

## Say Hello!

When you see a man in woe, walk right up and say "Hello!"  
Say "Hello, and how d'you do; how's the world a-using you?"  
Slap the fellow on his back, bring your hand down with a smack,  
Walk right up, don't be slow, smile, shake, and say "Hello!"

If he's rags from top to toe, walk right up and say "Hello!"  
Poverty's no disgrace, hard luck may stare him in the face;  
Rags are but a cotton roll, just for wrapping up a soul,  
And a soul is worth a true hale and hearty "How d'you do!"

When big vessels meet, they say, they salute and pass away;  
Just the same with you and me, lone some ships upon Life's sea;  
Each one sailing his own jag, each one looking out for fog.  
So let your speaking trumpet blow, give a blast and shout "Hello!"

Say "Hello, and how d'you do," other folks are as good as you,  
Say it, too, as if 'twere meant, surely that doesn't cost a cent.  
Fortune's fickle, and some day poverty may cross your way;  
'Twould be sweet then, you'll allow, to hear some old friend say "Hello!"  
—Gus Williams.

## Will Labor Ever Learn

(By Herbert N. Casson.)

Will labor ever learn to organize first and strike afterwards, instead of striking first and organizing afterwards?

This is the lesson taught by the recent strike of the meat packers in Chicago. It is not true that the loss of that strike proved the weakness of organized labor. On the contrary, it proved the weakness of unorganized labor, even when heroically assisted by trades unionism.

It is not true that the meat packers were organized. Their unionism was not worthy of the name. A man is not a union man because he joined the union last night.

A mob of men, with union cards on which the ink is still wet, is not a union any more than a pile of bricks is a house.

Good union men can't be made "while you wait." Military men say it takes three years in the field to make a soldier.

When Oliver Cromwell set out to thrash King Charles he took a body of men and drilled them until no army on earth could defeat them. Then he went on strike against King Charles, and the king lost the strike, with his head to boot.

When "Mad Anthony" Wayne set out to thrash the Indians in Western Pennsylvania, he took a body of men out into the forest and kept them there for six months. When he had them tougher than hemlock and keener than wildcats, he led them against the Indians and swept their villages off the map.

The day has gone by when a strike could be won by a crowd and a half dozen fists in the air. Numbers alone won't help you win a strike, any more than putting on six pair of breeches will help you win a foot race.

What can you expect of a union that can't get twenty members to a business meeting?

What can you expect of a union when it's like pulling teeth to collect dues?

What can you expect of a union when the five or six members who understand unionism don't care enough about it to explain it to the others, and when the others don't care enough about it to listen?

What can you expect of a union when the rank and file sit in the wagon and expect the officers of the union to pull them up the hill of prosperity?

Unionism is a big subject. I have been studying it for twelve years, and I don't know it all yet. But one fact that I am sure of is this—the cure for weak unionism is strong unionism.

In every case during the past year, in Chicago and Colorado especially, the men who went on strike were practically unorganized men. They were Italians and Hungarians and Poles, who know little or nothing of unionism until after their strikes began.

The wages of the meat packers and of the Colorado miners were being forced down to the point of chattel slavery. The men cried out in their misery and the trade union organizers sprang to help them.

It was non-unionism that brought the Chicago and Colorado workers down to less than \$7 per week. Don't forget that. And it was unionism that tried to pull them up. Don't forget that.

If the crude mass of untrained laborers, weighted down by racially politicians, and a horde of scabs, could not be lifted up to the level of unionism, don't blame the heroic few who tried to do the job.

A strike should always be a last resort. It is as necessary to have in reserve as a revolver in the Philippines; but it is always a gun that shoots at both ends.

## Prize Competition

Men, Women or Children, a Valuable Musical Box with 12 Popular Airs, will be given to the writer of the most popular short story sent us for publication. Story must be short, founded on truth, and bearing on unionism.

**DON'T MISS THIS OPPORTUNITY**

If a body of wage-workers is being unfairly treated, it should begin to prepare for a strike. It should close up its ranks and begin to hold educational meetings. It should raise its dues and pile up a strike fund.

It should hire the best lawyers in the city. In industrial battles lawyers are like cannon. You can't fight without them, and the bigger your guns the better.

