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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

It is interesting to note the comment made by the Omaha newspapers on the turn out of the Lincoln Ad Club to the convention of advertising men held in the Nebraska metropolis. In point of numbers, in point of appearance, and in point of enthusiasm, the Lincoln delegation was easily first at that big convention. There were some things about the Lincoln turn-out that should have been avoided, but of these more is said in another column. But clearly Lincoln was entitled by every right of courtesy to recognition for having helped more than any other city to make Omaha's big convention a success. It took a special train of seven coaches to carry the Lincoln visitors to Omaha; every visitor carried a multi-colored umbrella, and every Lincolnite was boosting for Omaha and singing its praise. Yet here is the comment made by the Omaha Bee:

"Lincoln also made a splendid showing in the parade, but, of course, the novelty of the Missouri mules attracted the greater part of attention."

Never before have we so fully realized the truth of the old adage, "birds of a feather flock together." This may be sufficient explanation of why the Omahans were so intent on paying homage to the Missouri mules instead of to the stalwart men and handsome women who made up the splendid delegation from Lincoln.

The World-Herald was a little bit more fulsome in its compliments to the Lincoln delegation. The World-Herald had two items about it. Here is one: "The big Lincoln delegation was also very much in evidence. The delegates from the capital city marched around the convention hall and turned everything upside down just to show that they could do it. Then they swept things back into their places again to facilitate opportunities for doing some lively boosting. It was certainly a rare treat to see the St. Joseph and Lincoln delegations in action."

All that, mind you, for a delegation leading a seven-car special, handsomely equipped, loudly enthusiastic for Omaha, asking neither office nor favors and only intent on helping the sister city of Omaha to make a showing that would reflect credit not only upon Omaha but upon the state of Nebraska. In another place the World-Herald said:

"The Lincoln Boosters filed across the stage at the Boyd in a manner which was sadly suggestive of passing around to view the remains."

In view of all that happened that is just what the Lincoln boosters did—they filed across the stage to gaze sadly upon the remains of a dead courtesy, a deceased politeness, a defunct neighborliness on the part of a Nebraska city.

One thing that the Lincoln boosters were convinced of—that there is a big element in Omaha so busily engaged in "knocking" Lincoln that it has no time left in which to boost Omaha. That condition of affairs is by no means repugnant to this city. Time spent by Omahans in "knocking" on Lincoln can not be devoted to pushing Omaha to the front. There are a great many people in Omaha—a majority, in fact—who realize this and are merely boosting Omaha. With all such the boosters of Lincoln will gladly join hands.

Every Lincoln visitor to the convention of Associated Ad Clubs of America at Omaha this week came back singing the praises of Omaha as a city that knows how to entertain a convention of big, bright, brainy business men, and knowing, proceeded to do it according to Hoyle. All Omaha was at the disposal of the visitors—not the perfunctory "welcome to our city" but the genuinely hospitable welcome that makes the stranger within the gates hang his hat on the hall tree, seize the easiest chair in the parlor and prepare to make himself at home. The reception committee of the Omaha Ad Club was everywhere all the time, and

all they needed to do to get assistance in caring for the guests was to spot an Omaha man and say, "come on." The Omaha men, regardless of creed, politics, business persuasion or professional occupation lined up and proceeded to extend the glad hand. It was simply great.

The convention was made up of the brightest lights in the world of publicity—and the world of publicity contains the brightest minds in the business world, and don't you forget it. Men like Charles Warren Fairbanks, ex-vice president of the United States, Governor Eberhard of Minnesota, an ex-Dixon county, Nebraska boy; Arthur Brisbane, the highest-salaried editorial writer in the world; Joe Mitchell Chappelle, editor of one of the republic's foremost magazines; Lafe Young, of the Des Moines Capital and one of the best known newspaper men in the country, and others of like mental and business stature, were there to learn and to teach. Any city would be honored to entertain such a convention, and Omaha "made good" in every way. Lincoln has something of a reputation as a convention city, but the 200 or more Lincoln boosters who were in Omaha the first of this week learned a lot about taking care of conventions. Let this much be frankly admitted.

Much has been said about the feeling of "jealousy" existing between Omaha and Lincoln. If there is any such feeling it is monopolized by Omaha. The Nebraska metropolis has many things that Lincoln does not have and does not want, but Lincoln could learn a lot in the way of "pull together," civic pride and civic push from the men of Omaha who are building upon the edge of the once Great American Desert a real city. The sooner Lincoln gets out from under the hypnotic sway of a lot of "fol-de-rol-ers" and proceeds to get under the management of men who can look further ahead than protruding signs and "city beautiful" and fruit stands, and street beggars, and narrow puritanism that leads only to hypocrisy, the better it will be for Lincoln. The men who already have should be willing, for a time at least, to give those of us who have yet to get, a chance to make honest livelihoods without being handicapped by a lot of civic flub-dub.

