

THE TYPOGRAPHER

ISSUED BY

UNION PRINTERS OF VANCOUVER

AN A

SOUVENIR FOR LABOR DAY.

Thursday, August 11, 1892.

LABOR DAY.

One of the classics of our language is a poem by Thomas Dekker, who died in 1632, the refrain of which is, "Honest labor wears a lovely face;" and in the dead and indeed dark past that were true, how much more so is it in the closing days of the nineteenth century, which has witnessed the development of the highest type of civilization the world has ever seen. The position of the workman occupies to-day is a proud one, for if he directs his God-given energies aright he may be the peer of any. One of the objects of Labor Day is to bear testimony to the fact that honest labor does wear a lovely face, as the toilers show their numerical strength in orderly procession, listen to addresses on the dignity of their calling, and take part in feats of skill or strength, the least of pure enjoyment concluding with intellectual nourishment that educates while it delights. Unionism now has its grand outing, and displays by the harmony that marks its festival the spirit of its organization. It is founded on the basis of self-protection and mutual help, and best conserves the objects of its being when it carries these out in their literal significance. The working men of Vancouver, whose fortunes are bound up with the progress of the city in the future of which they all feel a deep interest, now celebrate their third Labor Day, which they have endeavored to make as successful as they possibly could, to the end that all those citizens who sympathize with the part they play in the body politic might enjoy with them a holiday uninterrupted by care. Fully sensible as it is of the responsibilities cast upon it as an important constituent of the general community, the laboring element can always be depended upon to co-operate with the other classes in promoting whatever is calculated to be of lasting advantage to the youngest, though not the least powerful, offshoot of this fair Dominion which we fondly boast as the land of our birth or adoption. Let the day then be one of unalloyed pleasure, so that it may in future years be looked back upon with memories fragrant of the good times had in the long ago, where the red sands

of the Pacific sparkle in the sunlight!

EIGHT HOURS.

Far-away Australasia is leading the van in the eight-hour work-day movement. "Eight hours' work, eight hours' recreation, and eight hours' rest," is her motto. Now that the initiative has been taken, may the good work go on. Can any sane man say this is unreasonable. The tolling masses ought to have eight hours only to produce, eight hours to admire and beautify by their production, and eight hours to rest their minds and bodies. A majority of employers know this to be right, but are evidently afraid to adopt the system because of a minority, who would take a mean advantage and work their employees ten hours a day, resulting of course in unfair competition and ultimate ruination of their business. Now, if all workers would make a resolve not to work any longer than eight hours, the matter would be settled at once; because then all employers would be on an equal footing. We think the day not far distant when popular opinion will be so strong that those greedy employers, in their mad rush for wealth, will be compelled to decipher the handwriting on the wall and fall into line. Employers of labor can do a great deal to further this movement if they will only make up their minds to do so. In Vancouver are merchants who can stand together and say they will close their stores at eight o'clock and give their clerks a chance to enjoy themselves socially; and those storekeepers who refuse to join the movement should be put under a ban. The typographers, an organization of employing printers in the United States, is trying to bring about a reduction of hours by sending out circulars and soliciting opinions on the matter. In confirmation of the practicability of this movement, we would direct our readers' attention to an article in another column, entitled, Fruits of Eight Hours, in which the owner of a steel-works in Sunderland, Eng., after having conceded to his workmen eight hours a day, with a condition, and having given the scheme a trial, removes the condition and establishes the system in his institution. If all workers were union men, and the unions to which they belonged were affiliated in one grand body, nothing could stop its consummation. The employers could not object if they knew all would be equal in that respect. What applies to one trade is applicable to other industries. We think there is something more in this life than continual drudgery; and we therefore hope the day is not remote when all men shall be alike in this respect at least.

A WORD OF ADVICE.

