

THE WAGEWORKER.

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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

Of course you have heard the story of the man who was once offered the whole state of Texas in exchange for a pair of boots.

Why didn't he accept the offer? Well, he didn't have the boots.

Today Lincoln has an offer, and Lincoln also has the boots. And if Lincoln does not accept the "swap," then so much the worse for Lincoln.

In other words, Lincoln is offered today what it must sooner or later purchase, and which can be purchased today cheaper than it will ever again be offered. Reference is had to available park sites. I love to think of the brave old pioneers, many of them dead and gone, but some of whom are yet with us, who had faith in Lincoln and who laid out the original town site. I say I love to think of them, but every now and then I take a few minutes off to censure them for failing to provide for an ample park system. Of course they didn't realize what the future held in store for Lincoln—and no more do we of this generation. But we know we have a city of fifty or sixty thousand people, and we know it is going to grow and prosper as the years come and go. Now let us realize the necessity of providing a park system and set about doing it.

The citizens will soon have a chance to vote on the issuance of \$100,000 in bonds for park purposes. Now let's all get together and boost for the proposition. There is every reason why every wage earner in the city should vote for the bonds. In the first place the wage earner is more interested in parks than anybody else. He and his family can not go to the seashore or the mountains in summer, but they can go to a beautiful park if one is provided. In the second place the issuance of \$100,000 in park bonds means that most of it will find its way into the channels of trade, making work better.

I cheerfully confess that I am ignorant of real estate values, hence I know little or nothing about the real value of the Lincoln Park property. But I do know this—if it isn't worth the price asked the city does not have to take it, and if the city wants it there is a way provided for getting it at its real value. The first thing to do is to provide the money—then we can do the rest in good time.

Taxes! O, thunder! Give me your property and I'll pay the taxes on it. I own a little bit of city property myself, and I won't kick, no matter how high the taxes are, provided the revenue is expended judiciously. I guess my little home will average up in value with the home of the average wage-earner in Lincoln, even if it isn't all paid for yet. Now, if we issue \$100,000 in bonds for park purposes it will increase my taxes about \$1.80 a year. Horrible, isn't it? The very idea of asking me, a workingman, to spend \$1.80 a year in an enterprise that will add to the value of my property and at the same time provide a pleasure resort to which I and my wife and little ones may go of evenings and Sundays; where we can rest in the shade of big trees, roll on the grass, eat picnic suppers, swing, read, and in other ways, lose sight for a few hours of the demerit grind of every-day life. Confound it, it's worth a lot more, and I'd be willing to pay it.

I've investigated the Lincoln Park proposition a little, and while admitting my ignorance of real estate values I do know that it is one of the prettiest places in the west. It can be made into a magnificent park at a very small outlay. If the city will give me the ice and hay concessions, together with any two or three amusement concessions that I name—subject to the censorship of the Park commission—I'll

give bond to pay the interest on bonds to the amount paid for the park, or I will bond myself to pay the city \$100 a month for a term of years in return for the ice and boating concessions, and also agree to raise the present concrete dam and make as pretty a lake as any park west of the Mississippi river contains.

During the last city campaign we were told that if Lincoln continued the "dry" policy it would die of "dry rot." Here is an opportunity for the "drys" to prove the statement false. Let us vote the park and high school bonds with a whoop and show the world that we are on the up-grade. The defeat of the bonds will be heralded by the enemies of the no-license policy as proof of the town's decay. We can't afford that. And if the advocates of license are as greatly interested in the city's welfare as they claim—and I believe they are—they will vote to give us a modern high school and an up-to-date park system.

Here's a good chance to boost for Lincoln. Here's a good chance to get together for the interests of the whole community. If the Lincoln Ad Club wants to do something that will make it famous through all the years to come, let it take charge of the park campaign and whoop it up proper. I'd rather have the Lincoln Ad Club behind a proposition like that—something that meant the welfare of the community—than any other agency. That organization is made up of "live ones." I hope it will pardon me for the suggestion, but I respectfully ask it to get together and frame up a plan of campaign having for its object the carrying of the high school and park bond propositions by a practically unanimous vote.

I'm quite sure that I voice the sentiments of a very large proportion of Lincoln union men when I say that the calling of Rev. Mr. Zenor to the pastorate of the Havelock Christian church is good news to organized labor. I not only congratulate the Havelock congregation, but I congratulate the wage earners of the Shop City on the fact that they are soon to have among them another friend like Rev. Mr. Zenor. He will help them fight their battles when they are right, and he will be just as quick to tell them of their mistakes when he sees them. He is always a Christian gentleman, never the clerical "prig." He knows the labor game; knows the hopes and aspirations of the organized forces, and knows of the long struggles of the past and of the struggles that are still in the future. And he'll fight fair, and all the time, in the interests of the laborers. A host of union men in Lincoln who have learned to admire and trust Rev. Mr. Zenor, will rejoice to learn that he is not to get so far away from them that he can not continue to be with them and one of them.

