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JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

Early last spring a young man named Ellis—or giving that name—appeared at The Wageworker office and tried to make arrangements to perform a little work. There was nothing doing in that line, and the aforesaid Ellis disappeared. Incidentally a Wageworker check book disappeared about that time, but it was not until later that the two disappearances were connected. Incidentally, also, a few days later an Omaha landlord came down to see about collecting a board bill from the aforesaid Ellis. Since that time divers and sundry checks made out from the vanished checkbook and to which the name of "The Wageworker Publishing Co., per E. L. Grubb, Mgr.," has been forged, and bearing various endorsements, all written in the same hand have travelled back to Lincoln from widely separated points. The most recent of these forgeries was passed upon a hotel in St. Paul, Minn., and was for \$50. It was endorsed with the name of "Stearns," initials forgotten. The check book was upon the Farmers & Merchants Bank. Labor exchanges will please look out for this clever forger, and help us put a stop to his depredations. He is a rather undersized chap, dark complexioned and with a Hebraic cast of countenance although apparently of English birth. To date he has secured about \$250 from confiding individuals.

A correspondent of the Lincoln Journal, who is an ardent supporter of Mr. Aldrich, refers to Mr. Dahlman as "this uncircumcised Philistine who defies the armies of the living God." Doubtless the man who wrote that poses as a "temperance man." Doubtless, too, he decries all manner of intemperance, save only the intemperance use of the tongue—always an unruly member. But, somehow or other, we have more liking for the man who occasionally lipples beyond the temperate mark than we have for the pharisaical person who casts devout eyes heavenward and then unloosens a tongue to besmirch the character of his fellow man. We are not a very warm admirer of Candidate Aldrich, nor do we warm up very much to the interests most active in supporting Candidate Dahlman. But we have no hesitancy in saying that if Candidate Aldrich is expecting to be elected because of the support of men who utter such blasphemous remarks as the Lincoln Journal's correspondent above quoted, he is going to wake up on November 9 with a huge bunch of regret nestling in his bosom.

The trouble with most of these zealous reformers of other men is that they overlook the prime necessity of first reforming themselves. Usually the zealous advocate of temperance—meaning abstinence from the use of intoxicants—are the most intemperate people on earth in the use of tongue and pen. And those most given to charging others with "appeals to appetite" are likewise given to making strenuous appeals to prejudice and passion, and not at all careful about the methods they pursue in doing so.

This is a queer campaign—the queerest ever known in the great state of Nebraska. In the language of our old friend, Bud Lindsay, "party lines are all shot to h—ll!" Owing to the actions of leaders in both political camps those of us who have heretofore been rather good party men—bolting only part of the time—feel free to do about as we please. So far as the writer is individually concerned he is merely hoping that November 8 will be a bright warm day, for he knows a place where it is lawful to cast for bass until November 15. If he can feel assured the day before election that his old friend and employer, Gilbert M. Hitchcock, will pull through all right, casting for bass will be just about his election day's work.

Maybe he will feel differently about it before then, but just now the above describes his feelings. One thing is sure, the writer of these lines, who happens to be an appointee of Governor Shallenberger's, has had his fill of political officeholding. Damned on the one side by selfish interests that he has sought to hold in check, and "knocked" on the other side by those whom he has tried his best to serve—to say nothing of being criticised mercilessly because he hasn't been able all by himself to do work that ten men

couldn't do—he is ready to retire the day Governor Shallenberger's successor is inaugurated—not only ready, but willing and anxious. Experience has taught one more man that he who gives up a good job at his chosen profession to accept a political job is—well, experience is a dear school, but fools learn in no other. The game of politics is all right. Every man should be more or less of a politician, but they ought to play the game for the love of it and for the good of the country. But until a man is ready to quit his chosen profession, or wants a political office for honor or advertisement, he ought to be content with playing the game from the outside. This thing of trying to make a living holding office and administering that office honestly isn't what it is cracked up to be.