Mayor Pet Clayton of St. Joseph headed the St. Joseph Ad Club bunch at Omaha. Mayor Love was invited to head the Lincoln delegation, but it seems that he had a dinner engagement, or something similar, and could not, therefore, accept the invitation. St. Joseph is advertised by having a mayor like Pet. Clayton. Advertising is always desirable—publicity is often a disadvantage.

By the way, why all this pussy-footing about the proposed new city charter? What's the scheme? It has been months since a word has been heard from the committees appointed to draft the aforesaid instrument and have it ready for the legislature. Going to work the same dodge over that was worked a couple of years ago? If that is attempted it will meet with the same fate that was meted out to the pussy-foot methods then. All this talk about adopting a "Lincoln plan" that will be the model for progress in the line of civic government is worse than rot. Let's have done with what the late Senator Ingalls called "damned barren idealities" and get down to brass tacks. Let's have a charter framed in time to have it thoroughly discussed in all its phases and passed upon by the people—not by any such so-called vote as was had upon the late lamented abortion, but a genuine referendum, after and not before. What a majority of the real workers of the city want is a charter containing, among other things, the following provisions:

The initiative, referendum and recall. Absolute fixing of responsibility. A board of commissioners paid ade-

quate salaries and holding each commissioner absolutely responsible for the conduct of his department.

Civil service in every department of the city government.

Adequate provision for parks and boulevards.

And the men who will demand all, or most, of these things, will not stand for pussy-footing or the idealistic schemes of a lot of feather-headed dreamers.

A number of employers in Lincoln and Omaha are seemingly laboring under the impression that they can employ children between the ages of 14 and 16 during vacation without a permit from the superintendent of schools. This is not the case. No child under 14 is permitted to work in any capacity as a wage earner. All children between 14 and 16 must have a vacation permit. The deputy labor commissioner discovered more than thirty young girls under 16 years of age working without permits in a Lincoln institution. They were immediately notified to cease work until such time as they could secure legal permits. Employers should read up on the law and take steps to avoid trouble.

LABOR TEMPLE BENEFIT.

Tendered by the Fulton Stock Company and Manager Zehring of the Oliver on Friday evening, July 29. "Under Sealed Orders" will be the bill. Usual prices of admission. Tickets exchangeable at the box office for reserved seats are now on sale. Exchange may be made at any time after next Tuesday morning.

Five straight from Omaha. Wouldn't that thicken the cream on your milk bottle? Those large, ragged dents in the Vinton park grandstand were made by the frenzied teeth of Pa Rourke after the series closed.

If there is such a thing as a national ping-pong convention we suggest that Lincoln go after it.

Now if somebody will only stop that Sioux City bunch for a short spell we'll feel awfully grateful.

A PRAYER FOR ALL WORKING WOMEN.

(By Walter Rauschenbusch, in American Magazine.)

O God, we pray Thee for our sisters who are leaving the ancient shelter of the home to earn their wage in the store and shop amid the press of modern life. Grant them strength of body to bear the strain of unremitting toil, and may no present pressure unfit them for the holy duties of home and motherhood which the future may lay up for them. Give them grace to cherish under the new surroundings the old sweetness and gentleness of womanhood, and in the rough mingling of life to keep the purity of their hearts and lives untarnished. Save them from the terrors of utter want. Teach them to stand by their sisters loyally, that by united action they may better their common lot. And to us all do Thou grant wisdom and firm determination that we may not suffer the women of our nation to be drained of strength and hope for the enrichment of a few, lest our homes grow poor in the wifely sweetness and motherly love which have been the saving strength and glory of our country. If it must be so that our women toil like men, help us to reverence in them the mothers of the future. If they yearn for love and the sovereign freedom of their own home, give them in due time the fulfillment of their sweet desires. By Mary, the beloved, who bore the world's redemption in her bosom; by the memory of our own dead mothers who kissed our souls awake; by the little daughters who must soon go out into that world which we are now fashioning for others, we beseech Thee that we may deal aright by ALL WOMEN.

HITTING THE POLITICAL PIPE

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

Richard L. Metcalfe is now a full-fledged candidate for United States senator—a consummation long devoutly wished by the artist who presides over these columns. For almost fifteen yearsthe writer and Richard L. Metcalfe worked side by side or in daily contact as newspaper men. You come to know a man in fifteen years of association like that. Measured by every standard of what we call manhood—sterling honesty, unswerving loyalty to what he believes to be right, practical charity, tender-heartedness, strong mentality, willingness to serve his fellows, devotion to family and friends, patriotism that means more by far than partisanship—measured by all these things Richard L. Metcalfe meets every specification required of the real, genuine, manly man. The possessor of high ideals, a student of public affairs, a man of wide acquaintance among statesmen and scholars, possessing a thorough knowledge of the needs and desires of the great general public, a friend and a helper of the weak and a generous judge of the faults and frailties of his fellows, we know of no man in all Nebraska better fitted to wear worthily the senatorial toga. If you think Metcalfe can be bulldozed by special interests, take another look at that square lower jaw; if you think he can be deceived, study his record as an enemy of hypocrisy and deceit; if you think he could not hold his own in the exercise of the great forensic fields in which intellect clashes against intellect until the very sparks fly, study his record as an exponent of policies he believes would be of benefit to the people.

