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THE MINERS MAGAZINE

INDEPENDENCE
EDUCATION ORGANIZATION

Published Weekly by the

WESTERN FEDERATION OF MINERS

Denver, Colo.
Jan. 4th
1912

Volume XII.
Number 445



WEALTH
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mag

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Every piece must pass government inspection. None but the best sold here. The cleanest, most sanitary meat department in the state.

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EDUCATION INDEPENDENCE ORGANIZATION

MINERS MAGAZINE



Published Weekly by the WESTERN FEDERATION OF MINERS

Denver, Colorado,
Thursday, January 4, 1912.

Volume XII. Number 445
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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 Communications not in conformity with this notice will not be published.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.

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John M. O'Neill, Editor

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

benches and under bridges. Our Christian civilization is certainly making a record.

REV. CHARLES M. BREWER has been charged with blowing up buildings at Fort Riley, Kansas, with dynamite, but as yet no daily journal has held the Church responsible for the alleged crime of the minister.

MEN HAVE BEEN PROSECUTED and sentenced to jail for buying and selling votes, and yet, in a number of states men are forced to pay poll tax before they are permitted to cast a ballot. To pay poll tax in order to vote is nothing more nor less than paying for votes.

AS THE GENERAL ELECTION for the Reichstag in Germany approaches, the Kaiser seems to be suffering with spasms. It is freely predicted that the Socialists will elect 150 members out of a total of 359, which constitutes the Reichstag.

"Uneasy lies the head that wears the crown" is becoming verified in Germany.

THE SUPERIOR COURT of the state of California has murdered the eight-hour law for women that was passed at the last session of the legislature. The court held that the law was unconstitutional on the grounds that it was class legislation and antagonistic to the fundamental law of the land. California should use the recall on the Superior Court.

THE "OPEN SHOP" ADVOCATES of San Francisco have their agents in the large eastern cities and these agents are being interviewed by representatives of the daily journals, in order that prosperity may be painted in glowing colors on the Pacific Coast. The interviews are being paid for at regular advertising rates, in the hope that eastern cities may dump some of their surplus labor on the West, to enable the Otis combination to reduce wages and weaken the labor movement of California.

THE UNITED MINE WORKERS of America will hold its annual convention during the present month of January.

The convention promises to be a warm one, as John Mitchell in the convention of the American Federation of Labor at Atlanta, Ga., declared that the convention which forced him to forfeit his salary as a hired man of the National Civic Federation was packed. John will, in all probability, be called upon to submit his proofs.

The Western Federation of Miners will be represented in the convention by J. A. McKinnon of Trail, B. C., and Edward Young of Great Falls, Mont.

THE FOLLOWING appeared recently in an exchange:

"Archbishop Ireland has just received a 'royal ermine robe,' fastened with a jeweled clasp, set with selected precious stones as a golden anniversary gift from the wife of the railroad magnate, James J. Hill. The robe has a magnificent court train that would dazzle a 'durbar.'"

The Hills must at least be given credit for knowing their friends. With such a costly gift presented to the archbishop, some people will wonder what becomes of that paragraph in Scripture which says: Blessed are the poor for they shall see God.

Card of the Homestake Mining Co.

Lead, S. D. 19..

I am not a member of any Labor Union and in consideration of my being employed by the HOMESTAKE MINING COMPANY agree that I will not become such while in its service.

Occupation
.....

Signed
.....

Department
.....

THE DENUNCIATION of prostitution from the pulpits of churches will not abolish the social evil.

WHEN THE PEOPLE have industrial freedom, then, and not until then, can they boast of real democracy.

THE BUTTON WORKERS are still fighting in Muscatine, Iowa. Their determination to win commands the admiration of the labor movement.

THE SUPREME COURT of the State of Illinois has declared the commission form of government constitutional. Capitalism must have been asleep.

THE BUTTON WORKERS at Muscatine, Iowa, are fighting for a living wage and the right to organize, and yet, we hail "Old Glory" as the emblem of liberty.

FROM ALL INDICATIONS John P. White has been re-elected president of the United Mine Workers of America, Frank Hayes vice president and Edwin Perry, secretary-treasurer.

IT IS REPORTED that 500,000 men are slowly starving to death in London, England, and fully 200,000 are compelled to sleep on

WITH THE CRAFT IDEA prevailing in unionism, the workers can expect little else but defeat in every struggle with the capitalists. If the unions would make their institutions democratic and have their affairs directed by the rank and file, they would get better results. With the craft idea there is a horde of office holders, each craft fighting for its own preservation, with the result that the forces are divided. Organized along the broad plane of industrialism, the workers would occupy an impregnable position, and could force the masters to give them some concessions. In the next few years the industrial form of organization will prevail and less money will be expended and greater results obtained.—Toilers' Defense.

THE LAW passed by the Legislature of the State of Illinois holding towns and cities responsible for property destroyed by mob violence, has been upheld as constitutional by the Supreme Court of the United States. The above decision is in harmony with about all the other decisions that have come from the royal tribunal at Washington. Any law that protects property, though blind to human life, merits the sanction of the ermined gentlemen who occupy seats on the upper bench.

It is said that this decision will give the railroad companies an opportunity to collect damages from the city of Chicago for property destroyed during the American Railway Union strike.

Let the good work go on.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, who is now aspiring for another four years in the White House, was in Pennsylvania a few months ago, and while there addressed an audience that was made up principally of farmers and wage slaves. Teddy played to the gallery as usual, and in the course of his address said:

"There are two classes of men I want to help. The man who tills the soil and the man who works for wages. Don't help any one else. A man mustn't get a living unless he does work. He must pull his weight. Every man who pulls his weight is worth helping. Don't try to help yourself by hurting some one else. Let your motto be: 'All men up, and not some men down.'"

Why should the man who "tills the soil" and the man who "works for wages" stand in need of help? If the man who tills the soil and the man who works for wages stand in need of help, then it is evident that both are being *robbed* and the *drivel* of Roosevelt should be dumped into a swill barrel.

A CHICAGO DISPATCH says that A. Parker Nevin, general counsel for the National Association of Manufacturers, before the National Business Congress in session in that city last week, advocated the formation of a new political party to be composed of business men and serve as a protest organization against the "labor trust." We second the motion because such a party would show quite plainly just how much influence the blatant open shop slave-drivers possess. By all means, come to the front, Kirby, Post & Co., without delay! We dare you to quit bluffing! Will you? You won't! You're a shrewd bunch. You figure on forcing the old parties to be meaner than ever, and God knows they are mean enough now to deserve the unreserved condemnation of all the workingmen in the country—not only the "insurgents," but all others who have an ounce of sand in their make-up. Outside of Russia there are no such hypocritical, stand-pat, fossilized, reactionary political machines on earth. If the Kirby gang isn't satisfied with the machine gangsters and can't find the happiness they crave they ought to go to Helen Hunt for it.—Cleveland Citizen.

DURING THE HOLIDAYS in nearly all the towns and cities, young ladies were engaged in selling the seals of the Red Cross Society, the proceeds to be used in fighting that dread disease known as the White Plague. These young ladies entertained the opinion that they were working in a grand cause and probably hug the delusion to their breast that the aggregate sum realized by the sale of seals will do much towards halting that disease that already afflicts more than 10,000,000 of people in this country. The money realized may to some extent alleviate the misery of those afflicted, but funds gathered from the hand of charity will not kill the plague that is filling cemeteries with countless thousands annually.

Nature never gave birth to tuberculosis, but *greed* spawned the plague that puts upon the face of man the pallid hue of death. The laws of life are trampled under foot, in order that a class of privilege may revel in magnificent splendor. Mines are poorly ventilated, in order that Shylocks may have their "pound of flesh." Children are snatched from the playground and imprisoned in the sweatshop, to glut the appetite for profit. Tuberculosis is the penalty of *greed*, and the sale of Red Cross seals is impotent to check the ravages of the dread disease, while capitalism is mad for dividends.

THE ABROGATION of the treaty between the United States and Russia is causing some alarm among the mercenary citizens of America, who are ardent lovers of the almighty dollar. Since the administration at Washington, backed by Congress, delivered a solar-plexus blow to the treaty of 1832, it is said that Russia and Japan have formed a commercial alliance, which has for its object the closing of the doors of the Orient to American trade. In other words, Russia and Japan have retaliated by declaring a boycott against the wares of this country.

The Supreme Court of the United States has handed down a decision which makes it unlawful for a labor organization to use the boycott as a weapon of offense or defense, and now, let our August body issue a dictum to Japan and Russia making known the fact that the boycott is *un-American, unlawful* and *foreign* to the institutions of this country and it is reasonable to assume that Japan and Russia will make an apology for taking any action that might wound the dignity of our national dispensers of justice.

Since the Supreme Court of the United States can command labor to forego the use of such a weapon as the boycott, on the grounds that its use is unlawful, there is no reason why the Supreme Court should not endeavor to reach Japan and Russia with such a mandate.

It might be well to try the decision on a dog first.

THE AMERICAN LIBERTY AND PROPERTY ASSOCIATION of New York City has filed articles of incorporation. This organization has been formed for the alleged purpose of conserving the rights of property and freedom of contract and the promotion and maintenance of equality of opportunity and the unrestricted enterprise of the individual.

It is somewhat singular that an organization of this character should be launched in the face of the fact that so many men of national repute assure us that in America there is equality of opportunity and that no restrictions are placed upon the enterprise of the individual.

But it is again somewhat strange that this organization, made up of men powerful in the world of finance and commerce, should become so much interested in "freedom of contract," "individual enterprise" and "equality of opportunity."

It is a well known fact which will not be disputed by economic students, that men are moved by what they conceive to be their material interests and the formation of "The American Liberty and Property Association" of New York has been brought into existence and incorporated for no other purpose but to prolong the reign of a class of privilege that appropriates to that class a license to engage in legalized robbery. Its object and sole purpose is to combat the onward march of Socialism, and the missionaries in the ranks of Socialism will be delighted to meet in debate the promoters and hirelings of the capitalist institution that proclaims its allegiance to individual enterprise and equality of opportunity.

SOMETIME AGO "The Georgia-Florida Saw Mill Association" held a convention, and during the deliberation of the Southern exploiters and labor-skinners, a resolution was drafted urging Boards of Trade and officials of towns and cities to enforce strictly to the letter the law covering vagrancy. This convention declared: "From investigation of the statutes of the state of Florida, it is apparent that the idle men are violators of law and can be forced to go to work and contribute to the wealth and prosperity of themselves and the state," and furthermore, this convention of hungry gluttons for dividends instructed its secretary to correspond with Boards of Trade and town and city officials, in order that the *sacredness* and *majesty* of the law that brands the idle as criminals, might be protected and upheld.

Why was such action taken by the Georgia-Florida Saw Mill Association? The members of this association have adopted a scale of wages that would starve to death a "Chink" from the rice fields of the Orient. The "Pigtail" of China and the Brown Man from Japan would be forced to forget the cravings of a stomach to accept the emaciated wage scale of the soul-shrivelled exploiters of Georgia and Florida, and that is the reason that Boards of Trade and officials of towns and cities are called upon to enforce the vagrancy law, in order that the members of a saw mill association might mint larger dividends on labor that was forced into bondage through vagrancy. It is now in order for labor throughout the United States to give three cheers and a tiger for the *Democracy* of the South.

