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MINERS'  
MAGAZINE**

**AUGUST, 1900.**

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**PUBLISHED MONTHLY.**

**OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE WESTERN FEDERATION  
OF MINERS.**

**Publication Office, 1613 Court Place, Denver, Colorado.**

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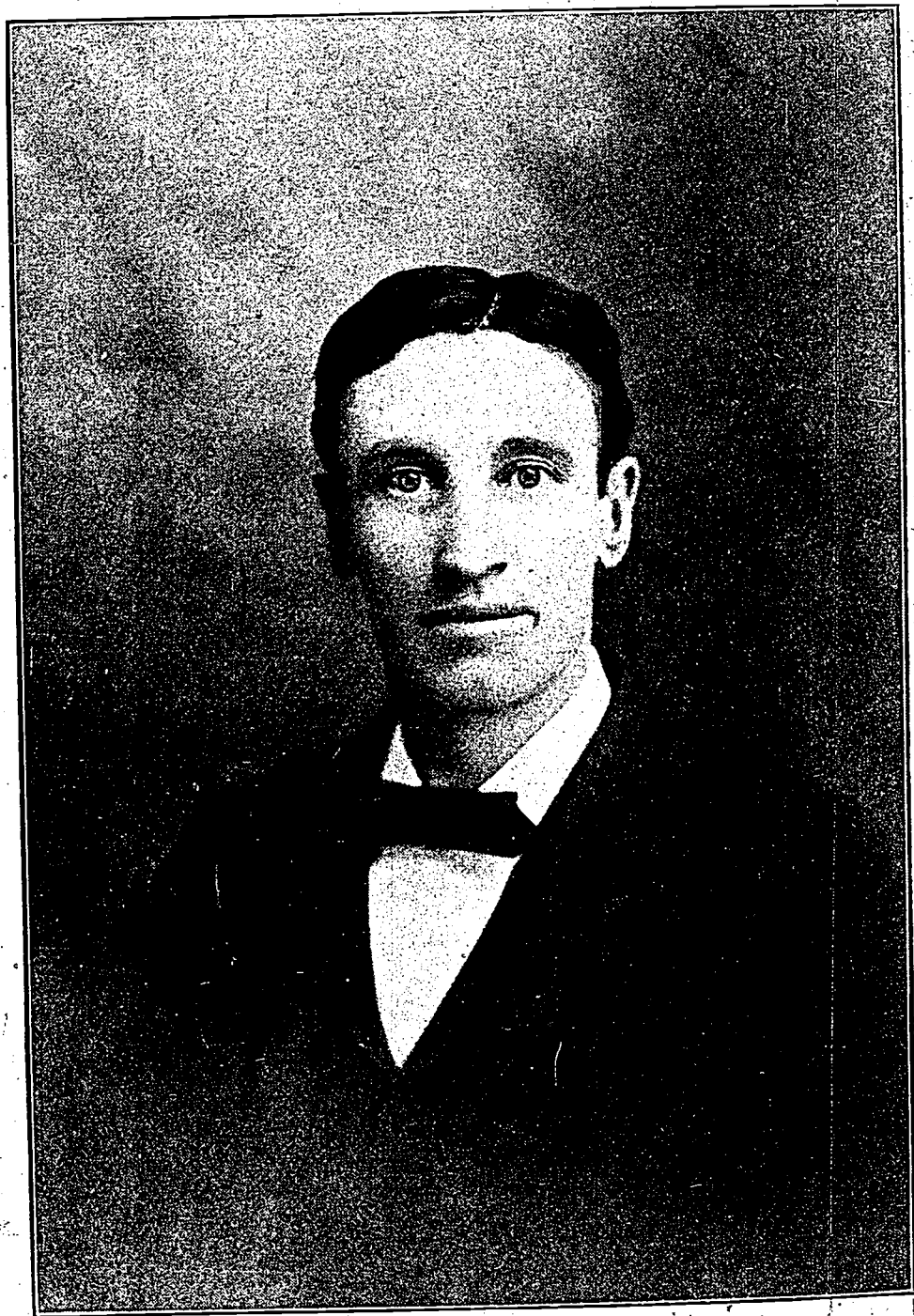
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JOHN H. MURPHY, OF DENVER, COLORADO.

