



In the Old Days

Once more we've talked the old days o'er

With craftsmen of the case;
Once more we've seen the old-time smile

Upon each comrade's face.
We've told the tales of bygone days,
Of fortunes high and low,
And sung about the Pirates bold
Once more in old St. Joe.

We've told again the old-time tales
Of blind-end, rod and beam;
We've gone again along the trails
Once passed by hand or steam.
We've talked of Busby, Dunbar, Lee,
And all the Pirate crew
Whose faults were always manifest
Though hearts were ever true.

Once more we've sung the old, old "Hail"

To tell "the gang's all here."
Once more we've heard the good old vows

The printerman holds dear.
And once again we've gathered faith
That holds us staunch and true
To all the principles laid down
By good old I. T. U.

And when the last take's off the hook,
The last form locked and down;
The last dupe cut and pasted up
And smoothed the foreman's frown—

When all is done, God grant the gang
Across the stream may ride
And get a sit close by the throne
Upon the regular side.

St. Joseph, Mo., August 14.—The Architect's annual joust along with his old-time comrades of the stick and rule is just ended—and a strenuous week it has been, too. There are several annual events in the life of the Architect which he looks forward to with pleasure, and not the least of them is the annual reunion which takes place when the convention of the International Typographical Union of North America meets. This year the fifty-fifth annual convention of the I. T. U. was held in St. Joseph, and Mr. and Mrs. Architect were there.

Right here we want to propound a query, and we'll wait with patience a satisfactory answer: Why is it that a little bit of a woman, weighing less than 100 pounds, can out-walk, out-run, out-eat and out-last a big slab-sided fellow who rather prides himself upon his ability to keep going? Here's the end of the week, and it finds the Architect all in, but the little woman is singing merrily as she packs the grips, and she is actually sorry that the convention didn't last another week.

One of the first men the Architect met when he drifted into St. Joe the first of the week was Ben Hill, foreman of the Gazette. The sight of him fairly shook twenty-seven years from the Architect's shoulders, for it was just twenty-seven years ago that a scared young country printer timidly fronted a case on the old Gazette and started to set a take of market under the watchful eyes of that same Ben Hill, who was foreman then as he is now. And Hill doesn't look a day older now than he did that day more than a quarter of a century ago. He must have found a fountain of youth hidden away somewhere amidst the hills that surround old Joe Town. Peter Nugent, who was foreman of the Herald in those old days, is still

here, but he isn't printing any more. He is content to loiter around and let the breezes blow through his gray side-whiskers while he tells of the days when the "Missouri River Pirates" flourished and 'Gene Field made copy for them.

Of course we've had to listen to the same-old chestnuts about 'Gene Field, and Major Edwards and Dr. Mumford, and Major Bittinger, and all the rest of the old editorial push that once flourished in this old river town. Here's one on Major Edwards that may be new to even some of the old-timers in St. Joe:

The Major, who now and then forgot where his Plimsoll line was located, once conceived a scheme whereby he could overcome his habit. He explained his scheme to a friend which was to get a five-gallon keg of rye, and every time he took a drink out of it to put into the keg an equal amount of water. A week or so later the friend met Major Edwards and asked:

"How is the cure coming along, Major?"

"It would have been a puffeduck success, sah," replied the Major, "if it had not been for one thing, sah."

"And what was that, Major?"
"About th' third or fourth day, sah, my stomach revolted at the dilution of its regular stimulant, sah, and I was compelled to discontinue the treatment, sah."

And here is one on 'Gene Field that is old, but it is still good:

Field was constantly besieged by people who wanted him to "just read a little something of his own" at church entertainments, etc. Among others was a member of the old Tenth Street Christian church, who was insistent and persistent. One day, when he had asked Field to read something at a forthcoming church social, Field replied:

"I'm mighty busy, but if you'll arrange it so I can slip in at the back door and take my place on the platform at 9 o'clock without any announcement, I'll read something for you."

The friend agreed and made arrangements accordingly. The church was crowded to the doors and all were eager to hear the rising young poet. Promptly at 9 o'clock Field entered the back door, mounted the pulpit, opened the Bible and in a solemn voice and without a smile, read the twenty-third Psalm. At the close he bowed slightly, turned upon his heel and walked out. It took the big audience ten minutes to realize that it had been made the victim of another one of 'Gene Field's jokes.

The Architect has been a member of the Typographical Union for close upon thirty years, and he is as proud of his active card as a kid is of his first boots. Perhaps you want to know why. Well, the Architect believes that the Typographical Union is the model trades union of the world. It has taken the lead in every advance along industrial lines. It maintains a home for its aged and incapacitated members at Colorado Springs, and the home property is valued at a million dollars. It is taking the lead in fighting that dreadful foe of the worker, tuberculosis, and the government has paid it the highest compliment of modeling its tuberculosis hospitals after the hospital maintained by the organization at Colorado Springs. The home is

not a charitable institution in the generally accepted sense of that term. It is a home in every sense. And the printers who maintain it are proud and happy at the privilege of paying their good money for that end. The home has one of the finest libraries in America, and the grounds are acknowledged to be the finest that surround any institution. The Typographical Union has established a pension system which ensures a peaceful old age to its members. It is now preparing to establish an insurance department. It pays a death benefit, pays sick and strike benefits, is supplanting the strike by arbitration and is otherwise moving rapidly forward along industrial lines. It supports a technical trade school where ambitious young men may perfect themselves in the art. It compels equal pay for equal work regardless of the sex of the worker; it has established the eight hour day, and it is constantly seeking to find employment for more men and women. In 1908 the average annual wage of its 47,000 members was upwards of \$870, and there is not another trade in the world that can equal that record. Wisely managed, its rank and file made up of loyal, patriotic and earnest men and women, conservative without being old-fogy, the International Typographical Union of North America is looked upon as being an organization that does things for the workers.

Now you may get some idea of why the Architect is proud of his membership in the organization. It has been upwards of seventeen years since he worked actively at the trade, but he has always kept up his active membership because he loves to foregather with the gang and "chew the rag" or "hold sessions." Mr. Printerman has about as many faults as the average run of humanity, but if there is a bigger-hearted, jollier, more friendly lot of mechanics in the whole world than the printers, we'd like to make their acquaintance. The Architect can have more fun in one week of a printers' convention than he can have in a month with any other set of me.

The 1910 convention goes to Minneapolis, and here's hoping that in just a year from now the Architect will be permitted to use the Minneapolis date line and tell his Commoner friends about it.

BRAIN LEAKS

Keeping sweet is one of the best methods of keeping cool.

The hardest part of a summer vacation is getting over it.

If it was a man who set the present fashion of doing up women's hair we earnestly hope he will take the jag cure before he tries it again.

If the wag of a dog's tail could be discounted at the bank for what it is worth we know a baby that would be richer than Rockefeller.

We would like to have a million dollars, but we've got several possessions that we would not part with for twice that amount of money.

PINS

"Oh, dear!" sighed her husband's wife. "I can't find a pin anywhere. I wonder where all the pins go to, anyway."

"That's a difficult question to answer," replied his wife's husband, "because they are always pointed in one direction and headed another."—Chicago News.

ALTERED

The captain was receiving the new middy. "Well, boy, the old story, I suppose—fool of the family sent to sea?" "Oh, no, sir," piped the boy, "that's all altered since your day."—Purple Cow.

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