THE BANNER, published at Nashville, Tenn., contained the following advertisement just preceding that anniversary commemorating the birth of the Man who died on Calvary to save a world:

"MAN FOR SALE.—On Saturday, December 23, on the public square at Nashville, Tennessee, I will offer myself for sale to the highest bidder by the hour, day, month or year, to suit the master who makes the purchase. I am forty years old, sound of limb and mind, good carpenter, fair machinist, or good subject for dissection. Sale at three o'clock. Children must have bread.

A SLAVE."

The above advertisement should furnish food for digestion on the part of those who are perpetually bringing indictments against Socialism on the grounds that it would "destroy the home."

The carpenter and machinist of Nashville is only one among the countless thousands of hopeless and hungry victims of wage slavery, who are looking into the glaring eyes of the wolf of want.

An advertisement wanting millions of men to sell themselves for jobs would appeal to that great, increasing, idle army, the magnitude of whose proportions is causing men with serious minds to ask themselves if the near future is not pregnant with convulsions in our industrial world?

The "Want" columns of every daily journal of America is filled with the advertisements of idle and penniless men and women offering themselves "For Sale" to the highest bidder.

Hurrah, for our glorious civilization!

SENATOR CUMMINS in a speech recently in Chicago declared that the Sherman anti-trust law is practically the only fortress against Socialism. The Hawkeye statesman is eager to prolong the life of competition, regardless of the stubborn fact that the system under which we live is strangling competition everywhere, except in the market of labor. As competition is being killed in the business world, the victims who have been wrecked are flung into the labor market to bid for employment, and such being the case, competition grows fiercer and more intense among that vast army who must work at wages in order to live.

Bourke Cockran, about the same time that Senator Cummins addressed a Chicago audience, likewise delivered a speech before 500 bankers and business men at the Hotel Sherman, and the New York orator, while treating the Sherman anti-trust law with contempt, declared that "capital is cowering; industry is alarmed; employment is narrowing; prosperity is vanishing and it is time to call a halt and you captains of industry must do it."

The above speeches from two prominent men in the social and political life of a nation are at variance, and show, that while both are nervous over conditions that exist, yet, both are like ships in mid-ocean without a rudder. Neither seems to see a port in sight. Both are shrouded by the darkness of a starless night, and neither seems to see a ray of light behind the cloud.

The captains of industry will not call a halt for the very system under which they live drives them on, and each one must go forward or be trampled to death. The sunburst of Socialism paints the horizon with a more crimson glow, as statesmen show their inability to grapple with the problems that are demanding a solution.

THE EDITOR of a religious publication who is likewise a preacher has the following to say:

"Socialism fires the covetousness of the Lord's poor for the riches of the world's millionaires and stirs up the working people to get possession of the money profits of their employers.

"Admitting that the profits of the employers under our present system rightfully belongs to the poor working man, is it the gospel of Christ to fire the carnal zeal of the poor for it?"

Socialism does not fire the covetousness of the poor for the riches of the world's millionaires, but Socialism tears the mask from the brutal face of capitalism and holds up to the arc-light the outrages that are perpetrated to secure profit at the expense of human life and liberty.

Socialism discloses to the worker the infamy of the industrial system that has robbed Labor for centuries and is arousing him from that hypnotic sleep, under whose spell capitalism has fastened upon his limbs the shackles of wage slavery.

But this preacher says: "Admitting that the profits of the employers under our present system rightfully belongs to the poor workingman, is it the gospel of Christ to fire the carnal zeal of the poor for it?"

If the profits rightfully belong to the worker, then what gospel that is not prostituted can deny him his right to the profits of his labor?

What carnal zeal is fired by the worker receiving the social value of his labor? Any gospel that tolerates robbery is a gospel that is as infamous as the system that has enslaved and plundered for ages the toiling millions of the race. Justice is the gospel of labor, and that gospel must prevail.

BOB HARRIMAN of Los Angeles makes the following statement that will make the most doubting Socialist give up: "After the election I had a long conference with Mr. Darrow and the other attorneys. They showed me all the evidence recently developed in the case. The web had been made complete. There was no escape. It was so conclusive that even J. B. McNamara could not have been placed on the stand to deny it. The cases would have required years to complete. The honest working people of this country would have had to pay one million dollars more for the defense only to have had the story of the plea of guilty written out at length."—Western Laborer.

Why should the Laborer, a spurious advocate of the labor movement, express the opinion that the statement of Job Harriman should make "the most doubting Socialist give up"? The McNamaras were not Socialists, but as men identified with the working class charged with crimes by the henchmen of capitalism, their vindication, if innocent, became a part of the work of Socialists.

Real Socialists are not tainted with a yellow streak, and Socialists conducting journals or magazines, never prostitute them to secure the dollars of any manufacturing establishment that is unfair to organized labor and the editors never write editorials that cause railroad magnates to buy their publications for distribution among employes that are about to declare a strike.

Can the Western Laborer say as much?

The files of the Laborer will show that the Laborer carried the Douglas ad. while the shoeworkers were fighting a battle against the Brockton manufacturer, and the files will again show that when the shopmen of the railways were ignored and insolently insulted, the Laborer received the benediction of railway corporations to such an extent, that the Omaha rag was peddled by corporation hirelings among the strikers.

The honor of "Sadie" has been devoured by a seeming ravenous appetite for "filthy lucre."

THERE IS GOOD NEWS for the American citizen who is peeved because a presidential election is coming on and menacing business. Captains of finance and industry who have sounded discouraging notes are growing optimistic. They are showing faith in the future of the country. They are spending money, cautiously, perhaps, yet with sufficient freedom to indicate that they are looking ahead to renewed activity and for substantial returns upon their investments.

John Jacob Astor has bought his bride a pearl pecklace costing \$200,000. A citizen with large holdings of railway stocks has purchased his wife a string of pearls costing \$500,000. Judge Gary of the Steel trust has been able to complete a necklace which it has taken him years to gather at a cost of half a million. That is more than the trust's taxes were reduced in Milwaukee under Schutz's assessment, but, of course, every little bit helps.

In spite of Taft's trust-busting confidence has been restored. Individual enterprise is reaping its rewards. Prosperity has returned. —Milwaukee Leader.

The Leader might have continued producing proofs that prosperity is not yet in the morgue.

It is but a few days ago, when ex-Senator W. A. Clark, the copper magnate, opened his \$7,000,000 palace in New York and permitted the cream of society to gaze upon the treasures that he had gathered from all nations. The Leader might have elaborated upon the fashionable crowds gathered in the swell cafes of the large cities of America on New Year's night, where high-priced vintage flowed as freely as water, and the Leader might have told of beautifully gowned women dancing on the tables while well-groomed gentlemen roared with hilarity over the glorious times experienced on the surplus proceeds wrung from labor in wage slavery.

Hard times have not reached the upper crust of society, whose bank accounts enable them to present diamond collars to dogs and tender banquets to monkeys.

As long as the many continue to remain upon earth and show a willingness to accept the wages of a lingering death, a class of privilege can furnish proof that prosperity is not a corpse.

THE REV. DR. STELZLE is still on the platform delivering lectures on economic questions. A short time ago the clerical spouter who manages the Labor Department of the Presbyterian church, addressed the citizens of Fort Worth, Texas, and in the course of his lecture unbosomed himself of the following:

"The only dead sure cure for Socialism is to wipe out the conditions that have given rise to it. We can't bluff it out; we can't fight it out; we can't wipe it out. In fact, the only way to get it out is to knock out the unjust economic conditions that prevail."

The above declarations from Stelzle prove beyond every question of a doubt that the revered gentleman finds himself up against a stone wall.

The intelligent men and women in the audience who listened to Stelzle could arrive at no other conclusion but that the only way to knock Socialism out was to knock Socialism in.

Stelzle says that "the only dead sure cure for Socialism is to wipe out the conditions that have given rise to it." If the conditions that have given rise to Socialism are wiped out, then it means that capitalism must be overthrown. Capitalism has produced the conditions that have given birth to Socialism, and the wiping out of those conditions cannot mean anything else save that capitalism has been conquered and Socialism has triumphed.

Stelzle says: "In fact, the only way to get it out is to knock out the unjust economic conditions that prevail." The question naturally arises, what has bred the "unjust economic conditions" of which Stelzle complains? The only answer that can be made to that question is that capitalism is responsible for "unjust economic conditions," and "unjust economic conditions" cannot be wiped out as long as capitalism sits upon the throne and wields the sceptre.

Capitalism demands profit and the appetite for profit imposes "unjust economic conditions" upon the human race. Our industrial system is loaded with the tears and sobs of laboring humanity and until there is ushered in an industrial democracy, there will be misery and want, and the many will be the absolute slaves of the few.

The slave is panting for liberty, but he can enjoy no real liberty until he secures the heritage of economic freedom.

Stelzle is up against it, and away down in his heart is the feeling that Socialism is the only solution to "unjust economic conditions," but he lacks the courage to come out openly and give expression to his honest convictions.

UNDER THE CAPTION, "Who Is the Man," appeared the following significant editorial in a late issue of the Des Moines News, a daily journal published at Des Moines, Iowa:

"What man is there among the statesmen who trusts wholly in the people? Who is the statesman who sees as the common people see, believes in their advanced desires, feels as they feel the demand for freedom from court rule, corporation rule, money rule? Who among the big ones of the nation honestly and unselfishly believes wholly in government of, by and for the people?"

"WHO IS THE MAN WHO IS NOT AFRAID?"

"Shall the function of government rest in a congress of popular representatives and the execution of laws be the exclusive duty of the executive? Shall the United States Supreme Court be torn from the saddle in which it rides mercilessly over the fundamental principles of our republic, usurping all final power, dominating all government? Who among the statesmen dares to say NO?"

"Shall the financial backer and manager of the nation be Uncle Sam or an Aldrich cabal, or a Rockefeller house with its brood of ministerial polecats?"

"Shall Alaska be developed by all the people of the United States whose it is? Who is the man brave enough to refuse to fiddle with leases or other makeshift, or compromise laws, who will stand by government mining, transporting and delivery of that coal?"

"Shall the Panama canal be a mere war measure? Who is the courageous statesman to make it the rival of the rate-gouging trans-continental railroads, with the aid of government built and operated ships, if necessary?"

"Who is the leader bold enough, progressive enough, confident enough in the common people to make Uncle Sam a real trust-buster by putting him in business against every trust that now gouges the masses?"

"WHO IS THE MAN WHO IS NOT AFRAID?"

In the above editorial there are many questions asked that must be answered in the near future. The Des Moines News is not an organ of labor or an expounder of the doctrine of Socialism, but the questions asked are serious and significant, and are strong intimations to our statesmen that conditions prevail that demand the consideration of men who refuse to be chattels of trusts or corporations.

In this day and age men who are strong and brave are wanted, ere the last vestige of liberty is strangled to death by economic masters. Greed stands out boldly, ignoring law and justice, and wields a scepter of domination that subjugates the many and renders speechless the statesmen who are supposed to represent the people and protect their interests.

Men who can reason from cause to effect can see the dangers of the present industrial system, and know, that unless private monopoly is resolved into collective ownership that the nation will be shaken with the earthquake of a revolution.

Students of economic questions are hoping that great problems will be solved by intelligence and not by force, but these great problems must be solved and solved quickly, or the patience of the suffering and oppressed may break into a revolt that may wet the soil of a nation with human blood.