The natural result of the seemingly opposite interests of labor and capital are labor unions. In order to secure the recognition of its most modest demands, labor must organize; and immediately this fact is borne in upon a number of workers of any particular trade, an association is formed. But when this has been done, and a slight improvement in the condition of these workmen has been made manifest, they very often forget that what united action accomplished can only be retained by the same factor. Considering their improved condition secure, they are apt to imagine that by the capturing of some minor outpost of the antagonist's lines, they have won the whole battle, and look up

on the organization to which they owe the gain as superfluous. Then, when through indifference the union begins to lose its hold upon its members, the employers take advantage of the opportunity, and withdraw the concession previously forced from them. The workers, in this way once more brought to their senses, again make an effort to rebuild the association. Thus a number of callings the work of re-organization has been done three or four times. Had the weak-kneed members or their opinions preponderated, no such attempts to rebuild the collapsed unions would ever have been made; but as the stronger heads and sounder judgments of the more widely informed ruled their more timid brethren, the work had to be repeated. In fact, it can never be given up. The superior and controlling force of circumstances will compel those workers who do not keep up their union to a certain point of efficiency to do the same work over and over. The following lesson may therefore very obviously be drawn from the foregoing remarks: If you do not stick to your union, your union will not stick to you.

ART PRESERVATIVE.

Jottings and Jugglings Both Grave and Gay.



"P" IS THE awful accident and mishap that makes the printer poor indeed, both in pocket and in mind. It is the most cold-blooded and prosaic thing in a printing office. His tedious work of weary hours is dashed to pieces on the stone below—but more generally on the floor—after the fashion of a rail at smash or a steamboat explosion on a miniature scale; for it is all the more terrible as the man who did it knows it. What a fountain of wrath gushes forth for the victim from the rest of the men present! How considerate they are of his feelings! With what words of comfort do they attempt to soothe his irascibility! "What did you throw?" "You've got another shake." "It's a m-l-y!" "There didn't any of it get away, did there?" and many other expressions that evince a nice Christian disposition. And then all laugh—a merry, merry, merry laugh—all but the creator of the "pl." They laugh in order to put the victim in good humor. They are so kind. And the victim takes it all in good part. Oh, yes, he takes it all in good part—a thinking part. It is beyond computation how hard a man can think when he pleases himself. And what a linguist he becomes—he can pray in seven different languages without taking breath. I honestly believe the Devil (the real Devil) with a big D, not the one in the accounting cut, leaves the composing room when a man "ples" a handful. The victim will attend to all the Devil's business for that day.

St. Peter—You say that you were a compositor for a Vancouver daily paper. What earthly claim have you then to come here?

Compositor—When I came to an issue "L. C." in distribution I always took it over to the Hall case, instead of putting it in my pocket to throw it to the gutter after I got outside the office.

St. Peter—Hustle this man down to the other gate. A good liar is had enough, but he doesn't even know how to tell a plausible lie.

Reporter—If you allow me to have the sermon which you are to deliver on Sunday, I will copy it and print it in Monday's paper.

Clergyman—I cannot permit my sermon to go out of my hands. If you will come to church on Sunday, you can hear it, and take notes.

Reporter (with dignity)—I don't work on Sundays.

For a Labor Paper.

TO THE EDITOR:

The intention to issue a souvenir paper on Labor Day has revived in my mind the idea formed some time ago, that the workmen of Vancouver should make an effort to float and maintain a newspaper devoted more especially to the interests of the toilers. It must have been painfully evident lately to the great majority of working men that two of the daily journals of this city are directly opposed to what Mr. Gladstone persistently dubs "the masses." On more than one occasion these papers have gone out of their way deliberately to misrepresent the toilers and the toilers' interests, and to palm off as facts concerning this city and its voice statements that have been as plainly untrue as they have been cold-blooded and criminal. And when a workman has dared to lift his voice or his pen in the defence of his order, these same papers have jumped on him, and held him up to ridicule and obloquy. The men who do this—these stale Bohemians, these rag-and-bone men of the press—who rake up and hush up unfavorable items and rejected morsels from the dustbins of Journalism, would do well to let the toilers alone, for they know little of his complaints and less of the remedy; they know little of labor and less of capital. They whom this cap fits may now wear it; and while they wear it and chafe, let us consider well the question of a labor paper for our city, for the production of which I am convinced there is an abundance of dormant talent. Yours fraternally,

W. TOWLER.  
Vancouver, Aug. 11th.

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