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## INDUSTRIAL EUROPE SEEN THROUGH AMERICAN EYES

### A Day with a French Artisan—His Work, His Food, His Amusements, His Home and His Wages.

Paris, France, July 26. French art, as well as the English ones, are a man in the hands of labor. French workers begin their day's toil at daylight, and continue it until sundown. This, however, is not the case with factory employees, whose hours are from 10 hours a week to 12 hours a week. It is evident that no worker can do his job very best with an eight-hour day. A French working class, with all its civility, its educational display, its gaiety and seeming abundance of ease, has a tired look. When the nine hours—and then it does in great strides in Paris, where any where from 150,000 to 200,000 gallons of more a day are consumed—there is little, song and—women, yet I have seen a drunken person in France, an individual display of affection between two men. The only thing that I have seen that in the United States would be called indecent are the pictures of nude men and women in almost every respectable attitude, but save the windows of stores on the boulevards as well as those of the more humble merchants on the back streets.

A Day with a French Wage Earner. I'm not all you know the average French citizen lives, and you can then see for yourself that he is not the ideal of a man's position. In England, I followed John May from daybreak until sundown, though I have yet to be given my impressions on writing. In France, John had a family of seven children—three boys and four girls. He was in the morning about five o'clock if he has far from his work, a little later if he is walking in the city. If employed in a factory in Paris, he may be compelled to arrive until seven o'clock, but the clock says that he will begin his day's toil at five.

His day to work he steps at some street stand and drinks a cup of coffee, two cents, mercifully supplying the piece of bread he has brought with him. This is a quick meal, in fact, the only one I have seen partake of in France with any appearance of haste. Jean has with him a glass of beer, which he will not follow—strikes anything alcoholic with his breakfast. If breakfast a cup of coffee, with or without milk, and a bit of bread—it can be called.

The alcoholic joys of the bell rings and the grind is on. There is deliberation in the movements of Jean. The effects of the toil of other days and nights show in him. He is not at his best, and in the work suffers either in quantity or quality. But when the clock shows at 8:30 Jean gets a drink, a bit of wine will be a moderate refreshment. He may have a package of coffee and bread, and he considers himself justified in slipping during the half-hour rest at the wine bottle, the wine being from those to whom power in a glass and mixed with a generous amount of water.

The Midday Rest. From 9 to 11:30 Jean goes steadily at his job, that is, steadily for a Frenchman. He by no means breaks his back working. His movements are leisurely, his work is not very dignified. He works with a purpose, however. Experience tells him that doing something makes the time pass quicker—the time that the employers are ready and he can get.

A few moments after the noon hour, 11:30 to 12:30 Jean is found in a restaurant near his work, enjoying beef or some other soup, 2 to 3 cents; meat, 4 to 5 cents; a vegetable, perhaps beans, or a slice of ham, 2 to 3 cents; cheese, 2 to 3 cents, and bread 2 cents. He has also ordered a pint of stout, bottle of wine, to 10 cents, which is consumed before the meal is completed and which occupies every minute of the hour allowed. The cigarette or the pipe and digestion while Jean is "sustaining back to his job."

I have seen a laborer stop mixing mortar to light his pipe. I have seen the man lay down his trowel to start his cigarette. I have seen a garbage man stop in his team and almost stop traffic in order to enjoy his smoke and which the movements of the cart prevented him starting. It was all French—very French.

Or, using something more lively, Jean instead of going to a cafe after supper, withdraws into one of the saloons where coffee, as they are called, the doors are wide open. There are neither tickets, sellers or ticket takers. Inside the arrangements are much like those in an American theatre, except that in front of every seat and fastened to the back of the seat is a shelf to hold glasses.

The curtains are up and out comes a man singing who makes a lot of money. The first singer is a woman, and she, too, sings on the same notes as the man. From the suggestive words and applications, it is either a matter of passion! Half the audience consists of women who sing as little as the men at the story of how the wife found the husband or how the lover captured the affections of the spinning girl.

Meanwhile a singer has made the rounds to take orders for drinks or confections, and later a waiter collects from each visitor 20 cents or less, which pays for both seat and refreshments. As the intermission everybody goes out to walk the street or crowd the drinking places nearby, and then go back, taking the old seat, to see the conclusion of the performance, which is usually a one-act play, in three acts.

Halt! Women not the Exception. In the theatre, as well as on the streets, halloo women are in the majority. I asked a friend who has for half a decade lived in Paris if this was a new fact. "No," he answered, "I doubt if most of these women ever owned a hat. They were first habited from necessity, and it has now become a custom. With them, the expenses of living do not include the cost of Parisian trimmed bonnets. They would hardly know what to do with hats if they had them."

If these women had no hats, they generally had something more beautiful, magnificent heads of hair, such as Fanny's, which she sold that Cosette might have medicine to carry her through her supposed sickness—the fairy story of the Thénardiens to a distracted mother. But that all is told in Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables."