Yes, I was a member of the "Committee of Fifty" during the recent campaign. And at several committee meetings I heard my fellow committeemen tell how deeply they were interested in helping provide clean, elevating and convenient amusement resorts for the workingmen. I was struck with their interest in the welfare of the toilers, and I thought to myself, "If Lincoln goes dry again these men will be quick to come to the front and help us with our Labor Temple."

I haven't seen any sign of the front of the Temple being pushed in by a crowd of men eager to get a chance at the stock subscription books. The men who were so mightily interested in helping us along just about that time seem to have forgotten all about us now. I hope some of them will see this little paragraph and that it will serve to jog their memories a bit.

The Wageworker is in receipt of a letter from a fellow who says he "gets our work done wherever we please and we admire the man who does not wear the collar of any individual or organization and advertises the fact." He also makes several personal allusions. As the writer of the aforesaid letter was such a cowardly cur he dared not sign his name to it, I use my prerogative as editor and refuse it admission to The Wageworker's columns. I love an open enemy. But the lily-livered whelp who hides behind an anonymous letter is neither loved, feared or hated. I am cock-sure the writer of the anonymous letter will see this little paragraph, which fact must be my excuse and apology for even referring to him.

The Traction Co. is asking for the co-operation of the citizens of Lincoln in its efforts to better the equipment and therefore the service. The idea is a good one. I know of but one better—a little more co-operation on the part of the Traction Co. Let it start by a little more hearty co-operation with the men in its employ. Let it recognize the right of its employes to organize for mutual help and protection, remembering that the men have no railway commission to help them out.

But how can the Traction Co. expect to enlist the co-operation and support of men in its plans when it is showing every day that it is antagonistic to the one thing above all others that stands between the army of toilers and industrial slavery? It will be an easy matter for the company to enlist the co-operation of this class, and without it the company will have hard sledding. That co-operation will not cost it a dollar, but on the contrary will be a splendid investment.

Yes, I believe the people benefitted by the storm sewers ought to pay for them, but rather than endanger the sewer bonds I'll support and vote for the sewer bonds. I'll go as far as any man in proportion to my means in advancing the welfare of Lincoln. Now's let all get our shoulders to the wheel and boost Lincoln ahead!

I doubt the wisdom of trying to prevent the erection of "sky-scrapers" buildings, but I'll be golswizzled if I'm not heartily in favor of an ordinance forbidding the erection of any more dinky little one-story storerooms between Ninth and Twenty-first east and west, and L and Q north and south. Surely if we can put the limit of height in one direction we can in another.

BILLY MAJOR.

The Office Boy's Little Observations

I kin drink booze if I want to, but I'm durned if I'm goin' t' be foolish enough t' want to.

I guess de average workman takes as much intrust in his work as his boss takes in him.

Don't it beat thunder how much harder it is to make a feller's wages last as long as it took him to earn 'em than it is t' earn 'em?

Th' apprenticeship system ain't worryin' the fathers an' mothers half as much as it is de fellers w'ot are anxious to fill their shops full o' kids.

I've noticed that th' guys w'ot is allus talkin' about th' "dignity o' labor" is mighty careful t' get as much of it as possible f'r th' littlest muck.

A feller ast met th' other day w'ot I done wit' all me wages. I told him I paid my livin' expenses out uv it, an' then put th' rest in a barrel in th' cellar.

It's mighty easy t' see dat de boss has t' speak for his non-union help, an' dat de union help can speak for itself. Me f'r de union as soon as me apprenticeship is up.

HITTING THE POLITICAL PIPE

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

The Omaha Mediator comes to the front with the following political item that is wonderfully interesting:

"Every citizen of Omaha should talk Dahlman day and night because the salvation of Omaha depends upon his election as governor. It is necessary to put Dahlman in the governor's chair in order that the welfare of Nebraska may be conserved."

Horrible thoughts intrude when we read that. Wouldn't Omaha and Nebraska be in one heluva shape if "Mayor Jim" should die before he could save Omaha and the state from the demerit bow-bows by being elected governor? I've known "Mayor Jim" for twenty years, and the very best we can wish him right now is that he may be saved from his fool friends. And after reading the above in the Omaha Mediator we're inclined to believe that of all his fool friends the Mediator is chief.

