

THE WAGEWORKER.

VOLUME 7

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1910

NUMBER 26

CURRENT COMMENT

The resignation of Francis W. Brown Sr., from the park commission calls renewed attention to the fact that it is high time for Lincoln to quit playing the foolish act and get down to commonsense. Mr. Brown, twice mayor and father of the present park system, is compelled to resign from the park board because we have become so awfully good, you know, that a man who is donating his services to the city is prohibited from selling his wares to the city. Because Mr. Brown is public spirited enough to donate valuable time and faithful work to the people of this city, a lot of fanatics raise merry hades because Mr. Brown, who is in the lumber business, sells an occasional bill of lumber to the city. All this would be laughable were it not for the fact that it is just this sort of foolishness that is making Lincoln the laughing stock of every sensible community in the country.

One great trouble with Lincoln is that it has got more fool reformers to the square foot—reformers who are as fanatical as howling derfishes and as impractical as a refrigerating plant in Tophet—than any other municipality in the country. Think of it for a minute! A member of the library board, serving without compensation, is not allowed to sell supplies to the city on a competitive basis. A member of the park board, serving without pay, is prohibited from selling supplies to the city on a competitive basis. People questioning the right of a newspaper to publish city legal notices because a stockholder in that paper happens to be a member of a city board, serving without compensation. Some people criticizing the mayor, who is a member of the excise board, because he happens to own a building in which is located a pool hall, which is licensed by the excise board.

What Lincoln needs right now is to shelve a lot of these dreamers and would-be reformers, and give practical business men a chance to do business on a business basis. No one wants a return to the old days of pass bribery and political rottenness, but there are a lot of people in Lincoln trying to run the city who ought to get their feet back on the ground for a little while.

One great trouble with Lincoln is that it is too dependent upon the outside. We rely too much on the dollars spent here by visitors. We spend too much time figuring on getting an occasional farmer to move to Lincoln to educate his children, and not enough to developing the business opportunities at hand. State institutions never built a city. Fanatical reformers going round with their heads in the clouds never made it possible for honest workmen to secure work at good wages. Would-be sociologists always discussing the continuity of sunbeams and splitting moral hairs infernally fine never opened up the channels of legitimate business. We want Lincoln to be a moral, refined, sober city. But as one modest little business institution seeking the welfare of the many instead of the approbation of the few, The Wageworker here and now makes protest against the way a lot of illogical, irresponsible, fanatical reformers are trying to run the affairs of this municipality.

As a grandstander Theodore Roosevelt has never had an equal. Indeed, it is probable that he will forever stand alone in his class as the champion heavyweight grandstander of the centuries. As a monopolizer of the spotlight he it is, and as a political contortionist he is entitled to the contents of the entire bakery. A few days ago he thrust his hand into his bosom, and with an air of virtue that would make a cherubim wriggle with jealousy he declined an invitation to a Hamilton Club dinner in Chicago because Sena-

tor "Billy" Lorimer had also been invited. Under ordinary circumstances such a stand would have been worthy of applause, but coming from Theodore Roosevelt it was to laugh. After feasting with Guggenheim in Denver it came in poor taste for Roosevelt to harpoon Lorimer. Guggenheim got his senatorial toga just like Lorimer got his. At the banquet board of his son-in-law in Cincinnati Roosevelt hobbled with Boss Cox—after grandiloquently refusing to sit at the board with Lorimer. The man who so virtuously declined to eat with Lorimer is the man who gave Matt Quay a clean bill of health, eulogized Joe Cannon and supported a Spooner in preference to a LaFollette.

of the rooms made sacred by a Washington, a Jefferson, a Lincoln and a McKinley. In God Almighty's name, is it not about time for the thoughtful American citizens to jab a pin into the exaggerated ego of this prince of grandstanders and let his explode with a slow, sizzling noise?

The candidate for public office who imagines that he is going to win the support of thoughtful workingmen by advocating a court of compulsory arbitration is merely exposing his ignorance of the labor movement. We already have compulsory arbitration in the form of the injunction—and we don't want any more of it. And even if we should consent to the establishment of a board of arbitration, along would come some federal judge appointed by the special interests and enjoin the board from acting if it showed the least sign of being fair to the workers.