# The Miners' Magazine

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**EDWARD BOYCE, Editor.**

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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 be returned to the writer.

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## STAY AWAY FROM NOME.

We trust that our friends will not be deceived by the false reports from Capé Nome and rush there in hopes that they will be successful in amassing a fortune in a few years.

We have direct information from this district saying the country is overestimated and all the excitement is gotten up by the railroad and steamship companies.

Working men who earn their money in the mines of the West should be careful and not spend it in a useless trip for the benefit of transportation companies.

## IDAHO JUSTICE.

As was expected, the Supreme Court of Idaho, after deliberating on Paul Corcoran's appeal, sustained the decision of the imported judge who was sent to Shoshone county by Governor Steunenberg to hang every member of the Miners' Union who was objectionable to the mine owners.

Mr. Campbell, who was associated with Mr. Reddy, has appealed the case to the United States Supreme Court at Washington; where it is hoped Corcoran will get an opportunity to prove his innocence, something he has not had since the day of his arrest.

### THE COEUR D'ALENE INVESTIGATION.

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The majority of the military committee who investigated the action of General Merriam and Governor Steunenberg in declaring martial law in Idaho reported in favor of the outrages perpetrated by those two tyrants and condemned the miners who spent seven months in the bull pen without trial. After condemning the working men they refuse to allow the evidence upon which they found their report to be published.

Congressman Dick, who was secretary of the Republican national committee, was very careful that none of the evidence should reach the people, lest they might think for themselves and vote accordingly.

The working man who casts a vote for William McKinley after this outrage is an enemy to every vestige of freedom and independence.

### JUDGE GODDARD OF COLORADO.

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Judge Goddard is no friend of the laboring men of Colorado. All his sympathies are with the corporations and on this account he is justly entitled to a renomination by the Democratic party of the state in order that it may be able to compete with its rival, headed by Senator Wolcott.

The convention of the Western Federation of Miners in Denver in the month of May condemned Judge Goddard and asked all members of the organization to do their utmost to defeat him and the party that nominates him.

Now we are in receipt of information that laboring men in Colorado, members of the W. F. of M. and W. L. U., are working secretly for Mr. Goddard and they have received money for doing this contemptible work.

We warn those men right now that we do not intend to withhold their names from the public if they persist in their treacherous work of stabbing their friends in such underhand business. We say to the working men of Colorado to be guarded and not be deceived by some treacherous ruffian in their ranks who advocates the election of Judge Goddard, for there is no reason why any working man in the state can consistently vote for him or the party that places him in nomination.

### THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

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The unterrified Democracy met in Kansas City and nominated candidates for president and vice president, after ignoring the Populists and Silver Republicans.

We have read the platform and we fail to find one word in

reference to the action of President McKinley and Governor Steunenberg in maintaining martial law in the Coeur d'Alenes and compelling workmen to obtain a permit from an employe of the Standard Oil Company and a representative of the state of Idaho before they are permitted to work in the district.

There is no question of so much importance to the people of the United States as the right to seek employment, and especially working men. Notwithstanding this fact, we see the Democrats assemble in convention and ignore it, which is practically an acknowledgement of their indorsement.

We fail to distinguish any difference between the Republican and Democratic parties.

Both have failed to do anything for the working people, and in view of this fact we see no reason why working men have any cause for rejoicing over the Democratic platform.

Eugene V. Debs and Job Harriman have done more for the laboring people than all the politicians in the two old parties, and deserve the vote of every working man in the United States.

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#### A LETTER FROM A GREAT MAN.

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On another page we publish a letter addressed to Hon. Benjamin Franklin, governor of Arizona, by Buckey O'Neill, captain of the Rough Riders, the man from whom Teddy Roosevelt stole the office of colonel.

Governor Benjamin, like many other good politicians, willingly addressed the labor organizations of Phoenix, Arizona, on Labor Day, 1896, and proceeded to tell them that they had no grievance and were actually enjoying more luxury than their employers.

At this time Mr. O'Neill was mayor of Prescott and as he was always a friend of the laboring people and a staunch defender of their rights he could not allow Governor Benjamin to make such untruthful statements and let them go unchallenged.