Petitions are being circulated to have the name of B. A. George placed on the republican primary ticket as a candidate for nomination as representative from Lancaster county. The primaries are not to be held for a matter of a couple of months, and that affords plenty of time in which to discuss Mr. George's candidacy. It will be thoroughly discussed.

"Bill" Price is a lovable fellow. It's a pity that he didn't consult some of his real friends before separating himself from that \$50 which he paid to file as a candidate for United States senator. Not that William isn't quite as capable of representing Nebraska in the august senate as a whole lot of men we've sent there. He'd shine like a flaming arc by the side of a tallow dip compared with some senators that could easily be named. But this isn't William's year, and he ought to realize it and gracefully withdraw before he separates himself from a lot more money he can afford as little to squander as a whole lot of other men.

Senator Burkett avows and avers that he welcomes the competition of Representative Hitchcock, and Representative Hitchcock says he couldn't if he tried, pick out an easier opponent than Senator Burkett. This little matter being arranged to the satisfaction of the two leading candidates for the senatorial toga, let the battle now proceed. In the meanwhile the innocent bystanders have an opportunity to take to the woods.

Mr. Hitchcock has received the unanimous endorsement of Columbia Typographical Union, Washington, Gee, if he could only turn loose in Nebraska that bunch of 1,200 union printers he would have a walkaway! But how about Omaha Typographical Union? It has "gone along" with Hitchcock for several years and was an effective fighting force in his interests. Is it going to keep going with him?

The State Journal, rampant county optionist, is boosting Aldrich for governor. Is this because Aldrich is the man who defeated county option while he was a member of the state senate?

Ordinarily the American people are opposed to third terms. The only Nebraska state official ever elected three times was Attorney General Leese. Governor Thayer tried to secure the nomination for a third term and was turned down cold, although he did manage to hold over for about a year, thanks to the favor of a bitterly partisan supreme court. But there are a lot of Lancaster county people who will forget their opposition to third terms and support County Attorney Tyrrell with all their might. He is engaged in a contest now that is worth while, and the

people of Lincoln in particular ought to see to it that he has an opportunity to finish the job.

Incidentally it will cost candidates for legislative nominations, and all other political nominations, a five dollar bill each to advertise their respective candidacies in The Wageworker. And this little labor newspaper is going to men who are doing their own thinking instead of allowing party bosses to do it for them.

Laurie J. Quinby of Omaha is such a splendid man for the democrats of the Second district to nominate for congress that we are convinced that he does not stand the ghost of a show to get it.

The democratic state convention will be held in Grand Island. This is quite certain to insure that the convention hall galleries will not be packed in favor of county option.

The Sheldon gubernatorial boom is a little bit more inflated than it was a week or two ago.

Tobey or Hayward? That is the question that is puzzling the republican managers in the First district. Brer Hayward is depending upon his connection with the state and national committees, together with his record for pulchritude; Tobey seems to be banking on his record as a successful senatorial secretary and his advocacy of a "dry" policy under the guise of county option. In the meanwhile several other gentlemen who have had the matter under consideration have concluded that this isn't a good year, therefore will step aside and give the young men a chance.

The Wageworker is sorry it didn't have a shorthand reporter on the spot to take down the conversation between Mayor Love and Alderman Pratt when Pratt called on the mayor to make a few remarks about the mayor's failure to retain Pratt on the finance committee of the council. The information reaches this office that Pratt used some words that would make mighty interesting reading, provided they succeeded in getting past the postoffice authorities in printed form.

The way the city council has been backing and filling on those bond propositions about convince us that the commission plan of government, even though saddled with Mayor Love's unpaid commission dream, is an imperative necessity.

The foolishness of the present council system was again evidenced when Councilman Meier bucked a sewer bond proposition until some one thought to throw a little sop in his direction in the shape of a bit of sewer extension in his ward.

Of course John A. Maguire will be re-nominated by the democrats of the First district, but upon whom will the republican nomination fall? Pollard is out of it. Judge Frost and County Attorney Tyrrell seem to think that this is not a good year. It looks like Will Hayward—and that will suit Maguire and the democrats to a nicety. For various reasons the pipe dreamer of this department opines that Frank Tyrrell would be the best man for the republicans to nominate. He has elements of strength that no other possible candidate could muster. One of these elements is his standing with the men who work with their hands in Lancaster county, meaning the union men. My Tyrrell is a true-blue friend to organized labor, and a lot of union men would be almighty glad of an opportunity to get out and boost for him in case he decided to make the race