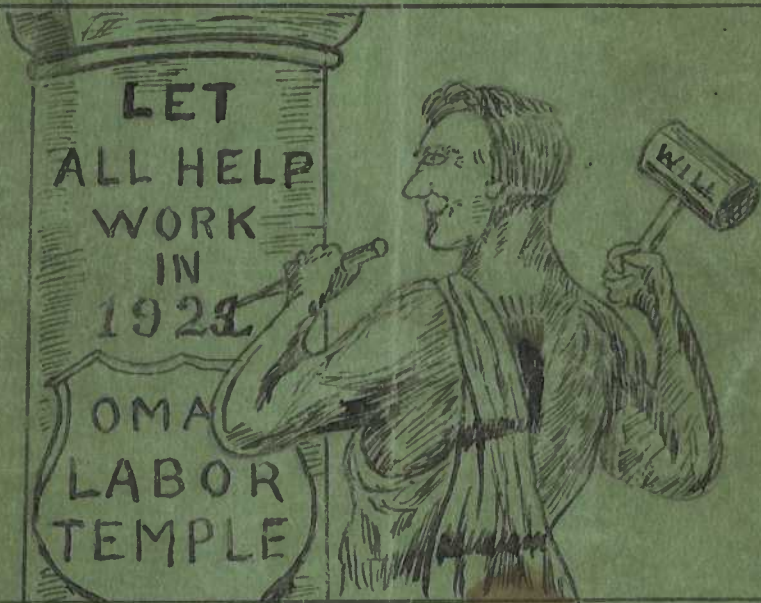


Labor
Temple

TRUTH

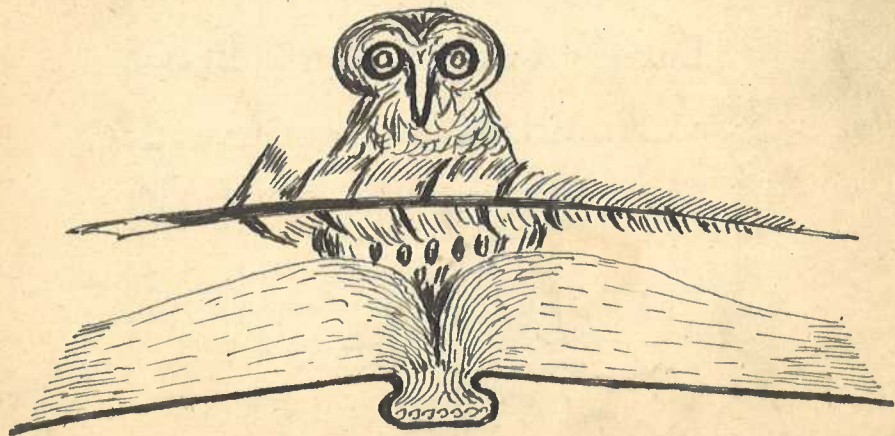
Ferret

April, 1923.



A TRUTH PURVEYOR

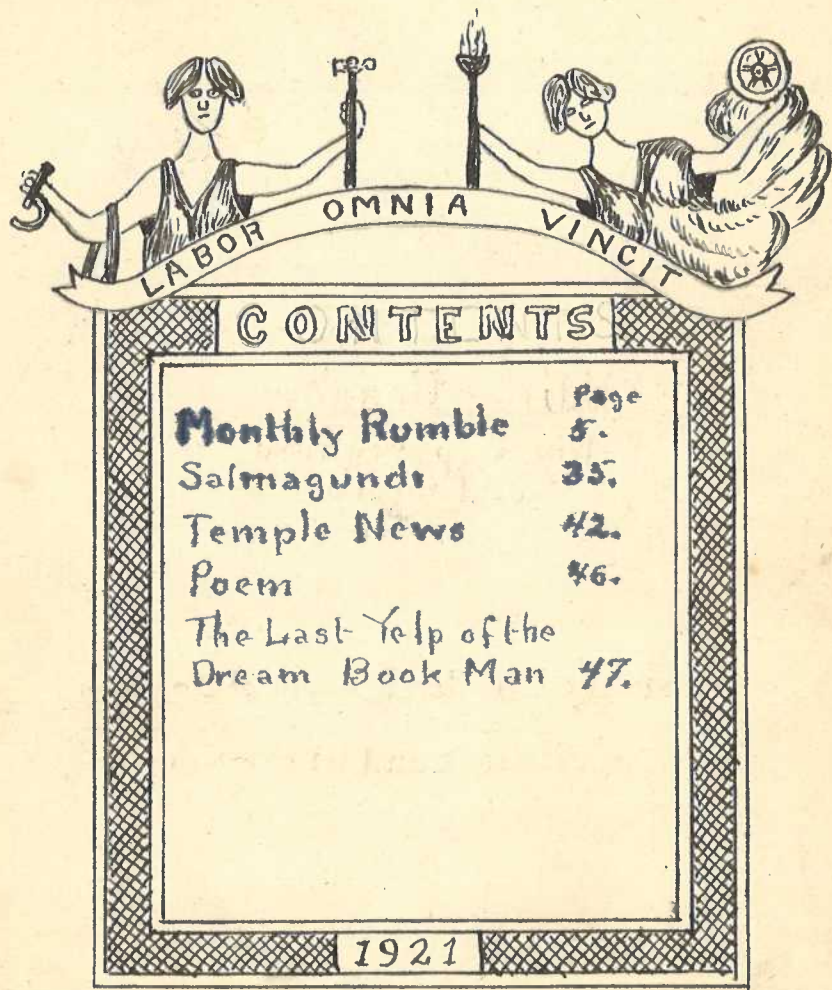
Labor Temple
Ferret.