It should subsidize the daily papers, if possible. This can generally be done by putting a \$10 notice of union meetings in the paper once a week. With a little diplomacy, newspapers come cheap.

It should get ready and then wait for the best time. What union can hope to win when there is an army of unemployed outside the factory doors?

There is no better motto for a labor union than the motto of the Roman general, Fabius—"Be patient till the proper time comes, and when you strike, strike hard."

During the past year the unions in the building trades in New York City have almost wrecked themselves by ordering a series of half-baked strikes. The man who led the labor parade last year was afterward convicted of extortion, and the man who led the parade this year is now being tried for the same offense.

How can a trade union hope to win public sympathy when it flounders into a strike with tainted leaders and an empty treasury? This is the straight question which the labor press must keep before the unions.

The ideal union is the one which secures the highest wages and the shortest day by the fewest strikes.

A leader who keeps his union always on the firing line is a wreck. His aim is sure to be either glory or boodle, and not the welfare of his union.

Our great work is to build up the unions. When a union is so strong that it commands the respect of the politicians and the newspapers and the general public, it will also command the respect of its employers.

We all need to have a larger idea of what a union should be. As long as thousands of men are not willing to pay more than \$6 a year to their union, they may expect it to be a cheap and shoddy affair.

A trade union is not a raffle, where you put in ten cents and hope to get a gold watch. It is a business organization, which gives you back value for all that you put in.

Everything worth while takes time and money. You cannot educate the masses by saying "Hurrah, boys." To unionize the working people is, Carlyle said, "the greatest task in the world."

## Kill the Poor!

Miss L. Graham Grozier startled Philadelphia the other day by advocating that the children of the slums be chloroformed, and thus rid society of them and their misery. Miss Graham begins at the wrong end. What is needed is the chloroforming of the rich parasites who make the slums and their miseries. The slums are an effect, not a cause. To kill off their inmates would only precipitate another bunch into them; thus the murder would have to be repeated. But if those who gather wealth have not sowed were done away with, that would end the matter, for they are the ones who force people into slum life and crime. The rich are the ones who make the slums. The rich, as a rule, are criminals as we see plainly by the recent exposure of graft. Every grafter is a big subject. I have been studying it for twelve years, and I don't know it all yet. But one fact that I am sure of is this—the cure for weak unionism is strong unionism.

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## Cuba's Capitalized Sunshine

Editor, The Tribune:

Dear Sir,—Many workers, finding life more strenuous than profitable here in the north, are taking the Cuban fever, and staking their little all on a plunge in the dark—a darkness illuminated only by highly colored reports of promoters as to the wonderful fertility of that country.

There seems to be a mild form of hypnotism in a continued line of advertising. Not only does it hypnotize the morals of our daily press, subverting truth, but ultimately hallucinating the victims it was intended to reach and catch. "Hutch" or "Pale Pills for Cane People" glare from every billboard; they aggravate the eye on entering a street car, and from every wall and barn roof are reflected back and burn themselves into the mind of the weary passengers on a railway journey. This continuous suggestion at last in a measure convinces the public there must be some virtue in the particular dope.

It is on this principle that "Cuba, the Land of Sunshine" is being worked into the unsuspecting public mind.

Having in my possession correspondence with two Toronto boys now at Holguin, Cuba, I feel it my duty to submit, with their permission, some extracts:

Letter dated Aug. 27, 1905:  
"Arrived at Neuvitas July 2nd. Very hot there."

"Arrived at La Gloria July 3rd. Very hot. Many mosquitoes, and people wanting to sell out. Nobody with any money—all broke. No way to make money. Cannot ship goods from La Gloria, as there is no way of getting out except by the Zanzi, which is a narrow ditch about 20 feet wide and 18 inches deep, full of insects, and is three miles long. It took us nine hours to go from Neuvitas, and when leaving La Gloria it took us about 30 hours, all sail boat traffic."