O, no; there's nothing of "sour grapes" about this. The compiler of these feeble lines is drawing near the half-century mark; he has given some seven or eight hostages to fortune; he hasn't laid up any treasures to amount to anything on this earth, and after a couple of years' experience in political officeholding he has made up his mind that it is high time for him to dig in and try to lay up something for the inevitable rainy day. That's all.

Mr. Aldrich is quoted as saying that he would like to "get behind Omaha and shove the whole city over into Iowa." Also, that Omaha is very much akin to the city that Lot escaped from just in time to escape being barbecued. All of which, if Mr. Aldrich is correctly quoted, is not only very foolish, but in the last instance very untruthful also. Omaha will not, at least, have to answer for the sin of hypocrisy—which will not be the case with some municipalities much given to criticism of Nebraska's metropolis. The fact of the matter is, Omaha is a great big, growing, prosperous city with a cosmopolitan population; a city of energy and enterprise; a city that is growing too fast for her garments—thus quite often exposing too much of lanky limb for the comfort of the prudish-minded. The gateway of a vast population constantly shifting eastward and westward it is only natural that Omaha should have at times more than her quota of criminals. But those who assert and declare that Omaha is dominated wholly by booze, that her government is permeated by graft, and that the majority of her people are immoral—those who constantly assert or intimate that sort of thing are merely exposing the fact that they are so narrowminded that they could turn their heads around between the wallpaper and the plaster without musing a hair or disturbing the paste.

As before mentioned in these columns, the trouble with Omaha lies in those whom it has allowed too often to appear as her spokesmen. Her real business men have been so intent upon business that they have allowed a lot of frothy-mouthed advocates of "personal liberty"—meaning thereby unbridled license—to make it appear that the aforesaid f. m. a's are Omaha. Some of these days the real business men of Omaha—the liberty-loving, home-sustaining, city-building, state-supporting men—will rise up en masse and squelch the self-constituted mouthpieces now so numerous, and put the real Omaha on view for the edification of the state. Aside from the mouthpieces mentioned Omaha has some things that she would be better off without, but she also has a lot of things that some of her detractors would do mighty well to acquire—the spirit of "hustle," for instance; and the spirit of tolerance; and the spirit of "pull-all-together" that must be in evidence in every city that amounts to a hill of beans.

"German Day" in Lincoln, as elsewhere in this land of the free, will be a great day. Senator Richard O'Neill of Lancaster county, voiced the sentiments of most of us when he arose on the floor of the senate a few years ago and asserted in an orotund tone of voice surcharged with deep feeling that "every man ought to love the land of his nativity, whether he was born there or not." The man who does not always cherish something of a feeling of love for his native land, no matter how bitter its persecutions may have been, lacks a great deal of the fine fibre

of real manhood. And Germans have every reason to cherish a deep and abiding love for the Fatherland. The German-Americans are none the less patriotic Americans because they remember the old country. Indeed, it makes them all the better Americans. Fusible metal, those Germans, in this great "melting pot" of the nations. This country needed them, and had them, fifty years ago, nearly, when they "fit mit Seigel," or gave our armies the benefit of their trained military intelligence. And their hands have wrought wondrously well in this new country of ours. Home-loving, industrious, enterprising, honest—our German-American citizens have not only done themselves proud but they have given us some of the best in our citizenship. Here's hoping that our German-American citizens will observe the day every year hereafter.

"A few years ago," says W. B. Burgess, manager of the Brandeis theatre in Omaha, "my wife and I took a little tour through Europe. One evening in Munich my wife was not feeling well so I sauntered out alone and dropped into one of the many gardens in the city. There were thousands of people there listening to one of the finest bands I ever heard. Lonely and alone I sat at a little table listening to the music and feeling just a bit homesick for little old Omaha, U. S. A. Suddenly that magnificent band struck up 'Star Spangled-Banner,' and before I could get to my feet a fellow about a rod away jumped upon a table and let loose a hurrah that made every eye turn toward him. I only knew he was a fellow American, and started for him, cheering just like he was cheering. It didn't take long for us to get acquainted, and I never was so glad to meet a man in all my life. We had a bully time, and at our joint request the band repeated the good old tune, throwing in 'Red, White and Blue' for good measure. Ever since then I can understand why a German in America cheers the 'Watch on the Rhine,' or an Englishman stands attention when he hears 'God Save the King,' or a Scotchman's eyes brighten at the skirl o' the pipes."