Mag'na est ve'ri-tas, et prae'va-le'bit.

Editor Unknown
Not Copyrighted
But Foolproof

Entered in the Temple of Brawn
as first class and likeable matter.





H

OW hard it is to write a monthly rumble. There is so much to rumble about and one don't like to pass any thing up. So much has happened in and about the Temple of Brawn that it would be impossible to cover it in the entire yearly Ferret.

We would like to fill an entire volume with the mad ravings of the tribe, but a good many of our readers hear these things every day, so we have to

sort of Chop-Suey the lay-out and talk Shop about the other stuff that is generally known, but to often soft-pedalled.

Bingo! We must stop. We got orders to move, and as we have so often said; We must have filthy lucre in order to keep our Belly-button from doing the Shimmy against our Spinal Column. We followed the Boss who had the Check-book, and thus left our Editorial Sanctum for what we thought a short period. But, lo and behold, the Gaffer chased us from place to place, that it became impossible for us to ramble any Rumbles.

It is now 14 months since we started this issue, intending it for a New Year Number, and to make it a "Hum-Dinger. We intended the Cover design to convey the Idea to the Tribe of Brawn that it was about time to begin using the Hammer or Maul for a good purpose; instead of helping the fellow with the Inside-Auger to make ruins of what had a good beginning.

Therefor excuse us for using the old design over again. Well! What the H— do you care? None of you ever seen it anyhow. We think the design is very appropriate at this time, because we hear

that the Temple Board has been doing a little Business, and that they intend to burn the Mortgage on next Labor Day 1923.

Let this come to pass, that we might shout; An' nus mi-ra'bi-lis.

If this is done, which we earnestly hope it will; We would like to suggest that a Parade be held on that day. (Now don't riled you soft-footed Birds that are all-ways knocking a Parade) The one We would suggest is not a long one. Just from the Labor Temple, to 14th & Farnam. Let an Alter be built in the centre of the street intersection. On this Alter make the sacrifice, that the odor from the burning document may penetrate through the windows on the 17th floor; where the holders of most all Mortgages forgather.

After the obnoxious parchment is consumed, let us take all Hammers, Mauls, Inside-Augers, Ala-Baba writings and give them to the flames that the Stock-Yard stench from their putrifaction may enter the nostrils of those Vultures on the 17th floor from whom this stuff emanates.

Well! We've decided to fill most of this Issue with a long Rumble, touching on

what has transpired since our last number. On account of our long absence from the Editorial desk, and mostly on account of still being away from the home "Burg".

We may in our next issue write about current events, if we can get a News-monger to gather the happenings for us. Therefore our Rumble will be retrospective, and not very newsy, but merely our way of bringing it out.

We will begin by saying something about the numerous changes we noted while home on our Holiday visit.

We found many new faces at the B. A. Desks. In the place of the little fellow who wore the big hat and who spent most of his Office-hours in Co. Bluffs we found a Giant. Well! perhaps it takes a big man to keep the Saw and Hatchet Tribe in leash. At least the new man is bigger than Darnstedt, and almost as big as the last two put together.

But just imagine our astonishment when we found a new, but yet an old familiar face at the Nut-Splitters Desk.

This man's name was once upon a time a great terror to those who scabed on the Nut-Splitters. He was also noted

for calling Horace G. Burt bad names. He has been with us many times. His first triumphant entry into our midst was rather nerve racking, as he was want to climb high on stacks and steeples. He once had Baldy Wangberg for an assistant, but Baldy got his belly foll on the Hog-Shute. (We mean his face full).

His second coming was as a Messiah, or rather 4th Vice President of the Nut-Splitters. Sent out to put the Scabs on the U. P. on the run. Past History tells us that he was quite successful at it. We are informed that he has since held numerous positions. Layer-off in the Washington Navy-Yard. On the U. S. Shipping Board. Insurance Agent, Plumb Plan Agitator. A. F. & L. Campaigner in Iowa, and at last a Ford Assessories Salesman.

Do you wonder at our surprise when we found him sitting at Lamb's old Desk hammering away at a Typewriter that looked like it might have come from Woolworths.

He takes great pride in this instrument and likes to tell of its usefulness in behalf of Labor. He uses rubber bumpers on this machine in order to keep it from jumping up in his face. Well! we hope he will cure the Omaha Nut-Splitters from splitting Nickles with the Bosses.

At the next Desk we also find a change.

It is contrary to the first Desk, in this respect. Where the first was from Small to Big, Desk No. 3. is from Big to small. In the place of the large rotund Brother from the land of Copenhagen Snuff we find a little fellow who was in the game many years ago.

Well! we don't know what Nationality this Brother is, but we hope that the Anti-Scandinavian Painters will not belly-ache if he should happen to put a Dane or a Swede on a Job. Now we wish to give this Brother a little advice, or let us call it a warning. Keep your Tribe members from drinking Shellac. The Temple Superintendent says that it is hard to get off the floors when these Slobberhounds expectorate thereon.

Desk No. 4 is still partially occupied by the Lady-Killer and Viibrator Agent. He only comes down occasionally to make out a check for the International, and issue cards to Dago Barber College Graduates.

At Desk No. 5. we found the same Handsome Brother who has so long and valiantly fought the battles for the Spit-Fire Tribe. We find, that during our absence he has twice been honored?

by the Brains of Brawn to the exalted Office of President of that Body. In days of old, it was Becker that was called to the Booth by Curley most of the time, but now we constantly hear that voice calling; "Gibb, to the booth, Johnny Gibb booth." Of course! it is not for the same purpose for which "Jak a de Bek" was called. It is strictly Biss with John. The Bee, News and World Herald keep nagging him for news. Nuts on Labor statistiss call him quite often to find out what the wage scale of Building Mechanics was in 1901, and what it will be in 1923.

