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BILLY MAJOR'S DOPE CARD

THE SAME CONTAINING A FEW UNBIASED OPINIONS ABOUT MATTERS OF MORE OR LESS INTEREST TO THE PUBLIC

Mr. Burnham and his associates in the ownership of Lincoln Park have made a very fitting reply to the snarling critics who charged them with scheming to unload the property on the city at an inflated price. Mr. Burnham has withdrawn the park from the market and says it is not for sale to the city. No matter how disinterested or public spirited a man may be, there are always those quick to charge improper motives. No matter how sincerely a man strives to advance the commonweal, there are always a lot of narrow-minded and jealous nonentities who jump in and declare that he has a "scheme." The "knocker" is always with us. Lacking either the means or the brains to be a leader himself, the "knocker" sneaks around the alleyways and hints and suggests, winks and nods and injects his poison. It takes big men to pursue the even tenor of their way and pay no attention to the snarls and howls of the jealous curs that abound. Mr. Burnham, with whom I have not the honor to be personally acquainted, has administered a stinging rebuke to the little men who are not big enough to cut any considerable amount of ice, either socially, financially or politically.

Ex-Mayor Brown is a park booster for fair. In addition to having the honor of being twice elected mayor of republican Lincoln on the democratic ticket, Francis W. Brown, sr., has the greater honor of being the father of Lincoln's park system. Other mayors talked about parks, but with his usual business push Mayor Brown went ahead and started a park system. There being no money available for park purposes, Mayor Brown arranged the plan whereby the water department bought the first forty acres, "for water purposes," and around this nucleus the park system is growing. If Mr. Brown had his way it would grow a lot faster. I had the honor to serve on the park commission for two years, and I know that Mayor Brown was tireless in his efforts to give Lincoln a park system worthy of the name. We call it "Antelope Park" now, but some of these days in the distant future—and I hope it is a long way in the future—we'll move to change the name to "Brown Park."

When Alderman Hardy turned down that opportunity to make a big bunch of money merely by securing the endorsement of a certain kind of valve to be used by the city, he exposed a very common method of graft. It has been worked time and again—and not a thousand miles from the capitol building of Nebraska. For instance, a certain printing concern that once had a big pull at the state house managed to have the state specify a certain brand of paper—and the concern in question had the exclusive agency for that paper. The same concern also managed to secure the endorsement of a certain loose leaf ledger device—and it had the sole right in Nebraska for the aforesaid device.

I am waiting for some advocate of woman suffrage to explain to me why Denver went "wet" by 15,000 when the women of that balliwick had a chance to vote on the question. At the same time I am waiting for some anti-prohibitionist to explain to me why Denver went "wet" despite the fact that women in Colorado have the right of franchise. During the last session of the legislature about the only argument advanced against the women suffrage bill came from anti-prohibitionists who opposed it on the ground that equal suffrage meant prohibition. They did not offer to explain how it comes that the states where equal suffrage obtains state-wide prohibition is unknown, while in every state where prohibition prevails equal suffrage is unknown. I am not surprised at the out-

come in Denver, however. Barring, perhaps Philadelphia, Denver is the rottenest municipality in the United States.

If I were a member of the Boilermakers' Union I would ask Judge Munger to issue an injunction restraining the "scabs" at Havelock from using vile and insulting language towards the strikers. Those "scabs" are going to be almighty pestiferous, now that they have the protection of the United States court and the strikers are restrained from protecting themselves from insult and abuse.

No one will deny that liquor is being sold illegally in Lincoln. No one with horse sense expects anything else. The social evil exists too—just as it always has and always will. But the man who tells you that there is as much liquor "bootlegged" as was retailed in twenty-five saloons, or that the social evil is as bad as it was under the "near-license" system, merely lies, and he knows he lies. Prohibition will never stop the sale of booze, any more than the law against horse stealing will stop the stealing of horses. But there are not as many horses stolen under the present laws as there would be if we licensed horse thieves.

The Traction Co. has paid a neat sum to have the arguments of its attorneys printed in the daily papers. I know something about the advertising game, and I venture to give the Traction Co. managers a quiet little tip. Let them announce recognition of the Street Railway Men's Union, a slight increase in the wage scale and better working conditions, and it will have more weight with the public than all the legal sophistries its attorneys can muster in one year. Frankly, if I were managing that concern I would recognize the union, even though I personally was opposed to organized labor. Why? Because recognition would put a spoke in much of the opposition to a return to the straight 5-cent fare. Recognition of the union and an increase in wages would make it difficult for organized labor to oppose making some concessions to the management. For one I wouldn't kick on paying a straight five-cent fare if I knew that the men on the platform were getting a larger share of the money it costs me to ride.