Millions pauperized from ravenous exploitation are growing desperate, and desperation sometimes forgets obedience to law.

THE FOLLOWING appeared a short time ago in the columns of the Chicago Daily Socialist:

"A newspaper controversy is being waged in the ranks of the Industrial Workers of the World over the proposition made by W. Z. Foster, who advocates affiliation with the American Federation of Labor, with the purpose of working from within the A. F. of L. to bring the latter over to the viewpoint of the I. W. W.

"Those who advocate merging with the A. F. of L. say there is no place in organized labor for two organizations, but that for the common interests of all it would be better to have one organization, even if that organization is not all that is to be desired.

"The new move was inaugurated by Delegate Foster after the recent international convention of the Sectariat at Budapest, Austria. Only the French delegates voted to sustain Foster, who finally was denied a seat in that body as the representative of the I. W. W. Foster's plan is known in the I. W. W. as the "bore-from-within" method.

"The I. W. W. does not recognize the American Federation of Labor as a labor organization at all," said Vincent St. John, secretary of the I. W. W. "It considers that labor and capital have no common interests whatever, and that the fight must be carried along on class lines."

It may be that the I. W. W. does not recognize the American Federation of Labor as a labor organization, and it is an absolute certainty that the A. F. of L. does not look upon the International Workers Wonders as a labor organization. The advocates and upholders of the I. W. W. have discovered that slander, abuse and vilification are not logical arguments that appeal to the intelligence of the working class.

"Grafter" and "faker" uttered by fanatics who are mentally twisted, will not make converts to an aggregation that is at war with everything that fails to place its O. K. upon the absurd tactics and impracticable methods that are resorted to to build up a so-called labor organization.

After six long years of verbal hysteria the I. W. W. is gasping for its life, and those whose mental faculties are not warped by fanaticism are urging that the membership take shelter beneath the banner of the American Federation of Labor. The I. W. W. for six years has been bombarding the A. F. of L. from the outside, but no one has noticed any appreciable shrinkage in the organization that has met the severest censure and denunciation from the *wind warriors* whose bellowing for "direct action" has made despots laugh and angels weep. If these men, who have been waging a harmless but incessant crusade against the American Federation of Labor are sincere and believe that they are equipped with logic to demonstrate the wisdom of the policies advocated by them, then they should hesitate no longer about entering the A. F. of L. and convincing that organization that their arguments are invincible.

The fact that they remain on the outside indulging in fulminations and coarse epithets is conclusive proof that they feel incompetent to enter the arena of debate, having confidence in their ability to mould those in error to their manner of thinking. That the policies of the American Federation of Labor are not all that are wished for and wanted by advanced men in the labor movement, no intelligent man

will deny, but if the policies of the A. F. of L. are to be revolutionized it can be done from the *inside* far better than by indulging in condemnation from the *outside*.

THE MILWAUKEE JOURNAL a few days prior to that great anniversary in the Christian world, under the heading "Mr. Husband, Why Not Give Your Wife a Baby or Two for a Present Christmas Eve," had the following:

"A baby for a Christmas present! Why not?"

"According to the best authorities—thousands of happy mothers and fathers—there is nothing that can compare to a baby at any time of the year, and the advent of a little one at Christmastide doubly halows the day.

"Where is the home—childless through the misfortune of some kind—that would not be better and brighter for a child? Where is the man or woman who would not be inspired by the responsibility of caring for a little toddler?"

"For hundreds of orphaned babies, such as those that make up the little group, which the Journal photographer snapped, are waiting for homes. These are in the care of the Children's Home Society of Wisconsin, Loan and Trust building.

"Again a suggestion—this time direct. Why should not you, Mr. Husband, bring home on Christmas morning a Christmas baby? You would help the society, you would help the world; you would help yourself and your wife. Can any other Christmas present do more?"

"But you will have to hurry. The superintendent of the Home for Dependent Children says that babies are scarce.

"We have about 250 more applications than we can attend to," he said. "Two years ago when the Journal printed a story about babies, we were swamped with requests. And some of the people were angry when they could not get a baby, and blamed us because there were none left."

The above in the Journal shows that even the baby market is glutted, and that mites of humanity abandoned by parents or ushered into the world under more unfortunate circumstances, are dependents on charity under this vaunted civilization of ours that is lauded by press and pulpit and upheld by that vast majority of American sovereigns, who at every election, cast a ballot to perpetuate the system that leaves babies deserted, and forces so-called Societies for Dependent Children to appeal to the generosity of childless husbands and wives to come to the rescue and give shelter to the disinherited waifs, many of whom are nameless and will never know the care of a father or the love of a mother.

According to the statement made by the superintendent of the home, there are 250 more applications for babes than can be attended to. If that is true, then why does the Journal make such a plea that husbands shall go to the home and select a babe to be given to a wife as a Christmas present?

Why are such Christmas presents advertised in the reading columns of a daily journal if the demand for babies is greater than the supply? The statement of the superintendent is a cold-blooded lie, manufactured and heralded through the columns of a daily paper in order that the home might be relieved of its congestion. In every other large city as well as Milwaukee, babes are a drug on the market, and the homes for such children are swamped with the victims of a hellish system that has put a higher value on *profit* than on human flesh.

The old cry that "Socialism would destroy the home" is becoming a brazen falsehood in the face of the stubborn facts produced by capitalism.

Homes filled with dependent children, prisons crowded with criminals, charity institutions congested with the poor and friendless, and courts grinding out more than 70,000 divorces per annum is an arraignment of capitalism that well deserves the serious consideration of press and pulpit.

REV. FATHER McCARTHY of St. Peter's Catholic Church at Reading, Pa., in a recent sermon voiced his condemnation of Socialism in the following vigorous language:

"The recent municipal election evidenced the growth of the party that aims toward the destruction of the Catholic church. The reason for delaying criticism until this time is because I did not desire any arguments to be misconstrued into the belief that I was boosting the candidacy of E. J. Mooris, one of my parishioners.

"The Catholic church has been, and is, unalterably, opposed to Socialism. Its past history proves its hatred to our church. I want it distinctly understood that it is impossible to be a God-fearing Catholic and follow the red flag. Any member of this parish who voted the Socialist ticket has severed all connection with the church, and are guilty of apostasy to their God.

"This fact cannot be too emphatically expressed. You cannot carry water on two shoulders. Either you are a good Catholic, fighting Socialism, in all its teachings, or if you embrace its doctrines you are in the future traitors to your God and your country.

"In this country it should be an unheard-of thing. If those poor people who are swayed by the wild preachings of men on street corners, would know that in the event of Socialism becoming all-powerful they will be dragged down deeper into the mire, they would renounce the menace of their country, their home, their religion, and their freedom.

"Mothers, I beseech you, do not allow your children to read the vile utterings contained in the papers distributed at your door. Do not allow them to listen to wild speeches of blasphemy the denunciation

of those who fought for our freedom uttered by men on the street corners.

"Socialism is nothing more or less than a stiletto in the back of the Catholic church and a bullet hole in the American flag."

The above tirade against Socialism from a priest in the pulpit of a Catholic church is a savage arraignment that is bred from prejudice and not from a knowledge of the subject which this priest takes upon himself to denounce. A denunciation of Socialism will not convince intelligent men that Socialists are traitors to God or country.

Indictments of Socialism without conclusive arguments to demonstrate that Socialism is a menace to the welfare of the human race, will not be accepted by people who read and think, even though such indictments come from ordained ministers of the gospel. Men and women with brains and who appropriate to themselves the right to use their mental faculties in the analysis of every question that affects the human family, are fully able to distinguish between logic and abuse, and the man in this day and age who entertains the opinion that abuse is argument, has an infant mind and is more to be pitied than censured.

Rev. McCarthy declares: "If those poor people who are swayed by the wild preachings of men on street corners, would know that in the event of Socialism becoming all powerful, they will be dragged down deeper in the mire, they would renounce the menace of their country, their home, their religion and their freedom."

It is somewhat difficult for the *poor* to make such a huge draft on

their imagination as to feel that they have a *home, a country or freedom!*

It is again somewhat difficult to conceive how it is possible for the *poor* to be dragged deeper into the mire than they now are by Socialism, which this priest brands as a menace to home, country, religion and freedom.

The system which he upholds has impoverished the many and enriched the few.

The system which this priest yearns to perpetuate, has put 2,000,000 children in the mills, factories and sweatshops of this country, put 700,000 women in brothels, sends 70,000 wedded couples to the divorce courts annually, fills poor houses and penitentiaries and has created an idle army of millions that is threatened with death by hunger, and yet, this saintly gentleman implores mothers to not allow their children to read the *vile* utterings contained in the papers distributed at their doors.

If the *utterings* in Socialist papers are *vile*, then this priest need have no fear but that Socialism will be repudiated, but he knows that his declaration against Socialism is an infamous slander, and that Socialism enunciates doctrines that mean the overthrow of industrial tyranny and the emancipation of man.

The verbal spasms of McCarthy will affect no one who has brains to think and who refuse to be mental slaves to the hoary philosophy of a dead age.

The American Circus

THE FOLLOWING ADDRESS to the Panamanians has been credited to several different persons. It contains a whole lot of truth along with its alliteration:

"You Panamanians don't know what you are missing by not wanting to become citizens of this grand country of ours. There isn't anything like it under the sun. You ought to send a delegation over to see us—the land of the free—land of fine churches and 180,000 licensed saloons; Bibles, forts and guns, houses of prostitution, millionaires and paupers; theologians and thieves; liberists and liars; politicians and poverty; Christians and chain gangs; schools and scalawags; trusts and tramps; money and misery; homes and hunger; virtue and vice; a land where you can get a good Bible for 15 cents and a bad drink of whisky for 5 cents; where we have a man in Congress with three wives and a lot in the penitentiary for having two wives; where some men make sausage out of their wives and some want to eat them raw; where we make bologna out of dogs, canned beef out of horses and sick cows and corpses out of the people who eat it; where we put a man in jail for not having the means of support and on the rock pile for asking for a job of work; where we license bawdy houses and fine men for preaching Christ on the street corners; where we have a Congress of 400 men who make laws, and a Supreme Court of nine men who set them aside; where good whisky makes bad men and bad men make good whisky; where newspapers are paid for suppressing the truth and made rich for teaching a lie; where professors draw their convictions from the same place they do their salaries; where preach-

ers are paid \$25,000 a year to dodge the devil and tickle the ears of the wealthy; where business consists of getting hold of property in any way that won't land you in the penitentiary; where trusts 'hold up' and poverty 'holds down'; where men vote for what they do not want for fear they won't get what they do want by voting for it; where 'niggers' can vote and women can't; where a girl who goes wrong is made an outcast and her male partner flourishes as a gentleman; where women wear false hair and men 'dock' their horses' tails; where the political wire-puller has displaced the patriotic statesman; where men vote for a thing one day and cuss it 364 days; where we have prayers on the floor of our national capitol and whisky in the cellar; where we spend \$500 to bury a statesman who is rich, and \$10 to put away a workingman who is poor; where to be virtuous is to be lonesome and to be a crank; where we sit on the safety-valve of energy and pull wide open the throttle of conscience; where gold is substance—the one thing sought for; where we pay \$15,000 for a dog and 15 cents a dozen to a poor woman for making shirts; where we teach the 'untutored' Indian eternal life from the Bible and kill him off with bad whisky; where we put a man in jail for stealing a loaf of bread and in Congress for stealing a railroad; where the checkbook talks, sin walks in broad daylight, justice is asleep, crime runs amuck, corruption permeates our whole social and political fabric, and the devil laughs from every street corner. Come to us, Panams! We've got the greatest aggregation of good things and bad things, hot things and cold things, all sizes, varieties and colors, ever exhibited under one tent."