Some times Ladies call him to find out if they can be discharged for combing their hair and primping in the Rest-room.

Well John! Such is the life of an earnest and concienious Labor Leader. Just think; if another War broke out, how many jobs you would get. Remember the popular Reynolds.

We also hear that you use the Cavel with force and dignety. That you are the only President of the C. L. U. that ever made Norman sit down.

Desk No. 6. is held down by the mighty Sullivan who swears so lustely at the Iron Squirrels. He has also risen in the ranks and now sits at the right-hand

side of Gibb. We heard that he took an active part in the last Labor Day festivities, and that he has since been accused of purloining Base-Ball material to the extent of several Balls. But Dan says; "I've still got Balls". Let us hope that you have; we'd hate to think that you were minus.

At Desk No. 7. we missed the smiling face of Morris Scannell the B.A. for the Shining Metal Tribe. This Brother was once the Shiek of the Cuming Street Gang, and some Shiek! But he says the Shining Metal Tribe is far harder to rule. Well! Brother! You know Byron got away with it for many years; why not a good Irishman like you? Was the Hot Air and Fog at the Temple of Brawn too much for you? Don't give up Morris, Dan Haggerty the Celtic Jew will help you.

At Desk No. 8. we found the Brother who is almost as strong as Horse Radish. He is B.A. of the Tribe that bring the Mud and Brick up 12 stories and let the fellow up there do all the work. This Tribe is not as numerous as of yore, due to the fact that the other Tribes lead them into many battles, carry off

all the spoils, and leave his tribe to finish the battle and take the leavens. Isn't it so Brother Mustard?

Desk No. 9. which was once covered with Moss, is now free from same. Baker washed the windows; in came the Sunshine, away went the Moss.

Desk No. 10. is a new one with a big filling Cabinet almost as big as the one used by Jim Whiting when he was Sec. for the Stage-hands. This Desk and Cabinet belongs to the Hash Slingsing Tribe.

Desk No. 11. we believe is only used by the Bookeeper for the Saw and Hatchet Tribe.

At Desk No. 12. we got the surprise of our life. We once saw this Bird at a Desk in a Building we all chipped-in to buy. This Building was usually the home for Plumbers that were too clam lazy to work.

His Boss at this Desk was a Lawyer that took part in a Hemp Necktie Party the night the Court House was burned. He got this job for being Campaign Speaker for the said Boss, when he was supposed to be managing the Campaign for Bridwell and other 6 Labor Candidates.

He was at that time a constant reader of the Ferret, and tried by sundry means to find out who its Editor was. He once accused Big Champ of being the Editor. We always said that the Plumbers had as many members on the Pie Counter as they had in the Labor Temple, but we never thought that a Pie-Counter Cootie would return to the Temple as an Officer of his Union, at least not one that fought the Labor Ticket for this measly mess of Political Potage. This Desk furthermore occupies the space where Brother Hullers stood. Holy Smoke! We wonder if Furd turned in his grave.

Desk No 13. is just used as a receptacle where the Plasterers keep their Minute Book.

Now we must take a squint at the rest of the Building. As we leave the B.A's Office we must pass through a narrow path, made worse by the outstretched legs of the Sloberhounds. One must keep his eyes open in going by these Hounds lest he get his 15 cent Greek polish spoiled by a shower of Copenhagen slush.

Well! We get safely by and we approach the Business Emporium of Kirwin Wrong Runkles, but as it is yet to early

for this old Night Hawk to be on hand, we find a little fellow dishing out the wares. He is the same little man, that has been Sergeant at Arms in the Printers Union since Farnam Street was a Prairie. While we are lighting our Sheroot in comes Kirwin and Buisness begins in earnest. A half dozen stalwart sons of toil come in to get Score-cards. One or two get a Deck of Cards on Credit, and away they go to the Bowels of the Temple; comonly called the B.R. (Ask Curly what this means). When the game is finally started in the bowels, they begin Broad-casting for orders to be sent home over the phone. When someones wife calls, the answer is generally sent back, that, He just left, or that, He is not there at all.

Oh! such dam liars, for the sake of a game of Rummy. The worst part of it, is, they make a liar out of the Grand Old Man that answers the phone.

We don't run any ads, but we must say something about this old establishment. Curly still handles Union made Goods, and he still has just as many calls for Camels, Prince Albert and Copenhagen. The large white Cards with Red & green Polka dots, and the names of the B.A's written in the margins opposit "Yours"

and flush". We don't know what this is done for, but Curley knows. He also has a small square board that looks like a small boy's Air rifle target. We also wish to mention, that he still uses the old Slogan; "Buy Low, Sell High."

As we leave this place and go farther back, we learn that the Old War Horse, Pete Garrity has gone to his last resting place where there is no Lead pipes nor joints to wipe. In his old quarters we find an old member of the Saw and Hatchet Tribe and a Black Cat. We'll bet a good drink of Hootch that the Cat would never be there if old Pete was on deck. These old quarters are also used by Superintendent Baker and his tiny Son.

We have now finished with the lower floor and must go up and find out how the Middle West is getting on. It is a little early for an Editor, we therefore find no-one there but the little Curly-headed smiling Stenographer, Bookkeeper, Proof-reader, Bill Collector and Printers Devil all in one. If pleasant looks is any evidence of a welcome, then her smile means that we can stay all day unless the Editor should give us the bounce

when he comes. After accepting our welcome and taking a comfortable chair, putting our feet on the Desk, scattering our Cigar ashes on the floor the door is suddenly opened by the Boss of the joint. He comes in raving mad, cussing a blue streak about something Liberal, Ala Baba and Council Bluffs

Well! Joseph, we don't blame you much. The life of an Editor is some rocky road to travel. We once commented on your bravery, and we find that you have lost none of it, because one who takes up the gauntlet and shoots Foster Stuff in his columns is brave indeed. After some of this cussing, we have a little chat about old times, and before long the Editorial Room is filled. Such a Bunch; Old Man Templin, the man that gave Townley H—l, also old man Balland the Red from Oklahoma who is always cussing Sam Gompers. A few more Vet's come in. McGovern, Baldy Wangberg, Dave Coultts, Jack Rabbit Haggerty, Gus Lawson the Swedish Soldier of Fortune who says he is 100% American. Well! Gus, if you wasn't you couldn't run for County Commissioner.

