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# THE MINERS MAGAZINE

INDEPENDENCE  
EDUCATION ORGANIZATION

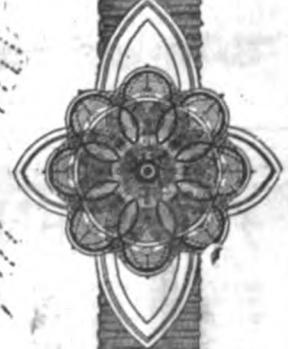
*Published Weekly by the*

## WESTERN FEDERATION OF MINERS

DENVER, COLO  
September 23rd.  
1909.  
Volume XI.  
Number 326



WEALTH  
BELONGS TO THE  
PRODUCER THEREOF



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For list of manufacturers (Clothing, Overalls and Shirts) using label write to Henry White, General Secretary, Bible House, New York.



If you are opposed to Sweat Shop, Tenement House, or Child Labor

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Issued by Authority of the Cigar Makers' International Union of America.

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ERNEST MILLS, Secretary-Treasurer,  
 Room 605, Railroad Building, Denver, Colo.

EDUCATION INDEPENDENCE ORGANIZATION

# MINERS MAGAZINE



Denver, Colorado,  
Thursday, September, 23, 1909.

Volume XI. Number 326  
\$1.00 a Year

UNIONS ARE REQUESTED to write some communication each month for publication. Write plainly, on one side of paper only; where ruled paper is used write only on every second line. Communications not in conformity with this notice will not be published. Subscribers not receiving their Magazine will please notify this office by postal card, stating the numbers not received. Write plainly, as these communications will be forwarded to the postal authorities.

Entered as second-class matter August 27, 1903, at the Postoffice at Denver, Colorado, under the Act of Congress March 3, 1879.

John M. O'Neill, Editor.

Address all communications to Miners Magazine,  
Room 605 Railroad Building, Denver, Colo.

## STRIKE NOTICES.

Strikes are on in the following places. All miners and others are requested to stay away until a settlement is reached.

VETERAN MINE, Near  
Ely, Nevada.

Douglas Island, Alaska.

PRISONS AND JAILS will be built and populated, as long as there is profit in crime.

### NOTICE TO SECRETARIES.

Bisbee, Ariz., Sept. 10th, 1909.

Editor Miners Magazine:

Notice is hereby given that the following named camps are in the jurisdiction of the Bisbee Miners' Union, and any secretary receiving dues from members working in said camps are requested to forward same to this local, as we have an organizer who visits said camps each month. The camps are: Gleeson, Courtland, Tombstone, Johnson, Helvetia, Twin Buttes, Silver Belle, and Jack Rabbit in Arizona, and La Cananea in Mexico. Any secretary accepting dues from the above named camps will be reported to the Executive Board of the W. F. M.

By order of Bisbee Miners' Union No. 106.

(Seal.)

W. E. STEWART,  
Secretary-Treasurer.

### FINED AND DECLARED UNFAIR.

Searchlight, Nevada, Sept. 2, 1909.

Editor Miners' Magazine:

At a regular meeting held September 2, 1909, the following were fined and declared unfair to organized labor until these fines are paid: Davy Davis, fined \$25.00; John McCloud, fined \$25.00; Mark Blaire, \$10.00. These men were working in this jurisdiction and left without reinstating in this local.

We also wish to make correction in the name of one man declared unfair and published in the Miners' Magazine which will appear in the next issue—it is George Fox, instead of John Fox.

By order of Searchlight Miners' Union No. 164.

O. E. ANDREWS, Fin. Sec.

### EXPELLED AND DECLARED UNFAIR.

Bingham Canyon, Utah, Sept. 11, 1909.

Editor Miners' Magazine:

At the last regular meeting of this local M. W. Galloway, a member, was expelled for extorting money from employes of the Boston Con. Mining Company, and ordered published in the Miners' Magazine. Said Galloway pleaded guilty to above charge in court; also Miles Workman, a member of Cloud City, was declared unfair for not turning in his card while working in this jurisdiction and for extorting money for "jobs," and ordered published in the Miner's Magazine.

(Seal)

BINGHAM MINERS' UNION NO. 67, W. F. M.

### EXPELLED.

Empire, Nevada, Sept. 10, 1909.

Ernest E. Mills, 605 Railroad Building, Denver, Colo.

Dear Sir and Bro.: Bro. Hannegan has lately been almost blinded by a great white light: he has suddenly seen his duty to his God, his country and his fellow-man.

As labor unions are organized merely for the purpose of bettering the condition of the workers—who constitute eighty or ninety per cent. of the people—and as such purpose, if carried out, would degrade the inhabitants of the country, besides hurting business, reducing dividends, and being unpatriotic and un-American in the extreme, Bro. Hannegan has joined the Nevada State Police, a standing army organized for the purpose of preventing such un-American and unpatriotic action on the part of the workers.

Labor unions in general being unpatriotic, and No. 261 in particular, we have expelled Bro. Hannegan for his patriotism and ordered his name and description to be published in the Miners' Magazine.

Name, Clarence Hannegan; height, six feet; complexion, very dark; black hair and eyes; weight about one hundred and eighty; eyes bulge out.

JOHN W. CROWE,

(Seal)

THE REAL ESTATE SHARKS are now making arrangements for a town-site at the north pole.

SOME THIEVES serve terms in the penitentiary, while other thieves serve terms in the legislature.

A CIRCULAR has been sent out by the officials of the American Federation of Labor to the affiliated bodies, giving notice of the twenty-ninth annual convention which is to be held at Toronto, Canada, commencing November 8, 1909.

THE STEEL TRUST is now bringing about a consolidation that will monopolize all the freight of the great lakes. Some one should insist that the "Terrible Teddy" immediately return from the hunting grounds and "bust the trust."

THE AMERICAN MINING CONGRESS will meet at Goldfield, Nevada, on September 27th, and continue in session until October 2nd. It is said that fully 2,000 delegates will be present from Canada, Mexico and the States. The Mining Congress will scarcely adopt any measures that will be beneficial to the men who work in the mines. The delegates to this congress are the members of Mine Operators' Associations, and the congress is but the federated body whose members have recognized the strength of solidarity. Labor should take lessons from the master class. The lines of nations do not divide the mine operators, but frequently we hear some poor, benighted American citizen who belongs to the wage slave class, exclaim: "America for the Americans."

THE CONTROVERSY over who discovered the north pole still continues and the land of the iceberg and polar bear, furnished material for the pen of the prolific writer. Capitalism will ultimately settle the question, as capitalism will own the pole, providing there is any profit in it.

BEEF IS STILL SOARING, and it is predicted that during the winter, this necessary food-product will reach such an altitude that only those with air-ships can reach the porter-house steak. The working man whose labor produces the wealth of the world, will be fortunate if his wages will permit him to indulge in such a luxury as liver.

DURING THE PAST YEAR, fifty-nine commodities have increased in price, according to Bradstreets reports. The majority of commodities that have soared towards the heavens, are necessities of life, and the laboring people are correspondingly happy as they realize that the prosperity predicted by mercenary optimists, is about to deluge the world and make the hovel of the pauper look like the palace of a Croesus.

NICHOLAS J. BOWDEN, former editor of the Catholic Leader of Kansas City, Kansas, has declared his faith in the principles of Socialism. Bowden was at one time a bitter enemy of Socialism, having formed conceptions of Socialism from articles in aristocratic magazines and from editorials in daily journals, owned and controlled by organized wealth. Bowden has delved into the great problem of the age and after deliberate thought and study, has hailed the flag of Socialism as the banner of man's emancipation.

THE LABOR UNIONS of America have already subscribed more than \$50,000 to the strikers of Sweden, and it is said, that several hundred thousands of dollars will be raised during the next few weeks to aid the men and women across the sea in the battle for justice. The generous response of organized labor throughout America in aiding their brothers in the Old World, will demonstrate to industrial despots, that race and creed prejudices are dying out, and that class interest is taking root in the hearts of the working people of the earth.

THE POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT has made another ruling that will have a tendency to weaken the power of the labor press. The following clipped from an exchange, shows that labor publications are not ignored by "the servants of the people" at Washington:

"The Postoffice Department has ruled that subscriptions to official organs of unions, fraternal organizations, etc., must be paid by the individual to whom the paper is sent, and cannot be included in sums paid as dues. This decision was made in the case of the official organ of the International Union of Steam Engineers, published in Brooklyn, and it will be applied to all similar cases."

## Another Shriek From "Gripe Nuts."

C. W. POST the "saw-dust promoter of Battle Creek, Michigan, has sent out his usual shriek against organized labor, and while his mental eruptions are paid for by the Manufacturer's Association, yet, the wily Post does not forget to give himself a commercial boost nor does he fail to laud his individual wares, regardless of the fact, that the advertisement appearing in the daily journals is paid for by money taken from the treasury of an Association. While writing his recent spasm the face of Post must have been decorated with one of those heavenly smiles, that give joy to angels and make the harps in heaven twang with melody. Through our mental vision we can see the convicted adulterant of "gripe nuts" lifting "the windows of his soul" towards the sparkling planets and imploring a mighty Deity to visit vengeance upon the organized malefactors, who dared to assume the liberty of establishing a labor union and using a "label" through which the public might receive some protection from the mercenary wolves of the Post breed.

Post, when writing his last fulmination against the labor movement, must have thought that the American people have short memories and that they have forgotten that less than a year ago, the saintly hypocrite who spews his verbal filth against unionism, was convicted in a capitalist court of mixing ingredients in the mysterious products

LORD CURZON, viceroy of India, who captured Miss Leiter the American heiress, has advised the government of England to send an ambassador to Rome in order that the power of the vatican may be utilized to fight Socialism. Capitalism, through Curzon, proposes to honor the Catholic church with a representative of the British government, and for this honor, the church will be expected to hurl its anathemas against the doctrines of Socialism. The church is to be used to perpetuate the reign of a system that legalizes a class of privilege to rob the multitude. The action of the English government and the steps taken by the pope of Rome, will be watched with interest.

THE TWO CAPITALIST PARTIES are as alike as two peas. Given like conditions they show like debaucheries.

The Republicans control Philadelphia and the city administration is the rottenest imaginable, with the high financiers and trust lords given everything in sight.

In New York City Democratic Tammany Hall is in control and New York shows the same municipal rottenness as Philadelphia. General Bingham, who has just been deposed as head of the police department says that out of the ten thousand police officers there there are two thousand who are unscrupulous grafters. He says that he himself could have made \$600,000 a year of graft if he had wanted to. Capitalist government is very expensive government, for there is graft on all sides.

All over the land the big cities show old party corruption. Yet in the face of all this the old party spokesmen are always ready to warn people against the danger of the Socialists getting the administration of affairs and of how they would squander the money, if they got control and put in practice their visionary ideas.—Social-Democratic Herald.

GOVERNMENT BY INJUNCTION is running to seed in the Kiskiminetas valley when a burgess can take the law into his own hands and twist it to suit the purpose of the American Sheet and Tin Plate Company, and with a sweep of his pen command the people of the borough, as well as those who do not live there, to cease from exercising their rights of public assemblage until he, the burgess, deems it wise that they shall do so. Surely the system of government by one-man power is running into the ridiculous when a mill office clerk becomes so bumptious as to assume that he has the power of a czar simply because he happens to be a town burgess. It is evident that the American Sheet and Tin Plate Company wants the judiciary to understand that it owns the people of the Kiskiminetas valley body and soul and that it does not need to petition the courts for restraining orders in that benighted section; that it can use the burgess to do the business for it, even if the burgess is in its employ as an ordinary clerk, paid so much per month.

This is a huge burlesque on the power of the courts, that have heretofore been the sole operators of the government by injunction mill.

After this latest freak of government of the people by a mill clerk for the benefit of the American Sheet and Tin Plate Company the dear people can expect almost anything in the line of czarism.—Amalgamated Journal.

of his fodder-foundry, that were considered deleterious to the health of those who are so bereft of common sense, as to insult their stomachs with a conglomeration of embalmed cereals that should be used for the extermination of snakes. When the holy and spotless Post desecrated the Bible by quoting passages of scripture, with a view of raising his moral stature in the minds of the American people, he seemed to forget that it was only a few years ago, that the press of the country charged him with making "goo-goo eyes" at an "affinity" and slugging his legalized, long-haired partner, in order that grounds might be established, whereby the holy bonds of wedlock might be shattered and the gay wooer of the typewriter, might take unto himself a soul-mate, gifted with limpid eyes and an angelic face.

The "old woman," who in her youth, had captured the carcass in the shape of a man, was discarded by the scriptural-quoting Post and the lady whose tapered fingers manipulated the keys on a Remington, dazzled with bewitching glances, the faithless but fastidious reprobate, who became averse to ladies on whose brows the hand of time had carved a few wrinkles.

The last shriek of Post is the cry of a man who has been driven to desperate straits, and it is only a question of time, when the force and influence of organized labor will silence the frenzied mutterings of a dying despot.

## Was He a Christian?

SINCE HARRIMAN WAS SNATCHED from life's arena and laid away in a rock-ribbed vault on Arden hill, the pen of the journalist and the tongue of the orator, have been busily engaged in reviewing the personal history of the man who was recognized as the railroad wizard of the world, Harriman had but little more than passed the three-score mile-post, when he felt the chill of death and his unearned millions could not stay the summons of the grim messenger that subpoenaed the shrivelled soul from the wasted tenement of clay.

Harriman died a victim of the system that made him a monarch in the world of finance and transportation. For years, he had heard the bay of the Wall Street blood-hounds, and he knew that he could never rest in the mad race for profit and dividends. To give recreation to his worn-out body and tired brain, meant financial death, and the man of millions was forced to hurry himself to a premature grave, in order that he might keep out of the reach of the pitiless hyenas who looked with covetous eyes upon his stocks and bonds. But when Harriman closed his eyes in death and his lifeless and emaciated frame

was prepared for Mother Earth, a minister of the gospel was summoned to extol the virtues of the great man and to impress upon the exclusive circle that was permitted to stand in the presence of the dead magnate, that he was a man of noble character and that his life was adorned with deeds of charity, that stamped him as a Christian gentleman.

Harriman was no better and no worse than the other wolves who devour the sheep. He realized that in the struggle to amass millions, he could give no quarter and show no mercy. He knew that in the race for gold, there was no sentiment, and that the man whose heart was moistened by the milk of human kindness, would go down to failure and be crushed by the iron feet of heartless brigands, whose eyes are tearless and whose hearts are steeled to human suffering. The minister of the gospel who delivered the funeral oration over the remains of Harriman and who endeavored to impress upon his hearers that the

man who surrendered his spirit on Arden hill, had lived the life of a Christian, will scarcely be believed, even by the very men, who conspired with Harriman to reap millions from the juggling of stocks and bonds. Harriman showed no fear of death.

When the eye was becoming glassy and the ashen hue crept over the wan face, his thoughts did not soar towards the stars, but he was thinking of his empire on earth, and to save his domain from hungry vultures, he summoned the great banker of America, J. Pierpont Morgan to his bedside, to place in his care and custody his thousands of miles of railroads and to impress upon him the necessity of holding intact his vast accumulations.

According to the press reports, Harriman worked until ninety minutes before he took his exit to an invisible world. "The mansions in the skies" did not seem to trouble the expiring moments of his life for he continued in the battle, until he sank into the "dreamless sleep," that knows no waking on earth.

## Will Not Be Flim-Flammed.

**T**HERE HAS ALREADY started a movement to launch a new political party. The wise men in the two old political parties, are becoming nervous and fear is taking possession of them, over the fact, that the intelligent citizenship of the United States are losing confidence in hungry Democracy and bloated Republicanism.

The politicians of the Republican party, who are but the paid agents of capitalism, have come to the conclusion that the rank and file of the party can no longer be deceived by such men as Cannon, Aldrich, Payne and Oliver, but that men like La Follette, Cummins, Dolliver and Clapp can be placed upon a pedestal, and that the common herd will go into ecstasies of joy when called upon to worship at the shrine of such honorable men.