We ask our members in particular to read his letter; it is an able document and filled with argument that silenced the governor, for he never attempted to reply.

Mr. O'Neill then saw what many of our members see today, but refuse to believe, as they are good partisans and will vote for those that condemn them on every occasion and encourage the spirit of militarism to shoot them down when they fail to comply with the wishes of the capitalist.

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#### JOHN H. MURPHY.

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John H. Murphy was born on a farm near Ottumwa, Iowa, in 1862, and his early life was spent in attending a district



school and doing such work on the farm as boys usually do. After leaving the district school he pursued the higher branches at a normal school. In 1884 he entered the service of a railway company and was in different grades of service until he became a foreman in the machinery department of the Union Pacific Railway Company at Salt Lake City, Utah, in which position he had marked success. During his employment in the railway service he devoted much of his spare time to the study of law, and in 1892 he became a student in the Sprague School of Law, Detroit, Michigan, from which school he graduated two and one-half years later. In 1894 he was admitted to the bar and since then has devoted all of his time to the legal profession.

At present attorney for one association whose actual cash business goes beyond the million dollar mark annually.

Has defended several injunction suits for the working men of the state, among which was the sweeping injunction issued against the miners in the northern coal fields. On account of careful handling of this case the miners were victorious and ever since comparative harmony has existed between employer and employe. This case came up in the summer of 1898.

Was chief counsel in defending twenty of the miners who were charged with robbery, conspiracy, attempt to murder, etc., in the trials at Gunnison, Colorado, in the early part of 1899. The trials lasted ten days and the miners were each and all acquitted. It was a stubborn contest. The county spent \$6,000 to secure a conviction.

He also contested the legality of the eight hour law before the Colorado Supreme Court.

At the convention of the State Federation of Labor in March Mr. Murphy received the nomination for attorney general, with two other lawyers. When the vote was counted Mr. Murphy had a large majority.

The associated railway organizations, at their meeting in Pueblo last month, indorsed his candidacy, and we hope that it will be taken up by the labor people and pushed, so that the Democratic convention will feel the necessity as well as the wisdom, of giving this office to a representative of labor. Should the voters of Colorado elect him to this office they will never regret it.

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#### AN OCTOPUS.

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For eighteen years we have had an opportunity to observe the condition of laboring men in the Western states, especially the miners and smelter men, as we followed that occupation almost entirely since crossing the Missouri river, and owing to our experience in that time we believe that we can, without prejudice, review conditions as they exist in the mining and

smelting centers, but it is our intention to confine this article to the interests of the men engaged in producing and reducing ore in Butte and Anaconda. Taking these two large centers of the mining industry as a criterion, we intend to show the people of the West that are depending upon the mining industry what they must expect if the present policy of organized wealth is allowed to go unchecked, and ask the working men of Butte and Anaconda if they are doing their duty as intelligent men and citizens if they permit such a concern to spread while they are the physicians capable of administering a remedy that will destroy its growth in Montana and induce the people of other states to apply it.

We are not unmindful of the fact that many laboring men in those cities will listen to the men who are paid to deceive them when they begin a tirade of abuse against the writer for attempting to point out to them their plain duty and resort to their stock in trade—"he has sold you out."

But this cry of the corporation is so stale that none but the ignorant are gulled by it any longer.

Should this article strike a responsive chord in the heart of one working man in either city, who will advocate independence among his associates it will have been worth the trouble of writing it.

Previous to June 13, 1878, when Butte Miners' Union was organized, an attempt was made to reduce miners' wages at the Alice mine by the man who has since been lauded for his friendliness towards organized labor.

For further information concerning this early period in the history of Butte we refer to the records of the Miner's Union.

After the Anaconda and other mines owned by the Anaconda Copper Company began to produce the ore was treated at Anaconda, where a large number of men were employed.

Realizing that the miners' wages in Butte would have been reduced had the miners not organized, the men at Anaconda decided to organize for self-protection, and as the Knights of Labor was the only organization with which they could then affiliate, an assembly of that body was organized, to which the men belonged.

In 1884 the company reduced the wages of all men employed in the smelter and in doing so resorted to the most shameful methods imaginable, by arraying one nationality against another, which proved successful in reducing wages and also in the destruction of the organization.