About this time things begin to hum. The argument begins with Labor topics, then politics, finally wind up with

Religion. There would never be any copy of this magazine written if my Sanctum was ever invaded by such a crowd.

About the time the argument gets warm and things begin to swim before the Editors eyes one of the natural events in a Labor Editors career happens. In comes a Hootch poluted nut who wants to write about the evils of the labor movement; as though he knew something about it.

Then if Joe don't print it, or he changes it that it might be readable; this Bird gets sore and goes about knocking the Paper.

Oh! Joe; don't you wish you was me? and could sit down in peace and write whatever you liked, and be incognito, then go among your readers and critics as I do and listen to their ravings.

It is now time to write about something else: Politics; Yes, that was blooming about the time we left. We wrote a good deal about this topic in some of our former issues.

About the hand picked Candidates that Life member Kleffner selected for us. Then next came the seven out of seventeen fiasco.

This stunt finally woke the members up. The Independent Voters League was started. Bolshiviki Declaration of Principles and Platform was adopted. The By Laws of this League specifically stated, that any person

wishing to become a member, must be performing usefull labor. All would have went well, if Acting Chairman McDonaldt hadn't had so much love for Lawyers. At the first meeting he ruled that Mr. Biglow was performing usefull labor, because he was acting as Athorney for the C.L.U. We have nothing to say against Mr. Biglow, but it left room for shysters and other kind to get in. At the very next meeting of the League anything that had a Dollar got in. At the third meeting the League discovered to their sorrow that they had some dirty Politicians in it, and when it was to late they appointed an application Committee to examine into this as well as to further sit in judgement on new applicants.

Well! after scrapping over indorsements, picking one or two honest laboring men to run, or whether to run the whole hog game and pick 7. Bingo! The fellows who bought their way in won the battle and the League, or ratter the Politicians in it decided to wait untill after the Primaries, and then pick out the successfull ones most favorable to labor.

Bingo! Another fiasco; Baldy said; "I told you so."

The live wires, kept on fighting.

A bunch of the do something boys went to Lincoln and together with the live ones from out in the State decided to start a new Party. A Convention for this purpose was called for Dec. 8th of that year, to be held in Grand Island.

Before going into the happenings of that gathering we must go back to the Convention of the State Federation of Labor, held in York in the month of August. At that Conclave Baldy Wangberg was elected President. Birk was Candidate for re-election but was defeated on account of telling the Senate Labor Committee that it made no difference to him whether 617 became a law or not.

A good many of the Delegates at this Convention took part in the above mentioned Lincoln meeting. The State Federation's Executive Board decided to take part in the Political Convention at Grand Island.

Well! they were all there including Baldy. Over seven hundred men and women from all walks of life adopted a Platform that was a hum-dinger and one that no laboring man could be ashamed of. Everybody knows what happened to this new Party afterwards.

We'll simply say as Baldy said,

"Dam the Lawyers". It is of no use wasting paper writing about the dirty doublecrossing we got at the hands of these Birds. We are pretty sure these Judas's got more than 30 pieces of silver. We do wish to say however that this dirty betrayal defeated the Labor movement last Fall in its fight to kill 617 the Anti Picketing Bill.

We had local politics too. Many who had for years fought all Progressive action, and belonged to the Old Parties asked for indorsement. Not because they were Progressive, but, because Votes count.

After the smoke of battle cleared; the crabbing began. Some said; Tom Dennison engineered the Sheriff deal. Others said; "Not by a dam-side, it was the Chamber of Commerce."

What satisfaction can any Nut get from blaming it on either when any blind fool could see that it was the same game of barter and trade and the everlasting blabber that this and that Candidate is the best friend of Labor. Sheriff Clark because he appointed a few So. Omaha Strikers as Deputies. Endrees because he once ran a Paint Shop and hired a few

Union Painters. Jerry Howard because he always introduced a lot of labor Bills that never got out of the Committee of the House. Just such dam junk and a whole lot of Religion mixed in kept the Labor Vote split asunder.

Take the unsavory stew of Macbeth's old witches, season with ipecac, perfume with asafoetida, and you get an ollapodria resembling Omaha Labor Politics. We have Populists filled with pop and Prohibitionists full of prunes; we have two brands of Republicans, Mugwumps of every degree, and all kinds of Democrats. But perhaps the most remarkable monstrosity in Omaha's political freak museum is the "Pie Counter Cootie. I am trying to perfect an apparatus that will enable me to photograph this Proteus of politics. It declines to stand still long enough for the people to size it up. Compared with it the Irishman's Flea was the avator of repose. It is impossible to tell for two consecutive minutes where it is "at" or in what direction it is drifting. As a contortionist it takes not only the cook-shop but the cook and what cold pie chances to be about the claim. It is the only animal on earth that goes forwards, backwards and progresses to the right when it is moving to the left.

It can turn inside out, swallow its own corporosity, sit down upon it and talk at the same time. Old timers observing its wonderful antics decline to accept the evidence of their own eyes, but send for a snake charmer.