Is there any crying need for a workman's compensation act? Let the

REALM OF POLITICS

The opponents of James C. Dahlman are adopting a plan of campaign that is almost certain to elect him by a tremendous majority—the plan of abusing him like a fishwife. Mr. Dahlman stands for some things that this newspaper and its editor have never stood for, but, on the other hand he stands for many things that appeal to this paper and its editor as democratic, square, honest and calculated to benefit the general public. It has been the happy privilege of the editor of The Wageworker to personally and intimately know "Jim" Dahlman for almost a quarter of a century. Those who picture him as a dissipated man, standing for unbridled license and hobnobbing with the vicious elements sim-

by the knowledge that he is as square as a die and incapable of dissimulating; by the certainty that he would rather die than betray a friend or a trust—by an intimate knowledge of the man we are not going to hear him lied about without making a protest. On the fundamentals of democracy James C. Dahlman and the editor of The Wageworker are in hearty accord. On some questions of local policy we differ as radically as the poles. But as between Dahlman, who never trims, dodges or evades, the Aldrich, who sets his sales to catch any breeze that may drift him officeward, we have no hesitancy in saying that we'll choose Dahlman. Being a free born American citizen, white and past the age of 21, we are not compelled to make choice between any two men for any office. There are blank spaces on the Australian ballot, and it is nearly two months before the polls open.

No one who knows Governor Shallenberger expected him to accept the populist nomination and make the race after being defeated in the democratic primaries. He is a man who believes in abiding by the rules of the game. After the recount in Douglas, if it still shows that he received fewer votes than Dahlman, he will be found right where he has always been found—fighting in the ranks for democratic success. The shame of it all is that such an excellent executive should have been defeated for re-nomination by a fool issue that has no more place in politics than the subject of foreordination or predestination. If there be those who think that Governor Shallenberger's defeat means his retirement from active political life, let them undecieve themselves. He will continue to be one of the liveliest political wires in the west. There will be another senatorial campaign in 1912.

The Wageworker was for Richard L. Medaefe for United States senator prior to the closing of the polls on primary day. Since that time it has been for Gilbert M. Hitchcock. It has many good and sufficient reasons for espousing the candidacy of Hitchcock. No man in the west has shown a more friendly interest in the welfare of organized labor than he. For more than twenty years he has been one of the largest employers of organized labor in the state. The World-Herald, which he owns, has always been a "closed shop" insofar as the printing trades were concerned. The columns of his paper have always been open to the pleas of union men for the cause of organization. His editorial columns have always been more than fair towards organized labor. His record in congress on questions relative to the welfare of the workers is as straight as a string and as clean as a hound's tooth. For twelve years the editor of this humble little labor paper was on the payroll of the World-Herald, and every one of those twelve years was made bright by the godfellowship of fellow workers and the kindly interest of the man who owned the paper. Naturally a reserved man, Mr. Hitchcock has undeservedly won the reputation of being "cold." And we say "undeservedly" with good reason, for he is genial, approachable, companionable and "as common as an old shoe" after one learns to know him.

Our old friend "Jack" Ryder merely filed for the republican nomination for secretary of state and let it go at that. And even then he came within a few hundred votes of beating a man who had been actively seeking the nomination for months. It would have been easy to give Ryder the nomination had he worked a little bit himself. Perhaps he was just experimenting at this time, with a view to going after something better, and going in real earnest, two years from now. If that's his intention we are willing to bet dollars to dog biscuits that he'll land all right.

10 The Wageworker wants to increase its subscription list. To the man, woman or child who brings in the largest number of paid-in-advance subscriptions before Oct. 1, 1910, a prize of Ten dollars in gold will be given. Subscription \$1 a year; 50 cents for six months; 25 cents for three months. A yearly subscription counts four points; a six months subscription counts two points; a three months' subscription counts one point. Only cash subscriptions counted. In addition to the above prize a commission of 20 per cent will be paid. In other words you get one-fifth of all the money you collect, and you may win the Ten Dollar Prize. Go to work immediately.

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Remember, too, that this same Theodore Roosevelt who draws his virtuous skirts about him so they may not be contaminated by the vile touch of a Lorimer, is the same Roosevelt who, in 1906, wrote the "My Dear Sherman" letter denouncing Edward H. Harriman as an "undesirable citizen," forgetful of the fact that two years before he had written to Harriman as "My Dear Mr. Harriman," inviting the railroad magnate to the White House and saying "Now you and I are practical men, and you are on the spot and know conditions better than I do. * * * If you think there is any danger of your visit to me causing trouble * * * give up the visit for the time being, and then a few weeks hence before I write my message I shall get you to come down to discuss certain government matters not connected with the campaign." And this is the same Roosevelt who sent Harriman back to raise a pot of money to put into the 1904 campaign, a pot amounting to \$290,000, contributed by the public service corporations that Roosevelt now so strenuously denounces. At Columbus Roosevelt ground out another grist of his platitudes for the benefit of the workingmen of that city, and these same men threw up their hats and yelled "Great is Theodore the First," forgetful of the fact that he is the same Theodore who wrote in "Winning the West," that the drunken, roistering cowboys were better companions and better fellows than the mechanics in the cities.