The coal mine owners, having given the miners a raise of 10 cents a ton for digging the coal, have to add 30 cents a ton to make themselves even. The railroads, not to be outdone, raise the freight 15 cents a ton, and the retail coal dealer, having to pay 45 cents a ton more for the coal on the tracks naturally adds 90 cents a ton in order to make himself even. And the ultimate consumer is compelled to pay 90 cents more for his coal in order to give the miner 10 cents a ton more for risking his life in the digging thereof. Now if the people owned the coal mines, as they ought to, they could get their coal at half the price they are paying for it, and pay the miners twice as much for digging it as they get now.

The "ultimate consumer" in the intellectual country of ours is a fool.

We hope somebody will have the nerve to serve an injunction on Chief of Police Malone forbidding him to listen to any calls coming from West Lincoln. That burg has deliberately burned itself, and it should now be compelled to sit upon the blister.

With a half-million of public building under way, and more than half that much of residence building under way, it strikes us that the "knockers" on Lincoln have to exercise great fertility of imagination in order to get something to talk about.

Let us have a genuine commission plan of government. Let us elect a board of five commissioners, each one to be the head of a department and absolutely responsible to the people for the conduct of that department. Then let us pay salaries that will induce business men to accept the positions. Five commissioners will be enough. One should have charge of the Department of Public Safety—fire and police. One should have charge of the Department of Public Works—waterworks and lighting. One should have charge of the Department of Public Finance. One should have charge of the Department of Public Health, and one should have charge of the Department of Parks, Streets and Alleys. This is merely a tentative plan, but it is a plan that will meet the demands of the times.

WHAT THE DICKEY BIRD SAYS

"A mayor with power to appoint subject to the approval of fourteen councilmen elected at large, and with arbitrary power to remove!" And we are asked to give patient consideration to a fool proposition like that!

The fact of the matter is, the present "charter committee" is just a bit worse than a farce. Schroeder, Bauer, George, et al., are opposed to any change in the present system. Candy does not know what he wants and only knows that he is opposed to about everything that anybody else favors. And through the whole committee runs the thread of Traction Co. influence.

A few members of the committee want real progress on sensible lines. A few are dreamers whose feet seldom come in contact with the earth. A few do not know what they want, and others are quite content with the present system that allows of wire-pulling, self-seeking and political scheming for position, together with a continuance of business methods that would wreck a private concern in a fortnight.

Perhaps the people of Lincoln like to be "played horse" with—and perhaps not. If they like that sort of thing, certainly they are getting plenty of it from this charter committee.

But if there be those on that committee, who think they can procrastinate and postpone to the last minute, and then jam their kind of a charter through the legislature—if there be such upon the committee they are due for a bump.

That section lying south of O street and east of Thirty-third street is not in the city limits. The gentleman who owns it recently, through legal process, escaped paying a rightful share of paving of the south side of O street from Thirty-third to the cemetery. As a result one side of the street is unpaved. Yet, when a fire attacked this gentleman's property the other day he hollered for help from the fire department of Lincoln—and got it. Enjoying all the advantages of a city, street cars, paved streets to his very door, protection against fire, etc., he refuses to come across, hiding behind the legal subterfuge of being outside the city limits. Cheerfully admitting that isn't a Christian spirit, this newspaper has no hesitancy in saying that if it had been in charge of the fire department on the occasion above mentioned, knowing all the facts, blessed if the whole department wouldn't have made a mistake and gone in the wrong direction, successfully failing to see its error until too late to be of service.