That finishes our Ramble on politics. We will now spill a little of the doings of the C.L.U. (Brains of Brawn) We don't think this is Executive Session business, because we heard it from some of the Dear? Brothers whom we know would not divulge any secrets for love or money or even a Pie-Counter job. Much has happened. The Stetsonian crowned Monarch has been de-throned and the Scepter handed over to Handsome John. The little Prohib Printer was elected as his right hand man. The balance of the Royal Family remained about the same. About this time Wilson came in as an Envoy from the Nut-Splitters and started the ball a rolling to get help from the A.F. of L. We didn't think it could be done. That the A.F. of L. would send an Organizer to Omaha was a forlorn hope. For years the C.L.U. had sent Envoys to the A.F. of L. Conventions to plead for this, but in vain. Guy went to Toronto, Chrisman to Denver and St. Louis, Kugle to Norfolk, Wangberg to Atlanta and

Norman to Rochester. At this Convention Shamp wrote a Resolution asking for help in Omaha and he let Norman sign it. George was so dam proud of this that he came back and bet Baldy a Hat that an Organizer would be in Omaha before the next 4th of July.

The Minutes of that Convention showed that said Resolution was referred to the Executive Council which means Cold Storage, but George didn't know this or he wouldn't have made the bet.

Wilson's letter whatever the H— it contained brought home the Bacon. The help came, we mean it showed up. We are dead willing to give Wilson the credit due, but we are somewhat of the opinion that Old Sam was more anxious to bust the Progressive Party in Nebraska.

A drive was to make more affiliations for the State Federation but very few locals came in. The few that came in during the burst of oratory backslid.

This happened in spite of the fact that most locals in Omaha refused to join as long as Coffey was an Officer. We wonder what their belly-ache is now since they are rid of Coffey and Wangberg both. The latter resigned as President six

months after he was elected on account of leaving the State. We don't know whether the Sheriff was after him or not.

Election came and a Republican was elected U. S. Senator. A Democrat elected Governor and about the same rotten bunch was sent back to the Legislature. As the appointive jobs were now to be filled the seekers of "Pie" began grooming for Counter Jobs. The Cooties began asking the C. L. U. for indorsements. Norman for the third time got the indorsement from the Brains of Brawn. But lo and behold the Democrat Governor and Friend of Labor told the Folks that the Old Code Cooties would stay on the Counter untill the Legislature met. Well! It met, and Labor got its usual dose of Salpatika. Normans C. L. U. indorsement didn't do him any good his friend the Dream-Book-Man stuck to the \$5,000 Counter. Right here we wish to ask what the Statute of Limitation is on a C. L. U. indorsement? We do this, because if there is no limit, these Cooties might keep it untill the next Governor is elected and spring it on him. Political Potage is wonderfull Stuff.

We now wish to say something about our own fine Labor Papers,

The oldest one in Nebraska went out of Comish when its owner was elevated to the Pie-counter by the indorsement of the Chamber of Commerce.

The Western Laborer and Dream Book was edited by Kennedy and blue-penciled by the Chamber of Crooks. In one of his last numbers he said: "These Union men that are asking for a raise in wages have got to many 20th Century ideas. This Bird done all he could to disrupt the labor movement, and howled every time a union went on strike for better conditions. We didn't see him give the difference between \$2800 and the Code salary of \$5,000 back to the State.

We will pass to the next and give the Dream Book man some more H-1 in some other part of this magazine.

"The Workers Gazette" conceived and brought to light by Aza Taylor, Kerrigan and Huspeth. It was owned and controlled by the C.L.U. All might have went well with this Sheet had not a Barber who had his eyes and mouth open for some advertising got his Auger in. Him and his able henchmen began boring, but couldn't at first budge the Gazette.

The Barber therefore started a paper of his own called it "The Labor Advocate." A dam fine name, but it meant nothing

to Labor. We don't know how he got the Allied Label, because he employed no Printers but set his own type when not occupied in scraping whiskers in the front room called a tonsorial parlor. This Advocate and its inside Augerdrivers finally drove the Gazette out which left him only Kennedy to buck.

One was as rotten as the other, but the Barbers gang elected him President of the C.L.U. By close scraping he succeeded in putting the Dream Book on the unfair list. The Dream Book Man appealed to Gompers who ruled that the C.L.U must not. This didn't bother the Barber much. It was by motion taken from the unfair list, and about the time the motion carried one of the Barbers friends made another motion, that the C.L.U considered the Western Laborer inimical to the best interests of the Labor movement. This motion carried and stuck like glue untill Mr Kennedy brought two friends to the meeting. (Donahue and Leeder) who said they were sure surprised to hear that their old friend Kennedy was treated so shabily. This didn't cut much figure, because neither one of the above mentioned Brothers were Delegates and if Mr. Kennedy had any more friends there, they scared to peep. The Advocate came to an end about the time that the Housecleaning

took place in the C.L.U. which ousted Guy, Wardlow and Hansen. Guy however kept on scraping once in a while in order to carry a Card in the Barbers Union. Some years later when his Son had passed the Devil stage in the Printers trade he put the boy to work in a Seab Shop on Cumming Str to print a book for advertising purposes. They stole the Union Label somewhere, and robbed the Merchants blind. Kennedy finally got next to this and started the Ball rolling that finally rolled Guy out of the Labor game forever.