It seemed to me that these cheap theatres were neither morally nor intellectually elevating. Two things were apparent—suggestive jokes or imitations, and like all the "bourgeois" of the middle class. The excursions of home are highly held, and because the employment is more easily than the job, the man who is the employer the man who is the employer, Jean looks upon him as his mortal enemy, to eliminate which is his invariable ultimatum. But this is a defect in American and English, as well as French workers. They fail to attempt to hit the right head.

Jean finally goes home at midnight, drops into a dreamless sleep, and awakes at five in the morning to begin another day's grind.

As to Wages. Jean being an average workman, he may finally receive as high as 5 francs—41 cents a day. There are men who are getting too to exceed 50 cents; others are paid 80 cents, \$1.45, \$1.40, and even \$1.80 a day—the last a top notch price, depending great skill. A short time ago Paris omnibus drivers were working 14 to 16 hours a day for as low as wages of 60 cents—4 francs. They are now, thanks to a successful strike, receiving 4 to 5 francs for 12 to 14 hours' work.

Most of the wages of the French workman are spent on his stomach. Rent may take \$20 to \$40 a year, fuel is a very small item, and water does not cost any great figure. It is the table that costs, and, this supplied, Jean Main is a happy man. When fully in the ruling class, to turn the screws to the point where the pressure drives the human French working animal to such desperation that he erects barricades, pulls down monuments, glorifying the deeds of his oppressors, and if success

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agency, we believe a grand work could be accomplished in teaching the toilers what they need to know.

LABOR DAY. It is to be regretted that the toilers of Canada are unable to get to have an industrial exhibition on Labor Day. It is only natural that the toilers in a Christian country should expect our industrial institutions to be run on Christian principles.

TO-DAY. To-day we are seeing the seeds of industrial reform broadcast, and some-day humanity will reap the harvest in an industrial reformation.

IN ENGLAND. At the annual Congress of the Co-operative Union they have an exhibition of products owned and controlled by the co-operators.

OUR NEIGHBOURS. Every day we meet people that have just come from the old world to live in Canada, and it would be a grand thing for Canada if these newcomers would be as enthusiastic in becoming acquainted with Canada and Canadian affairs as they are in talking about the old land.

IT IS A PITY. It is a pity that so many of the new comers will persist in living in the past instead of becoming deeply interested in the future welfare of Canada.

AFTER. After they have decided to live in this country, it does certainly appear to be the best thing for them to do is to become thoroughly Canadian instead of persistently treating Canadian affairs with indifference.

CANADA. Canada offers every advantage to the toilers who are coming here if they could only be persuaded to study "Canada" as a whole.

AUSTRALIA. In Australia we have a splendid example of what the toilers can do at the ballot box as a straight labor party.

ENGLAND. In England we have another splendid example of what the toilers can do by co-operating in the store, the workshop, factory and farm.

IN CANADA. We have another example of what the toilers can do by co-operation by the way they are securing the franchise.

LABOR. When we glance through the Anglo-Saxon world we are impressed with the great emphasis the Anglo-Saxon toilers place on a straight labor movement on the lines of co-operation in preference to socialism.

THE TOILER. If some arrangement could be made to persuade the toilers to celebrate Labor Day in Canada by sending 50 cents for one year's subscription to this paper, 97 1/2 subscribers would be secured.

A GREAT HELP. The co-operators in England have found their 2 1/2 per cent. educational fund a great help in teaching the people about the principles of co-operation.

A FEW MEN. If a few men that are deeply interested in the toilers would get together and start a leading labor newspaper

as ourselves. We can do this very well except in business, and of course we have been told "business is business," and we might say that the business man's conscience is very elastic these days on the question of right or wrong.

A TENDENCY. We are pleased to see that there is a tendency among the toilers to formulate a straight labor party in Sydney, C.N.

IT WILL COME. No matter how much we as toilers cling to the old parties of the past, it will come to a straight labor party for Canada.

A DIFFICULT QUESTION. When the toilers are told by the private owners of industrial institutions that they will run their own business as they please, it certainly puts the toilers up against a serious problem as long as they treat the principles of co-operation among themselves with indifference.

TORONTO. In the fast approaching Dominion election, with the toilers of Toronto and a straight labor man to represent them, or will they continue to cling to their old love?

OUR MAN. To-day one man rises from the ranks of the toilers and makes some other toilers his slaves. How long will we be before we decide that all toilers shall rise and all become free?

IF WE WOULD. If we would sit down and think about our much boasted industrial liberty, we would see that what the toilers need to-day is industrial freedom. But this we can never obtain until the toilers of Canada cease trying to become an employer of wage slaves to workers.

SHRINK KINGDOM. It looks like the church records as if the day for extending Christ's kingdom on earth by reforming the individual is a thing of the past, and unless we agree to have Christian principles govern our industrial institutions, it is useless to ask men to become Christians.

LOVE THY NEIGHBOUR. Christ told us to love our neighbors as ourselves.

Such a time may arrive for you unexpectedly, but it may require "just a little more money." Prepare to meet it now by opening a Savings Account at the King and Bathurst St. Branch of the Bank of Toronto. It has special facilities for private accounts and Union funds. Start to Save Now to provide for the opportunity when it occurs, by opening an account with Mr. Cathbertson, Manager Bank of Toronto King and Bathurst Street Branch.

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