"Stayed three weeks in La Gloria, and was just about disgusted with the whole business, as no one knows anything about land, fruit or vegetables there. No money in honey; sold here in Cuba anywhere from 10c to 50c a gallon, according to season. No money in bananas; cannot grow decent ones here (evidently refers to the particular district—G. C.) Sugar cane monopolized. When we left La Gloria sugar cane was our idea, and the reason we left was to get work in a sugar mill to learn the truth. We missed the train and stopped at Camaguey two days; were enlightened somewhat as to sugar growing, so struck for Holguin, where we found it was monopolized. . . . With regard to the other fellows, tell them if you want to there is no use coming down here with less than \$1,000. . . . The climate is simply grand. No words can describe it."

Letter dated Nov. 20, 1905, from Holguin, Cuba:

"Cuba, the land of sunshine," the truest words ever spoken. "Cuba, the land of wealth," the truest words ever spoken, for there is no tax on land or anything else once purchased; taxes are all collected at the custom house, so I say, the land of wealth for the trusts and land speculator. This refers to the country; I do not know about the cities.

"The wages of men here show clearly that the sunshine has been capitalized, for the people need very little clothing, no fire for heat, a house made of leaves, and their wages are therefore 80 cents per day for hours that begin at sunrise and end at sunset."

"The western portion of the island is going to be looked into by us before we purchase any land, as there is no market, local, at this end of the island. As to the market at the other end, for truck farming, the Chinese have it fixed at the minimum. Again, any advantages that are offered over there are capitalized in the land."

"The land where we are now living was bought for \$350 per acre, and is now held at \$60; and there is no government road, school or post office within five miles. But before the land company got hold of it there were about 70 scholars went to school here; now all these families are gone."

"The tobacco lands you speak of have all been bought up by the Tobacco Trust, and those that have not are too high even for the trust. Sugar cane is monopolized by the Sugar Trust."

"Citrus fruit, such as oranges, etc., have yet to prove a success to any extent, although good reports are coming in."

"We are having trouble with our experiment (onion crop), as we cannot get

rain, so as to be able to put it in the ground; our stuff is all in seed-beds yet, and we are a month late. I guess you will see us again before long."

Letter dated Holguin, Cuba, Jan. 7th, 1906:  
"Onions doing well, but grass and weeds do a sight better."

"Yes, use our names, or either of our names. Publish anything we send you, because we back it up."

"It is all right for people to read of enormous profits, of enormous prices to be received for your crops, for your goods of any description. This has the effect of making people anxious to come to Cuba and reap some of the enormous profits. But let them stop and consider. First, that when they read in the paper that an acre of land will produce 2,000 lbs., say of any article, the price at 10c per lb., equals \$2,000. If the readers would stop for a minute; not jump at conclusions, but sit down and figure for themselves, perhaps they would find that 2,000 at 10c per pound comes to \$200, instead of \$2,000. Of course such notices in the paper might easily be a printer's mistake, but it is wise to do a little figuring for oneself. Second, when a person lands in Cuba, his land is not bubbling over with \$ marks, only the speculators' land does that. He is more likely to find one of the most dense forests and underbrush that could grow and leave room for air space."

His first proposition is to clear his land and cut down the timber, which is usually left lying on the ground for a year, so as to dry to enable the burning thereof. They speak so much about being able to pay for your land with the timber. Well, you might if you kept it long enough, but at present, in most places, you can't give it away. It doesn't pay to haul it. This done, there is stumping and grubbing; this takes time, according to the number of men at work. Then plowing. Land must be plowed two or three times to make it fit to use, and each time left for a month; the longer the better, so the sun and air can fix it up and the weeds and grass are killed out."

"It would be a year and a half before he would get properly started, and then find he is past the season for planting his ideal crop. Cuba has planting seasons. This idea of three and four crops a year is mostly speculative business. To plant at the right season you are dead lucky if you get a crop, for the rain is so irregular. My point here is, what is going to keep them during the preparation of the land. He must remember he had already seen reports in the paper re high prices of goods, and he is going to be a consumer for nearly two years before he gets a cent from his land. The Cuban dream is all right to think about. Another little point is, a city in Cuba does not necessarily imply that there are a certain number of persons collected at a certain point: one house or farm is often called the 'City of —'. This helps to sell land also."

The writer, with above correspondence before him, is convinced that Cuba, like other tropical countries, is fertile almost beyond the power of language to describe; at the same time it is possible for the first on the ground to capitalize it all into mortgages for subsequent crops.

