when the bubble should burst, sold a large number of shares to be delivered in the future, intending to buy them when they were selling for a song and make the difference in price.

The shares of the Excelsior Mining company, notwithstanding the tip given Mr. Fogg by his former partner, continued to advance. Emsley advised his partner to sell more. "The higher the price the greater will be the fall," he said. And so Fogg continued to sell while the price continued to rise. The speculator began to grow uneasy. It was rumored that there was no Excelsior stock for sale. Fogg had agreed to deliver his shares on a certain date, and if he could not buy them to deliver he would have to go into bankruptcy. He did not know that the man he had ruined had them all locked up in his vault.

Emsley had shrunk from visiting the family of the man he proposed to ruin. He had put off his appearance at Fogg's home until Fogg showed that he noticed his virtual refusal of hospitality, then made the call.

Crimes have been committed for love, but many a hand has been stayed by the same cause. Indeed, by love the world has been drawn from barbarism. Emsley was received by Gladys Fogg. When he saw her advancing toward him with outstretched hand, a smile on her lips, a warm welcome in her eyes, his scheme of vengeance tumbled like castles in the air. Gladys was the only being from whom before leaving England he had received any evidence of affection. The difference of many years then between them had melted away now that she was a young woman, he a middle aged man. In the soul that came out to him through the smile and the eye he saw something to make life worth living.

One day there was an exciting scene on the exchange. The price of Excelsior gold mining stock was going up ten or twenty points with every bid. Fogg had contracted to deliver the shares he had sold the next morning. To pay the market price for them would ruin him. When the exchange closed with 500 bid for the stock and none offered Fogg went home knowing that he would not be able to keep his agreement. In other words, he was a ruined man.

The next morning Emsley appeared at Fogg's office. Fogg looked up at him, then bent his eyes again to the floor.

"You would like some Excelsior stock, I suppose?" Emsley remarked unconcernedly.

Fogg looked at him again, but did not speak.

"How many shares have you sold?" asked Emsley.

Fogg named the number of shares. Emsley took a fat envelope from his pocket and threw it on Fogg's desk. Fogg opened it, took out a number of stock certificates, looked at several of them, then turned his eyes inquiringly on Emsley.

"Use what you need of them," said Emsley, "to make your deliveries today; tomorrow the bubble will burst."

Fogg met his contracts with the stock lent him and when the collapse came the next day purchased what he had sold, clearing a handsome profit.

When Emsley appeared under his true colors as a multimillionaire Fogg called on him to speak his gratitude for what he could not understand.

"Your thanks are not due to me," said Emsley, "but to the little girl whom we both love."