The Democratic party is burdened with such dead-weights as McInerney of Louisiana and Bailey of Texas, and the sages in the Democratic party, realize that statesmen in their party whose bank accounts have become swollen through familiarity with Standard Oil, will scarcely furnish logical material for the orators in the campaign of 1912.

The managers of the Democratic party, who are but the hired men of bankers, railroad magnates, commercial princes, corporate despots and trust outlaws, behold, however, in such men as Gore, Harmon and Clark, splendid timber through which the faltering and weary Democrats can be held together. The wily politicians of both the old parties are now considering the advisability of a coalition between the "good men" of the Democratic and Republican parties, believing that such amalgamation will have a wonderful influence in placating the discon-

tent, censure and criticism that can be heard in almost every state of the Union. The wheel horses of the two old parties realize that the percentage of voters is becoming larger very rapidly, who realize that Congress as at present constituted, receives instructions from 26 Broadway and from the great banking house of J. P. Morgan, and they realize that appeals for loyalty to the grand old party of Lincoln and Grant, and the immortal Jefferson and Jackson, will fail to perpetuate much longer the carnival of licensed robbery.

The astute politicians of both the old parties are commencing to recognize a rising tide of sentiment that bodes disaster to the rule of plunder and graft, and the BEST in the two old parties must be selected as candidates of a new party, in order that the voters may be successfully flim-flammed and the gluttons given a longer lease upon the murderous system of exploitation. La Follette, Cummins, Dolliver and Clapp of the Republican party, and Gore, Harmon and Clark, of the Democratic party, will strike no blows at the CAUSE that debauches men and corrupts every department of our official life.

These men content themselves with denunciation of effects, but advance no heroic measures to overthrow a system that has made the earth a living hell and dehumanized man, who should be "the noblest work of God."

This new party may gather considerable force, but the men and women who know that there can be no regeneration of humanity under the profit system, will not permit themselves to be swindled politically under a new party, which even before its birth, is inoculated with the germs of prostituted Democracy and debauched Republicanism.

## A Crisis Acknowledged.

**T**HE FOLLOWING from Rome, Italy, will furnish mental food for millions of people throughout the world:

"Rome, Sept. 11.—The vatican is reported to be going through a financial crisis. The pope is cutting expenses by reducing the staff and lowering the salaries of the clerics. Some of the old employes are being retired on pensions. This has caused the pontiff deep grief, but it is unavoidable.

"The pope personally is making heavy sacrifices.

"Certainly we live the simplest life," said the pontiff the other day. "The church will never perish, but it is passing through a critical economic stage. The expenses are enormous and there is no fixed revenue to meet them."

The stringency and depression that have been felt throughout the world, particularly by the laboring people, is now being felt at the fountain head of the Catholic church. The very fact that the pope of Rome has been compelled to retrench, is indisputable evidence that stringency and depression are world-wide and that probably millions of people, who in years gone by, were able to forward annually what is known as "Peter's Pence" can no longer meet that obligation.

The pope of Rome admits that the church is passing through a crisis, and yet, the pope and his predecessors have upheld the system

that breeds a crisis in almost every sphere of life. The millions of people who have been loyal to the needs of the church have become impoverished, and the "Peter's Pence" must now be kept at home to satisfy the cravings of hunger. The most loyal man and woman whose faith is wrapped up in the doctrines of Christianity, is governed to a vast extent, by brutal necessity, and though their vision may be riveted on the "pearly gates" and the mansions in the "kingdom come," yet, material needs appeal as strongly to the man and woman who are interested in their souls, as the individual who repudiates a belief in the existence of God. The pope with all his power and influence, has become a victim of the system and cannot "love his neighbor as himself" because self-preservation demands that he shall "reduce his staff" and throw out of employment human beings, who depend on the revenues of the church for the means of life.

It will become apparent in the near future to the great men of the church, that the industrial system of the present age is monstrous, and that true Christianity cannot live in an atmosphere, that is poisoned and polluted by the profit system. The very fact that the head of the Catholic church at Rome, has been forced against his will to adopt rigid economy, will arouse the mental faculties of the dignitaries of the church, and cause them to give the most serious consideration to the solution of the greatest problem of all the ages—the solution of the labor question.

## His Work Was Not Appreciated.

**F**OR ABOUT TWO WEEKS a missionary who made a pretense of preaching the doctrines of industrial unionism, pitched his tent in Lead, South Dakota. He was glib of tongue and his powers of persuasion had an influence upon a few men who was unacquainted with his record. When he came to the Black Hills, he was anxious to impress upon his auditors that he had the greatest admiration for the Western Federation of Miners and snatched the most beautiful phrases from the English language to compliment the courage and the class loyalty of the men of an organization who had scorned to haul down the flag of battle, even when confronted with state militia, federal troops, bull pens, deportation and sweeping mandates from "temples of justice."

A few men ignorant of the hypocrisy and treachery of the box-car propagandist, felt their hearts warm towards him, as he paid glowing tributes to the militant organization of the West, and portrayed the deathless fidelity displayed by men who had confronted all the machinery of government to uphold the principles of organized labor. But this mendicant-missionary had an ulterior object in view. He was successful for a time in masking his real purpose, and when he thought he had ingratiated himself in the good will of the union men of the Black Hills, he ungloved his hand and made arrangements to launch a local union of the crumbling, but notorious I. W. W.

When it became apparent that this revenue gladiator intended to establish a dual union, there came to the memory of the union men of the Black Hills, reminiscences of Goldfield, Nevada, where the "I am

a Bum" brigade had once pitched their tents and howled r-e-v-o-l-u-t-i-o-n.

There likewise came to them remembrances of this missionary having wended his way to Nome, Alaska, and while in the Northwest, using all his cunning ingenuity to breed dissension among the members of Nome Miners' Union.

James Kirwan, who was at headquarters, learning that Walsh, the missionary, had invaded the district of which he is executive board member, immediately started for the Black Hills, and when Kirwan confronted the professional disrupter and recited some of the infamous history of the I. W. W. and touched upon the personal record of the "bum" apostle of industrial unionism, there was "something doing."

Walsh, though a "revolutionist," turned pale and fear took possession of his craven soul, and he immediately came to the conclusion that there were other climes more congenial than the vigorous climate of the Black Hills. The District Union of the Black Hills becoming cognizant of the duplicity of Walsh, assembled in meeting and drafted the following, which was published in the daily press of Lead.

#### NOTICE.

"At a regular meeting of the Black Hills District Union No. 2, Western Federation of Miners, composed of delegates from the Miners' Unions of Lead, Terry, Galena, Central City and Deadwood, the undersigned committee was appointed to draft the following statement and have the same published in the daily press of this city:

"To the Member of Organized Labor in the Black Hills:

"Brothers: The attention of the delegates to the Black Hills District Union having been called to the fact that for some time an agitation has been carried on in the city of Lead for the purpose of starting a so-called labor organization known as the Industrial Workers of the World, and in order that you may not be deceived regarding this movement we have decided to submit a brief statement concerning the aggregation, their representative and their standing with the Western Federation of Miners.

"It is not necessary to give a detailed statement regarding the launching of the I. W. W. as a majority of the working men in the Hills are familiar with it. But about three years ago the Western Federation of Miners were compelled, in order to preserve their integrity, to withdraw their affiliation and support from the I. W. W. as they

had degenerated into a howling mob, led by a few irresponsible freaks whose sole object in life seemed to be the wrecking of the labor organizations of the country, especially the Western Federation of Miners. Having failed to injure our organization by direct attack they have changed their tactics and now, wherever they imagine they can create dissension and discord in the ranks of organized labor, some slippery and slimy individual is authorized to carry on the work of disruption by underhanded methods. During the past two weeks, one Walsh has been attempting to start a dual organization to the W. F. M. and parading himself as the savior of the working class in the Black Hills. For the benefit of those who do not know this freak and his tactics it is only necessary to say that he has been engaged in the same work of disruption for the past two years, especially in Nome, Alaska, and full particulars of his contemptible work in that district can be secured by writing the W. F. M. headquarters in Denver.

"The Western Federation of Miners by a referendum vote decided not to recognize the I. W. W. card, as it is not a bona fide labor organization and the holder of such a card is required to pay the full initiation fee before he can join the W. F. M.

"The Western Federation of Miners is an industrial organization, recognizes the class struggle, realizes that the injury of one is the concern of all and its doors are open to every one employed in the mining and milling industry without any question regarding their politics, religion, color or previous condition of servitude. In spite of the opposition of the Mine Owners' Association and the I. W. W. the Western Federation is growing in power and will continue to grow until such time as the working class receives that which they are justly entitled to."

JACOB BOILER, Terry,  
A. E. HAWLEY, Lead,  
E. L. DELANEY, Galena,  
JAMES BARSS, Central City,  
W. M. CROSSMAN, Deadwood,  
Committee.

The above document issued by the District Union of the Black Hills, will make it impossible in the future for Greeks "bearing gifts," to impose on the credulity of the membership of the Western Federation of Miners in South Dakota. Men who are characterless and without honor or manhood, have no place in the jurisdiction of the Western Federation of Miners.

## He Cannot Serve Two Masters.

JOHN MITCHELL, who for years, was at the helm of the United Mine Workers of America, but who now holds down a comfortable berth in the Civic Federation at a salary of \$6,000 per year, delivered an address to the working people on Labor Day and the most significant thing in connection with Mitchell's Labor Day address, is the fact that a vast number of daily journals reproduced the precious words that fell from Mitchell's lips, knowing that the fallacious reasoning and feather-logic advanced by the ex-president of the United Mine Workers of America, was harmless, so far as capitalism is concerned.

Mr. Mitchell in his address declared: "What is most needed today is a broad spirit of brotherhood and humanity."

The above language has a euphonious sound to those who are so mentally indolent, that they will fail to analyze the specious sophistry of the man, who can command a salary of \$6,000 per annum from an organization that was built by the departed Marcus A. Hanna, as a brake to impede the progress of the labor movement.

The very fact that the daily journals, subsidized and mortgaged to the interests of a master class, gave as wide publicity as possible to the sentiments of Mitchell, is absolute proof that capitalism recognizes in the hired man of the Civic Federation, a faithful ally, who is determined to earn his salary and to prove to the constituency that furnishes the funds, that he is not ungrateful to those who make it possible for him to enjoy the sunlight on Easy Street.

The "broad spirit of brotherhood and humanity" cannot become a living reality under an industrial system that requires injunctions, police officials, state constabularies, state militia and federal troops to support it.

The "broad spirit of brotherhood and humanity" cannot materialize under the polished barrels of rifles or bristling bayonets, and Mr. Mitchell's experience in the labor movement, should convince him that it is but an insult to the intelligence of thoughtful men and women to prate about the "broad spirit of brotherhood and humanity" while the system of the present age can only breed exploiters and exploited, tramps and millionaires, misery and wretchedness and fill the world with the groans of paupers and the exultant jeers of purse-proud plutocracy. Mr. Mitchell in his address says: "There is no fundamental necessity for industrial strife; the interests of labor and capital may not be identical, but they are reciprocal and inter-dependent, and when both are intelligently directed, labor and capital can and do work together to their mutual advantage."

When the above emanated from the wily brain of Mitchell, the gentleman must have had in mind the "labor leaders" who are permitted to sit annually at the festive board of the Civic Federation and he must have had in mind HIMSELF particularly. He must have realized that it was to his "advantage" to court the blandishments of Belmont and his ilk, in order that the captains of industry might realize that it was to their "mutual advantage" to pay him an annual stipend that would make him feel the ties of fraternity between labor and capital, and stimulate him to peddle "dope" that would blind the laboring people to a clear conception of the class struggle.

The Civic Federation has been launched by the exploiters of America, and the organization was conceived in treachery and has for its object the retarding of the advancement of organized labor. If Mitchell is loyal to the Civic Federation, and he must be in order to draw his salary, then as a natural consequence, he must be false to the principles of real unionism. Mitchell cannot serve two masters.

## He Knows His Owner.

"MOTHER" Jones has been speaking in the Black Hills, South Dakota, and this lady who has spent the best years of her life in using all her ability to arouse toiling humanity to a realization of the brutal system under which we live, has wounded the dignity of a pigmy editor who is permitted by his master to conduct a measly rag, known as the "Call."

"Mother" Jones in her speeches in the Black Hills, wore no gloves but rapped capitalism with bare knuckles, and for this unpardonable sin against society, all the vindictive venom of a prostituted brain, is hurled at her through the columns of a subsidized sheet, that is edited by a spineless vassal whose last vestige of manhood has been confiscated to earn the plaudits of a privileged few, whose wealth is built on the degradation and destitution of the producing class. Had "Mother" Jones invaded the Black Hills as the defender and champion of vested interests, the lickspittle that fawns in cringing sycophancy to jingling

coin, would have crawled on his abdomen to do her homage. Did she belong to the "Smart set," she would have been the guest of the aggregation that hatched the foul and infamous conspiracy that sent Freeman Knowles to jail.

Did she blaze with diamonds and wear a directoire gown, the "mollycoddle" and puerile, mental "weakling" that slobbers with vituperation to please his owner, would have crowned her as a queen among women and impoverished his limited command of the English language, to cover her with encomiums of praise. But "Mother" Jones being a WOMAN and not a "lady" in the "smart set," the mental nonentity on the Call, could not comprehend the vastness of her subject nor could he give her credit for her fidelity to a class, whose wails of anguish are heard in every nation on earth.

It is lamentable to contemplate the number of degenerates who have fastened themselves on journalism, and who for "filthy lucre," put in chains their infant mentality, to receive from their owner, the

declaration of approval: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

But when the scribbler on the "Call" and "Mother" Jones are being eternity, when both have been laid away in "the silent city of the dead," men, women and children will gather at the last resting place of this grand old woman whose hair has been whitened by the

snows of age and her memory will be kept alive, while humanity will scarcely ever realize that a microbe infested the Black Hills to inflict verbal slum on intelligent people.

The editor of the "Call" should take a large dose of Sloan's Condition Powders for Mules.

## To My Union Friends.

IT IS WITH TEAR DIMMED EYES that I attempt to make my acknowledgement of your great kindness to me in my trouble. This fight has cost you more than one thousand dollars, a very large sum to be drawn from your very meagre wages. But I feel, and I believe you feel, that it is worth all that it has cost. It is not necessary for me to discuss with you the merits or demerits of this case. You have said by your actions that this is simply a case of persecution. Organized labor does not pay out a thousand dollars to help out a wrong-doer. It is because you know I have done no wrong that you have rescued me from the hands of my enemies. I most sincerely thank you for your kindness and I tell you here and now I am willing to go to jail, to prison or to the scaffold for you. I gave the best years of my youth to rescue three millions of a black and degraded race from chattel slavery and I am willing to give the few remaining years of an almost withered life to the rescue of sixty millions of wage slaves from conditions actually worse than chattel slavery.

The federal courts have now entered upon a course of repression of speech and freedom of the press very like that inaugurated by Bismarck, in Germany. The outrage perpetrated upon Fred Warren of the Appeal to Reason, wherein the federal judge made a law to punish an act that has never before been criminal, an act done by every sheriff and peace officer, and by thousands of private individuals, namely, the offer of rewards for the return of criminals, shows that no law or constitution can offer the least protection for the men and women upon whom the robber class have set the seal of their condemnation. At first the charge against Warren was so absurd that Judge Pollock himself laughed at it and threw it out of court. But he evidently heard from his masters and when the next term of court convened he had "changed his mind" and sentenced Warren to jail for six months and to pay a

fine of \$1,500 for an act heretofore done with impunity by thousands of people in every state in the union.