Redemption

"ON EARTH peace, good will toward men," was heralded to the world nearly two thousand years ago.

The redemption of man from the accumulated sins of uncounted centuries was to be achieved through the sacrifice of a single life.

Nation had risen against nation, tribe was pitted against tribe, man against man. The then known world was a seething caldron of contending forces.

The Rockefellers and Morgans of that day had appropriated to themselves the earth and the fulness thereof.

Dives reveled in luxury, Lazarus was in rags.

Licentious luxury ruled the world.

Humanity lay prostrate at the feet of Mammon.

Out of the misery born of privilege and power, the Savior was born.

The star of Bethlehem was to blaze the path to redemption. The blood of the Savior shed on the cross at Golgotha was to atone for the sins of man.

The Son of God had come to redeem a world.

His was the doctrine of non-resistance, yet unmercifully did He assail usurped power.

He flayed the bankers and money changers and drove them out of the Temple.

He taught the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.

He excoriated the rich and sympathized with the poor.

On the Mount He taught His followers to "do unto others even as you would have them do unto you"

The poor loved Him. The rich hated Him.

Because He was against the established order, He was called an anarchist.

His utterances were considered treasonable, because He said the rulers of that day were lecherous parasites who robbed widows and orphans.

He was haled into court, and a cowardly supreme court judge left it to a mob of priests and millionaires to pronounce judgment, who cried, "Crucify Him, Crucify Him!"

His teachings have come ringing down the centuries.

The lips of countless millions breathe prayers of forgiveness, of mercy, of peace and good will.

Is the world better because of these preachments of the Son of God and the supplications of the faithful?

Let the countless millions chained to the chariot of capitalism answer!

We pray for peace, yet there is no peace.

Nations arm against nation, class is arrayed against class, man pitted against man.

And why?

Go ask the beasts of the field and forest and jungle and cave.

And the answer?

To live!

The world is teeming with a population which has grown in knowledge and wisdom.

Man approaches ever nearer unto the image of his Maker.

The mind of man is constantly wrestling with the mysteries of nature; gradually its secrets are unfolding.

But in his search for knowledge he has neglected the problem of problems—How to Live!

Systems have come and gone. Nations born and have gone into decay.

Prophets and seers and statesmen and wise men have lived and bequeathed to succeeding generations the fruits of their learning, yet man struggles on in the brute state, fighting for a chance to live.

We pride ourselves on having abolished slavery, and refer to the feudal state as a period of darkness and despair.

The capitalist state, under which man sells himself on the install-

ment plan, is heralded as the Omega of man's achievement.

But Dives is with us still, and—

Lazarus lies at the gate of Dives' mansion.

Behold the fruits of capitalism!

It has given us a Rockefeller and the man with a hoe.

It has given us Carnegie libraries and countless thousands unable to read.

It has given us universities endowed by millionaires and their degenerate sons.

It has given us endless miles of railroads, and two million tramps.

It has given us the exclusive four hundred with their sumptuous dinners, and trained monkeys who imitate their example.

It has given us bursting granaries and overflowing warehouses, and the starving poor.

It has given us the gatling gun and the gatling gun injunction.

It has given us silks and fine linens for the few idle rich, shoddy garments and rags for the industrious many.

It has given us the palace of the drones and the shack of the toiler.

It has given us free schools, and six million factory slaves of school age too poor to attend them.

It has supplanted the man at the machine with babes, made the working man's home desolate, robbed his cradle and transformed the factory into a nursery of hell.

It has changed man's allegiance from kings who held sway by divine right to kings of capital who hold sway by reason of their economic might.

It has enthroned the almighty dollar, made countless millions mourn, and outraged labor lies prostrate and bleeding at the feet of Mammon's god.

When competition has given way to co-operation—when man learns how to live—then on earth there will be peace, toward all men, good will.
—The Liberator.

Editorial Comments from the Labor and Socialist Press on the McNamaras' Plea of Guilty

(*Memphis Social-Democrat.*)

The confession was timely staged. It was so opportune for the capitalists that some of us are inclined to smell a rat.

The working class of Los Angeles were about to act as a unit. Something desperate had to be done to save the city from the Socialists.

To save their grafting privileges, the capitalists of Los Angeles did not hesitate to compromise with murder, well knowing that a confession now would demoralize the working class, and perhaps prevent the election of Harriman, a Socialist, mayor.

The American capitalist is no ddb.

If they had so much evidence, why not go ahead and hang the McNamaras? Why be lenient?

Why did the capitalist court and lawyers compromise with a self-confessed twenty-one-time murderer?

Was it to save the Plunder Bund which infests every American city?

Direct action and anarchy does no injury to the system.

But the political triumph of the workers in Los Angeles would have been a hard jolt for the grafters.

And Job Harriman was not taken into the confidence of the confessors, and that makes it look all the more suspicious.

(*Laborer, Dallas, Texas.*)

I do not believe in murder either collectively or individually, and so I could not have voted to condemn the McNamara brothers to death. But the prosecution at Los Angeles had no aversion to murder by the state. They believe in hanging. Further, they assert that they had absolute proof of the guilt of the McNamaras.

Why, then, were these brothers guilty of murdering twenty men and possibly many others, not sent to the gallows?

The reason is plain. "Big business," capitalism, which has looted and still is looting Los Angeles of millions, saw the city about to escape its grasp. The grafters of the banks and the street car lines, the Southern Pacific railroad and the real estate speculators traded with the McNamaras. To these stupid men it gave their miserable lives; and in return they get possession of the city again.

The McNamara confession was pulled off just at the critical moment with the primary aim of beating Socialists by the astounding confusion that would, and did, arise. The murderers, the criminal lawyers, and a lot of capitalists more unscrupulous than either the murderers and the lawyers, sold out the Socialist and the union men of Los Angeles.

THAT "GOLDEN RULE" HYPOCRISY.

A remarkable feature of the deal which betrayed us was the "golden rule" story put out by Lincoln Steffens, the magazine writer. According to him, he, a powerful and wise advocate of the gospel of Christ, came to Los Angeles and found the workers and the capitalists in battle—the result of a long-drawn fight of years past. He saw that the right way to settle this was to quit, to follow the golden rule, to dwell together in harmony, forgive and forget, and do the lion and the lamb act. So he went to the representatives of big business, and converted them, including Harry Chandler, the partner of Harrison Gray Otis, and Paul Shoup, manager of the Southern Pacific electric lines. Then this noble army of saints traded with Darrow and the McNamaras and the prosecuting attorney, and the trick was done. It was done on December 1st, four days before the election. It was the lion and the lamb story to perfection; the lion and the lamb lay down together—after the lion had devoured the lamb.

Lincoln Steffens did a great job of work for Lincoln Steffens. He got material for several magazine articles, which is the way he makes his big money. If he had any real influence in bringing about the sell out on December 1st, Steffens belongs right along with McNamara, Darrow and Harrison Gray Otis, in having hit the Socialists and the union men a powerful and treacherous blow.

But it is a shame to have the blessed words "golden rule" attached to the deal of December 1st, by which two murderers saved their miser-

able lives, a bunch of criminal lawyers cinched their big fees, and the people of Los Angeles were tricked and fooled into surrendering their city for another term of years to as cruel and heartless a set of exploiters as ever robbed a community or drove a working girl to prostitution.

VIOLENCE.

The chief reason that led me to believe the McNamaras were innocent was the stupidity of the crime they were accused of. When men are thrown into a bitter strike just after they have come into a union, it is not surprising that their tempers give way and that some violence takes place; but it always does harm to us, not to our enemies. In fact, no striker ever hurts a capitalist, because the capitalist is too careful of his selfish hide. He hires miserable scabs to get out into the danger line, and violence by either side only reaches the workers.

The McNamaras had been in the labor movement a long time and they ought to have known, as every student of the labor movement knows, that by violence we have nothing to gain and all to lose. That they did not know this is proof of the stupid ignorance that is still found among some of the "leaders" of the "pure and simple" unions.

WHAT ABOUT DARROW?

No one can say for sure here. Such a mass of stories, largely lies, is handed out to us. But it looks as if one of three things had happened. Either Darrow thought he could save the miserable lives of his clients, and care more for them than for the Socialist and union movement that the deal of December 1st betrayed. Or Darrow just sold out. Or Darrow had been caught trying to bribe jurymen and he could save his own hide only by selling us out. Of these three explanations, the last looks the more reasonable.

GEO. CLIFTON EDWARDS.

(*The Rebel, Texas.*)

The waters of the labor movement are being lashed into mighty billows by the tempest created by the McNamara confession. The one sad spectacle on the horizon is the pilot of the pure and simple craft—Samuel Gompers. He is shivering in the storm that has been brought around by his policies. For years he has sought to scuttle the stout Socialist craft that has bravely ridden the storms of the class struggle. He declared our craft unsound, "economically unsound," our charts were wrong and our steering course impossible—"industrially impossible" was his exact language; our whole philosophy of navigation on the waters of life and our methods to steer clear of the rocks and shoals of capitalism while on our way to the haven of the Socialist Republic he sneered at, and used all the powers of his office as captain to condemn. He sailed in company with the buccaners of commerce and told his trusting passengers, officers and crew that there was an identity of interests between those rakish crafts that sailed under the Jolly Roger of piracy, and themselves.

Now that the typhoon has come from the shores of the Pacific he stands at the wheel dazed and knows not how to steer his course. The Pirates whom he has so long befriended have fallen on him and threaten to put him in irons at least if they do not take his life. Gone are the days of friendship when he clinked glasses with them, when the industrial waters were seemingly quiet and the sun was sinking peacefully in the west. Gone is the Civic Federation life buoy, gone is the anchor of begging legislation from the pirates, swept away in the storm and battered to pieces is the craft raft; the pure and simple ship is leaking in every plank; her water tight compartments are stove in; she will soon be a derelict on the labor ocean when the steam has spent itself and the clouds disappear under the rising sun of Socialism.

In the meantime Commodore Debs, vigilant and alert, is at the wheel of the staunch ship, Socialism. He heads the gallant barque into the teeth of the gale with the sea of hate lashing his face. The old sailor stands on the bridge and the veterans under his command gain renewed strength from the fearless poise of the commander. Too well does he know the dangerous pirates that he has to face and fight until they are exterminated. Well does he know the false lights of the

wreckers on shore, who signal the ship on to the rocks with the oil of the golden rule. On the ship the passengers, crew and officers are full of the fighting spirit that goes with the knowledge that the battle to be fought is a just one. All hands feel an uplift of the spirit, an exultation that is almost divine now that they realize that they will soon be away from the derelict and have the grappling irons out to

join their ship to the pirates and fight until the last of the wretched robbers on the seas of commerce are compelled to pull down their skull and crossbones and raise the flag of surrender.

And so we go sailing, sailing into the fight, and as we do we take a last pitiful look at sorry Samuel as he goes on to the rocks that we tried so hard to steer him from.