After a lot of fuss and feathers—windjamming and four-flushing—the Gas Co. has been accorded the privilege of erecting a gas holder in east Lincoln. There never was any real reason for refusing the company the privilege, but because it happens to be a public service corporation it had to stand for a lot of punching. I don't care a fig for the Gas Co., not being a stockholder, and it don't matter to me whether it builds a gasholder or not but the erection of the gasholder was a necessity and it affords opportunity for better service to a large section of the city and suburbs. What was the sense in making all this "holler" about it in the first place?

The Nebraska Press Association has held another splendid session in Lincoln. It always has a fine time in this city. I know, for I have been a member for twenty years, and I am proud of the fact that I am a past president and an ex-secretary of the association. The session just adjourned was full of interest, but I missed one feature that used to be familiar—the "rag chewing" about the patent guts business. Speaking of "trusts" and "octopi," if there's anything to beat the ready print trust I never went against it. And the only people who are to blame for it are the country publishers. They've had plenty of opportunities to squelch it, but country publishers are like other classes of men—they haven't "cohesive" power. Every attempt to

break the ready print trust has been blocked by the old game of "cut prices," and the country publishers fall for the game with astonishing rapidity. Then, as soon as the competition is starved out the ready print trust cracks on the price again and recoups its losses. One would think that the country publishers would get wise to the game after while, but they seem willing to be victimized regularly. At any rate I know of scores who have been bitten a dozen times or more, yet they never seem to learn by experience. But, just the same, they are a mighty fine bunch of men and women, and it was a pleasure to meet and mingle with them again.

It has been twenty-four years since I first entered the newspaper field in Nebraska. A volume might be written about the changes in the business during that quarter of a century. And the changes have all been for the better. The old-timers who are still in the business have learned a lot, and the newspaper men are men of superior business and literary ability. It is my pleasure to look at something like 350 Nebraska weekly papers every week, and I'm here to say that Nebraska has the best, the brightest and the most profitable country newspapers of any state in the union. And after mingling with the editorial associations of five states during the last fifteen years, I want to state with all emphasis that the Nebraska newspaper bunch takes the ribbon for geniality, for liberality and for good fellowship. And their wives—God bless 'em—well, I often wonder how a lot of men could have been so uniformly lucky in selecting handsome, talented and sweet-tempered wives as the Nebraska editors.

A few years ago the newspaper men rode on "editorial mileage," and it took twenty-five years for them to learn that "passes" were the most expensive form of transportation known to mankind. I used to ride on "passes," and it cost me an average of twenty-five cents a mile. Now it costs me two cents a mile. When the newspaper men themselves took action and demanded the abolition of the pass evil, they builded better than they knew. It has made them money. It has made their papers better. And the newspaper men are today as independent as any other class of business men. Some said the abolition of editorial mileage would destroy the Press Association. It did not—it made it. Today the attendance is larger than ever, and those who come represent the brains and energy of the profession. Go back to the old system? Not much!

The man most entitled to sympathy is the man who has an eternal grouch—the man who is always snarling at his neighbors, impugning the motives of men who are trying to do things, or exhibiting his spleen at men who are achieving success. Some men are built that way. They can see nothing good in the efforts of others, and take delight in pulling down and feel miserable at the sight of anybody building up. Such men can see more evil in an hour than they can see good in a week. They megaphone their criticisms, and if they have to voice commendation they do it in a whisper, and then only for pay. They exist in every community. The only compensating feature of their presence is that the community soon gets on to them and when that occurs their influence is nil. The only cure for this disease is death. And too often that is slow and lingering.

The man who can see nothing but evil in the community in which he lives owes it to himself and the community to get out. If I knew of a city I liked better than Lincoln I'd go there. And when I can not find good words to say of the town in which I earn my bread and butter, I'll have the decency to keep still. The bird that fouls its own nest is no worse than the man who curses and slanders the community in which he earns a livelihood.

BILLY MAJOR.

HITTING THE POLITICAL PIPE

A FEW STRAY BITS OF GOSSIP CONCERNING MATTERS THAT HAVE TO DO WITH RUNNING THE CITY, COUNTY AND STATE

I think a lot more of Mayor Love than I used to think. This may not interest the mayor a little bit, but it gives me considerable satisfaction to make the announcement. Mayor Love would cut a big figure in politics if he was not lacking in the one thing most essential to the good politician—he can not "mix." This is not due to "uppishness" on his part—it is merely that he lacks the knack of getting close to men. But he is not lacking in moral courage, and he has the too seldom possessed habit of saying what he thinks wherever and whenever he happens to think it. Incidentally, that very habit is fatal to political success. Mayor Love is frank to the point of bluntness, as was evidenced by his address to the editors this week. He might have so worded his references to Omaha as to show that he meant no detraction of that great city, but he preferred to say it directly instead of smoothing it over. As a candidate for governor Mayor Love would stand about as much show of carrying Omaha as the well-known tallow-legged cat chasing an asbestos rat through Hades. And yet Nebraska would be honored by having such a man as Don L. Love for governor—two years hence. But before he becomes governor, or is even nominated, he'll have to cultivate the art of "mixing," and he'll have to modify his habit of frankness. We say we like "frankness," but when it hits us we holler.