But these things are only a repetition of the prelude of the downfall of every system of oppression since the dawn of history. They murdered Lovejoy, dragged Garrison through the streets of Boston with a rope around his neck, they hung old John Brown and the federal courts dragged back to the whipping post the poor slave who sought freedom and imprisoned the men and women who dared assist the slave to liberty. The supreme court finally completed its infamy by declaring that a man with a black skin had no rights which a white man was bound to respect. This infamous decision was only a prototype and forerunner of the decision rendered by this same tribunal just fifty years later in the Moyer-Haywood case, which decision declared, in substance, that it was impossible for capitalists to violate the constitutional rights of a laboring man—he had none.

When Bismarck began his campaign of repression in Germany there were three socialists in the reichstag. When he was through with that campaign there were fifty-one socialists in the reichstag and the party has been gaining by leaps and bounds until it is the largest party in Germany and all other parties have been compelled to unite against the socialists. This is the legitimate effect of repression and history will repeat itself.

For my persecutors I have no feeling but that of sincere pity. They are just what they have to be. Our present social system does not make good men and women. It makes human hogs and tigers. Take young Finkelstein, for instance. With his heredity and environment, how could he be any different from what he is? Cursed from his birth with hereditary degeneration, schooled in his father's saloon and grog shop, taught that money, gained by any means however disgraceful, is the great and only consideration, he is no more to blame for his degradation than he is for his sawed-off stature or his protruding stomach.—Freeman Knowles, In Deadwood Lantern.

## "The King Is Dead."

EACH AGE produces its own kings. In one age they are men of letters, in another of science, still another warriors, and today the crown is placed upon the head of him who gathers beneath his sovereignty the greatest amount of industrial power.

These men do not make their eras. The age uplifts them.

So it was with Harriman. The time had come in the evolution of the railway interests of the United States when the minor lords of transportation were an obstacle to progress. So the railroads came together. They came together because the loadstone of profit drew them into one center and because without the circle of that centralization profits were smaller. The little baronial fiefs of the railway kingdom were crushed in that coming together, as their political forerunners were crushed when gunpowder and printing and machinery raised up kings in the political world of medieval Europe.

Harriman was one, for the moment, the greatest of those who were uplifted by this industrial revolution.

He did not create this centralization of the railways of America. He could not have brought it about a generation, or even a decade, before. He could not have prevented its accomplishment for another decade, no matter how much he might have opposed it.

His passing will not stop the process. Another will succeed him. "The king is dead; long live the king!" Because the kingdom is here and is private property there will be another monarch upon the throne.

Already there is much debate concerning the line of succession. This, however, need not concern us. It is really of little importance.

The kings who came into political power on the wrecks of little principalities were but the forerunners of political democracy.

The industrial kings who are raised on high by the crushing of little exploiters are but the forerunners of industrial democracy.

The political kings ruled and enjoyed the emoluments of rulership long after they had ceased to actively govern, and still longer after they had ceased to play any active part in the historical functions for which they were fitted.

The industrial kings of today are hanging on to the emoluments of private ownership long after that private ownership has ceased to be essential to social progress. Indeed, they are clinging to their position when that private ownership has long been a handicap on progress.

Yet they will not always rule. The same industrial evolution that raised them to power is shoving them aside and is creating new rulers. The rule of a Harriman is but an obstacle to progress in transportation. His place could be taken by the workers of this country in their collective capacity without the slightest disturbance in the carrying of freight and passengers, and with tremendous benefits to all save the race of industrial kings.

That is the next step in social evolution, in the mills, mines and factories, as well as the railroads. It is for that that Socialism stands.

The king is dead. The workers are ready to enter into their inheritance.—Chicago Daily Socialist.

## McKees Rocks Aftermath.

STIRRING, INSPIRING, AND INSTRUCTIVE as was the heroic strike of the workers of the Pressed Steel Car Company in its various phases, from its desperate and seemingly hopeless beginning to its victorious conclusion, the events following its termination are no less inspiring and no less instructive.

Inspiring to every one imbued with the infinite, the magnificent possibilities that ordinarily lie dormant in our working class, but that are sure to be awakened and brought to life at every great emergency. Instructive to every student of the regular practices of the capitalist class and its habitual attitude toward the workers.

Among the conditions of the strike settlement were these: first, that the company shall take back every one of the strike leaders, the six hundred strikers who first laid down their tools and who so Hoff not publicly boasted would never be allowed to come back, as well as the six members of the executive committee were had carried out their

herculean labors with such signal ability and success; and secondly, that every one of the strikebreakers still remaining in the plant shall be dismissed.

No difficulty seems to have been put in the way of the return of the first six hundred. At least, none has been reported. The company is too eager to resume operations to exclude so large a number of trained and useful profit producers. But in regard to the six members of the executive committee it has flatly violated its pledge and has refused to reinstate them in their old positions. To this violation of their rights according to the terms of the agreement the strike leaders have submitted without murmurs or regret, eager to the last to serve their fellow-workers even to their own complete self-effacement.

The company also attempted to violate the agreement in regard to the discharge of all the remaining strikebreakers. The company officials, it would seem, wanted to test the spirit of the men by retaining five strikebreakers. Had this been permitted, there is no doubt that other violations of the agreement would have been attempted

But the returning workers immediately realized the full significance of this move on the part of the company officials, resolutely stopped their work and prepared to leave the mill again to a man. Having tested the temper of the men and having found it to be as defiant as ever, the officials meekly submitted. The strikebreakers were discharged and the men resumed their work.

The noble self-effacing conduct of the strike leaders stands out in glaring contrast to the violation of faith by the servants of Mammon. The former, bent upon serving their fellow men, surrender their treaty rights. The latter, bent solely upon crushing the spirit of the workers, do not even have the good grace to carry out honestly and without compulsion the conditions of the treaty of peace.

It is the same old story. The capitalists, swollen with pride, look

upon their workers as their natural slaves and inferiors, treaty obligations to whom are not binding. After every successful strike we hear the same story of leaders being put on the blacklist and strikebreakers being retained under all sorts of pretenses. But unfortunately the workers do not always maintain from the very start as firm an attitude as has been exhibited by the Pressed Steel Car Company's workers. Not wishing to lose the fruits of their victory and return to idleness and privation, the workers are generally disposed to overlook minor violations of the agreement, which thereupon prove to be only the first steps toward further encroachments.

Capital can be met successfully only when labor evinces the firm resolve to defend stubbornly the least of the rights it has won in hard-fought battle and tedious negotiation.—New York Call.



#### INFORMATION WANTED.

Kennett, Calif., September 14, 1909.

Editor Miners' Magazine:

Information is wanted concerning the whereabouts of Pat and John McGinnis. It is thought that they are either in Idaho or Montana. They are asked to communicate with their brother, Edward McGinnis, who is sick at Tombstone, Ariz., or with M. J. McGinnis at Kennett, Calif. Respectfully,  
H. C. EVANS, Secretary No. 174.

#### VOTE OF THANKS.

Van Anda, B. C., August 28, 1909.

Editor Miners' Magazine:

At a regular meeting of the Texada Miners' Union No. 113, a vote of thanks was tendered to Brother Wm. Davidson and the delegates at the Seventeenth annual convention, for their kindness in granting our request made to said convention. I am instructed (as secretary) to have the wishes of the members published through the medium of the Miners' Magazine. Fraternal yours,  
(Seal.) THEO. T. RUTHERFORD,  
Secretary No. 113.

#### INFORMATION WANTED.

Information is wanted of the whereabouts of Thomas McEneaney, David L. Lewis, John L. Gustafson, Thad McLain, Albert English and Frank Beers, who were in Silverton at the time of the fire at the Gold King mine, June, 1908. Anyone knowing the address of any of the above mentioned parties, will communicate with W. R. Harris, 327 Carnegie building, Pittsburg, Pa.

#### REPORT OF JAMES KIRWAN.

Terry, S. D., August 30, 1909.

Mr. John M. O'Neill, Editor Miners' Magazine:

Dear Sir and Brother—On Sunday, August 22nd, with President Moyer, I went to Rapid City, South Dakota, for the purpose of visiting Freeman Knowles, editor of the "Lantern," who was then confined in the Pennington county jail.

For the benefit of the readers of the Magazine who are not familiar with the Knowles case, and who are old-fashioned enough to believe in the freedom of the press guaranteed by the constitution of the United States, a brief review of the case will not be amiss at this time.

During the past four years, Freeman Knowles, a veteran of the Civil War, ex-congressman and a member of the W. F. M., has been the proprietor and editor of the "Lantern," a weekly newspaper published in Deadwood, devoted to the interests of organized labor and the Socialist party. In addition to his editorials on political and economic questions, he has, on several occasions, severely criticised the policy and methods of certain county officials and others who are prominent in financial circles in the Black Hills district. It can be readily seen that in a short time he incurred the enmity of the "powers that be," who were awaiting an opportunity to deliver, as they thought, a solar plexus blow to the "Lantern" and its editor.

About two years ago an editorial appeared in the "Lantern" commenting on the death of a young girl and severely condemning society as being responsible for her death. Although no exceptions could be taken by any intelligent person to the language and sentiments expressed in the editorial, several months after, when the federal grand jury was in session in Deadwood, a complaint was sworn to by a prominent banker, charging Knowles with the publication of the above mentioned article, and that it was indecent, scurrilous and a violation of the federal laws. The federal jury, composed of men from various parts of the state, all personal friends of the United States prosecuting attorney, and knowing nothing of the motives which actuated the aforesaid banker, had no difficulty in finding Knowles guilty and the learned judge immediately imposed a fine of five hundred dollars and committed Knowles to jail until such time as the fine would be paid.

The labor organizations in the Hills were now thoroughly aroused and in a few days a "Free Speech and Free Press League" was organized and a sufficient amount of funds raised to carry the case to a higher court. During the time that the necessary papers were being prepared in connection with the appeal, Knowles was compelled to lie in jail for a period of about three weeks. After several months the case was heard in the United States Court of Appeals in St. Louis and the decision of the lower court was sustained. But this action was expected, as the judge sitting on the case could not reverse the decision of one of their members, as the federal judge of a district is also a judge in the United States Court of Appeal. The result was that

Knowles, after refusing to pay the fine, was again committed to jail and at the time of our visit, had served several weeks.

A few days after our visit, an effort was made by his attorneys to secure his release on the ground that he did not have sufficient property or resources to pay the fine, as the federal statutes make provision for a case of this kind. Although sufficient evidence was produced at the hearing to support his petition, it was denied by the United States commissioner before whom the hearing was held. The labor organizations in the Hills immediately took steps to raise the amount of the fine, and in a few days the same was paid and Knowles released.

The persecution of Knowles has had an opposite effect to that intended by his enemies, and members of those who at one time were opposed to him are now numbered among his friends. The "Lantern" is doing business at the old stand, pouring hot shot into the enemy and advocating doctrines that will eventually emancipate mankind from wage slavery.

The members of organized labor in the Hills are fortunate in one respect, having the support of two up-to-date newspapers, the "Lantern" and the "Register," the latter a daily published in Lead, whose editor, W. C. Benfer, is also a member of the Western Federation of Miners. Both of these papers advocate industrial unionism and are warm supporters of the Socialist philosophy, although this support does not benefit them in a financial way.

August 23rd went to Hill City, and on the following morning went out to the Dakota-Calumet mine, where about sixty men are employed. The necessary arrangements were made for a meeting in the evening and at that time a local was organized to be known as the Copper Mt. M. & S. Union. This is the only mining camp in the Hills where men are compelled to work more than eight hours per shift, and no doubt an effort will be made in the near future to establish the eight-hour work day. Very little trouble was experienced in starting the local, as a number of the men were members of the Federation and the balance were anxious to do something to better their condition. A number of the men working in the mine were working three ten-hour shifts every twenty-four hours and members of the organization who are mathematicians and who can solve the above problem, can send their answers to the puzzle editor of the Miners' Magazine.

I returned to Deadwood the following day and on the 26th, went to Rapid City as a witness in the Knowles case, along with other members of the Federation, returning to Terry on the same date. Yours fraternally,

JAMES KIRWAN,

Executive Board Member District No. 5.

#### AN OPEN LETTER.

The writer desires that this should be considered an open letter.

To the President of the United States:

Sir—The national press has lately startled thoughtful men with the most unusual of announcements. We are told we may shortly expect to witness the meeting of the popularly elected President of this great Republic with the uncrowned Czar of Mexico. Calculated to inspire enthusiasm in the minds of the ignorant or the falsely informed, this piece of news brings dismay to those who know the truth and honor American traditions. For the last thirty years the world has heard unchallenged reports of the genius, the equity and the kindness of Porfirio Diaz. All this being true it would only be fitting and proper that the two neighboring chiefs should exchange international courtesies.

But as a matter of history Porfirio Diaz represents in Mexico what Abdul Hamid was to Turkey. On his white head rests the responsibility for the massacres of over 50,000 Mexican Christians, the slavery of thousands of Yaqui and Maya Indians who escaped fire and sword; the destruction of all liberties personal as well as public; the corruption of the judiciary; the creation of a financial system which has mortgaged Mexico to European and American bankers; for the persecution of all the Mexican liberals in the United States, which reached a climax of brazenness and impudence when a Mexican liberal was kidnaped across the Rio Grande from an American jail by the help of American detectives on the pay roll of the Czar.

Therefore I protest in the name of humanity, common decency and national dignity as distinguished from political expediency and international courtesy against such an exchange between the deeply trusted and patriotic President of the United States and the treacherous, unpopular and bloody-handed Nero of Mexico.

You might retort that it is no business of mine to couple your name with an attack seemingly so unwarranted.

My answer is that I speak no more than truth and not otherwise than I have spoken in a recent book on the real political conditions in Mexico. I am moved to repeat these truthful characterizations of Mexico's President and the rule he stands for, because this pamphlet has been suppressed by an indictment against me in an American court brought about by the Mexican

government which used your own brother, Henry W. Taft, as their lawyer against me, transparently to gain for their case the weight of an imputed connection between it and the administration.

You might reply that the American government cares nothing about the internal policy of the Mexican government as long as it behaves and protects American interests.

I answer that if a neighbor be a good neighbor it might be sufficient unto you, but if your neighbor should torture or attempt to kill his children would it not be your duty to interfere?

If the excuse for meddling in another nation's affairs is only found in the destruction of American lives and their property under what pretext did the American government protest against the Armenian massacres; what brought about armed intervention in Cuba; why did the state department undertake to refund the unjust Chinese indemnity; and how are you to explain the warfare of the tremendous struggle to stamp out slavery?

The reason for this system of intervention lies deeper than in financial and political interests. It proves to the civilized world that the American nation is something mightier than a rich, powerful and progressive Republic; that it is likewise a moral entity backed by the conscience of a people. The propaganda about Mexico has its source in the knowledge of the real history of Porfirio Diaz. At the beginning of his career he concealed his real political face, but the higher he rises in power and state craft the more he uncovers his fundamental lack of principle.

Even as I write these lines the report is wired from Mexico that Gen. Diaz has ordered the demission of the governor of Coahuila as the latter showed a marked tendency in favor of General Reyes' candidacy. Imagine the Republican President of the United States asking for the resignation of Governor Johnson of Minnesota because of his Democratic leanings.

Political evolution in Mexico will move faster in the next twelve months, inasmuch as the new generation is impelled by cleaner, more honest and patriotic motives than those of the malevolent Czar and his infamous camarilla.

Porfirio Diaz is fashioning the tools of his own destruction and as a last resort is using the handshake across the Rio Grande to countenance in advance the arbitrary repressions and assassinations which are sure to take place in the false elections of next year.

When that period is passed the mask of this master Machiavelli will have been torn aside. The American people will then realize with humiliation, that their honored President has exchanged an intimate greeting with the basest slave driver of modern times.

C. De FORNARO,  
National Arts Club, New York, August 31, 1909.

CABLEGRAM FROM SWEDEN.