Next came a little Jew from K.C. who got Dave Coutts and a few more to put up enough coin to start a labor paper. This was called "The Omaha Unionist." The Jew was not liked very well but might have made the ruffle hadn't he bumped against the "Powers that were" in the C.L.U. namely Reynolds, Shamp and Wangberg. The Jew finally skinned out for Chi. and left the paper with Coutts who took the name Omaha off and left it plain "Unionist. Dave had a ruff time of it and finally turned it over to Daily & Lochrey. Mr. Daily became Editor and Lochrey Business Manager. Finally Daily who is a Saw & Hatchet Mechanic thought

he would try a little farming. So Dakota is no place for dry farming and he couldn't make it go. He came back and got a job fixing locks and door-knobs in Rome Millers Hotel Rome. Now take a look at this Bird; He has started a paper in Co. Bluffs and calls it the "Liberal Press." The only liberal part is the subscription list. His subscription list consist of a few copies on each Business Agent's Desk. His Editorials consists of guff similar to that which Kennedy & Guy slung out. He is principally interested in getting the "Mid West" out of the way. His columns is also used by knockers who are trying to help him bust the labor ranks. He has one Bird writing for him under the nom-de plume of "Ala Baba." who considers himself wise enough to write about his betters. His knowledge of the Labor game Al a Baby. His ravings about what was done 20 years ago shows plainly that he knows but little of anciant history of the Omaha Labor movement. He gets a good deal of his information second-handed from some of the inside auger users who are always willing to do what they can to disrupt.

We wish to warn these Birds that their tactics will be watched with Fernet eyes, and we'll sure burn you.

There is room for but one Labor paper in Omaha, and we need a good one. We're not speakin for ourselves, because we'll just go to Press how and when we dam please. So Mr. Liberal Press stick to Co. Bluffs on the banks of Indian Creek and keep your buzzard beak out of the Omaha movement. This means Ala Baba too.

While his name is fresh in our mind let us see how he prattles. He writes about the days of long ago in the labor movement. He says: "There wasn't so many Crooks in the movement 15 or 20 years ago as there is now, because we found them out, then threw them out."

You poor Sump; where was you at? You must have been asleep. There has only been one man thrown out of the C. L. U. in 25 years. This was Seabby Miller of the Engineers. There was far more crooked work pulled of in the old days. Let me ask you, this. Did they throw the fellows out that was responsible for the dificit on the Labor Day in Syndicate Park?

There was something like \$1100 worth of Beer bought from the different local Brewery's all of it was sold and no profits. Did they try and throw out the crooks who stole \$250 worth of

tickets the Labor Day in East Omaha? What do you think of the 3 Birds that were sent out to look up a Labor Temple site and then each sent in a Bill for \$75.00. They must have been Saints. Did they throw the Bird out that sold between 5 and 8 thousand McNamara buttons and only turned in \$12.00? No, they didn't, and if you was in the game these days you'd know they didn't.

There is more square and honest men in the labor game today then there ever was, and an honest and rapid accounting is given at all times. Do you know that from 1914 to 1921 every Labor Day Committee made a complete report on the first Sunday following Labor Day showing all Bills paid and all moneys turned over to the Labor Temple Fund?

We have an idea who you are Mr. Ala Baba, and if we are correct in our guess we don't think you're old enough to have been in the game in the days you gangle about.

We know that you get some of your information from one of the Soreheaded Auger users who has ever been trying to nip the movement wide open, simply because he can't have it run to suit his taste. You better quit slinging this dope before we get you. For get you we will.

Before closing this Rumble I must say something about the Temple as I began my Rumble by apologizing for using an old cover that was started 15 months ago. The cover design is emblematic of what every mothers son in the Omaha Labor movement should be doing. Using the Maul for constructive instead of destructive methods. We don't need any outside help to do it either. There is plenty of members if they will each give a little bit to lift the mortgage. If every member in Omaha will give \$1.00 in the 5 months before Labor Day it will be enough. Just think, only 20cents a month. The price of 2 cigars.

Every Temple that has been built by man, from Solomons Temple to the mearest Peanut stand has been started by small subscriptions from someone. It is true that the ultimate owners probably got possession of the property later, but this can be overcome by letting the other fellow alone and paddling your own canoe.

There is no excuse for the labor movement of Omaha not having a Temple, and one that might be a glorious monument to our own

posterity. It lies in the hands of the rank and file. And let me say right here, that as far as the Temple proposition is concerned it has been mostly "Rank".

Wanted: One Word. I have just discovered the shameful exility of the English language, its poverty of expression, its inadequacy as a mental exchange medium, its utter inability to describe what it were a crime to leave uncatalogued. We have a great many vitrolie words, even what the Germans are wont to call "thunder words" but none of them, either singly or in combination, can by the grace of inflection or poetic license, be made to answer my purpose. I want a real nice word with which to signify something awfully nasty; but would for this occasion only dispense with euphemism were it sufficiently expressive. I must have a word woven of a warp of shame and woof of infamy by some foul Dvessa plying her loom among the damned—a word that will signify a featherless two-legged animal who is neither man nor ape; whose soul is but the superation of a sick buzzard

and its cerebral convulsions the writhings of malodorous maggots; who is a criminal and not confined, a lazar and not compelled to cry "unclean"; who is a suppurating sore on the body labor, the guide and informer and friend of the Chamber of Crooks.

That's why I am advertising for a new word - one that will aptly describe this "Rank" part of the "File" that squat on their posteriors and only criticise those that are really doing things. Throw away your Mauls, Hammers and Augers, or use them right. Get up from your squat lest you all stick fast in your own damnable filth. Get busy and do something for the game that has done so much for you.

SALMACUNDI.

An Omaha Gospelshark recently said in a sermon as an excuse for taking up a collection, that "the man who will take a drink of liquor will steal."

That's a pretty hard rub on Jesus Christ, Noah, Solomon, and several other gentlemen whom we have been taught to regard as the equals in respectability of any pulpit-pounder in this Burg.