Ex-Mayor Brown has a happy knack of hitting upon good ideas with pleasing regularity. Now he wants to know, you know, why the county commissioners do not get busy and spend a little of that inheritance tax money in fixing up the roads leading into Lincoln. If we are not mistaken there is now about \$13,000 lying idle in that fund—quite enough to make several miles of model road. This inheritance tax money can only be expended for road purposes, and outside the corporate limits of any town or city. And surely it ought to be spent instead of lying idle in the county treasury.

We would like to see a lot of business men, professional men, clergymen, Y. M. C. A. workers and others who are not members of organized labor, visit the Labor Temple and see just what the unionists of the city are maintaining. We can assure every inquiring visitor of a warm welcome and an inspiring spectacle. They will see workmen engaged in reading, conversing, playing friendly games of pool or billiards and "talking shop" in a way that means better workmen. The Labor Temple is one of the most helpful influences now at work in Lincoln. More and more it is becoming a center of education and civic pride. The men who are keeping it up are feeling more and more like they had something at stake other than the mere making of bread and butter. If there is any institution in the city deserving of the support and good offices of Lincoln people, it is the pretty little Labor Temple on North Eleventh street. Drop around and go through it, and talk with the men you will meet there.

One year ago tomorrow, October 1, the Labor Temple Association assumed ownership of the property. It was bought on a "shoeing," the association having less than \$700 in cash. It borrowed \$300 and made a first payment of \$1,000, and without a cent either in possession or in sight, promised to pay \$3,500 thirty days later. It took nerve to do that—but the men in charge of the movement had a lot more nerve than money. They cashed in their nerve and got the money—thanks to a number of friendly business men and the help of a lot of true blue union men. The \$3,500 was paid on schedule time. So confident were the directors that things would go right that they actually had men at work remodeling the building before the contract of sale was signed. Things went right, too. Besides paying \$5,000 on the property, another \$5,000 in the shape of improvements has been added, and today Lincoln has one of the prettiest and most commodious Labor Temples in the country. The mortgage is still there, but it will be taken care of. It is a going institution. In the year just closed the receipts from rents, pool and tobacco have been \$5,736.38. The expenses have been \$5,685.93. But nearly \$2,500 of this expense has been in the shape of permanent improvements—improvements that will not need to be made again. This means that the Temple is not only paying expenses, but is actually able to grow on, if its patronage continues as now, to pay a profit of fully ten per cent on the investment.

But it will be necessary to take care of the indebtedness a bit faster than the net revenues will supply. For that reason money will have to be raised, and soon. But it will be raised. If the good people of Lincoln realized what the Temple is doing for the wage earners of the city, and for the city at large, they would come to the front in a hurry and not only help take care of the indebtedness but help add the needed third story and equip a handsome library and reading room.

Last Tuesday we heard a well posted politician declare that in his candid opinion James C. Dahlman would carry Lancaster county. What?

Anybody ready to wager that Professor Crabtree will not get more votes than any other candidate for state office, no matter what ticket?

Somehow or other we can't help but believe that Col. Will Hayward is playing amateur politics in campaigning in an auto with Aldrich and Burkett.

Wrapping the starry folds of the flag about him, Elmer J. Burkett manages to keep a few misguided people from remembering that he is dodging again. He has not yet answered Mr. Hitchcock's challenge.

Believing in giving credit where credit is due, we stop the press to assert, assertive, declare and pronounce that the success of the state fair is due in largest measure to the splendid publicity work of Secretary Mellor. As an advertiser he is A1. In fact, he can advertise a state fair now fully as well as he could play ball twenty-five years ago when he and "ye editor" were often pitted against each other—and Mellor was some ball player, too.

Incidentally we pause to remark that The Wageworker printery is equipped to turn out the finest kind of campaign printing on the shortest possible notice, and place thereon the "little joker" that proves that the artists on the mechanical side of the printery carry paid-up cards in their respective unions.

We venture the assertion that we could pick five men from the rank of organized labor in Lincoln and prepare a better charter in less time than it will take that bunch of idealists and politicians to get close enough together to draft an outline.

Chief Malone seems to have the happy knack of pleasing all classes of people save the class that would like to have the police force abolished.