That the efforts of the combined capitalist class of Europe have been unsuccessful thus far to break the backbone of the Swedish strike, will be best understood from the following cablegram received in the office of the Swedish-American newspaper "Arbeteren" (The Worker) from the president of the Swedish National Organization of Workers.

Stockholm, September 15, 1909.

"Arbeteren," 28 City Hall Place, New York City:

The gigantic struggle continues with undiminished energy against the Swedish Employers' Association. More than 150,000 still continue the struggle. As yet, no settlement. With courage and endurance, the workers are keeping up the fight to the utmost, and will win the fight, if only some economic assistance is given to the strikers. Landssekreteriatet,

HERMAN LINDQUIST.

It will be seen from this cablegram that the situation has remained unchanged. The strike is now in its sixth week and the Swedish Unionists are standing firm in spite of all the efforts made by their opponents to beat them down. This must not be understood to be a fight against the capitalists of Sweden alone, for the entire capitalist class of Europe are combined and are using their best efforts to break this labor body, the most thoroughly organized in all Europe today.

It was for tactical and strategical purposes that the unorganized have returned to work. This was done mainly because there was no desire on the part of the strike committee to precipitate a more dangerous situation, and furthermore, it was impossible with the slender means on hand to support such a large body.

The workers of the world cannot afford to permit the destruction of Swedish organization. Its present efficiency is the result of over twenty-five years of indefatigable work on the part of its builders and preceptors. What is needed is financial aid and much of it.

If the workers come to the rescue and keep up the flow of funds as they are now coming in and which are only now arriving in Sweden, then victory will surely be ours. This is the time for action. All the forces of labor the world over should stand with us in this struggle. If we go down, it is only a question of time when you will follow.

"IT IS UP" TO THE WORKERS.

In the September number of Wilshire's Magazine Upton Sinclair presents an interesting article entitled, "War! A Manifesto Against It." It is an article that should be read and considered by every Socialist comrade. It comes from the heart and should exert a powerful influence on the Socialist movement. It is to oppose the madness of militarism that rules the world at the present time. All the great nations of the earth are preparing for a tremendous struggle at the dictates of the capitalistic class. This class that make merchandise of human life win their wealth, honor and glory at the expense of the lives and suffering of the proletariat or working class.

The Emperor of Germany issues orders for six more Dreadnaughts. The British government orders eight more to hold her place as the greatest naval power on earth.

The Socialist party, can if it will, thwart this great conflict of the future by organization and make world-wide peace forever. Capitalism has made the history of the past. Socialism can make the history of the future if it cares to do so. Organization, strong and intelligent, is the only thing that will do it. Let the old parties die the death of the wicked. Build up the party of righteousness, justice and intelligence. Place the Socialist party in power in every country. Let the people rule instead of an elected aristocratic few who solely represent the interests of capitalism. Capitalism is the arch-enemy of all just government. It has been the history of all political parties, that as they become powerful, they become corrupt. This is due to the influence of organized wealth. What is termed government, is the instrument by which they carry out their plans.

Governments are good or bad according to their results. If they build up one class at the expense of another. If they promote injustice. If they violate the liberties of speech and press. If they kidnap private individuals and deny them a fair and impartial trial, they are vicious and bad. Treason and tyranny often wear the mask of Democracy and Republicanism. This is the political condition in the United States at the present time. The people do not rule. They are servants and slaves. The corporations and capitalists are the real rulers and their dominion is world-wide. How long the present conditions are to continue rests entirely in the hands of world's workers; in an aroused and enlightened public sentiment. As long as they heed the teachings of such capitalistic retainers as Gompers and his kind, they never will know what constitutes "Good Government."

Labor unions and federations do not amount to a tinker's cuss if they are controlled by capitalistic tools as far as benefiting the laboring class.

They are really a curse and a burden to him and only strengthen the fetters that enslave him or his class.

It was a sad and pitiful sight on the last Labor Day to see hundreds of laboring men carrying the banners and wearing the badges of capitalistic slavery and swelling up with pride at their own degradation. So time passes, the industrial conditions are bound to change, likewise the political conditions. What now seems "impossible improbable and impracticable" will be carried out perhaps as a national policy. It depends upon the working class.

MAC.

LABOR DAY IN BURKE, IDAHO.

Burke, Idaho, September 11, 1909.

Editor Miners' Magazine:

Burke Miners' Union celebrated Labor Day in Burke and thought it would be of some interest to the readers of the Magazine to know how it came off, as it was under the auspices of the Burke Miners' Union. The day was the most orderly of its kind that I ever saw. I do not know of any hard words being passed by anybody during the whole day, although the little town was crowded to overflowing. We met the train at Mace, one and one-half miles below Burke, where four hundred men formed in parade and marched to Burke where I made a short address, which seemed to be well received. I then introduced Mr. Ed Boyce, who was the speaker of the day, and the cheer that greeted him from the dense crowd when his prominent figure appeared on the platform, must have done him good, and when I say that his speech was frequently interrupted by enthusiastic applause, you can realize that he is the same Ed as of old in the cause of right. Mr. D. H. DeLong then addressed the crowd on Unionism. His address was of the Carpenters' Union of Wallace and was appreciated and well received. Nothing happened to mar the perfect order and pleasure of the day until 5:30 p. m. when word was received that the Hercules mill and power house was on fire which cast a gloom over the crowd and the town, the Hercules being the only mine in the canyon that closed down in recognition of the day. We regret the disaster very much for different reasons: That it should happen on that one day in the year when the mine was closed down for the men to celebrate; second, that the union men in Burke depended largely on that mine for employment; third, we have a warm and friendly feeling towards the Hercules company on account of their fairness towards union labor; therefore we regret their loss. Yours for the laboring class,

FRANK MONTY,

President Burke Miners' Union No. 10.

(Seal.)



THE M'KEES ROCKS VICTORY.

The victory of the McKees Rocks strikers against the inhuman management of the Pressed Steel Car Company is an event of transcendent importance.

The strike itself has shown that there is a limit to human endurance under the oppressive burdens imposed upon it by the capitalistic monster, a point at which human nature is sure to cry out in helpless, desperate, outraged revolt against brutal attempts at its further degradation.

The strikers were, at first, almost exclusively foreigners, whom the tender mercies of our social system and our plutocratic government have delivered bound hand and foot to their master. They had no organization, no connection with organized labor, no outside support to look for. Against them were the powerful corporation, the state of Pennsylvania with its police and constabulary and deputy sheriffs, and in the background—the government of the United States.

The cause of the strikers looked at first so hopeless that Hoffstat was able to declare that the plant would resume operations "no matter what the cost." The plant grounds were converted into a fortress manned by private and state police. Strike-breakers were lured from far distant places under false pretenses and conveyed into the fortress in vessels armed by the company. Disturbances were provoked and strikers were killed and wounded. To add to their misery they were driven out of the company shacks.

But the strikers never flinched from the terrible ordeal. Under the dictates of supreme necessity they improvised an organization. The power of human association, of the organization of equals subject to a common fate, soon showed its marvelous effects. The individual workers, helpless in their isolation, were converted into a fighting army inspired with the feeling of class solidarity. The public press was compelled to take notice of these indomitable fighters. Those who had remained at work were compelled to join their brothers in the fight. The unspeakable brutality of the company's management did the rest. The strike-breakers were glad to flee from the "slaughter house." The horrors perpetrated in the plant came to be known wherever newspapers were read. Even the government was compelled to take notice of them. The strikers received support and encouragement from labor organizations and the labor press. The company had all the military protection it wanted, but—strange to say—the works could not be run with the parasites of society, high and low. The works could be run only with workers, and these refused to return to work under conditions that would have disgraced a southern slave plantation.

The victory of the strikers demonstrates the marvelous power of working class solidarity in the most trying circumstances. But in this hour of joy over the deserved triumph of the brave McKees Rocks fighters it is well to be warned that, after all, this is not a victory over capitalism in normal operation, but over capitalism drunk with power and run to excess. The capitalist system may endure without resorting to any of the savage methods employed by the Pressed Steel Car Company for extorting extra profits out of its helpless employes. Normal profits obtained by normal methods of exploitation have not been attacked, nor have they been subjected to defeat. The normal exploitation of capitalism can be confined and reduced only by permanent labor unions, ever watchful, ever offering resistance to capitalist encroachment, ever ready to take advantage of favorable conjunctures. And the overthrow of normal capitalistic exploitation can only be achieved through the combined action of the entire working class in one great Socialist party.—New York Call.

THE FORM OF GOVERNMENT IS OF LITTLE CONSEQUENCE!

By Victor L. Berger.

What is the difference between a republic and a monarchy as far as the condition of the masses is concerned?

Aside from such natural advantages as our country may afford, do the

masses of today, under rule of our republic, differ strikingly from the masses under the rule of a king?

Do the favored few enjoy less wealth, less luxuries, less influence? The glories of monarchy have departed, but the miseries of the people remain. The contrasts which offended their sense of right and aroused their just resentment two hundred years ago, are still visible on all sides. The workmen are as overshadowed today by an opulent class in America and France, as they were formerly by a noble class in France and England.

Rapaciousness in the upper circles, far from diminishing, has increased; greed is allowed to run unbridled by any law. The favorites of industry in every country have outstripped the favorites of royalty.

In our republic even more than in some monarchies, they are permitted to feed on the public, and grow rich at our expense. They, too, dwell in palaces, are surrounded by magnificence, and display their affluence as though to mock those from whom they draw their revenue. They realize profits and amass fortunes which bring out, with more vividness than ever before, the difference between the two elements of society, the rich and the poor.

Now, more than ever, accumulation and waste are seen on one side, want and suffering on the other.

Instead of feudalism, capitalism is dominant, instead of Henry VIII, Mammon is king. On him has fallen the mantle of sovereignty; before him the respectful bearing; to him the obsequious bow. Everything is brushed aside to make room for the Majesty of the Moneybag.

Wherein then, so far as actual effects go, consists the much-talked of superiority of the republican over the monarchical system?

A large portion of the population, even those with education and industry, are not only unable to better their situation, but have to struggle constantly to maintain existence. On the other hand, a small portion, who are strangers to toil and to whom education is a mere adornment, partake of conditions which, from a material standpoint, it would be difficult to better.

It is therefore manifest that the latter have at their disposal something which the former have not; something, the possession of which implies an enormous advantage in promoting the improvement of one's condition, since it alone can bring about results which industry and education combined often strive vainly to obtain. This something, so marvelously effective in its operation, so all-sufficient to its possessors, is capital, is wealth.

This, in the complex adjustments of our social organism, is the most potent factor in bringing about an amelioration of the circumstances of individual.

For it matters not under what form of government—constitutional or despotic, monarchical or republican—man lives, his environment is likely to be little affected thereby. Whether he is a Jew or Gentile, Protestant or Catholic, does not determine what advantages he shall enjoy. Whether he has political rights or not, does not, per se, improve his condition in life. But whether he be poor or rich does most materially affect his condition.

He may change his divinities or his rulers, or his opinions, and there will be no change in his station; but let the size of his purse be changed one way or the other and lo! he and his surroundings are immediately altered, and the world is to him as a new world.

His powers, his actions, his desires are amplified or restricted. He appears as a god amongst men, or as a menial amongst gods.

So manifest, indeed, is the superiority which wealth gives its possessor; so great is the contrast between the opulent class and the poor class, that there is some excuse for the impression which prevails among certain members of the former, that they are of a race superior to the latter.

To the child of fortune is given the golden key which opens to him the wide world. He is a free man—free to do what fancy suggests; free to wander where pleasure calls him. He is enabled to secure all physical and all mental enjoyments and attainments. Respect, consideration, distinction, yes—and love, are within his easy reach. Abundance, superfluity attend him on every side.

He is given all things till overtaken by satiety.

Leisure and luxury, so craved by many, to him become monotonous.

He grows weary of indulgence in those pleasures which the multitudes never taste.

The poor man, on the contrary, though he hears much of sweet liberty, is a slave to adverse circumstances. His hands are chained, his movements circumscribed, his wishes ungratified. He searches often in vain for an outlet for whatever reserve of effort, energy, and ambition he may possess.

Intelligent, educated he may be, refined and cultured he may be, yet he may be unable, through lack of capital, to work for himself, and he may not even be allowed the privilege of working for others. He gazes at this immense earth, and yet cannot lay claim to a single inch thereof. He lingers at the threshold of the highways of the world and, not having wherewith to pay toll, finds the gates closed to him.

He is forced into an inferior position without his fault, he must carry the odium of being a "failure" without his being to blame.

He cannot rise, for there are innumerable and often insurmountable obstacles in the way of his rising. No matter what his capacity or ability, the occasion to use these being denied him, he must walk his lowly path.

Yet the rich and poor are human. Both draw life from the same source, both dwell under the same azure roof. Both may be equally favored by the hand of nature. But, surely, both have not been equally favored by the laws of man.

The advantages which the few who control great wealth have over those who own little or none, are too evident to require being elaborately dwelt upon.

The opportunities which riches offer in the acquiring of knowledge, of culture and refinement, as well as the comforts and luxuries of life, are sufficient proof that they are powerful instruments in improving, not only our mental, but our material, condition.

Under existing conditions, wealth is the embodiment of power. Without it, all the crowns and sceptres are nothing.

Possession or non-possession alone decides whether one's position shall be high or low, considered or despised.

It determines whether our bodies shall enjoy plenty or suffer want; whether our minds shall know peace, our sojourn on this planet shall be one of pleasure or of misery, one of toil or of leisure.

It regulates the quantity and the quality of the desirable, or necessary things one may acquire.

It prescribes how much liberty one may claim; how much of that precious measure of life—called time—he may call his own.

In fact, it affects the condition and the happiness of every individual of a nation.

In short, since wealth is the admitted means of satisfying man's most natural, most reasonable, most legitimate desires, it is manifest that democratic rule, that a republic aiming to benefit the people at large, far from allowing one to monopolize wealth, should devise means to secure its distribution among the greatest possible number.

And this can only be done by the introduction of Socialism, otherwise all the political changes effected during the last two centuries amount to little or nothing, and "sovereignty" of the citizen is a mere bubble.

Diogenes called a Croesus would still remain what he was, and Croesus named Diogenes would be none the less rich.

We want facts, not phrases.—Social-Democratic Herald.

#### POLE HUNTING FOR PROFIT.

"What's the use of finding the pole?" is a question that has been asked very frequently during the last few days.

There are still a few scientists who answer the question in the old-fashioned way by telling of new stores of truth to be added to human knowledge by such explorations. There are others who reply by pointing to the urge which drives men on to seek out the secrets of knowledge.

Either of these is undoubtedly strong enough to create polar explorers. They have done so in the past. The long list of men who laid down their lives in arctic regions in the past had no other incentive.

Thousands of scientists are daily risking their lives in scientific research with the hope of no reward but the satisfaction of extending the boundaries of the world of knowledge.

The expeditions of Cook and Peary have brought out new incentives. It appears that hunting for the pole has become exceedingly profitable. The first message that was rushed over the wire by Peary did not contain news of any great scientific achievement, did not voice the enthusiasm of a victorious discoverer of long-concealed truths. It was filled with instructions to "secure a wire" for an exclusive "story" which is now being loudly exploited by the newspaper syndicate that had arranged to monopolize this story. Cook is lecturing before scientific societies, but boldly announces that he is withholding the full truth until he shall be able to arrange for its profitable publication in book form. He is being wildly accused of deliberate faking of his entire discovery for the purpose of reaping the rich profits from lecture platforms and book publishers, and he is willing to endure the ignominy of this accusation (if it is false) for months rather than put his entire case before the public at this time and thus lose these profits.

The dispatches published up to this time from both men have been overshadowed by the elaborate copyright notices that surround them when published. Each newspaper hopes by this means to frighten away its competitors from using the "valuable scientific truths" which polar exploration is unearthing. Meanwhile the other papers are all boldly stealing his copyrighted "science," trusting to their ability to make more out of the additional circulation than they will be forced to pay in fines if the courts should chance to reverse themselves and decide that "news" can be copyrighted.