Will Fight from the Inside

AFTER THE ADJOURNMENT of the American Federation of Labor convention at Atlanta, Georgia, a number of Socialist and labor journals took the position that the United Mine Workers, the Western Federation of Miners and several other labor bodies that are looked upon as advanced and aggressive, would in the near future withdraw from the A. F. of L. and launch an amalgamated body outside and independent of the American Federation of Labor. The New York Call, under the head, "The Class Struggle in the Trade Unions," had the following to say editorially:

"Probably the most important event arising out of the convention of the American Federation of Labor at Atlanta is the decision of the United Mine Workers and the Western Federation of Miners to join forces and henceforth act as one body, possibly unconnected with the original organization.

"This move will be regarded from two different standpoints. To those who hold by the old order, it will appear as disintegration and disruption; to the others as reorganization and reconstruction.

"In all probability, Messrs. Gompers and Mitchell will place the responsibility for this action upon the Socialists and accuse them of malignantly and with malice aforethought endeavoring to encompass the destruction of organized labor. Neither will admit that their own endeavors to commit organized labor to the policy of regarding the Civic Federation as a body friendly to labor had anything to do with the action decided on by the two bodies aforesaid.

"Yet it is easy enough to perceive that the reason therefor is that elemental social force, the class struggle, the perception of the existence of which now dominates and determines the policy of the miners, but which is as yet not so clearly perceived by the other elements of organized industry. To attempt to force the "harmony between labor and capital" theory as a policy of action upon elements that have a clear conception of its falsity is tantamount to forcing the latter out of the organization. And that the latter will go out is absolutely certain if the policy is persisted in. Like a house divided against itself, organized labor cannot stand when divided on this question of the class struggle. And that question is today not an abstract theory but a hard, material fact confronting organized labor. There is no middle ground. It must occupy either one position or the other. It cannot occupy both.

"It is not to be expected, of course, that such stanch 'individualists' as Messrs. Gompers and Mitchell could possibly see the situation from this point of view. Individualists themselves, they imagine that the construction, maintenance and direction of the organization is the work of their hands, and that conversely its destruction must necessarily be the deliberate work of hands opposed to theirs. Hence, we may confidently expect that their comment on the situation will be largely composed of denunciations of the individuals whom they believe responsible for the new departure. The old order always takes revenge on the new by vilification of individuals identified with it. It can never rise to the level of regarding the matter as the outcome

of social and industrial evolution. To do so, would, of course, cut the ground from under its own feet.

"When, by a vote of 12,000 to 5,000, it was decided that organized labor should regard the Civic Federation as a friendly body, Messrs. Gompers and Mitchell no doubt considered they had been triumphantly vindicated, and great was the jubilation over the 'rout of the Socialists. The capitalist press rejoiced also, and probably the membership of the Civic Federation were exceedingly glad. They foresaw no sequel to their triumph. But the Socialists did. And it has arrived, as they expected. They knew the class struggle was a rock on which sooner or later the old form of organized labor would spit. But they are not egotistic enough to imagine that they placed the rock in the path of Messrs. Gompers, Mitchell and their associates.

"Possibly these gentlemen picture to themselves the Socialists chuckling with malignant joy over this, the first apparent symptom of the break-up of organized labor. But to us it is merely an incident in the eternal sequence of events—the old giving place to the new. We see in it not organized labor dying but changing its form, to become an infinitely more potent and mighty factor in the emancipation of the race through its recognition of the most vital fact in our industrial society, the class struggle between labor and capital."

The fact that Gompers and the delegates who coincided with him showed a vote of more than two to one against withdrawing labor officials from the National Civic Federation will not bring about the withdrawal of the progressive labor organizations from the American Federation of Labor.

The men of intelligence in the aggressive labor bodies, realize but too well, that they can exercise greater influence and achieve better results, carrying on their missionary work inside, than outside the American Federation of Labor. Men who are equipped with logic and argument, and who feel that they can prove the efficacy of industrial unionism as against the present construction of the labor movement and who can ultimately convince the most stubborn that the National Civic Federation is but a brake on the advancement of labor's march towards industrial freedom, will not beat a cowardly retreat, but will stand their ground and fight for the ultimate triumph of their ideas. The 56 delegates in the convention who cast nearly 5,000 votes, will in another year show reinforcements, and it is but a question of time, when fallacies must vanish before the stern logic of facts and unanswerable arguments of men, who are year by year tearing the mask from the Civic Federation and exposing its ulterior purposes.

The fact that the United Mine Workers and the Western Federation of Miners are taking steps to establish a Mining Department of Labor and to make application to the American Federation of Labor for a charter, do not indicate a divorce from the A. F. of L. but establishes the fact that both of these organizations propose to fight within the realm of the American Federation of Labor until the affiliated bodies shall be converted to the principles of industrial unionism and recognize the dual character of the National Civic Federation.

The Biggest Single Problem Today

Just like a great glacier that cannot be talked about as millions of tons, but as mountains of ice—millions of mountains grinding hills and valleys, level underneath it—just so economically speaking is the unemployed problem moving over the fact of civilization today.

Individually it is awful; socially it is one of the greatest dangers which we face.

How many people really comprehend what it means to have two million civilized people refused a chance to work for a living?

When the savage starved to death for lack of nourishment it was due to an unavoidable condition. But he was not cut off from a chance to find a solution. Nature lay spread out before him and if he failed in the struggle he could not say that society cut off his opportunity. Nature had made the battle too severe.

But in America Nature has not deserted these two million unemployed; and the unemployed man knows it. He has a philosophy.

He looks about him on every hand and sees for himself. He sees that some people are wasting what he needs in order to keep away starvation. He sees that store shelves are groaning under a load of physical requirements.

He understands that the fields produce crops. He sees that wheels can be made to run in the factories. He sees that if labor is

applied that the things he must have can be produced. All this he understands well.

He looks society in the face.

And he says, "I want to work," but everywhere somebody says, "No." He says, "I want to sleep," but everywhere a landlord or a boarding house keeper demands money. He says he wants clothes, but everywhere the dealer waits for the price.

Everywhere the land belongs to somebody and he is told to stay off. The police on the streets tell him to "move on." He has no shelter, he has no resting place.

He sees the sun shining, the rains falling, the granaries bursting. He asks for a chance. Every corner is guarded. His opportunity is gone.

Now you political aborigines, have a care about this matter. You are taking your last laugh at this fellow. When he says to himself, "I have tried; I am here; I am human; I am willing; the world is big enough; there is plenty; and still God or man has cut me off."

This is real talk when this unemployed man talks this kind of ideas.

Last week I heard one of these men say this: "If this is civilization then d—n civilization!" It made me shudder.

What are you wise politicians going to do about this matter?—Columbus Socialist.

From the Cradle to the Grave

(Robert G. Ingersoll's Essay on Life, written after the birth of his grandchild and regarded by many as his masterpiece).

BORN OF LOVE and hope, of ecstasy and pain; of agony and fear,
 of tears and joy dowered with the wealth of two united hearts—
 Held in happy arms with lips upon life's drifted font, blue-veined and
 fair, where perfect peace finds perfect form—
 Rocked by willing feet and wooed to shadowy shores of sleep by siren
 mother, singing soft and low—
 Looking with wonder's wide and startled eyes at common things of life
 and day—
 Taught by want and wish and contact with the things that touch the
 dimpled flesh of babes—
 Lured by light and flame, and charmed by color's wondrous robes—
 Learning the use of hands and feet, and by the love of mimicry be-
 guiled to utter speech—
 Releasing prisoned thoughts from crabbed and curious marks on soiled
 and tattered leaves—
 Puzzling the brain with crooked numbers and their changing tangled
 worth—
 And so through years of alternating day and night, until the captive
 grows familiar with the chains and walls and limitations of a
 life.
 And time runs on in sun and shade until the one of all the world is
 wooed and won, and all the lore of love is taught and learned
 again.
 Again a home is built, with the fair chamber wherein faint dreams,
 like cool and shadowy vales, divide the billowed hours of love.
 Again the miracle of birth—the pain and joy, the kiss of welcome and
 the cradle song drowning the drowsy prattle of a babe.
 And then the sense of obligation and of wrong—

Pity for those who toil and weep—
 Tears for the imprisoned and despised.
 Love for the generous dead, and in the heart the rapture of a high re-
 solve.
 And then ambition with its lust of pelf and place and power, longing
 to put upon its breast distinction's worthless badge.
 Then keener thoughts of men, and eyes that see behind the smiling
 mask of craft—
 Flattered no more by the obsequious cringe of gain and greed—
 Knowing the uselessness of hoarded gold, of honor bought from those
 who charge the usury of self-respect, of power that only bends a
 coward's knee and frees from his lips of fear the lies of praise.
 Knowing at last the unstudied gesture of esteem, the reverent eyes made
 rich with honest thought, and holding high above all other
 things—high as hope's great throbbing star above the darkness
 of the dead—the love of wife and child and friend.
 Then locks of gray, and growing love of other days and half-remem-
 bered things—
 Holding the withered hands of those who first held his, while over dim
 and loving eyes death softly presses down the lids of rest.
 And so, locking in marriage vows his children's hands, and crossing
 others on the breasts of peace, with daughters, babes upon his
 knees, the white hair mingling with the gold, he journeys on
 from day to day to that horizon where the dusk is waiting for
 the night.
 At last, sitting by the holy hearth of home as evening's embers change
 from red to gray, he falls asleep within the arms of her he wor-
 shipped and adored, feeling upon his pallid lips love's last and
 holiest kiss.



INFORMATION WANTED.

Information is wanted of the whereabouts of M. R. Sunday, a miner who is about 58 years old. He was formerly at Socorro, New Mexico, and has lived at Leadville, Altman, Cripple Creek and Goldfield. Anyone knowing his present address will please address J. M. McCormick, 3735 Childs Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

RESOLUTIONS FROM TONOPAH, NEV.

December 20, 1911.

Editor Miners' Magazine:

Whereas, Upon the arrest and kidnapping of the McNamara brothers, organized labor in general believing that another outrage was to be perpetrated upon the working class, naturally rallied to their defense by pledging them our moral and financial support, and

Whereas, Their confessions has shown that they committed a dastardly crime, thereby casting a stigma upon union labor; and

Whereas, The Tonopah Miners' Union have always stood for law and order, believing that the wrongs of labor can best be righted by the intelligent use of the ballot; therefore be it

Resolved, That we denounce their methods as treasonable and destructive to the labor movement, and that we condemn their act as the wanton and foolish crime of fanatics; and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the Miners' Magazine, and the American Federationist for publication.

STEPHEN S. CLARK,

M. J. SCANLAN,

J. M. RUNYON,

Committee.

(Seal)

I AM THE PRINTING PRESS.

(Author Unknown.)

I am the printing press, born of the mother earth. My heart is of steel, my limbs are of iron and my fingers are of brass.

I sing the songs of the world, the oratories of history, the symphonies of all time.

I am the voice of today, the herald of tomorrow. I weave into the warp of the past woof of the future. I tell the stories of peace and war alike.

I make the human heart beat with passion and tenderness. I stir the pulse of nations, and make brave men do braver deeds, and soldiers die.

I inspire the midnight toiler, weary at his loom, to lift his head again and gaze with fearlessness into the vast beyond, seeking the consolation of a hope eternal.

When I speak a myriad people listen to my voice. The Anglo-Saxon, the Celt, the Hun, the Slav, the Hindu all comprehend me.

I am the tireless Clarion of the news. I cry your joys and sorrows every hour. I fill the dullard's mind with thoughts uplifting. I am light, knowledge

and power. I epitomize conquests of mind over matter.