Col. McCullough referred facetiously, albeit with a trace of sadness, to the fact that Douglas county didn't cut much ice when it comes to the matter of apportioning the public officials of the state. It is Omaha's own fault, however. Ever hear the frog story? An Arkansas man, learning that people in New York ate frog legs, wrote a hotel man and asked him what he would pay for them. The hotel man named a liberal price and asked: "How many can you supply?" The Arkansan replied that he could furnish a million dozen, and he was ordered to send them as fast as he could get them. A week later the hotel man received a couple of dozen and a letter to this effect: "Two dozen is all I could get. I thought I could get more, but the darned things fooled me by their hollerin'."

The trouble with Omaha is that she has allowed herself to be judged by the "hollerin'" of Omahans who misrepresent the citizenship of that splendid city. Touch the brewery and distillery interest, and you'll hear a "holler" that will convince the poorly posted that Omaha is wholly dependent upon the booze industry. But it is the "hollerin'" of a score or two of men who are well paid for their "hollerin'," and the 150,000 industrious, enterprising and thrifty people of Omaha who are not in sympathy with booze domination are judged by the score or two.

What Omaha needs most right now is not "trade boosting" excursions, but educational excursions. Let her spend the next year in showing that the men who misrepresent Omaha by their tireless defense of booze are not the men who are making Omaha; not the men who stand for what Omaha stands for; not representatives of Omaha's citizenship. Omaha realizes, or ought to realize, that she does not stand nearly so well with the balance of the state as she deserves to stand. And she ought, too, to realize that this is due to the fact that the majority of her citizenship has remained quiet while the couple of dozen booze frogs in the brewery swamps have been making the rest of the state believe that Omaha is all brewery swamp inhabited by booze frogs. It's not so, and Omaha ought to get busy and make the truth known to all men.

The name of Willis Reed of Madison

has been mentioned in connection with the democratic nomination for United States senator. Mr. Reed is one of the big-brained men of the west. His only weakness would be his lack of acquaintanceship. He is not nearly so well known as many other men of far less ability and far more political prominence. If he were in the senate of the United States Nebraskans would have no difficulty in ascertaining where he stood on any public question. He wouldn't "straddle" any question. That Willis Reed is senatorial size is known to every man who enjoys his personal acquaintance. Nebraska would have trouble in finding a better man for senator—it might easily find a worse one, and probably will.

One of the prettiest primary scraps for a congressional nomination is going to be between a couple of democrats in the "Big Sixth." Taylor of Custer, who was elected to the legislature as a democrat and then insurgent to beat the band, says he wants the nomination. Grant Shumway of Scottsbluff says he wants it. These two men will probably fight it out, and those who know them both say it is going to be as pretty a scrap as was ever pulled off in Nebraska. The pipe dreamer of this department is willing to wager a four-dollar dog against a couple of two-dollar cats that the democratic nominee in the "Big Sixth" will skin Moses P. Kinkaid to a frazzle.

Every time the pipe dreamer picks up a magazine and reads about men like Dolliver, and Cummins and LaFollette and Brewster, he gets hot under the collar to think that Nebraska, whose interests are identical with those of Iowa, Wisconsin and Kansas, is never heard of in all this talk about "progress and reform." Beg pardon—we do hear of Norris in that connection, but reference is had particularly to senators. Nebraska in the senatorial equation reminds me of the Irishman who could count all his pigs but two, and they kept running round and dodging so fast he couldn't count them. It strikes a lot of us that about the only time Nebraska senators are not on the fence is when they are down and hustling to find a new spot on the fence where the rails have fewer splinters.

Imagine Charles O. Whedon straddling the fence on any question! It is unthinkable. But perhaps Whedon's inability to dodge is one reason why he has never got very far politically. A lot of us remember the time when he yearned to be a delegate to a republican national convention and was defeated by Llewellyn L. Lindsay. You may not recognize that name, however. But you will recognize the name "Bud" Lindsay.

Here is another prediction: Shallenberger and Aldrich will be pitted against each other for the governorship and Shallenberger will win hands down.

"Mayor Jim?" He'll not be in the running. Figure it out for yourself. Two years ago there were three democratic candidates before the primary—Shallenberger, Dahlan and Berge. This year Berge will be out, leaving the race to Shallenberger and Dahlan. Shallenberger won easily two years ago and the man who thinks the Berge vote of two years ago will go to Dahlan this year, ought to take something for a diseased imagination. And there you are.

THE OFFICE BOY.

I've found out that th' way to make the boss sit up and take notice is not to hustle while he's lookin', but to have somethin' t' show f'r th' time I put in when he wasn't around th' shop.

I wouldn't dare give my boss advice, but I ain't afraid to offer a suggestion.