Mr. John Z. White, speaking at the Labor Temple, covered this point when he remarked that if the Creator were today to rain manna from heaven, as in olden days, the land owners would rake it into wind-rows and capitalize it into rent.

If this letter cures any cases of Cuban fever, prevents the breaking up of a home without investigation of what is offering, or saves some toiler his hard earned money from investment in a Cuban swamp or land under water, it will have served its purpose.

Yours respectfully,

GEO. CARTWRIGHT.

No. 271 North Ligar St., Toronto.

## IRON MOULDERS STRIKE

The Fight With the McClary Mfg. Co. of London Still Goes On.

From the Industrial Banner:

The strike of the iron moulders at the McClary Manufacturing Company's plant in London is being resolutely maintained, and all indications point to its growing effectiveness. During the past few months every issue of the Banner has chronicled steadily decreasing staffs in the stove mounting and metal polishing departments, where no strike exists, and a constant reduction in the working hours. The past month has proved no exception to the general rule, as since our January issue these departments have been further reduced to eight hours per day and no work on Saturdays. This also, despite the fact that the iron molding shop is running full time. One of the most laughable incidents regarding the strike is the squibs that have of late appeared in the daily papers. They appear as ordinary items of news, but to Londoners who know the true state of affairs, they are received with a quiet smile, for they are on to the game, and know with what intent they are inserted. For instance, one item, written apparently to show how fast the North West was growing up, but designedly to create an impression that the McClary Co. had actually sold a few stoves, gave the information that at a certain point where a member of the firm had been travelling

ten years ago, and where there was at that time no settlers whatever, the McClary Co. had shipped four carloads of stoves. Of course, the name of the place was not mentioned, and it was not even stated if the stoves were shipped a year ago or in 1900. It was a harmless appearing item, remarkable for the information it did not give. It gave an impression, and that was all. It said something, but really meant nothing.

Then again, the agents and sellers of the McClary stoves had a meeting in London. That was certainly within their right, and was only sensible, considering the awful dropping away of business. The funny part, however, was the papers announcing that most encouraging reports had been received from all quarters, and that 1905 had been the most prosperous year in the history of the firm, and that the management would run the works to their full capacity and keep their one thousand hands fully employed, as stock was very low owing to big shipments of stoves. At the very time the assertion was made the stock rooms were filled with stoves, and the pile constantly growing, staffs were being steadily reduced and the working hours shortened. There is no need upon our part to repeat our statements of the past few months. We have tried to give the truth and nothing but the truth, and we are in a position to know that they are incontrovertible. The iron moulders are perfectly satisfied at the outlook, and feel gratified to know that the people of Canada are backing them. They came out expecting a long and a hard fight, and are prepared to carry it on to a logical conclusion. All we can add is that so far results have surpassed their brightest expectations, and they are in the ring to the finish.

The Gurney Foundry Company, of Toronto, makers of Oxford stoves and ranges, etc., have shut down for a period of three months. This is something that has never occurred before in the history of the firm. A few of their non-union moulders have been giving the McClary Company, of London, a lift, and so the fight goes merrily on. We wonder whether the Gurneys will claim that this is the most prosperous year they have ever enjoyed. We rather imagine they will hardly make a bluff like that. They are getting where the labor unions prophesied they would get when the fight started four years ago. When a firm deliberately antagonizes 300,000 union men and as many more sympathizers, it is safe to believe that sooner or later a shut-down will be in sight. The union men of Canada are perfectly aware that the Gurney fight is still on, and when they need a new stove they propose to patronize a firm that has no trouble with the unions. The Gurney Company cannot make the boast that they are working overtime because union men are rushing to try their Oxford stoves and ranges. Not on your life.

The Bakers' strike is still on.

## Union Label Still Reigns

Hamilton.—Mayor Biggar and the members of the Council will not be obliged to face charges of conspiracy at the higher court in connection with the charges laid several weeks ago by Thos. Pyle, in an effort to have the city discontinue its rule to employ only union labor and require union labels on policemen's and firemen's clothing. Magistrate Jeffs gave judgment to-day, deciding that there was not sufficient evidence on one charge to send the case up, and that the other clauses were not properly laid to cover any statutory offence.

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