It is sad to contemplate, Washington and Daniel Webster appropriating other people's property, Socrates swiping the silverware at a symposiae, Plato picking pockets, Grant burglarizing a child's savings bank, or Abraham Lincoln robbing his neighbour's hen.

roosts. I am inclined to think that the man who will make such a statement will lie for a nickel and swear to it for a dime. While it were doubtless the part of wisdom to let liquor alone, it is more apt to make one liberal with his own property than covetous of that of others. The man who will lie, however, will invariably steal if opportunity offers, because no one can perpetrate a falsehood unless absolutely destitute of honor.

Falsehood, theft and cowardice are natural correlatives of each other, and can no more be separated than you can divorce a substance from its shadow.

The Preacher asks the Lord to assist him in the reformation of his own mouth. According to scripture, it is not what goes into a man's face, but what comes out of it that defiles him.

Give the toiler his own, and you may dispense with Rockefeller's magnificent monuments to his own sweet memory. Roben Hood, Jesse James and other marauders of that ilk, were somewhat noted for their generosity; but they never pretended that the giving away of a small percentage of their swag transformed them from disreputable footpads into seraphs feathered like a peacock. They didn't have quite so much hypocrisy as Brother Rockefeller and Andy Carnegie who manage to appropriate the earnings of better people and steer clear of the catch-holes and penitentiary.

The proper adjustment of the relations of labor and capital is a problem that is pressing upon us with ever-increasing power. It is the riddle which the Sphinx of Time is propounding to this Land, and which not to answer is to be destroyed; yet our mining barons and merchant princes and money kings go placidly on grinding the faces of the poor and crying, as did the French aristocrats, "Apress moi le deluge"—after me the deluge! If we cannot answer the Sphinx as yet we may pacify her somewhat and gain time by guaranteeing to labor all the rights it possesses under the law—can remorselessly punish all who invade those rights. We can hang officers who become the willing tools of corporate power and shoot down peaceable strikers to intimidate others into submission to an industrial peonage compared with which Ethiopian slavery was kind. We can make it plain to the boiling millions that this nation's laws are for the rich and poor alike, and thereby

induce them to be patient until the cumulative wisdom of the country has answered the minatory Sphinx at the ballot-box.

Nations grown corrupt with wealth and age may fall, but others strong in youth and innocence will arise. Old faiths may be forgotten, but from other and purer altars will ascend the smoke of sacrifice. The black night of barbarous ignorance may again engulf the world; but "Thou, Eternal Providence, wilt cause the day to dawn."

All life is but a dream, mystic, wonderful and we know not when we sleep nor when we wake.

Man was not made for himself alone, but all were made for each and each for all.

It is man's unrest, his heart-hunger, that drives him on to noble deeds — that lifts him out of the gutter where wallow the dull dumb beasts and places him among the gods.

Methuselah lived 969 years — but that was before the development of "Efficiency".

Nature plays no favorites. When she gives a man a lower-case brain she makes amends by providing him with a display-type mouth.

The man who fights the "Rum Demon" for hire is usually a hypocrite who buys the cheapest hooch to be had and absorbs it out of a jug.

No well-authenticated he-virgin ever succeeded in setting the world on fire

There is a man named Parker in Kentucky who, at the age of 83, is developing a third set of teeth. He is of course, one of the snibel service feeders at the public crib. These Pie-counter Cooties never die and they wear out a half-dozen sets of grinders in time.



TEMPLE NEWS.

Charlie Oaks is with us again. The big Philosopher is ever ready to quote anything from Plato to Billie Sunday. Charlie has shucked enough corn in his day to overload the Grain Exchange. He is a wise bird however; like a Squirrill, in that he shucks when it's time to shuck and lays in for the winter months, which he spends in the real and only Squirrills nest in Omaha. The Labor Temple.

The Ladies Auxillary of the B. of P. Brotherhood gave an entertainment in the Swenoka Auditorium. A Card Party was followed by lunch consisting of Bean Sandwiches. after which a musical number was rendered.

Dan Haggerty the Celtic Jew Jack Rabbit is still working for the Municipality, but keeps his hands as warm as his heart by taking an active part in labor affairs. We hope that when the new Labor Temple is built, he will be asked to take part in the Corner-Stone laying. He went all the way to Fremont about to officiate in laying a corner-stone for a Jewish Synagogue.

They say Herman H. Hillmer is still as much of a Ground-hog as he ever was. He works in two underground caves now. It is said that he never comes to Union meetings any more. How can he? Getting out a German Daily Newspaper on a Press that runs like a Corn-Sheller, and running a Gordon after working hours in another underground dungeon is enough for any ordinary Pressman. We mustn't neglect to say that after all this manual labor he spends what time he has left with his Frau in the Sun-Parlor looking for his Shadow.

A desendent of St. Patrik and a Painter by trade who has seen more snakes than his forefather drove out of Ireland is frequently heard about the Temple of Brawn. He uses language that is not in the Irish dictionary but conceived and concocted by the elements of Corn. He has constituted himself the Host of the Temple by meeting all strangers bidding them welcome to our City. This is usually followed by an invitation to partake or participate in the purchase of the stuff that oils the jaw-bones, and loosens the tongue for such language as Micky is Master of.

Labor Trouble

His Better Half (regarding him from her bedroom window) — "Where you bin this hour of the night?"

"I've been at the union meetin, considin this 'ere strike".

"Well, you can stay down there an consider this 'ere lockout."

Quite Apropos.

A Chap walked into our Sanctum Sanctorium the other day and said:

"Allow me to submit this bear story?"

"The readers of the Ferret don't want bear stories, They want something spicy."

"Well, this is a story about a cinnamen bear."

SYMPATHY

By Ella W. Wilcox

Is the way hard and thorny, oh my brother?
Do tempests beat, and adverse wild winds blow?
And are you spent, and broken at each nightfall,
Yet with each morn you rise and onward go?
Brother, I know, I know!
I, too, have journeyed so.