There are those who claim that there would be no progress without the incentive of profits. Here is an excellent illustration of the mixture of exploration and exploitation, and the result is not exactly of a nature to arouse enthusiasm in the lover of scientific research.

So long as arctic explorers found their main reward in the knowledge of truth discovered there was little jealousy and no allegations of fraud.

No sooner are the rich rewards of platform and publisher held out than we have the amazing spectacle of alleged gigantic faking, mutual charges of bad faith, corruption of natives, invasion of private stores of goods (the one thing considered most sacred in arctic regions) and the withholding of the facts by both sides until they can be most profitably exploited.

Those who urge that only under capitalism would there be an adequate incentive to action may well ponder the result of capitalizing polar exploration.—Chicago Daily Socialist.

#### THE PASSING OF HARRIMAN.

Harriman was a product of civilized stupidity. As far as the business world is concerned, he passed away when he entered his house at Arden the other day on his return from Europe. He will not live in the hearts of men. He is in the same category as Henry H. Rogers. Each is a warning to civilization.

As a man Harriman was mostly a failure, as was Rogers. Each lived a lesson to his fellow men, but not consciously nor with the intent or desire of bettering the conditions of his fellow men. Neither lived in accord with the great moral law of service, yet each has emphasized the truth of that law.

Harriman, like Rogers, looked upon his fellow men merely as stepping stones upon which he could climb to riches and power. The object was to get riches and power, whether honestly or dishonestly, whether by keeping or breaking faith, made no difference to him.

Harriman's passing will be a loss in this respect: For years he has been teaching his fellow men, by his example, that private ownership of public functions is a crime—and he has been a great teacher. May he be succeeded by some one who will teach that lesson as well as he has been teaching it.—San Francisco Star.

#### EXTRACTS FROM DARROW'S SPEECH

Delivered at Shell Mound Park, Oakland, on Labor Day, September 6, 1909.

I witnessed your parade, and I saw the great mass of men and women who are gathered here today, and I know there are tens of thousands of others who are in sympathy with your cause; and yet I know that in the councils of the state, in the management of public affairs, in the legislation of the country, in making the laws an institution under which we live, these great labor organizations, and the great mass of men who toil, are unconsidered, unknown, and that their views are never heard. I know that your demonstration is only for a day. I know that the politicians may look over your long ranks, may look over the great sea of faces, and assemble tomorrow in convention and say they care nothing whatever for the workingman, for he knows nothing about how to vote, and he never stands by his friends.

I know that the mass of toiling men, who have the ability, and who constitute the majority of the people of this country, count less in our political councils than a half-dozen men of wealth who are seated around a mahogany table in the City of New York. I know that you are constantly fooled, that you also forget, that you do not remember your friends; that you go off on false issues, and that the politician has been right when he has ignored the labor vote. I have seen a great party in the last campaign deliberately insult and ignore and trample on the great labor vote of America, and I have seen that great labor vote triumphantly elect the candidates who spat upon them.

#### Some Are Untrustworthy.

I recognize that in the ranks of trade unionism are many men who do not understand its principles; there are many men who have been unfaithful to its sacred trust; there are many men incapable of leadership; they have committed errors without number, and they often mistake the means for the end; that their convictions and their reasons and their purposes are not clear, but in spite of that I recognize in the great movement, in the great organization is the only hope there is for the laboring man in the world, and I can forgive their shortcomings, their errors, their mistakes and their crimes, because I know that after all their cause is the cause of the just; their cause is the cause of the weak and the progress of the human race must be pent up in the success of trade unionism.

There are, as I have said before, tens of thousands of trades unionists who mistake trades unionism, and who believe that trades unionism is the end and not the means to the end.

I must say, when speaking of the mistakes of trades unionism, that one great mistake of trades unionism is that all it knows it has learned from the other side. The boycott, the blacklist, every principle advocated by trades unionism has been taught them by the railroads, by the monopolists, by the strong, and by the strong, and they teach these principles to you, and when you go around and practice them, their lawyers and the courts send you to jail for following in their footsteps.

You say that an honest boy may not learn a trade, a child of a mechanic cannot become a mechanic himself, but if he learns the trade he has got to go to the penitentiary or some such place to learn it. You limit the men who are to work at a trade, just the same as the steel trust limits the production it turns out, or the shoe factory limits its production, so they may charge higher prices for what they have to sell. I want to ask you who think, can you look into your own reasoning and your own conscience and find any excuse for this?

#### Work Not What Men Want.

What civilized, intelligent people want is not work, but to get out of work, and you will never get very far until you stop worshipping work, and stop working, because a man who works all the time has not the time to think, and generally has not the capacity to think. Your inclination is to limit work, and I undertake to say there isn't a trades union anywhere whose members perform near as much work as they could perform, if they were doing their best. Why? Why, you are afraid you will run out of work. You are afraid you will run out of work, and will have to play croquet or loaf. The great bugbear is ever before the laboring man, that there won't be any work, and before the other man is the great bugbear that he will be obliged to work.

Now, I want to say that I believe that labor will not earn very many great victories in the future on the lines that these have been waged in the past, that labor must go a step further, or it must go back. The methods of the past are too hard, they have been made too impossible to succeed much further along those lines. For instance, the courts of the United States are composed of judges taken uniformly, or almost uniformly, from the ranks of corporation lawyers, and if anybody thinks that law is a science or a mathematical certainty, he would better study law. It is a matter of guesswork and opinions enforced, and nothing else, and the strongest force in civilization makes the law just as they do everything else.

Judges have almost uniformly been taken from the men who eat at the table of the rich, and are satisfied with the crumbs—and it is a good big crumb. They go upon the bench imbued with the feeling of the class to which they belong; they are not workmen, but if our judges were shoemakers instead of lawyers, you might get less law but more justice. They go upon the bench filled with the prejudices and feelings and bias of the class to which they belong, and the law of the United States is today so firmly established that every intelligent lawyer knows that you cannot call a strike without endangering yourselves of serving a term in jail without a trial by jury. You have seen two or three of your great labor leaders sent to jail, and you have seen two or three who are now under sentence to go to jail because they dared to advise workmen not to buy Buck's stoves.

What is the use of a strike, what is the use of the raise of wages? Why, we had a strike in the anthracite coal mines, the men faced hunger and starvation for six months, and then they had a lawsuit lasting six months more, which was worse, as nothing will use up money like a lawsuit. That is where they have the start, and they succeeded in getting a ten per cent raise of wages, a mighty good thing, and then in one day a half dozen men got around a mahogany table down in New York City, and they raised the price of coal about twenty per cent. Honestly, do you trade unionists think there is any possible scheme that you can invent that can raise the price of wages as fast as these fellows can put up the cost of living? If you do, go at it and try.

Do you suppose as long as Mr. Harriman can fix rates on the railroad it makes any difference how much he pays his section men? Not a bit; he gets it back on the goods he hauls there for his section men from the East, and of course when the people kick too much, the legislature fixes the price that the passenger is to pay, but they leave the freight rates to go up, and every poor man has to pay freight rates, so you get beaten again.

Is labor a blessing? People act as if it were; it is a blessing today because it is better than hell itself; not very much better, but some

#### Enough Land For All.

There is land enough in America, there is land enough on the face of the earth, if there was not a fence around it; there is iron enough in the mines, there is coal enough in the earth; there is enough of stuff to work into food, and to work into clothing so that men need no more fear famine; the question of production has long since been solved; men of cunning and with brains have invented cunning machinery to do men's work; men don't need to work any more; two or three hours' labor a day would support them; and even the rich could afford to work two or three hours a day; they can take their exercise that way instead of playing golf.

It took nature millions of ages to make a coal mine. Away back when the earth was young and hot, and moist, great forests sprang up and within it internal troubles, and these sank down and were buried in the earth and were hidden away for millions of ages, so that one day when the earth grew old and cold this pent-up sunshine could be brought forth to warm the hearts of man, and lo and behold! when the earth got old and cold a few railroad companies stretched forth their hands and said, "All this coal is ours, and nature through all the ages has been toiling not for the human race, but for us, and the human race cannot make fires except upon such terms as we see fit to dictate."

Do you think you can solve the labor question and leave a half dozen men in the United States in control of the industries of America? If you do, you have got another guess coming, and you better make it quick while you are living. You must bring the human race back to the heritage of which it has been deprived. Now, I know this cannot be done quickly, but I know beyond the immediate things which all of us do, beyond the grind of everyday life there ought to be up here a clear ideal, there ought to be some point to which we are moving; there ought to be some guide, the guiding star to influence the combat of the nation and of men. When we make laws or repeal them we should know where we are going, what is the result to be obtained, and go towards that result.

#### Workingmen in Politics.

I have heard many shades of political opinion, with reference to your present affairs, and I believe the workingman should go into politics; I believe they should go in quickly; they have stayed out too long. You will never have any influence until you get in, and I want to say another thing, when you get in, you will make all the mistakes that the others have made before you, you will have ignorant men, you will have tyrannical men, you will have boodlers. If you elect a man and he proves unfaithful to his trust, if he betrays the men whom he was sent to serve, if he takes the money of the corporation and sells you out to the rich, then because of that don't turn your back upon a labor party, try again. If you are not going to vote for any party whose men had betrayed the cause of the people, what ticket would you vote?

I think a man who represents so high and so moral a cause as labor ought to be true to the poor whom he represents; he ought to undergo hardships, he ought to withstand temptation, he ought to die almost for his cause, but they will not all do it, and don't expect it, and when some of them are unfaithful to the cause, don't you be unfaithful to your cause, for your cause is the great cause of human liberty; the hopes of your future are bound up in the cause of the workingman; there is nothing else in human history excepting the progress of the weak and of the poor. This cause is in your

hands; it is for you to find a position for the generations that are yet unborn. The world has been ruled by kings, by tyrants, by priests, by preachers, by monopolists, by the rich. The great men have been the hewers of wood, the drawers of water, through all the ages of the world, they have given their toil, they have given their life, they have given their blood that other men may be rich and strong. The men who have labored have denied themselves the comforts of life that others may roll in wealth they do not need; they have been bought and sold as chattels. The history of the world has been the progress of the poor, the progress of the workingman. The progress of the human race has been the progress of trade unionism. In spite of its mistakes, in spite of much of its criminal conduct, in spite of the evils of the past, the position of man today is imbued with determination to stand by each other in this great world struggle for human liberty, and it is for you to stand together; the cause of the workingman is right when it is wrong. If the individual battle is not wise, what of it? Should you desert your comrade, and go to the enemy? If the battle is wrong, the war at least is right, and the war has just begun, and sometime the work of the trade unions will be done. I told you your principles are not ideal; they are not, they are necessary to the state of industrial warfare in which we live, but these narrow restrictions will pass away, there will no longer be an effort to exclude any human being from any portion of the earth from earning his living to the best of his ability and his strength. A man will be your brother whether he belongs to your union or not; this is for today, but beyond it and above it is the grand time when the work of the union will have been completed, when all men will be brothers, when the brotherhood of man shall be an accomplished fact; then these restrictions will be ended, because the warfare of industrial strife will be over.—San Francisco Star.

#### AUSTRALIA'S "LABOR" GOVERNMENT.

Many Socialists of the half-baked variety, point with pride to Australia as the one country where the theories of Socialism are rapidly being put into practice. "Look at the government owned railroads," they say, "the equal suffrage for men and women, old age pensions and many other steps in advance taken by Australia in the last few years. There's Socialism for you."

The French opportunists who masqueraded under the name of Socialists in the chamber of deputies at Paris, showed their true bourgeois nature during the strike of the government employees. Likewise the "labor government" of Australia has shown its helplessness, or rather, lack of desire to aid on the part of the labor members of the Australian parliament, during the late strike of the miners at Broken Hill and the smeltersmen at Port Pirie. The strike was bitterly contested for over twenty weeks and in spite of the fact that Australia had a labor government, the state government provided nearly four hundred additional police while the strike was on. Many of these police were mounted carrying swords, rifles and revolvers and a number of them behaved in a dastardly fashion.

The strike was to resist a general reduction of ten per cent in wages and while the miners were partially successful, the smeltersmen at Port Pirie gained nothing. Many of the strike leaders were arrested and taken to Albany, over a thousand miles from the scene of the conflict, and tried on varying charges. Tom Mann, who had charge of the strike, was acquitted after a trial lasting eight days, but nearly all of the others prominent in the struggle received jail sentences. Holland, who was found guilty of sedition, got two years' hard labor for advising the men to rise "with a force like that of dynamite."

The result is that the revolutionary tactics are now meeting with favor among the miners and smeltersmen. Many meetings were held during the strike and the subsequent trial of the strike leaders and the speeches, almost without exception, held out Socialism and industrial unionism as the only hope of the workers.

Tom Mann, writing to the International Socialist Review, says, "The men fought a good fight for twenty weeks and their organizations remain intact and they are in a better position than ever for carrying on an energetic campaign and preparing to take their rightful share in the great class war fully conscious of the part they have to play in it."

A bourgeois inclined labor government is not a solution for and cannot even begin to remedy the economic ills of the workers. Nothing short of the taking over of the reins of government and the industries of the country by the workers can remedy these ills. To advocate anything less in a waste of time and energy and is generally an indication of insincerity.—Nome Industrial Worker.

#### HAVE CONVICTS AT THEIR MERCY.

Infliction of Torture is Without Excuse.—Cruel Punishments Habitually Visited on Prisoners Would Not Be Tolerated in Menagerie.

Dear public; busy, forgetful, easy going public; we wish to ask you a very simple question. When you visit a menagerie do you see the keeper beating or torturing the caged and helpless lion?

Of course you don't. You would howl with indignation at the sight of such wanton cruelty. But the king of all the universe, man; man, the final product of countless ages of evolution, is beaten and tortured by his keepers, after they have rendered him as helpless as is the captive lion, and you never say a word. Why?

Let us take this question of torture step by step, trying only to find out the truth about it, evading and extenuating nothing. For the moment we will assume that the convict is as dangerous as a man-eating tiger. The point we make is that his guards have him so helplessly at their mercy that it is impossible for him to work serious harm. Col. Griffith has published, in full, the story of his experiences in San Quentin, and as a quotation from him will illustrate this point we turn to what he wrote some months ago. He is giving illustrations of the application of the straightjacket, from which many men have emerged crippled for life, and he uses the following language in connection with one instance that excited his special indignation:

"Here is yet another case; one which powerfully affected the hundreds who witnessed it, of whom I was one. A poor Italian, working on the hill removal job, fell into a controversy with the guard, probably owing to his entire ignorance of English. He was ordered to the 'solitary' for straightjacket punishment and protested vehemently. Four guards seized him, but he cried out so loudly that it attracted the attention of the warden and the captain of the yard, the latter of whom placed both hands on the man's throat and choked him into silence while he was dragged away. I never saw this man again and know nothing of his fate," and then the writer comments thus:

"Why did not we, the hundreds of us, who saw this tragedy and sympathized profoundly with the victim, protest? Simply because we were absolutely helpless. There were 125 guards, each a walking arsenal. In addition to the five gatling guns there were distributed among them, or held in reserve, 108 Winchester, 60 double-barreled loaded shotguns, 72 rapid-fire revolvers and 12,000 rounds of ammunition. Only one hopelessly insane would dream of resistance, and, in my judgment, even to plot escape is proof of despair run mad." He then remarks that during the twenty months he passed in San Quentin there was only one attempt at escape and that a feeble one, three men concealing themselves in the juke mill at the end of the day's task and being discovered almost immediately.

#### Powerless for Evil.

The man is brought to the penitentiary shackled. He is put into a cell as secure as any used for the confinement of the wildest beasts. He emerges from this only to work and eat; and at every step, at every moment through

out the day, he is flanked and watched by guards armed to the teeth, while over all frown incessantly the gatling guns. Is he not as helpless as the caged lion? Then why this constant punishment and torture?