I am the record of all things mankind has achieved. My offspring comes to you in the candle's glow, amid the dim lamps of poverty, the splendor of riches: at sunrise, at high noon, and in the waning evening.

I am the laughter and tears of the world, and I shall never die until all things return to the immutable dust.

I AM THE PRINTING PRESS.

THE WOMEN OF READING.

(By Theresa Malkiel.)

Reading, Pa., has come into the public eye, first through the election of Comrade Maurer as the first Socialist to sit in the Pennsylvania Legislature, and next because of the wonderful activity of its Socialist local during the last municipal election. Every phase of that activity, but one, has been gone over a number of times, and that is—the activity of the women interested in seeing Socialism victorious.

It has ever been thus, woman has never come down to posterity, but for her connection with some one great man. And yet—the women of Reading have played a considerable role in the life and welfare of the Socialist movement in Reading.

It was the women who have made the social life of the Reading Socialists one worthy to be copied by every Socialist local. While the social phase of the movement remained a great necessity to the movement, while the people of the town had still to be shown that the Socialists are not home destroyers, but on the contrary promoters of brotherly feeling, of human relationship, the women gave their time to arranging suppers, entertainments, picnics, and so forth, where all the Socialist members and sympathizers met in social intercourse, etc., danced and made merry, while discussing the graver, bigger phase of life.

The money realized from all these affairs the women used for the purpose of making the Socialist home, or the Reading Labor Lyceum appear homelike and comfortable—they papered the place, bought furniture and decorations, saw that it was kept clean, while a small portion of the money was set aside for an entirely different, though equally noble, purpose. Every sick woman of Reading who was either a Socialist, or a Socialist sympathizer, was sure to receive a bouquet of flowers from the Socialist women in her hours of pain and sorrow. The flowers were, as a rule, brought to the sufferer by a committee of two who expressed personally the love and sympathy of her sisters. Small and insignificant as this purpose may seem at first glance, it meant much to the Socialist cause in the end. We all know the hard life of the workingman's wife and can easily realize how much harder that life is made by sickness. It is then that things seem blackest. It is then that the poor woman yearns for love, for sympathy, and receiving it at the hands of the Socialists she remains true to them forever after.

But the women are not as narrow as some think them to be. This year, when Socialism made good in Reading and prepared to become the political guide of its citizens, the women realized the seriousness of the situation, the many obstacles in the field, and at once changed their method of action.

Just as enthusiastically as they used to bake, cook and brew for Socialism, they commenced to agitate, speak, distribute literature and hold meetings for Socialism.

The large knitting mills, where thousands of women and children are employed, were covered with Socialist literature especially written for women. The markets, too, were not slighted. The women comrades were there on the job at 7 a. m., and while a Socialist speaker would explain to the good housewives the cause of the high cost of living, the women comrades would supplement the speaker's argument with proper leaflets. Street and indoor meetings were held where woman speakers appealed to woman citizens to protect themselves and their children, to use their influence for the Socialist cause.

There is scarcely another woman disfranchised city in the country, where the average housewife was made as thoroughly acquainted with the issue of the campaign as she was in Reading, Pa.

This was due to the activity of the women comrades who stand shoulder to shoulder with their husbands and brothers in time of war as well as in times of peace. The battle was temporarily lost, but the seed planted is bound to grow and the women comrades are sure to help its growth.

NEWS FROM WASHINGTON, D. C.

(By National Socialist Press.)

Washington, D. C.—Representative Sulzer, (Dem. N. Y.) resorted to a clumsy dodge when he was cornered by a few pertinent questions relating to the Russian-American treaty questions which were submitted to him on the floor of the House by Victor L. Berger, the Socialist representative.

Berger asked Sulzer whether, in his opinion, Russia would not be hurt more by the abrogation of the extradition treaty of 1887 rather than that of the commercial treaty of 1832.

Sulzer had no answer. So he cut off the Socialist congressman's right to the floor by yielding to Representative Harrison (Dem. N. Y.), who rose obviously for the purpose of rescuing his colleague from his perilous position.

Later in the day Berger was given three minutes to discuss the treaty question. He said:

"Mr. Speaker, I shall vote for this resolution, although I am quite certain that the object desired will not be obtained. The treaty of 1832 is a commercial treaty, and Russia buys about four times as much from us as we buy from Russia.

"The treaty that should be abrogated is the treaty of 1887, which provides for the extradition of persons charged with crime, and used by Russia to get possession of her political refugees. In Russia everybody who works for political liberty of any degree is considered a criminal. In Russia everybody who tries to get government such as we have, a republic, or even only a constitutional monarchy, is considered a criminal.

"If he escapes to this country, then he is charged with all sorts of crimes by the Russian government in order to have him extradited. The Russian government is even employing spies to ferret out such refugees and is exercising undue influence upon our officials.

"That is the treaty we ought to abrogate in order to reach the weak spot in the armor of our 'great friend,' the Russian czar.

"Moreover the abrogation of the treaty of 1832 is not going to help the poor Jews of Russia nor the former Russian Jews in this country who want to go to Russia to visit their relatives. It is not going to help the gentleman from New York (Mr. Sulzer) in his political ambitions, because he will be in the position of a lawyer whose law suit has been settled."

Berger has introduced a bill to abrogate the extradition treaty. It has been referred to the committee on foreign affairs, of which Sulzer is chairman. Readers of the Socialist and labor press should write Representative Sulzer stating their position on the abrogation of the extradition treaty with Russia.

The abrogation of the treaty of 1832 with Russia was marked in Congress by the cheapest kind of politics. Debates over treaties have always been the most learned and dignified in the history of Congress. But times have changed. The recent treaty debate was not only undignified but actually disgusting.

Scores of members of the House took the floor to utter simply one sentence so that they would qualify for the privilege of extending remarks in the Record. Others got up to indulge in extravagant laudations of the Jews, and particularly "of those in my district."

But the worst spectacle was the taking of a photograph of Congressman Goldfogle of New York, in the speaker's chair, with gavel in hand, and surrounded by the clerks and official underlings. This picture was taken just before Congress convened to take final action on the treaty question. It will no doubt be used as a "campaign document," to get Jewish votes for the Tammany congressman.

Democrats Knife Labor.

When the Senate—mind you, the reactionary Senate—put in an amendment to the urgent deficiency bill allowing \$35,421 for traveling expenses for the underpaid and overworked railway mail clerks it was the Democratic House that insisted that this amendment be stricken out. And so it was.

Again when the same Senate amended the deficiency bill to appropriate \$50,000 to the Bureau of Mines which needs money badly in its humane rescue work, it also remained for the Democratic House to insist that this amendment be dropped. And so it was.

It seems that the Democrats are willing to pass labor legislation when there is not the slightest chance that such legislation would pass the Senate. But they act otherwise when it requires only their approval for such labor measures to become laws.

It should be noted that the Democrats did not object to the clause in the deficiency bill which provides an allowance of 20 cents per mile to each member of Congress from his home to the capital and back. Berger, the Socialist congressman, voted for an amendment which provided that members should get only their actual cost of travel. But of course the Republicans and Democrats defeated this amendment.

Miners may be killed and railway mail clerks may be starved as long as Democrats and Republicans in Congress can provide liberally for themselves.

But miners, railway mail clerks, and other workingmen may read this story—and may think.

Industrial Slaughter Continues.

There were 10,936 persons killed on the railroads during the year 1911, according to the Interstate Commerce Commission. Of this number 356 were passengers, and the rest mainly employes and "trespassers." Out of 150,159 persons injured, 14,433 were passengers and 45,848 employes "on duty in train service."

The commission charges that many accidents of workers are due to "the inefficient systems of car inspection." It also says that many of the derailments have been due to defective and broken rails and car wheels.

That the courts are construing the hours of service law making it "practically a dead letter" is also charged by the commission.

The Block Signal and Train Control Board complains:

"The time has come when something more than mere investigation is necessary, and believes that there should exist some central authority with

power adequate to deal with the question of safety upon railroads in all its phases. It refers to the piecemeal character of existing safety legislation, and while commending the results obtained in the operation of existing laws, it does not believe that such results are at all commensurate with their cost, both to the public and to the railroads."

Federal Money for Militia.

A vigorous campaign is now going on before Congress to get a law passed which would put the militia of the several states on a basis more serviceable to the powers that be. The scheme, as embodied in a bill now pending before both Houses, is to get the federal government to pay one-fourth of the wages now paid to enlisted regulars, to members of the militia.

There are now nearly 200,000 persons belonging to the militia of the various states. And should this bill pass, the rankest militarist would then realize his fondest dreams.

Needless to add, the members of the militia themselves are the greatest boosters of this proposed law. Patriotism at 25 per cent sounds good to them.



WAIL OF A BENEDICT.

1. My wife is my boss. I shall not deny.
2. She maketh me lie down behind the bed when the swell company comes, and she leadeth me behind her up Main street.
3. She restoreth my pocketbook after she has spent all its contents on hobble skirts and theater tickets, and she leadeth me up the main aisle of church for her new hat's sake.
4. Yea, though I walk more than half the night through dark rooms with a crying baby, I will get no rest, for she is behind me; her broomstick and her hatpin they do everything else but comfort me.
5. She prepareth a cold snack for me, then maketh a bee-line for an aid society supper. She anointeth my head with the rolling pin occasionally. My arms runneth over with bundles before she is half done her shopping.
6. Surely her dressmaker's and millinery bills shall follow me all the days of my life and I will dwell in the house of my wife forever.—Exchange.

WHEN I HAVE TIME.

When I have time I'm going to write a poem great and fine;
I'll pour my heart and soul into its every line.
It shall be called my masterpiece, by it I'll stand or fall;
And in the ages yet to come it will be praised by all.

I've studied much of human life, I've searched the ways of men,
And all because I want to show life with my skillful pen.
I want to sway this slow old world with thoughts and words sublime;
And try to make it better, too, and will—when I get time.

* * * * *
Alas! The years have come and gone, and each succeeding day
Has added cares and duties new, and time just slips away.
The masterpiece I thought I'd write, I fear will be but rhyme;
Because the more of years I live the less I have of time.

—Joe Cone.

STILL LATER.

Oh! If I might roll back the years, and make another start,
I'd quickly wipe these briny tears, for my poetic art.
I'd do my best work every day, and take the cash it earned;
A masterpiece is built that way—this lesson I have learned.

—Em Jay after Joe Cone.

THE CONQUEROR.

It's easy to laugh when the skies are blue
And the sun is shining bright;
Yes, easy to laugh when your friends are true
And there's happiness in sight;
But when hope has fled and the skies are gray,
And the friends of the past have turned away,
Ah, then indeed it's a hero's feat
To conjure a smile in the face of defeat.

It's easy to laugh when the storm is o'er
And your ship is safe in port;
Yes, easy to laugh when you're on the shore
Secure from the tempest's sport;
But when wild waves wash o'er the storm-swept deck
And your gallant ship is a battered wreck,
Ah, that is the time when it's well worth while
To look in the face of defeat with a smile.

It's easy to laugh when the battle's fought
And you know that the victory's won;
Yes, easy to laugh when the prize you sought,
Is yours when the race is run;
But here's to the man who can laugh when the blast
Of adversity blows, he will conquer at last,
For the hardest man in the world to beat
Is the man who can laugh in the face of defeat.
—Emil Carl Rurin, in the National Magazine.