It is only women with pretty ankles who go
shopping on windy days.

A Prohibitionist is a man who, judging the
world by himself, concludes that it carries its
brains in its belly.

The Last Yelp Of The Dream-Book-Man.

About to tumble out of the Pie-crust and again
become private citizen our Hold-over Labor Comish
got himself into print.

When he first took office it only took him a few
minutes to decide that his main duty was to
administer compensation for injury.

When about to loose his fat job which the Cham-
ber of Commerce got for him, it only took him
a few minutes to decide that his duty was to
interpret and inforce the Child Labor Law.

In his several years as "Labor Comish", and with
his Fat-head Assistant he has never found a
breach in the law in the entire state.

When told about the many violations in our
Industrial communities, he raves about the know-
ing ones not telling him about it. "How can I
prosecute any cases when I know nothing about
them?"

He should have said: "I haven't time to

bother about the children; the Insurance Companies want me to adjust compensation for the Fathers".

In his last days on the Pie-counter he jumps into the lime-light by protesting against a young Genius appearing on the Stage to play a Violin.

Sammy Carmell can't play a Fiddle for the benefit of Science, but if he was packing Speggittie in Skinners until his little fingers would bleed, Mr. Kennedy and Larsen would both shut their eyes and never peep about their sworn duty.

Neither of these Birds know anything about Labor Laws. They had nothing to do with their enactment, but have both striven to overthrow any law that might be of benefit.

When the Labor movement of Nebraska was trying to get favorable laws on the Statute Books, Mr. Kennedy was busy fighting Louis V. Guy for Advertising Plumb, and his fat-head Assistant was pounding ten-penny nails in two-by-fours.

No sane laboring-man nor any of those that made the fight for a Child Labor Law ever intended that it should be enacted for the purpose of destroying genius in children, but rather for the purpose of fostering the same.

It was intended to remove from the Factory

and sweat-shop the children, that the Father might earn sufficient to keep the children in school that they might get that education that would make them better men and women.

We have never heard young Sammy Carmell, but if the opportunity presents itself we shall ask him as a special favor to play Chopin's Funeral Denge over your departure from the Pie-counter as a Labor Commissioner.

We didn't hear you peep when this young Genius played before the Chamber of Commerce; perhaps you were there among your own breed, and didn't dare protest for fear of offending your friends who spoke to McKelvie for you.

If Ignorance is a dark ally, Kennedy and Larsen must be twin Boulevards lit up with lamps and kept trimmed by the Chamber of Commerce.

A motorist and his good looking wife pulled into a garage with the old car wheezing a lungless groan. As the Cotter-key pusher approached the motorist said: "Well I guess she's about all worn out. This morning I choked her - kicked her over - gave her gas - stepped on her and nearly broke my back trying to turn her over. Last week I cussed her and let her Insurance run out. Since then I've left her out all night. Take her back in the shop and work her over - tell me if she'll ever be any good or if I oughta trade her in on a new one."

The Cotter-key pusher, lifted his gaze from the woman for the first time, promptly felt over dead. The Boss called Wilson on the phone and told him to send up another man that had a stronger heart and less brains.

Baker get the mop; Jack Holey missed the spittoon.

The Grand Old Man of the Omaha Labor movement who lives by the sea just paited his boat and went out to fish. After being out on the lake for about an hour he caught a big carp. While cleaning the fish? he found in his belly a peice of crumpled paper. Upon investigation he found it to be a C.L.U. indorsement for some guy for Labor Commissioner dated 1906. The indorsement should have been kept by the guy, because there is no Statute of Limitations on a C.L.U. indorsement.

Little Drops of Water,
Little Grains of Corn,
Make me wish this morning,
That I was never born.

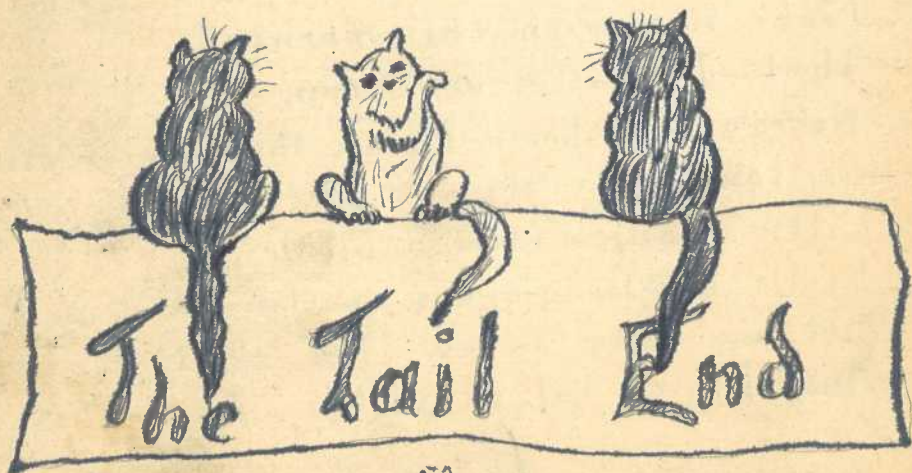
Nobody ever heard Mickey the Painter sing this song. He sings:

Little pennies make a nickle
Little nickles make a quarter
Let me take a few, I'm short,
And I'll go get a quart.

We must again apologize for this number, but promise more current topics for the next. We will also give you more personal notes about some of the leading lights in the movement. We won't forget any of the many notable miss-leading lights either.

If it's possible to secure a good live wire Reporter who can mingle among the patrons of the Temple we will do so.

We can't tell when the next issue will be published, but none of you pay any subscriptions for this periodical, so why the Hell should you care.





At the Circulating
Managers Desk for
everybody to read.

It must be returned,
Remember This!

Editorius