Of course, however, you believe that the convict is inherently dangerous, and that if discipline were relaxed our prisons would be scenes of chaos. Let us see what those who really know have to say upon this subject, and first we will consult the author of "Life in Sing Sing." We select him as the first witness because his work has all the earmarks of strict impartiality. He was a man of good education and founder of the well known Sing Sing paper, the "Star of Hope." Here is what he says:

"It is generally thought that the inmates of a prison are a body of lawless men, whose restraint is a matter of the most serious physical effort; that they are always seething with rebellion and ready to break out in open revolt at the slightest provocation or at the first moment of relaxed discipline or watchfulness. So far opposed to the truth is this that for general orderliness, quietness and docility, there isn't a university in the country that compares favorably with Sing Sing in this respect. Nor is it, as you might fancy, because the measures taken to produce that condition are effective. There isn't a tamer man in the world than the average convict, and his behavior is good in spite of the conditions which surround him, not because of them. Whenever he breaks out against discipline or offers violent opposition to the rules it is, if not invariably, in nine cases out of ten the fault of the administration." And again, criticising the average prisoner, he says: "The convicts are industrious, generally because they are of active temperament. They are not quarrelsome, or mischief-makers or unqualified liars, as a rule, because they don't see the use of it. Among the more ignorant profanity and ribald speech prevail, but they even grow out of this and make very creditable attempts at certain small decencies. Keep them away from something to steal, and they form rather a hopeful lot, evincing unsuspected virtues."

#### Jealous of Perquisites.

They certainly don't get much opportunity to steal. This is a perquisite peculiar to the officials, and guarded with the most wakeful jealousy. It is called, however, "graft."

We turn again to evidence furnished by Col. Griffith. For fourteen months he was an inmate of the largest room in San Quentin, being one of forty-eight prisoners who slept there nightly. He says that "during that period only one fight took place, and that of a trifling nature. Several of my companions had been found guilty of murder and were in for life, but their conduct was excellent. Several others were quite old men, one having been convicted of assault after he had passed his eightieth year, while another celebrated his seventieth birthday shortly after my arrival. The rest were in for petty offences. We had a few who belonged to the San Francisco hoodlum gangs, which are notoriously tough, but they were in a decided minority and the example of the others kept them decent."

It may be added that Col. Griffith was in constant receipt of literature from the outside and held nightly seances at which he read the news aloud. He testifies that his audience was always most orderly, being intensely interested and quite intelligent in its comments.

In "No. 9009" Messrs. Bechtold and Hopper have given the world what is probably the most realistic picture yet published of life in a penitentiary. The development of John Collins' character turns almost entirely on his desperate efforts to follow the sheriff's advice—"Keep to yourself and hang on to your good-time; hang on to your copper." This is the description of his first night in the cell:

#### To Save His Copper.

"He remained silent, bent over, thinking, a long time. And then, solemnly, almost with affection, 'My copper,' he said softly. He would work for it, he would treasure it, his good time, his copper. There were rules in this place; he would keep them. There was work; he would work. He remembered the words of the garotter and of the sheriff; he would keep to himself, he would obey, he would do anything they told him." "Oh, I'll be good," he said aloud, whimsically; "I'll be good, all right." And as you follow the unfolding of the plot you see how a single guard was able to make that fixed resolution impossible of fulfillment.

You may say this is fiction, but realistic fiction, written by men of talent who have made a special study of their subject, often gives the most accurate of pictures. And in the absence of direct evidence to the contrary all common sense will teach us that the utterly helpless convict is not likely to rebel, but is most likely to use every effort to obtain the good marks that will shorten materially the term of his imprisonment.

It is the tendency of all power to encroach on the rights of the individual and, by multiplication of rules, magnify its office. The more helpless the individual and the more ignorant the mistreated official the more pronounced will be this tendency. Of this prison life affords the most glaring illustration. For time hangs heavy and the devising of new regulations gives an outlet for pent-up energies. Barry, who was sent by the Cosmopolitan to investigate the southern convict camps, found guards who flogged as a relief to the monotony of their uneventful life. Had he investigated certain of our penitentiaries he might have made similar comment.

#### Regulations Without End.

In the last letter issued by the Prison Reform League Charles Edward Russell was cited as having reproduced the affidavit of a prisoner in the penitentiary at Columbus, Ohio, who was flogged until his shoes were full of blood. What was this man's crime? He had passed a fellow convict a piece of bread, which was against the rules. Col. Griffith will tell you that his first summons before the warden's court was on the serious charge of having traded tobacco, which he did not use, for a chair, of which he stood in need. And so one could go through the history of prison after prison, finding labyrinths of petty regulations invented to give excuse for punishment, deprive the men of the "good time" to which they are entitled, and prolong the term during which they must be supported out of the pockets of the public.

But there is another and most sufficient reason for this multiplication of rules—rules so childishly ridiculous that they should be whirled out of court with a Gargantuan peal of laughter. This reason is expressed in rough but straight language by the author of "Thirteen Years in the Oregon Penitentiary," as follows: "Now I will give a little sidelight on the prison politician and prison politics. The prison politicians are the guards, and they are all the time scheming and plotting and planning how they can hold their jobs. The first thing they will tell a visitor is what a hard lot of men they have to deal with. They will tell visitors that the life of a guard is constantly in danger, and that they practically carry their life in their hands. Did the visitor ever stop and take time to think that if he himself was a convict the prison politicians would be telling some other visitor the same thing about him?—The prison politicians want the governor and superintendent to believe that the convicts are a bad lot, so the guards will have the run of the penitentiary to suit themselves, and so the governor will take no notice of what a convict says when he makes his complaint." We submit the passage as it stands to the common sense of our readers.

#### Put in a Nutshell.

Meanwhile the position that the public is called on to face is simplicity itself. The convict is as helpless as a caged animal, and is at the mercy of his keepers. These keepers are men who owe their positions to political influence, and are the last persons in the world who should be entrusted with autocratic power. They have that power, however, and abuse it, with unspeakable inhumanity. They multiply rules to a point at which the Savior of mankind himself could not keep his record clear. Thus they are never without an excuse for punishing, and punishment repeatedly means torture. And the man who, whether with his own hand or by that of his deputies, will inflict torture on the absolutely helpless is the greatest criminal the human imagination can depict.

Men proclaim with one voice that the crime problem menaces their civilization and must be solved. Meanwhile they themselves remain guilty of the worst of all crimes, condoning torture.

Can the clergy, to whom the Prison Reform League has issued broadcast a special appeal, afford to ignore these conditions? We say they cannot.

Every judge is now aware that the penitentiary to which he sends unfortunates may be, and often is, a hell of torture. Can he, an educated and, professedly, a civilized man, afford to remain indifferent? We say he cannot.

Finally, can the great American nation allow itself to be paraded before the world as lower even than Russia? Surely not.

### THE HOLD-UP MAN.

By Clarence S. Darrow.

The season of the "hold-up man" and the "anti-hold-up man" is once more at hand. This period comes annually at the same time of year, just after the flower show, the horse show and along with the college foot ball games. It begins with the season of gaiety, when the days grow short and the nights grow long, when the first sharp, tingling frost of winter drives the people off the streets and huddles them around their fires and when the price of coal goes up.

The season of the "hold-up man" will wane as the winter gaities fade away—soon after lent—when the nights again grow short and the days grow long, when the price of coal goes down and the sun comes back once more and warms the poor and homeless, without money and without price.

Lawyers, mayors, doctors and policemen freely give their advice as to the best way to treat the "hold-up man." There is scarcely a topic of the day in which all classes of society so generally agree—one remedy is prescribed by all—more police, more revolvers, more clubs, more jails—this is the remedy for the "hold-up man." One able lawyer advises every citizen to carry a revolver and to shoot at every suspected hold-up—to aim at the abdomen, presumably the most fatal spot. Why the "hold-up man" should be treated differently than other men who transgress the moral law is not quite clear. If all sinners were to be shot at sight, few would be left to bury the dead. A doctor, generally humane and wise, declares that the mayor is responsible for all the hold-up men; that there is no excuse for a burglary on Maple street and some other street. What the residents of these streets have done to exempt them from the hold-up man is not made clear.

It has not occurred to any of these eminent people to find the cause for the "hold-up man," and yet most of them know that nothing in this world exists without a cause.

Of course, no one but a crank or a fanatic could find any necessary connection between the brilliant costumes of the horse show, the cold blasts of winter, the price of coal and the hold-up man, yet, after all, many men whom the world has called wise—and even orthodox—have associated these causes and brought not only arguments, but long tables of figures, to show that there is a law which governs even the actions of the hold-up man and relates him to every other living thing upon the earth.

There are many other facts that students have learned while policemen were wielding their brutal clubs.

The number of homeless girls who patrol the streets of our large cities grows greater, they walk more briskly and waste less time negotiating with the prospective customer as the nights grow long and cold—to most people this is an accident, like all other things on earth. There are those who know that the rooms where these girls sleep are poor, that they are not all heated with steam, that most of them are cold, and that, to say nothing of food, these wanderers must do something to keep warm. There are other facts, too, which the crank and sentimentalist has found out. Our jails and police stations are fuller in winter than in summer. The Salvation Army and other bodies of evangelists who have warm rooms and nice bowls of hot soup make many more converts in winter than in summer. The winter "Christian" is known to all who do this sort of work. Our poor houses, wood yards, orphan asylums, and even art galleries and public reading rooms, are well patronized in winter. This last would teach some profound thinkers that cold weather conduces to literature and art. Pawn shops and second hand furniture men get better bargains in winter than in summer. But still what of it? Do not lawyers, doctors, policemen and clergymen all say that the panacea for all ills is the policeman's club?

There are other facts which dreamers and visionists are wont to note—those people who have so little to do with the practical side of life that they must needs dream. In good times, tramps are scarce, jails are empty, criminal courts not over busy, street walkers few, hold-up men very rare.

The early winter is the time that frugal men and frugal beasts lay up their stores for the cold days and nights coming on. The thrifty mine owners lay in their stocks by marking up the price of the coal which the Lord placed in the earth long ages since; the lawyer and merchant telephones his dealer to put twenty tons of coal in his cellar to feed his furnace through the winter months; the poor seamstress works farther into the black night to buy a few bushels to keep her fingers from growing stiff. Old, bent, haggard women take huge sacks upon their shoulders and wander up and down the railroad tracks for the stray lumps that may drive away a portion of the frost, and lean, dirty little boys pull their carts through the streets and sweep up what the rich man leaves; and the hold-up man, he too, goes out to lay in his winter stock against the cold and ice.

The hold-up men are not the ones who mark up the price of coal and gas and beef—these would take no such chances as fall to the lot of the hold-up man. The hold-up man comes from the home of the wretched and the poor. Who, think you, is this hold-up man? Was he born this way? If so, don't fire as you meet him on the street, but turn your gun on God Almighty, who made him as he is. But he was not born—he was made—he might have been an unsuccessful merchant, who could not compete with the department store; or a railroad man whose name is on the blacklist because he dared to strike. He grew more and more desperate year after year, until he became a "hold-up man."

It is fifty years since the great philosopher and historian, Buckle, gave his monumental work to the world. In this work he showed, not alone by reason and logic, but by statistics covering long periods of time, that the suicides, the defalcations and the crimes of all kinds increased and decreased in England, and have for years, exactly as the price of bread went up and down. This was not new when Buckle wrote it down; it was known before and has been shown by almost every good economist since then.

There are many other facts that cranks often cite. Australia was settled by exported criminals, but they went to a country where land was cheap and opportunity great and became industrious, hard-working men; the next generation became respected, high-toned citizens. Take a thousand of our low-class crooks and a thousand of our commonest prostitutes and put them on an island where land is cheap and opportunity great and in the third generation their descendants will be civilized, well-mannered citizens, with houses and barns, books and pictures, churches, policemen and jails.

The hold-up man of today is the same man who lurked around the mansions of the rich in Rome 1500 years ago. He was sent to jail, but he battered away at the civilization of Rome until the rich and poor went down in common ruin and despair. He is the same hold-up man that Louis XV and Louis XVI were wont to club and kill in France a hundred years ago, but one day all the disinherited hold-up men crept out from the alleys and caverns and marched on the king's palace and took possession of the state. Then these men made the rules of the game and the nobles and princes went into the back alleys and took the place of the hold-up men, that is, those who did not move to the catacombs.

Every increase in the price of coal makes hold-up men. Every time the price of meat goes up, some women go upon the streets and some men get burglars' tools. Every extortionate penny taken by the gas trust makes hold-up men. In their last analysis, these despised criminals are men whom our social system has frozen out, who cannot live, who have no place upon the earth. Even the prostitute who plies her trade for the love of the trade and the criminal who loves crime (if any such there be) have come to their present places through years of misfortune or hard environment, and would surely disappear under fairer conditions and with anything like a decent chance.

The rescue missions save many girls from prostitute lives, but they only make room for some other girl whom society is starving and freezing until she takes her place. So you may kill all the hold-up men, but back of these are a long line of other men standing on the border, waiting for a chance to take their places.

Chicago is fairly well to do for jails and lock-ups. We have just built a fine, large addition to our county jail—the building has steam heat and electric lights and many boarders are found therein, especially in winter time, but has crime decreased as the jail increases in size? No one seems to expect this—it is taken for granted that this will grow as fast as any other institution of the town. If a pestilence of typhoid fever should break out in town, the wise, humane doctors would advise us to build more hospitals—the cranks and visionists would tell us to boil the drinking water and stop the scourge. Thank God, the practical man has always ruled the world—

With a small handful of men controlling all the earth and every opportunity for life, and the great mass forced into hopeless want, it will take more jails, policemen and clubs to keep the disinherited at bay. There is one way—and only one—to treat the hold-up men—feed them, or, rather, let them feed themselves.

But more grim and farcical still than the talk about the hold-up man is one other fact: Chicago has hundreds of Christian churches—we are a Christian people. It is nineteen hundred years since Christ's teachings were given to the world. We profess to be the disciples of that lowly man who believed in no jails or clubs—who taught infinite love and infinite mercy—who said if a man asked for your coat, give him also your cloak—and yet today we know nothing better than hatred, repression, brute force, jails and clubs. We single out a considerable class of our fellowmen to shoot on sight. Of course, the world will continue to treat its so-called criminals in this enlightened human way; therefore would it not be well to rechristen our churches and stop calling them after Christ?

### THE IRON WORKER.

By H. B. Moyer.

"If I had a son and he took up iron work to earn his soup I'd beat him with a bed slat and then make him eat the slat."

It was at least seven years ago that "Scotty" Farrell—the old original "Scotty," who made himself famous in Baltimore by whipping two husky bricklayers and then keeping the boarding house awake the rest of the night expressing his regrets that there were not more opponents to conquer—made the above remark. And Scotty knew just what he was talking about, for if there ever was a hard, thankless, unremunerative vocation it is erecting structural steel and iron. Also it puts kinks in one's back and furrows on one's forehead.

The funny part of it is, too, that hardly anyone outside of those who chase the stuff skyward really know just how rough the game is.

One or two brother ironworkers, becoming tired of eating lard-fried eggs, and picking the flies out of the potatoes, decided to tote thereafter in double harness. Now, when a hardy son of the sky line receives one of Cupid's body blows he goes down hard. Consequently, the aforesaid brother and his good frau—that's the Dutch of it—appointed themselves matchmakers and set about to tie with the untieable square knot brother's brother and wifey's sister. Sister was willin', but brother has to be shown. Finally, sister, in response to coaching from sister the married, wrote brother the single that she "just doted" on travel, and that, like "those gallant pioneers of early days before the war," hard knocks had for her no terrors. All of which, written from the protection of a comfortable home, sounded almost like the real thing.

But our doubting bachelor wasn't satisfied. "Some day—when I'm doing something besides slugging iron—I may ask you something," he wrote. "At present all I can say is that I believe you would be happier with a railroad man. He could at least offer you a caboose, while the best I could do most of the time would be to provide a side door Pullman."