Metcalfe lacks one thing possessed by the successful politician of today—self-assertiveness. He is too all-fired modest; he has a wholly inadequate realization of his own ability and strength with the people. He possesses that rare quality of being willing at all times to sink his own chances in order to advance the chances of his friends. Having given his entire public life to advancing others to place and power, he has at last consented to stand for the high honor of the senatorship, and if the men whom he has worked for untiringly will devote one-half as much effort in his behalf, it will be Senator Richard L. Metcalfe.

The writer has not always agreed with Metcalfe on principles and policies, but, then, some men are so constructed that they cannot always agree with themselves. But Metcalfe is in hearty accord with every man who seeks for even-handed justice, for relief from tyrannical rule by the trusts and corporations, for equality before the law, for equal opportunity. He has regularly lost sight of his own personal interests in order to fight for the best interests of all the people. An unsparing critic of the trades unions when he believes they are in the wrong—as they often are, being made up of fallible human beings—he has sacrificed much to fight their battles when they have been in the right. He is no man's man, but he is the friend of every man who seeks for the right, who is suffering from oppression or hard luck, or who is striving to better humankind. Without in any wise reflecting upon any other man or men who may be aspiring to senatorial honors, the writer wants to remark, frankly and above board, that he is for Metcalfe—for personal reasons, for reasons of state pride, that for reasons that have to do with the public welfare. For United States Senator from Nebraska. Richard L. Metcalfe.

And the writer wants to say a word about another big-souled man—"Bill" Price. I've always been proud of his friendship—today I am prouder than ever of that friendship, and may nothing ever happen to weaken it. I never believed that under all the circumstances Friend Price had a look-in on the senatorship. He believed he had. But he stepped aside, as he has stepped

aside before, to make way for a man when most of us believe is stronger by far. It takes a man, a real man, to make that kind of a sacrifice. There's nothing too good, politically or otherwise for "Bill" Price, and I'm for him.

"I've been wondering," remarked an old-time politician to the pipe smoker the other day, "if Mr. Bryan took due note of the election returns from Douglas county before he started on this county option fight. Mr. Bryan charges that the liquor trust fought him to a finish, and by inference says that the same interests supported Shallenberger. Now I know, and you know that Douglas county is admittedly the stronghold of the liquor interests in Nebraska. In 1908 Douglas county gave Bryan 15,583 votes and Shallenberger 16,203. Shallenberger's majority over Bryan was 620. This seems to me to point to one of two things—either Bryan is mistaken in declaring that the liquor interests fought him, or the liquor interests in Douglas county control almighty few votes compared with what it is charged with controlling."

Colonel William F. Stoecker of Omaha has filed for the democratic congressional nomination in the Second district. Everytime the pipe dreamer thinks of Stoecker he recalls a remark made by Macauley about a certain man in England. "I wish," said Macauley, "that I could be as sure of one thing as Lord D—— is of everything." Stoecker is said to be well fixed financially, and before the race is over he will have discovered plenty of fellows in Omaha quite willing, even anxious to advance the Stoecker candidacy—for a consideration.

In his address to the Ad Club convention in Omaha last week ex-Vice President Fairbanks attributed the growth of socialism to the indiscriminate attacks made upon our lawmakers and our big business captains. Isn't it strange that men who otherwise give indications of at least average intelligence and ability to grasp facts so totally fail to grasp the real truth? The growth of socialism is not attributable to the causes outlined by Mr. Fairbanks. The reverse is true. The attacks made upon lawmakers who represent selfish interests and trusts that dominate by virtue of purchased legislation are due to the enlightened consciences of the American people, and in this campaign of enlightenment the socialists are playing no mean part. Men of the Fairbanks brand should not lull themselves to sleep, nor should they be self-deceived.

Col. Alfred Sorenson of Omaha has filed as a republican candidate for senator. He is one of those genial cusses whom everybody would like to see in the senate but for whom darned few men will vote. And Nebraska has been represented in the United States senate by men of far less mental calibre than Al Sorenson, and not a tithe of his frankness in stating where he stands on questions that interest the people.

I ain't a full grown man yet, but I'm takin' notice. An' I ain't wastin' no time on de goils dat make up wit' de putty-faced dudes dat let theff' mothers furnish 'em wit' spendin' money.

It's mighty easy for de guys dat live off'n de work of others t' lean back in their easy chairs an' tell us about de joys o' lovin' our work.

I ain't lived long yit, but I've lived long enough t' see dat de boss w'ot urges his workmen t' be "free an' independent" is speakin' one word f'r de men and a whole book full f'r himself.

Now let the industrial world wag along again. Charles W. Post has thrown his somewhat belated fit.