WHAT MAKES A REAL MAN.

Circus elephants and other animals, while in winter quarters, are put through their "stunts" every day by trainers, just as regular as when they perform before the public in the summer season.

These animals are "educated," but they can't be trusted to remember things—they can't reason.

There is little difference between some men and their four-footed friends. Man may possess knowledge—he may be educated—but if he can't reason—if he can't use his analyzing faculties—he is lost, just as soon as

he steps out of a certain line of action that he has been drilled in, as has the wild animal.

Man's failure to reason is responsible for ALL his failures.

Knowledge, education, faith and enthusiasm are all desirable qualities, but if a man has not acquired reasoning powers he is helpless before the cool, dissecting force that cuts him to pieces and refuses to cheer and stampede over parrot-like utterances that are labeled "education" and "knowledge."

When men say they are "not built for fighters," you can put it down that they have failed to develop their reasoning powers. So they retire from the field, or depend on noise, bluster and sentiment to sustain their position and to attract attention.

Be a reasoner. Don't trust to luck. Don't depend on having your "gang" back of you to cheer your chestnutty speech, that is generally made for gallery purposes, and is always foreign to the subject.

Don't be afraid of getting "licked" or losing your "popularity," for if you fear these things you won't develop yourself and you will continue prancing around in a little circle, just like the trained circus elephant or educated tiger who is forced to do his "stunts" every day lest he forget.—Toledo Union Leader.

THE MAN AND A MULE.

Differing greatly in so far as intelligence is concerned, the working man and the mule are great physical burden bearers. They have many things in common. They are great plodders. They drag heavy burdens. But there the likeness ends. The mule, an average mule, often kicks against his master, often refuses to drag his load.

Mr. Workingman has been taught for two thousand years at least that meekness and humility are virtues. He has been led to believe that if he is satisfied with hard work, plenty of kicks and poor food here and snow, he will lie on a bed of roses over Yonder.

The machine has come, mighty throbbing monster of steel, and the worker has been told that it would lighten his heavy burden, help him to straighten his bowed back. But it is doubtful if, with all the wonderful machinery we have, the toil of a single worker has been lightened.

Some workers have lost their old jobs with the coming of the slave of steel and iron, whose only food is oil and steam or electricity. Yes, the machine has, it is true, lightened the toil of some men by throwing them out of jobs.

The lot of the worker is miserable, the fear of loss of work always pressing at his door.

But what of the mule?

When the master of the mule cannot use him, for the time being he is turned out to grass or put into a good stall and given plenty to eat that he may be fit to drag the loads of his master another day. For a dumb fellow, the mule is not so badly off.

When the master of the worker cannot use him for the time being, he is turned loose to hunt for food and shelter. He costs his master nothing when he is not producing profit. For a smart fellow, he is treated shabbily.

The worker is getting next to the fact that he will never be even as well off as a mule until he owns his job. The tools are too big for him to own and operate alone. But he realizes that all of the workers together can own the tools and run for the common good.

One day soon the worker will be better off than a mule.—Free Press.

THE CONFLICT OF THE AGES.

(M. M. Mangasarian.)

In my mind's eye, I see a wonderful building, something like the Coliseum of ancient Rome. The galleries are black with people; tier upon tier rise like waves the multitude of spectators who have come to see a great contest. A great contest indeed! A contest in which the world and all the centuries are interested. It is the contest—the fight to death—between Truth and Error.

The door opens, and a slight, small, shy and insignificant looking thing steps into the arena. It is Truth. The vast audience bursts into hilarious and derisive laughter. Is this Truth? This shuddering thing in tattered clothes, and almost naked? And the house shakes again with mocking and hisses.

The door opens again, and Error enters—clad in cloth of gold, imposing in appearance, tall of stature, glittering with gems, sleek and huge and ponderous, causing the building to tremble with the thud of its steps. The audience is for a moment dazzled into silence, then it breaks into applause, long and deafening. "Welcome!" "Welcome!" is the greeting from the multitude. "Welcome!" shout ten thousand.

The two contestants face each other. Error, in full armor—backed by the sympathies of the audience, greeted by the clamorous cheering of the spectators; and Truth, scorned, scoffed at, and hated. "The issue is a foregone conclusion," murmurs the cast audience. "Error will trample Truth under its big feet."

The battle begins. The two clinch, separate, and clinch again. Truth holds its own. The spectators are alarmed. Anxiety appears in their faces. Their voices grow faint. Is it possible? Look! See! There! Error recedes! It fears the gaze of Truth! It shuns its beautiful eyes! Hear it shriek and scream as it feels Truth's grip. It is making for the door. It is gone.

The spectators are mute. Every tongue is smitten with the palsy. The people bite their lips until they bleed. They cannot explain what they have seen. "Who would have believed it?" "Is it possible?" they exclaim. But they cannot doubt what their eyes have seen. That puny and insignificant looking thing called Truth has put ancient and entrenched Error, backed by the throne, the altar, the army, the press, the people, and the gods—to rout.

The pursuit of truth! Is not that worth living for? To seek the truth, to love the truth, to live the truth? Can any religion offer more?—The Rebel.

VOTE SOCIALIST TICKET STRAIGHT.

The Workingclass, Standing Alone and Together, Must Work Its Own Emancipation.

This year 1912 promises to stand out prominently in the political history of the United States.

One of the big reasons for this is that the workers, in greater numbers than ever before, will march to the polls as a class and vote the political ticket of their class, the ticket of the Socialist party.

This will be shown in the spring elections and in the fall elections. It will be shown in the city, county, state and national elections.

It is therefore well to point out again at this time that the only Socialist vote worth while is the straight Socialist vote.

The straight Socialist vote shows that the worker casting it recognizes that he must stand with his class, that he has definitely severed all relations with other political parties, that his vote is not a "protest" vote, that it is not a sympathetic vote, and that he is going right ahead working for Socialism after this year's elections are over, and that he will again vote the straight Socialist ticket at the elections in the years that are to come.

The labor union does not ask the employer to become a member. True,

there are high officials who are members of the National Civic Federation, who join hands with the bosses and claim to fight the battles of the working class while the flag of truce hovers over the forces of labor and capital. But the rank and file doesn't believe in that and they are going to remedy it.

For the same reason the Socialist party can never compromise with any other political party. The split ballot is worse than no ballot at all, since it is not backed by working class political intelligence.

The working class must stand on its own feet. It can not be propped up by either the Democratic or Republican party and live.

The "card" men elected to Congress on either the Democratic ticket or the Republican ticket never did the working class any good, because they must obey the mandates of the Republican and Democratic parties, and these parties are fundamentally opposed to labor because they are owned by capital.

Congress is ruled by caucuses and committees. No Republican or Democratic union man fighting the battles of labor ever rose to power in any Republican or Democratic caucus or committee. And the big point about it is that he never will.

The same is true of the state legislatures from one end of the land to the other. It is true of the city councils from Greater New York to the smallest incorporated municipality.

So fight it out with yourself right now, before election day comes. Vote the Socialist ticket straight or don't vote it at all. Stand straight when you stand for the working class.

Then you will soon become a dues-paying member of the Socialist party, to, and get into the harness just as you are already in the harness in your labor union.

Vote together and strike together. The working class must work out its own emancipation.—Chicago Daily Socialist.

NEW WORLD MOVEMENT MAY WIPE OUT BOY SCOUT PEST.

In the January American Magazine there is a remarkable report of the World Scout movement which has just been started in Europe. It is an antidote for the Boy Scout movement. The Boy Scout movement is military. Its object is to combine the boys of all nations into one organization and teach them an absolute antipathy for war. The founder of this new movement, which in the first few months of its history has swept through five countries, is Sir Francis Vane, who says of his new organization:

"We, who are World Scouts, are out for service and unity. I ask you to think what little unity there has been in the past. Every silly ass has talked of brotherhood, and done nothing for it. Churches, Freemasons, political parties, have preached fraternity until the very name of the thing has become sloppy. Why is this? Because behind it there was no reality. It was a brotherhood of dogma, of the dinner table, of the pocket—always of the pocket. We who are World Scouts, whether we are British Scouts, Italian Scouts, French or German, commence our work by first accepting the brotherhood of all. We commence it by the brotherhood of the young and the old, by preaching that only by the close intercourse of the young with the old can the young become wise and the old become sympathetic, enthusiastic and young in spirit.

"The first barrier to be broken down is the barrier between youth and age.

"It is the duty of every man to attempt to have done with war, if for no other reason than this, that war kills not only some of the best men, the men the world requires in peace, and the world wants them alive, not dead; but no less that war destroys not only the men in the field, but it starves out of existence thousands of the tender young at home by the depletion of the nation's capital squandered in its operations.

"And I hold it as criminal, as profane, to allow a girl or boy to be brought up in the belief that war is inevitable, a part of the Divine Ordinance! For he who believes it so, will, consciously or unconsciously, make it so, and in so doing he can have no true belief in the mercy of God.

"Now the thing is, to show the organizers of the original scout movement that they have made a false step. The ideal of patriotism to be set before boys is the ideal of the World Scouts—an ideal that has no spark of racial animosity. Let the boys understand that the country has so many real enemies that it is a pity to waste time and strength against imaginary ones.

"Let the boys keep the natural world outlook that they were born with. Let them go on believing that Italian and Russian boys are not enemies, but friends; not foreigners, but folks. Because it is so. The 'patriotic' separatist view is simply not straight—even if our public schools do implicitly teach it by their 'patriotic' exercises.

"Let the boys cultivate a chivalry that knows its real dragons and fights them. Let them find the rich mine of adventure that lies in relieving the oppressed, defense of the suffering, protection of the weak. Let them seek adventure in saving life rather than destroying it.

"There is no place to do all this like America, no boys as well equipped for this world movement. They are not familiar with militarism, it is not part of their daily life, as it unfortunately is in other countries. American boys are the ones to say that the Boy Scout ideal is not half large enough or half progressive enough to suit them."—Exchange.

WHY DO WORKINGMEN GO TO WAR?

By Andrew Hayton.

Workingmen go to war because they are ever ready to be gulled and do whatever their political and industrial masters order them to do. So whenever the capitalists want war, they order the politicians to declare it, and the poor ignorant workingman straps on a knapsack, shoulders a gun or takes a policeman's club, kisses his wife and children good-bye, and starts out to fight a war he didn't want, a war he didn't declare, a war that injures his class—and marches away to split open the blood vessels of other workingmen whom he doesn't know and with whom he has had no quarrel.

He yells, kills and slaughters because some crafty politician has ordered him to do so. He screams and gets slain, simply because he does not understand the sly, devilish tricks that are being played upon him and his class.

Young workingmen are flattered into joining the army in order to help the capitalist class force the working class to keep still and starve, and accept cheap food, clothing and shelter as their share for all of the work they do, all of their lives.

If the capitalists want wars why not let them do the fighting, bleeding and dying; they could be better spared than the workers, and then they could boast of their patriotism.

The capitalist press is full of war talk for months preceding the declaration of war by the politicians in order that the workers will have reached the stage of excitement that they will be ready to go and fight to satisfy the "honor" and save the business interests of the crowned and uncrowned cowards of the ruling class.

Workingmen are never willing to butcher and be butchered wholesale until some of the highly educated panders to the capitalist class excite the humble toiler to the mood of stupid hate.