If all men were as honest as that the public in general would have a much clearer conception of what it really means to be an ironworker.

Not that all ironworkers travel via the Gondola or empty box-car route—far from it! Many of them pay their way, and quit eating for a few days between jobs, while others have a remarkable knack for continually maintaining their names upon some company's payroll, thereby placing themselves in the way of getting expenses paid from job to job. Where one iron chaser rides at the company's expense, though, at least fifty of them pay their own toll, beat it, or waik—according to the depth or emptiness of one's purse, or his inclination.

But leaving aside the question of job hunting, or changing, what has the average ironworker got when he has a job? We've all run across the tenderfoot, who, ten to one, never saw the top of a skyscraper until after the tar had been spread, and who opens his mouth a yard wide when you mention what wages you are getting a day.

"Four dollars and eighty cents a day!" he gasps, "why, my good gracious, you may strike me pink—and back again—if that isn't almost as much as I earn in a week. What on earth do you do with all that money?"

Analyze that and you've pretty nearly got down to one of the reasons why certain contractors and bridge companies are so liberal—in expanding hot air on what unions are not and never will be in the way of good organizations.

"We pay 'em good wages," I once heard a certain foreman say, "and we treat 'em like men, and yet they're never satisfied! Dod gast 'em!"

Then there is the other fellow, synonymous with the party of the first mentioned party, who stretches his neck at least six inches over the top of a three-inch collar and opens his face so wide you fear his mouth will drop out, when you state in answer to his question that eight hours is your day's worktime.

"Eight hours! Why, really," he lisps, "that is quite ridiculous! Perfectly preposterous, I assure you! Why, do you know—I'm afraid you won't believe it—but actually I have toiled as long as eleven hours over a ribbon counter!"

Four dollars and eighty cents is a lot of money—when you're down and out and don't know at whose table, if anyone's, you are going to locate at, and haven't any more idea of where you are going to stop for the night than a rabbit which is being pursued by a grizzly bear. In fact, it's a tidy little day's wages, taking it all around. Also eight hours isn't bad for a day's work, looking at it in the same light as the other question. But—well, there's several buts to be considered before the ground is thoroughly covered, and even then something or other is apt to be passed up by mistake.

To begin with, it isn't so very long ago that four dollars was about the maximum wages paid to ironworkers. Also when four dollars was the rate prices of food, rents, etc., weren't quite so near the sky-line as they are now. But leaving all this aside, what does an ironworker do to earn his little four dollars, six bits, and a glass of 'alf and 'alf?

Perhaps it would be easier to answer the question, "What doesn't he do?"

During the eight hours which elapse, allowing for lunch, between the time Mr. Rough Neck shins about 'steen flights of ladders to the top floor of the job and the time he lifts his empty dinner pail from the tool box and dumps his wrench in its place, he performs more stunts than the average mechanic in other callings does in two months.

One minute he's a sailor, clinging to the top of the mast while the gang is getting ready to swing the boom between the shear legs. The next minute he's a tight-rope performer, traveling rapidly over a three-inch beam which very probably contains a loose bolt at one end at least. A short time later he's doing an equilibristic stunt on the top of a rising column, and the next he's using the chain which carried the column up for a trapeze as the pusher signals for "slack." Finding himself shy a bolt when connecting he signals for the desired article, and with the skill of a professional baseball player catches it on the fly—or else drops it, and probably starts for the office. "Tidy Dick" is off with a "toothache," so our friend drops out of the raising gang and jumps on the kicking end of a riveting gun with the same reckless abandon as he would on a glass of something wet and foamy at the end of a hard day's work on a hot day. Riveting, bucking-up, heating, raising and connecting iron, splicing lines—everything and anything that goes to make up the game of iron chasing, they're all in his day's work, and what with tying knots, hooking chains, clamping on the "dogs," plumbing, columns, and doing the Lord only knows what else, he finds that his eight hours are fully and profitably (for the company) occupied. So much for the ironworker's earning qualities.

For a day's work he gets a maximum of \$4.80 a day. When it rains he gets—well, he gets wet. Just why work doesn't cease when it begins to rain—that is, if it is going to stop, has never been explained. As a rule the job works until every man is soaked to the skin and then work ceases; also the time stops mounting into pennies and dollars.

When it blows a hurricane work stops. When the snow comes down so thick that one could not wade through it with a snow plow work stops some more. Anything above zero—and sometimes even down to ten below—is considered fair working weather, providing the wind is not too cutting or strong. In the summer time the iron on bridges and buildings sometimes becomes almost too hot to sit on, but then a bridgeman doesn't find much time to sit down anyway, so no time is lost through that cause—that is, in temperate zones. When you mention South Africa, Cuba, Porto Rico, or other places like that sometimes it's different, of course.

President Ryan once made the statement that the average ironworker was supposed to work about 250 days a year, but the worthy head of the International Association at that time was not thinking of panics, presidential election slumps or anything like that. In fact, there's lots of good men who would have been well satisfied during the past two years if they had managed to get in the 200 days alone, and it is reported that many were able to scrape together but an average of about 100 days a year at iron work. Some of them, also, it will be recalled, having acquired the inconvenient habit of eating, and finding nothing to do at iron work, allowed themselves to drift into shops or any other old kind of a place where there was work to do. All of which is probably due chiefly to hard times in all branches of business.

For the sake of argument, however, let us grant that the average bridge-man works 250 days a year, which at the maximum scale amounts in cash to \$1,200. From that amount deduct at least \$100—a fair average—for railroad expenses, leaving \$1,100 to the good.

Eleven hundred dollars for a man whose time was well occupied wouldn't be half bad. From that, though, must come the expenses of idleness. Every body knows that a man will spend treble the amount when he is loafing—if he has it to spend—that he will when he is working.

An ironworker, because of the nature of his work, will wear out more clothes than any other kind of working man, and gloves at \$1.50 and up a pair, and overalls somewhere about the same price, not to mention shoes worn out shinning columns and clothes burned up by rivets—all these count up and make a big hole in the remains of the \$1,100. Allowing, say, \$300 for working clothes, railroad and street car fares going from job to job or seeking work, union dues, etc., would leave a margin of \$900 on the year. This is not taking into account the constant danger of and loss of time from injury, or of the risks assumed of losing one's life at almost any moment while at work. Neither is anything allowed for loss of time through sickness from exposure.

Divide \$900 by the 313 working days in the year and you find that instead of \$4.80 a day the average ironworker, by the most liberal reasoning, cannot average more than a trifle over \$2.84 for every possible working day of the year. And that only when times are good and he is fortunate enough to find almost constant employment.

With the price of food up in Z and that of clothing, etc., in close pursuit there seems to be little danger that the ironworker, a man of whom the very highest degree of skilled workmanship is required, and who assumes more risks almost than all the other building tradesmen put together, will ever rival as a financial successor Rockefeller, the dyspeptic, or Hetty Green, newly made mama-in-law, or be able to appreciably fortify himself financially against the next panic.

Despite these facts, and the host of other drawbacks which might be mentioned, there are nearly always more ironworkers than there are jobs. Why?—The Bridgemen's Magazine.

### LABOR IN POLITICS.

By Robert Hunter.

One of the most enlivening things at the present moment is labor in politics.

The masses are in a state of unrest. They don't know much, but this at least they know that somehow they get it in the neck.

Consequently they are disturbed and millions are at present asking themselves, "What shall we do?"

Their leaders can no longer win applause by condemning politics in the unions. Therefore, they are going into politics.

All over the country Democratic and Republican politicians are picking out promising labor leaders for political advancement.

It would be interesting to find out just how many labor leaders at the present moment are holding political office or campaigning for political office, either as Democrats or Republicans.

Mr. Gompers blazed the way, and his followers are already making the trail hot.

In the old days the Socialists would have called these labor politicians by various unpleasant names. Today we observe the acrobats with amusement.

The Socialist movement is not large, but it is unquestionably the only political party of the working class. Hundreds of thousands who have not yet voted the Socialist ticket are awakening to the fact that the Socialists are honest, sincere and devoted advocates of the interests of the working class.

When, therefore, we see labor leaders trying to deliver the working class movement to the old parties, we can afford to look upon them with amusement.

We begin to feel some certainty. We know that the time is about past when poor mountebanks like Dan Keefe, Sam Prince, John Bogart, John McMackin and their like can sacrifice the interests of the workers to their personal profit.

In the old days the Socialists were alone in condemning these "labor

fakirs;" today the whole labor movement instinctively distrusts the labor politician.

We begin to see that all these men need is plenty of rope with which to hang themselves.

Today the mass of the workers are without organization or program. The big political revolt is still to come.

But the workers are progressing in their ideas in a way infinitely satisfying to the Socialist.

They begin to see the necessity of political action. They begin to understand that labor needs political organization.

They begin to doubt the wisdom of voting the old party tickets, even though they contain the names of a few labor leaders.

Costly has been the lesson, but it has been worth all it cost.

The labor movement begins to understand that it, and not the Republican or Democratic parties, must control its representatives.

It begins to understand that it must nominate its candidates, finance their campaigns, and hold them responsible after they are elected to office.

It has learned that when the old parties nominate labor candidates and finance their campaigns, those parties thereafter own these labor leaders. And so we are patient. Experience is the best teacher. And when its lessons are once learned by the mass of workers our day will come.

#### WORKING THE "PATRIOTIC" GAME.

A call for the first annual convention of the Canadian Federation of Labor has been issued for September 28th, at Ottawa.

This organization is composed chiefly of French Canadians, and is an offshoot of the Dominion Trades and Labor Council, which is affiliated with the American Federation of Labor. The Canadian Federation of Labor is provincial in its views, and lacks any element of progress. At the Ottawa meeting an effort will be made to spread the doctrine of "Canada for Canadians," which is being favored by those who are alarmed at the growing friendship between American and Canadian workers. The progressive Canadian workmen, however, show that most of the Canadian patriotism is backed by American money, and they are urging their fellows not to be trapped by a sham love for country, based on divisions along national lines.—Toledo Union Leader.

## POETICAL

### "MURPHY."

When Murphy died  
A man who never squealed or lied  
Whom heaven had learned and hell had tried.

We saw no rags at halfmast wave,  
No crowd of grafters round his grave,  
Only the best we had, the honest and the brave.

O'er Murphy's head,  
The world can read how Murphy made his bread  
And dream of worlds where angels yet shall love to tread.

Round Murphy's bier  
Stood those who shed an honest tear  
That spake to death of life that had been lived sincere.

Death, peace and rest,  
Enough to know for those who knew you best,  
God wanted you in heaven to be an angel guest.

JAMES ALLAN McKECHNIE.

#### LINES TO FREEMAN KNOWLES.

By J. Edward Morgan.

They do not lose who fight, friend Knowles,  
The world-old battle of the poor.  
Though legions fall, the cause that's just,  
While wrong shall scourge, will still endure.  
The bolt that bars you from the light,  
That chills the fire of tongue and pen  
Shall molten run to forge the key,  
That frees the dungeoned sons of men.

The life you've lived, the hopes you've held,  
The wrongs that set your blood aflame,  
The soul's travail, in valiant reach  
To stem or blot, the world's-wide shame;  
All, all have hedged the tyrant round  
And piled obstruction in his path;  
All, all have fed the fires of Hope  
And roused the sleeping toiler's wrath.

What fools, what fools, these mighty lords  
To vain imagine bolts and bars,  
And mighty oaths, can Freedom bind—  
Fair Goddess of ten thousand wars!  
Oh fools and blinded not to know  
That, leagued with all the hosts of hell,  
No soul like thine can fear subdue  
Or chain within a prison cell!  
For every dungeoned hour of pain—  
Sweet morsel to the tyrant's ire—  
Shall fan the smoldering torch that soon  
Must light King Slavery's funeral pyre.  
For every snarling wolf that prowls  
And mocks thy chains with fiendish glee,  
Ten thousand voices drown their yelps  
And sing thy praise from sea to sea.

More power to tongue and truth-tipped pen  
The world-wide battle yet is ours;  
We dare assail the hell-born hosts  
Though strong and high their fortress towers,  
A few more years, a short decade,  
And then will dawn the morn of man  
For which the sorrowing ages wait.

Then hail, oh dauntless soul and true,  
The hand that holds thy dungeon key,  
Trembles craven to behold

Thy soul, unscathed, defiant, free,  
"Freeman" named, free man thou art,  
Nor ever crooked a cowering knee;  
Who grind the faces of the poor,  
Have found a valiant foe in thee.  
Though silver garlands crown thy head  
For many a winter's frost and snow,  
Thy spirit, mocking time and tide,  
Thou dealest, Knowles, a stunning blow.  
A pen that cuts like javelin hurled,  
His howls, his hisses, cries for help,  
And prison bars attest thy steel.  
When he and all his train are dust,  
And lying granite in decay,  
And all his pomp and ruthless rule  
And name, and fame, have passed for aye;  
When peace and plenty bless the earth,  
Oh myriad, myriad joyous sculs,  
With grateful hearts, at Freedom's shrine,  
Will bless the name of Freeman Knowles.

#### HUNTING ROUND FOR A MASTER NOW.

J. E. Nash.

In Dixie land when the toiling mass  
Was bought and sold by the master class,  
A man was hunted and shot at sight,  
For teaching niggers to read and write.  
'Twould breed ambition, 'twas claimed, and lead  
A slave to skip if he learned to read;  
But kept in ignorance, life was spent,  
In massa's service, and yet, content.

But masters found that whoever owns  
The means of life, be they sots, or drones,  
Can name the terms and the price they'll pay,  
And buy their slaves by the hour, or day;  
Can live like kings; may refuse, or give,  
The toiling masses the right to live;  
Yet so-called "Freemen" with anxious brow,  
Go hunting round for a master now,  
Who scarcely notice the thousands killed,  
So easily are their places filled.

Time flies; and studious workmen read,  
Ten million of us are underfed;  
Two million children employed, debased,  
Ground into profits for drones to waste;  
How idle women carouse, and dine  
Four hundred monkeys, rigged out so fine,  
They paid for suits which the monkeys wore,  
Five thousand dollars apiece, or more,  
And fifty thousand to feast the brutes,  
Besides the cost of the monkeys suits;  
And so the gentlemen idlers, then,  
Reduce the wages of workmen.

But want compels them to THINK; at last,  
Ten million Socialist votes are cast;  
A world-wide showing of discontent,  
With wages, interest, profit, rent;  
The thieving methods the idlers take,  
To gobble up what the toilers make.  
Now Socialism will give the drone,  
His full production to have and own;  
But not permit him thenceforth to give,  
Much less, refuse us the right to live.  
So spendthrifts curse, in their selfish greed,  
The Socialist papers the workmen read.

While bloated masters regard it treason,  
Their greed compels us to think and reason;  
And other millions, deceived, betrayed,  
Once get them thinking, will surely aid;  
Till Socialism is given birth,  
To spread and flourish through all the earth;  
And both the MASTER AND SLAVE displace,  
THROUGH BROTHERHOOD OF THE HUMAN RACE.  
Minneapolis, Minn.

## In Memoriam.

Tonopah, Nev., September 7, 1909.\*

Whereas, Death has again visited our ranks and called from our midst our esteemed brother, Hugo Watson, and

Whereas, Brother Watson was a true union man ever working for the benefit of organized labor; therefore, be it

Resolved, That Tonopah Miners' Union extend our heartfelt sympathy to Brother Watson's relatives and friends in this their hour of bereavement; and be it further

Resolved, That our charter be draped in mourning for a period of thirty days, a copy of these resolutions be sent to the relatives of our late brother and a copy sent to the Miners' Magazine for publication.

THOS. DORSEY,  
THOS. LIVINGSTONE,  
Committee.

Tonopah, Nev., September 7, 1909.

