

Standard Oil John

Ten million laborers sweat and toil,
Increasing my wealth and fame,
With wages small. But tell them all
Our interest is all the same.

Their labor leaders repeat my words,
And politics hold at bay,
Which pleases me, as I like to see
Them vote in the good old way.

For some stand pat for the Democrat,
And some for the G. O. P.,
But both will use the riot gun
Whenever it pleases me.

They split their forces in the great sham
fight,
For none understand the game;
To whichever wins of my faithful twins,
I "boodle" just the same.

They cast their vote for a twelve-hour
bowl,
And strike for an eight-hour day;
Which cheers me so that I overflow
With mirth and reduce their pay.

They strike like men, but they vote like
seals,
And land in the big bullpen;
Hence I laugh "Ha! ha!" but my
interests are
The same as the workingmen.
—Baltimore Sun.

WORKINGMENS EXTRAVAGANCE Only Too True That Tollers Spend Most of Their Earnings

It has been suggested by those of the Parry faith that the labor journals of the country could render better assistance to the workman by pointing out his extravagance than by inciting him to demand shorter hours and higher wages, and that much of his poverty is brought upon himself not by small incomes, but by willful waste of that which he earns. In other words, he should be content with a little less luxury. We stand corrected, and submit our Apollo-like form to those who reprove us for use of a doormat. We salame low to the mighty intellects which have discovered that the workingmen of this country have any luxury which they have not fought for and wrested from the hands of greedy employers.

They are right and we are wrong. It is true that there are thousands of laboring men in this country who work only ten or twelve hours a day for \$1 per diem, and then go home and squander it for bread and meat and potatoes and fuel and clothes and house rent for themselves, their wives and half a dozen children perhaps. The workingmen are doubtless grievously at fault. Many who receive the princely stipend of \$6 a week for factory work lavish it all upon their families and fairly riot in luxury, instead of laying by slathers of ducats for the proverbial rainy day. Perhaps not one in one hundred of the 1,000,000 idle men are saving a cent. Doubtless the man whose reward for a year's labor is \$350 ought to keep out of debt! Clearly the poverty of these fellows is due to their own improvidence, and they deserve no pity—the fool and his money are soon parted.

The workman is evidently going too rapid a gait. He must apply the Westinghouse airbrake to himself—must learn to court the drowsy god of Morpheus on the soft side of a plank with clouds for coverlet, attire himself in cotton bagging and live on locusts like blessed John the Baptist. By so doing he might accumulate enough in a long and industrious lifetime to purchase his own hemlock coffin, instead of arriving on the other side as an assistant immigrant, duly tagged by the county undertaker. So fed and clothed and housed, he would probably meet with the unqualified approval of those who live on the fruit of his labor—who neither toil nor spin, yet make the glory of Solomon ashamed.

Too true, the workingman is extravagant. He should not consume food and drink or wear clothes or live in a

house. He should exist on air and sleep on the back lots. He ought to clothe himself in righteousness alone, perhaps, and refuse to take any money in the form of wages from his good, kind boss, who hates to part with it so bitterly. This world wasn't made for workingmen. It was built for bosses to lie back in and get rich off the labors of others. It is all a mistake, this idea that working people should live like human beings. They don't deserve it even if they do create all the wealth and enable the capitalists to exist in idleness and luxury.—Baltimore Labor Leader.

Keep At It.

"How shall we teach trade unionists to buy only union-made goods?" has been asked. By keeping continually at them. It took a hundred years or more to teach the people the wrong of human slavery, and "scabbery" is only another form of slavery. But people learn more rapidly now than in the old days, and the workman is learning fast to look after his own interests in every way. The unionist who deliberately buys scab goods is helping the man who employs the scab to make them.—Ex.

THE POWER OF THE WORK-GIRL.

Working girls, nowadays, have much to do with the governing of the world, and, perhaps, since all cannot marry, this is one of the fine plans of the Ever-Wise to prevent the beauties and benefits of woman's influence from being wasted or lost. The girl at home moulds her brothers' and their friends' ideas of girls and women by her words and actions. The girl at business daily presents to the busy men about her the example of a gracious womanliness, lending itself to sanctify and uplift the crudities and hardness of commercial dealings. Sometimes she, alas! gives instead the picture of a girl to whom little is sacred, and work least of all. The maiden who does not do her best with pen or machine, fingers and brain, for the wages she earns, lowers all women in the eyes of those who observe her. She is unworthy of the noble name of "worker." No man or boy is better for knowing an empty-headed girl whose sole interests in life are novels, amusement, and frocks, and who performs her tasks in a slovenly, indifferent fashion. She simply tells them by her actions that women are stupid, lazy, and devoid of conscientiousness.

Still, one should always remember to take care not to grow too wise for so great a pleasure of life as laughter.

No woman wants her husband to be jealous of her, but at the same time she wants to be considered good looking.

It rather takes the edge off the doctor's bill to be able to tell the neighbors how many nights you had to sit up with the sick child.

Almost any woman will agree with you that She Made Her Husband What He Is, but often she cannot tell you what line of work her husband is engaged upon at present.

It is odd, but if a poor man should suddenly become rich we should dislike him as much for being wealthy as we now pity him for being poor.

Moral reflection, child, is the way one thinks when contemplating the mistakes of somebody else.

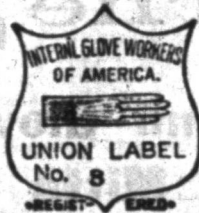
Spending your money as fast as you make it is foolish. Spending it faster than you make it is financial genius.

Life is a problem. If you stay at home all summer you envy those who went away; if you go away you envy those who stayed at home.

Be sure that the firm you order your coal from has the union label on their delivery wagons.



Tile Layers Int. U. 37



Great Interest

"I love my fellow men; I take great interest in him."—R. Kefeller.
And from him.

Bakers' strike still on.

Toronto District Labor Council Label Committee.

GREETING.

At the last meeting of the District Labor Council the following recommendation of the Label Committee was adopted:

"Your Committee find that dense ignorance prevails as to what the different labels are like. To overcome this ignorance your Committee discussed the possibility of publishing a label directory. We find that now we have a medium in THE TRIBUNE, by which we can familiarize the public with all labels. Your Committee recommends that all crafts having a label be asked to publish a cut of their label in THE TRIBUNE every week, as we feel that this is more practical than a label directory."

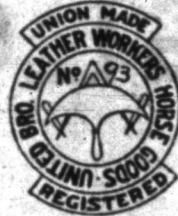
The Label Committee feel that this method of advertising your label will have good result, as it will be brought before the people continually, whereas a label directory would not be so effective. The Label Committee are continuously met with the objec-

tion "we do not know the label when we see it." If this method of advertising your label is followed this objection can no longer exist.

We therefore ask your co-operation in this matter, feeling confident that an impetus will be given to the demand for labeled goods. Fraternally yours,
T. C. VODDEN, Chairman of Committee, MAY DARWIN, Secretary.



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