First come the powerful editorials, the great 'speeches, the eloquent sermons and ferocious prayers for the war; then the fife and drum; then the brain storm of the humbugged workingman, then the recruiting, then the hand-waving and "good-bye, boys, good-bye, good-bye;" then the butchering and the blood, the tears and the taxes.

Capitalists want wars, politicians declare wars, and the workers fight the

wars. If the masters want blood why not let them cut each others' throats? Remember it is not the "leading citizens," capitalists, bishops and other "nice people," who are on the firing line when the bayonete gleam and the sabres flash, when the flesh is ripped and the blood flows. There never can be a war until the workers are ready to do the trench digging and the actual fighting, bleeding and dying. It is well to remember that the master class want the workers to enlist, in order that they can hold down the workers and force them to consent to produce far more than they are permitted to consume; and to open up and defend foreign markets for wealth which the capitalists cannot consume personally or invest profitably at home.—The Coal-Digger.

THE TARIFF HUMBUG.

The total receipts from tariff duties in 1910 were, according to the Statistical Abstract (page 617), \$33,683,445. We shall assume that the American consumer really pays his bills in buying the commodities imported. The cost per head of the population would then be about \$3.62.

The Democrats propose to reduce these duties. They constitute, say the Democrats, a crushing tax upon the people, and the altruistic politicians of the Jeffersonian party intend to reduce them. How much—one-half? Oh, no, for that would paralyze our government for lack of revenue. One-quarter, then? Possibly so, though even that degree of reduction would seriously impair the government's finances. But let us say one-quarter. That would make a decrease of the individual tax of 90 cents a year.

But that isn't all of the tariff question, say the Democrats; the reduction of duties would also force domestic manufacturers to lessen their prices, and every one would be the gainer in the increased buying power of his dollar. Maybe so, but to what extent would prices be reduced? It can hardly be contended, even by the most relied tariff reformer, that the price reduction would be greater than the rate of tariff reduction. Let us say that a certain commodity costs \$1 to import. The government clasps a tariff tax of 50 cents on it, and the consumer pays \$1.50. The Democrats now come along and reduce this tax by one-fourth, and the consumer now pays for the article \$1.37½, a saving of 12½ cents, or about 8.3 per cent.

The consumer has not gained much. He has, in fact, been a steady loser since 1896. Since that time the average rise in the price of commodities has been about 46 per cent. The tariff reduction would have to be made on a much more sweeping scale to benefit him. Even if the whole thing were wiped out, he would still be a heavy loser.

Here the Republicans step in and say that no one would be the gainer by tariff reduction. Manufacturers would be unable to compete with their European rivals, workshops would close and millions of wage-earners would be thrown on the street. Nominal prices might indeed be lower, but if no one had money with which to buy, what would it matter whether the price of an article was \$1 or \$5?

The one fundamental fact about the whole question both Democrats and Republicans ignore. That is, that whether in free-trade England or in protectionist Germany the position of the workingman is about the same. The greater part of what the workers produce goes to other men. It is the same thing here except that, for causes with which the tariff has nothing to do, the position of the worker is better than it is in either Germany or England.

What the tariff takes out of the worker is but a fraction compared with the sum the capitalist takes out of the worker. By a little study of Census Bulletin 57, giving the statistics of manufactures for 1905, anyone can get an indication of what this surplus value is. He will find there that labor took hold of materials valued at about \$8,500,000,000 and turned them into products valued at about \$15,000,000,000. The value added to the material averages \$1,150 for each of the 5,470,321 wage-earners. But the wage-earners did not get this \$1,150. They got only \$477 apiece. The remainder of each man's product, valued at \$673 each, went to other men.

Of course there were certain sums to pay out of this, salaries counted up a half-billion and miscellaneous expenses one and one-half billions. But it is of mighty small consequence to the worker who got the rake-off so long as he didn't get it. By the same bulletin you will find that 86 per cent of the miscellaneous expenses went to capital in the form of rent of offices and factories and interest and insurance, while the use of a little observation will show you that a very large part of the items of salaries is really profit in disguise.

The worker, therefore—and we do not mean merely the manual worker, but everyone who renders useful service in production—gets about half of what he produces. There are some industries in which he gets more than this and some in which he gets considerably less. The average, however, will be found to run through the whole scheme of mechanical and manufacturing production. The workers can well afford to ignore entirely the tariff question. He will do better by fixing his attention on the problem of getting in wages the social value of his product.

With the awakening intelligence of the people the sham battle over the tariff is drawing to an inglorious close.—Milwaukee Leader.

THE DEMAND FOR ROOSEVELT.

It isn't that Roosevelt is safer or saner than Taft, that he is more committed to the interests of big business, or that he may be expected to do any very striking work in safeguarding the interests. But the world has moved even though Taft and all his lawyers have been trying not only to prevent it from moving forward, but have actually attempted to make it move backward. What is now really hoped is that Roosevelt might possibly be able to restore the good old days that existed when he was President, not so many years ago.

He has dramatically and vociferously said that we cannot return to the conditions that existed previous to the Civil War. We cannot smash the trusts and have unrestricted competition among many small concerns. He is quite right. But neither can we have the conditions that existed in his administration, though evidently both he and his backers believe we can.

Taft's intentions were good. He desired to give to business all the assistance he possibly could, and he sought at the same time to make business behave so that it would deserve the enormous profits that flowed into it. Corruption, both political and economic, was widespread. Legislators were bought and sold like cattle. The trusts made their chosen men either Representatives or Senators, Governors or members of State Legislatures. They were heavily represented on the bench, from the minor courts up to the Supreme Court. The people were growing restive, and both Taft and Roosevelt sought in some way to prevent this government by trusts from becoming too apparent, oppressive and obnoxious. One would do it by continually yelling and threatening. The other would do it by the hocus-pocus of dissolving the trusts. Neither is competent to do anything.

In spite of all the attempts to evade the question, or to mislead the people of this country concerning it, everybody knows that government by trusts—that is, government by the dominant and efficient organizations of capital—has been growing stronger and stronger. Any class that has power will inevitably use it. The use of that power will inevitably be to the disadvantage

of the class that is deficient in wealth and that has no part in the operations of the government. The capitalist class in this country has made government a machine for the extraction of wealth from the workers.

The workers realize it. The capitalists understand that the workers realize it. Hence, the desperate clamor for the return of Roosevelt. Personally, he is not an individual greatly loved by the capitalists. But it is not for him, actually, that they are crying aloud. It is for the conditions that existed when he was President. As it is impossible to turn back to the social state of half a century ago, at least it may be possible to return to the state of four or five years ago. Under Roosevelt there was, in spite of some disagreeable features, at least the promise of security for most trusts. Roosevelt was willing, and Taft has been quite as willing. But under Taft conditions have become steadily worse and the menace has become steadily greater.

What neither Roosevelt nor Taft nor their respective supporters comprehend, is that while they have tried to remain stationary, society itself has been steadily sweeping onward.

Those who will go to the polls at the next election will have an entirely different outlook upon social questions. Among them will be hundreds of thousands who voted for Taft or Bryan and who believed that in doing so they were voting for the stability of national institutions, the integrity of business and the welfare of their beloved land. But what they consider the welfare of the country will be utterly dissimilar this time. Unconsciously, they have evolved to the point where they see that we are governed by the trusts, that we are owned by the trusts, and that we are starved by the trusts even at a time when the land is producing enough abundantly to feed all its inhabitants.

The next step in the development of the idea is that we are going to own the trusts, and we are going to run them for our own benefit. All intelligent Americans are sick of busting and regulation, of declamation and protestation, of endless investigations, and of promises that are not fulfilled because they cannot be.

The great thing is that the awakening has at last come. The means whereby people live is a social affair, and must be attended to by society. It is not a private enterprise, to be run for private profit.

Roosevelt and Taft are equally reactionary, though each acts according to his own temperament. So are the people who are supporting them. But the supporters are dwindling in numbers, though they are growing in desperation. On the other hand, those who are for the new and just order of things are growing in numbers and are increasing in confidence. They see that the end of what are called Rooseveltism and Taftism means actually the end of capitalism.—New York Call.

HUMAN BROTHERHOOD.

(By J. Carlos Ferrell.)

Adown the ages rolled the thought of human brotherhood, bred by the soul's experience and the longing for companionship.

Deepened by toil and bitter experience, the fire slumbered in the souls of men till time was ripe and the ages ready for the full fruition of the wondrous thought.

Then men were touched as by living fire and words rang out in mighty power for right to win and wrong to slink away from the sight of man.

Then evil reared its hydra head of wrong and used the souls of men to fight the rights of man.

The battle raged in fiercest conflict as foe met foe, the one for right and brotherhood and all that's glorious to aspiring souls, the other cursed by greed and selfishness and all that drags man down to beastly savagery.

The battle rages now the wide world over wherever soul meets soul and right meets wrong in deadly conflict.

Men call it government, but angels deem it savagery such as cave men might have used had their brains been sharp and keen enough.

Sharp witted men, by specious use of words, lead the lesser minds as sheep are led by ram of strength and power of limb.

Appealing unto the lower passions of the human soul, they reason with the "common herd" and make them think that black is white and wrong is right and thus they work their own unholy schemes, and suffering vast and poverty abounds the wide land o'er.

Why is it thus, that souls in greed and baser passions steeped, seek conquest o'er the souls of men that they might rule and revel in their wrong?

Shall all that's good and holy in the human soul be stricken down and cover abased before the foot of wrong?

Shall right ne'er rise nor purity and love the souls of men enthrone?

Shall motherhood in sorrow send her children out the wide world o'er to battle with this monstrous wrong?

Shall innocence and love in childhood sweet be crushed and marred by false and deadly thoughts hurled at them by evil minds intent on their own greed?

AWAKE! Ye sons and daughters fair who see the beckoning hand of human brotherhood point on to conquests grand and great.

AWAKE! And teach the truth and work for love and kindness and all that's good and holy in the human soul.

Let thoughts of power spring out upon the ether waves and meet the thoughts of wrong and hurl them back to oblivion deep and dark.

Let wisdom's words spring from your lips as living fire, to sear and wither up the seeds of wrong.

Let gentle deeds and kindly words bring healing balm to wounded souls, and all the graces of the gentler life meet face to face the wrongs that curse mankind today.

Let love, the power that rolls the universe along, lead every soul the upward path to take and work for human brotherhood.

Meet specious words with wisdom's dart and cruel deeds with love's own tenderness and pleading voice.

Meet dark with light and hate with love and greed with sweet beneficence, and to win the erring one from ways of wrong and point the upward path to human brotherhood.

Thus want and suffering and poverty sore will slink away from sight, and peace and plenty in boundless store the children's heritage will be.

AWAKE! ye sons and daughters fair. AWAKE for human brotherhood!

The beckoning hand of destiny points on to fairer days, when love shall rule the sons of men and all that's great and glorious our heritage shall be.

AWAKE! ye toilers in the field of good. Look up and see the star of hope amid the darkened sky and rays of light come peeping through the rifts that love has made.

Wrong SHALL go down and right shall lift her shining head and peace and plenty o'er this world abound.

The cooing babe, the smiling child, the youth with hope ahead, shall all in future reap the glorious fruits of human brotherhood.

Thus end my words of cheer and courage strong, for love SHALL rule and greed and wrong SHALL go down to darkness and oblivion and all that's good and great shall rule for human brotherhood.—New York Call.

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