Whereas, Our esteemed brother, C. F. Grater, has paid the last debt of nature, leaving a loving wife to mourn his loss; and

Whereas, Brother Grater was a worthy member of organized labor, a loyal and devoted husband, a brother who always endeavored to make the world better by his having lived in it; therefore, be it

Resolved, That Tonopah Miners' Union extend our sincere sympathy to the sorrowing wife of our deceased brother in this her hour of bereavement; and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be spread on the minutes of this local, a copy be sent to the wife of Brother Grater and a copy sent to the Miners' Magazine for publication.

THOS. DORSEY,  
THOS. LIVINGSTONE,  
Committee.

# Directory of Local Unions and Officers—Western Federation of Miners.

No	NAME	Meet'g Night	PRESIDENT	SECRETARY	P. O. Box	ADDRESS	No	NAME	Meet'g Night	PRESIDENT	SECRETARY	P. O. Box	ADDRESS
<b>ALASKA</b>							<b>MINNESOTA</b>						
100	Douglas Island	Wed	A. Liljestrand	F. L. Alstrom	188	Douglas	23	Aurora	Sun	Matt Jasisko	Otto Kumpinen	244	Aurora
152	Ketchikan	Wed	Hugh McConnell	John P. Brisbois		Ketchikan	219	Ely	Sun	Matt Kero	John Nuopponen	387	Ely
240	Nome	Sat	Jacob Peterson	Phil Corrigan		Nome	47	Eveleth	Sun	John McNair	John Mover	373	Eveleth
193	Tanana M. W.	Tues	W. T. Burns	Robert Burns		Fairbanks	155	Hibbing	Sun	Garnet Riley	Elias Huttunen	297	Hibbing
188	Valdez F. L. U.	Tues	J. P. Finnegan	W. C. Ephoff	252	Valdez	<b>MISSOURI</b>						
<b>ARIZONA</b>							<b>MONTANA</b>						
106	Bisbee	Wed	Joe D. Cannon	W. E. Stewart	2178	Bisbee	211	Bonne Terre	Sun	Ralph Stottler	Chas. Floyd	90	Bonne Terre
77	Chloride	Wed	R. C. Ferguson	C. A. Parson		Chloride	229	Deshloge	Wed	Joe Adams	R. DeBoarge	245	Deshloge
89	Crown King	Sat	Edgar Gould	A. R. Bradshaw		Crown King	249	Doa Run	Mon	L. U. Delcours	W. E. Williams		Doa Run
150	Douglas M & S	Tues	Robert Elliott	M. H. Puge	145	Douglas	225	Flat River	Mon	J. S. Larned	R. Lee Lashley	316	Flat River
60	Globe	Tues	H. M. Hoover	W. R. Carter	967	Globe	202	Frederick M & S	Fri	Thos. Ferguson	F. Z. Gouffar		Frederick M & S
116	Humboldt M & S	Mon	A. J. E. Marshall	R. E. Corley	59	Humboldt	232	Leadwood	Fri	Wm. Lackey	Robt. C. McCrary	153	Leadwood
101	Jerome	Wed	Eugene Murphy	John Opman	120	Jerome	192	Mine La Motte	Fri	Jeff Counts	J. T. Cameron	14	Mine La Motte
98	Kofa	Tues	Alex. Jorganson	J. Kitchen		Kofa	<b>NEVADA</b>						
118	McCabe	Sat	Jas. E. O'Brien	A. E. Comer	30	McCabe	30	Aurora	Sat	John White	Wm. A. Gallagher		Aurora
159	Metz	Wed	H. H. Huffer	Carmen Acosta	A27	Clifton	235	Bonanza	Sat	E. J. Lloyd	J. E. Garrett	14	Rhyolite
228	Pluto Creek	Wed	J. B. Berger	Oscar Taylor		Bellevue	240	Buckskin	Fri	Thos. W. Mollart	W. H. Burton	7	Buckskin
157	Ray	Thur	W. T. Luke	Chas. Devine		Ray	246	Bullion	Tues	Wm. Berragy	Chas. Grue		Hilltop
124	Snowball	Thur	W. T. Luke	Ulrich Grill		Goldroad	259	Chafey	Tues	Jno. F. Slattery	M. McGrath		Chafey
103	Star	Wed	Al Hefner	W. H. Holland		Polaris	171	Edgemont	Sat	J. G. Nelson	John Mohn		Edgemont
156	Swansea	Thur	D. Dammiller	F. A. Patty	60	Swansea	265	Eureka	Thur	John Martin	J. H. Jury	18	Eureka
110	Tiger	Thur	J. W. Mahoney	E. J. Blackwell	13	Harrington	243	Fairview	Wed	Wm. H. Bacon	A. Bennett	26	Fairview
102	Troy	Sun	J. A. Fozzaglia	J. A. Rice		Troy	54	Gold Hill	Mon	J. G. Foote	F. L. Clark	115	Gold Hill
65	Walker	Wed	Robert E. Morgan	R. McOrinick	18	Poland	220	Goldfield	Tues	Owen Burns	J. J. Mangano	210	Goldfield
<b>BRIT. COLUMBIA</b>							<b>ONTARIO</b>						
194	Camborne	Wed	Wm. Winslow	James Tobin	12	Camborne	146	Cobalt	Sun	H. B. Duke	A. Nap Gauthier	446	Cobalt
180	Grand Forks	Wed	Ed Eccles	Walter E. Hadden	M	Grand Forks	149	Elk Lake	Sun	H. A. Smith	C. H. Lowthian	348	Elk Lake
22	Greenwood	Sat	Chas. G. Johnson	Geo. Heatherton	124	Greenwood	154	Gowganda			Napoleon Schmitt	610	Gowganda
161	Hodley M & M	Wed	C. Bennett	T. H. Rotherham	42	Hodley	<b>OREGON</b>						
69	Kaslo	Sat	Mike McAndrews	H. T. Rainbow	391	Kaslo	42	Bourne	Mon	L. R. Harris	J. D. McDonald	59	Bourne
100	Kimberly	Fri	Joe Armstrong	A. E. Carter		Kimberly	186	Cornucopia	Sat	G. R. Ladd	O. A. Kessel		Cornucopia
119	Lardeau	Sat	Fred Mellette	Otto Olson	12	Ferguson	<b>SOUTH DAKOTA</b>						
227	Marysville M & S	Sat	B. Lundin	J. Hays		Marysville	31	Central City	Sat	Jas. Bars	J. E. Hinton	23	Central City
71	Moyle	Sat	John Boyd	James Roberts	35	Moyle	21	Copper Mt. M & S	Sat	J. C. Coyle	E. B. Thornton		Hill City
96	Nelson	Sat	Paul Phillips	Frank Phillips	106	Nelson	84	Custer	Sun	E. E. Boyer	Chas. H. Adair		Custer
8	Phoenix	Sat	R. Silverthorn	W. A. Pickard	294	Phoenix	14	Deadwood M & M	Thur	C. L. Wilson	J. E. Dahl		Deadwood
38	Roseland	Wed	J. A. McKinnon	Geo. Casey	421	Roseland	68	Galena	Wed	George Leech	J. W. Majors	83	Galena
81	Sandon	Sat	Levi R. McInnis	A. Shilland		Sandon	2	Lead	Mon	Edward Ragan	Thos. J. Ryan	290	Lead City
95	Silverton	Sat	Robert Malroy	Fred Liebsher	85	Silverton	19	Maitland M & M	Thur	S. C. Horel	H. L. Seoggin		Maitland
62	Slocan	Sat	Blair Carter	D. B. O'Neil	90	Slocan City	108	Rochford	Sun	W. D. Beardshear	Dan Hartwell		Rochford
113	Tevada	Sat	G. B. McIntosh	T. T. Rutherford	888	Van Anda	5	Terry Peak	Wed	Jacob Boiler	J. C. May	174	Terry
105	Trail M & S	Wed	Wm. Carpenter	F. D. Hardy	26	Trail	<b>UTAH</b>						
85	Ymir	Wed	A. Burgess	W. B. Melsauc	506	Ymir	67	Bingham	Sat	Wm. White	E. G. Locke	64	Bingham Canyon
<b>CALIFORNIA</b>							<b>WASHINGTON</b>						
210	Ballarat	Wed	J. W. Sweet	J. L. Foisie		Ballarat	108	Index	Sat	Geo. Brofske	A. J. Mueckler	78	Index
61	Bodie	Tues	J. A. Holmes	J. M. Donohue	6	Bodie	24	Loomis	Sun	P. S. Harris	Geo. Bowers	92	Loomis
55	Calaveras	Wed	C. J. Mann	M. C. Jones	1000	Angel's Camp	28	Republic	Tues	A. H. Boyer	A. B. Cowry	194	Republic
141	French Gulch	Sat	Alex. McSween	Jerry Ford	83	French Gulch	123	Northport M & S	Sat	L. F. Richardson	A. K. Ogawa	29	Northport
90	Grass Valley	Fri	Abe Clema	C. W. Jenkins	199	Grass Valley	<b>WYOMING</b>						
91	Grass Valley Surface Workers	Fri	T. H. Brockington	W. J. Martin	497	Grass Valley	189	Dillon	Wed	C. C. Van Slyke	John H. Glazier	116	Dillon
169	Graniteville	Sat	Chris Hanson	A. C. Travis		Graniteville							
207	Greenwater	Tues	S. D. Whipple	Chas. Brown		Death Valley							
99	Hart	Tues	W. T. Porterfield	Charles Glunz		Hart							
115	Jackson	Wed	Willie Lyne	W. T. Langdon	212	Jackson							
149	Johnsville	Sat	Geo. S. Dunn	W. H. Dunn	11	Johnsville							
174	Kennett	Sat	C. C. McHenry	H. C. Evans	271	Kennett							
206	Masonic	Sat	F. A. Bass	F. A. Bass		Masonic							
51	Mojava	Sat	A. C. Klopffroth	E. L. Wegman	1	Mojava							
93	Nevada City	Wed	Wm. Angwin	Fred Nicholls	76	Nevada City							
44	Randsburg	Sat	Wm. B. Reene	E. M. Arandall	248	Randsburg							
169	Sierra City	Wed	Peter Kioffer	John G. Rose	135	Sierra City							
39	Sierra Gorda	Thur	James Harris	A. McLaughlin	44	Big Oak Flat							
211	Skidoo	Thur	C. A. Case	S. R. Fredrikson	355	Skidoo							
87	Summersville	Sat	E. E. McDow	A. W. Rozier	217	Tuolumne							
73	Tuolumne	Thur	F. J. Young	Ed. Climo	101	Stent							
104	Washington	Thur	Wm. Hamalton	F. Raab		Washington							
167	Winthrop M & S	Mon	John Cronin	H. H. Hurlbert	73	Winthrop							
127	Wood's Creek	Sat	Fred Daniels	A. J. Pasco	16	Chinese Camp							
<b>COLORADO</b>							<b>VERMONT</b>						
64	Bryan	Sat	Henry Truby	James Spurrier	82	Ophir							
33	Cloud City	Thur	Chas. M. Larson	Ray Woodbury	132	Leadville							
20	Creede	Fri	J. D. Peterson	D. F. Snideman	543	Creede							
234	Cripple Creek D. U.	Thur	T. M. Hamill	John Turney		Victor							
56	Central City	Thur	J. W. Driscoll	John Gorman	537	Central City							
130	Dunton	Sat	Chas. A. Goble	W. H. Rambo	9	Dunton							
58	Durango M & S	Sat	J. A. Dunham V.P.			Durango							
187	Frisco	Fri	Walter Thomas	B. E. Young	13	Frisco							
86	Garfield	Sat	M. F. Gallagher	M. H. Crosby		Garfield							
50	Henson	Sat	Frank Potesio	Eugene Otis	205	Lake City							
136	Idaho Springs	Wed	Louis Johnson	C. H. Hickson	264	Idaho Springs							
197	La Plata	Mon	Frank Tepotch	Thos. G. Lloyd	1017	Hesperus							
48	Nederland	Thur	J. L. Conkling	Hans Nelson	3	Nederland							
15	Ouray	Sat	J. E. Commings	D. A. Ferguson	1111	Ouray							
6	Pitkin County	Tues	Willis Hayner	Geo. Smith	1019	Aspen							
36	Rico	Sat	Frank D. Roan	Chris Wold	470	Rico							
185	Rockvale	Mon	James Bertotti	Anton Mussatti	50	Rockvale							
26	Silverton	Sat	H. A. Allen	C. R. Waters	168	Silverton							
27	Sky City	Tues	Geo. B. Walker	Carl Lundberg	47	Red Mountain							
63	Telluride	Sat	Chris Johns	Andrew Nylund	278	Telluride							
198	Trinidad	Sun	W. E. Hughes	Frank Gasper	502	Trinidad							
59	Ward	Fri	L. Nichols	J. M. Raish	126	Ward							
<b>IDAHO</b>							<b>VERMONT</b>						
184	Atlanta	Sat	H. M. Lesky	J. R. Wahler		Atlanta							
10	Burke	Fri	Frank Monty	L. A. Reese	158	Burke							
53	De Lamar	Mon	C. M. Brown	Wm. Hawkins	19	De Lamar							
11	Gem	Tues	Chas. Goranson	Ed Erickson	117	Gem							
37	Gibbonsville	Wed	Walter Morrison	John B. Achord	19	Gibbonsville							
80	Maekay	Sat	F. W. Cummins	Jas. M. Hill		Maekay							
9	Mullan	Sat	O. W. Carter	A. E. Rigley	39	Mullan							
66	Silver City	Sat	J. C. Mingassner	M. D. McLeod	67	Silver City							
45	Murray	Sat	Walter P. Joy	Walter Koester	124	Murray							
17	Wallace	Sat	Wm. Goggin	Sam Kilburn	47	Wallace							
132	Wood River	Sat	W. A. Garner	Chas. Sheehan	141	Bellevue							
<b>MICHIGAN</b>							<b>VERMONT</b>						
204	Bessemer	Sun		H. B. Snellman	381	Bessemer							
203	Copper	Sun	W. J. Toupin	A. L. Larsen	950	Laurium							
195	Crystal Falls			Alfonso Lindgren		Crystal Falls							
236	Grover M & M			T. H. Sullivan		Hubbard							
100	Hancock Copper			Louis Duchoz	257	Hancock							
153	Ironwood			H. W. Rihonen		Ironwood							
222	Ishpeming	Sat	W. H. Chapman	Ed Harper		Ishpeming							
76	Quincy	Sat	Wm. F. Guggins	Theo. Hamm	48	Houghton							
128	Negaunee	Sun	Otto Bjorninen	John Micki	861	Negaunee							
196	South Range		Chas. Bartalmi	Nels Filips		South Range							
223	Winthrop M. W.	Sat	John Juntaus	Thos. Clayton	74	National Mine							



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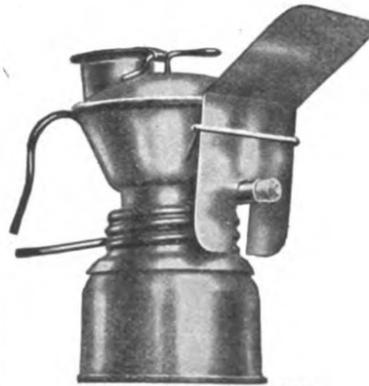
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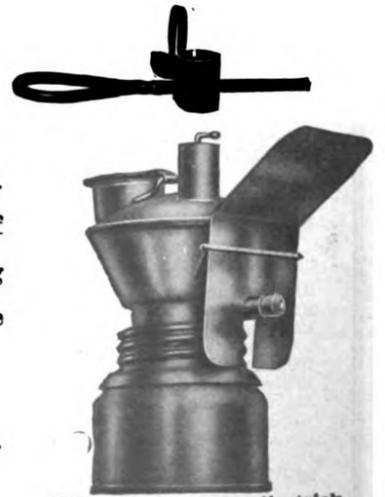


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