Roosevelt, the man who made possible the Alton railroad conspiracy while he was governor of New York; Roosevelt, the man who tried to prejudice the case of men on trial for their lives and afterwards declared innocent; Roosevelt, the man who betrayed every principle of hospitality by accepting the services of a man and then turning on him; Roosevelt, the man who dined with a Guggenheimer and then virtuously refused to dine with a Lorimer; Roosevelt, the man who praised a Spooner and opposed a LaFollette; Roosevelt, who boasted of shooting a fleeing enemy in the back; Roosevelt, who denounced socialists as men trying to force immorality upon the people; Roosevelt, who delights in blood and carnage, and to whom one of God's creatures in forest and veldt is nothing more than a target for a rifle—this is the Roosevelt who is now parading about the country telling us what to do to be saved from the wrath to come, and preparing to once more make a prize ring of the executive mansion at Washington and a wrestling court

figures answer. In the last eleven years the liability companies of the United States took in premiums from employers the enormous sum of \$90,980,000. In the same time these companies paid out on allowed claims of injured workmen the sum of \$43,599,000, or about 43 per cent of the premiums paid in. Of the \$43,000,000 paid to workmen upwards of \$13,000,000 was paid by the injured workmen in the shape of attorney fees. Of the \$90,000,000 paid by employers to insure them against claims from injured workmen, less than \$30,000,000 reached the injured workers. Seventy millions of dollars worse than wasted, and thousands of maimed men and women thrown upon the tender mercies of a selfish and cruel world. Commonsense and common humanity demand

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The Office Boy's Little Observations

Maybe th' Lord made a better fruit than th' watermelon, but if He did He's hid it out.

Th' prize punkins at th' fair wasn't in it with some of th' politikle squashes I see ev'ry day.

Po says a lot o' people who pray 'Thy will be done on earth' don't do a durned thing t' help bring it about.

A lot o' people who say that they take a 'intrust in th' workin' man are always tryin' t' take intrust from him. While a lot o' people I know are a prayin' f'r th' poor, th' union that I'm goin' t' join is carryin' them potatoes an' flour.

My ma says that it's all right f'r a man t' git into politics, but when politics gits into a man he ain't no good no more.

It will be four or five years before I am a voter, but I ain't goin' t' save up any money t' buy shirts t' tear for no office-seekers when I do get a vote.

When my boss jacks me up f'r missin' somethin' I know he means it, 'cause he don't hesitate t' give me th' glad word when I do things just right.

One thing I like about my boss—he ain't always tellin' me what a intrust he's takin' in my welfare. He just pays me my money on th' dot an' expects me t' make good.

Th' politikle fellers that think so durned much of th' foreman don't pay no attention t' me because I ain't a voter. Maybe they are foolin' th' foreman, but they ain't foolin' me.

ply do not know the man. That James C. Dahlman has been under the influence of liquor he nor his friends will deny. That he is a drunkard everybody who knows him will deny. A great deal has been said about a certain event in Sioux City some years ago and some very extravagant lies have been circulated about it. Maybe "Jim" was a little bit off on that occasion, but a lot of republican newspapers that have been hounding him about it ever since never peeped when the former idol of Nebraska republicanism John M. Thurston, would get as drunk as a boiled owl and make a spectacle of himself.

There are two classes of people who do not drink whisky—those who are too good, and those who are so darned mean that they hate to spend their money for it. But when you come to measure a man by honesty, integrity, fidelity to friends, squareness of action and activity in everything that goes to make business honest and square, we'll measure "Jim" Dahlman up by the side of any or all of those who are throwing such fits of morality over his nomination. He is opposed to county option and says so frankly. We have no quarrel with him there, for we are of those who refuse to believe that county option as it is touted is any better than the Slocum law insofar as the reduction of the drink evil is concerned. When he said he would veto a county option bill if the legislature sent it up to him we disagreed with him, because we do not believe that sort of thing is democratic. We do not take kindly to a certain element that is very active in his support, but those who declare that Dahlman is the tool of any element simply give utterance to a falsehood. "Jim" Dahlman is no man's man.

Dahlman has never been accused of turning a dirty trick. He has never been accused of throwing a friend. He has never been accused of defrauding any man of a penny. He has never been before the public for many years, and it may be that his record is vulnerable. If so, that is the point of attack. But the God-and morality element that is now seeking to picture him as a dissipated, unreliable, tough-consorting man are simply paying the way to electing him by the biggest majority a candidate for governor ever had in this state. The editor of this little newspaper, who happens to be an appointee of Governor Shallenberger's, has no political favors to ask of James C. Dahlman. But by the friendship of twenty years; by a knowledge of the man's big heart;