In 1898 the men again tried to organize, but again the company objected, as Mr. Daly called the president and vice president of the union into his office and told them that he understood the union was an annex of W. A. Clark's campaign

methods to become senator. This accusation the officers of the union denied, saying they did not intend to be influenced by Mr. Clark or any other individual.

As soon as the election was over two men were instructed to perform labor that formerly required three men, and when they remonstrated that they could not perform this amount of extra labor they were immediately discharged.

Then began a systematic attack upon the union; the officers and active members were discharged without any reason or provocation.

By comparing the wages paid in the smelters at Butte with the wages paid in Anaconda, published in our last issue, it will be seen that the men in Butte receive over 60 cents a day more than the men in Anaconda for the same kind of work.

Four years ago the legislature passed a law compelling mining companies to enclose their cages, and with the exception of the Anaconda company all the mines in the state complied with the law.

This company has proved to be superior to the law, for although the mine inspector has endeavored for two years to induce the prosecuting attorney of Silver Bow county to file a complaint against the company for this infraction of the law he has not been successful in his efforts, as the attorney holds his office by the influence of the company and absolutely refuses to file the mine inspector's complaint.

Every mining company in Butte, with the exception of this company, complied with the request of the Miners' Union and gave their men eight hours in the mines.

The same is true of the carpenters in Butte. The Anaconda company compels the carpenters it employs to work longer hours for the same wages than any other company or individual in Butte.

Every employe of the Anaconda Copper Company, now part of the Amalgamated Copper Trust, is compelled to trade in the company store, where non-union clerks are employed, who work two hours longer each day than the clerks in any other store in the city.

Every store in Butte closes at 6 p. m. except the Anaconda store, which closes at 8 p. m.

The Clerks' Union has tried every fair means to induce this octopus to agree to the 6 o'clock closing, but without success. Now this demand was not unreasonable, for there is not a city in the United States with half the population of Butte where stores do not close at 6 o'clock, but regardless of this the manager of the Anaconda Copper Company refuses to concede to this request, and turns round in his usual vindictive spirit and uses the Miners' Union of Butte to crush the Clerks' Union.

It must be admitted that nearly every article purchased

in this large store is bought by union men and their families and the sons and daughters of union men are scabbing in the store.

This company has four large boarding houses in Butte that must be kept filled; should an employe refuse to board in one of those houses when he is told to he cannot work for the company.

Employes are compelled to go to the company store for their wages every month and take whatever money is handed them after the company makes its deduction, and should any man object to the accuracy of the amount he is obliged to seek employment elsewhere.

We have seen this same copper trust send Governor Smith a delegate to the Democratic convention in Kansas City, which was an act of recognition for his services in permitting General Merriam to enter the state with his negro soldiers and arrest men without warrant and take them back to Idaho and confine them in the bull pen for six months.

Remember that the Standard Oil Company owns the famous scab mines at Wardner, Idaho, and it also controls the Amalgamated Copper Trust.

It is a well known fact that members of the Miners' Union employed in the Anaconda mines are frequently told by the superintendents to go to the hall meeting nights and vote for or against certain measures, and if they fail to comply with those instructions they are discharged.

If it becomes necessary we can name instances when members of the union voted as they believed for the best interest of the union and were discharged from the mine for that offense.

The "Anaconda Standard," the property of the Amalgamated Copper Trust, never neglects an opportunity to oppose organized labor and apologize for the acts of the corporation officials.

These are but a few of the iniquities imposed upon the working men of Butte and Anaconda, and we ask in all seriousness how long do they intend that such injustice shall prevail—do they intend to give this tremendous trust the right to deprive them of every right that belongs to American citizenship? If such is the intention of some employes of this tremendous octopus, which appears to be from their action, we appeal to the intelligent men and women of Anaconda and Butte to think earnestly what will become of them if those men who have sold themselves to this corporation are permitted to carry their nefarious schemes to the end.

We appeal to your honor and independence not to allow this tyrannical corporation to bind you hand and foot with their copper chains and elect two United States senators and a

state government that will represent the Standard Oil Company and the Rothschilds.

Montana belongs to the people of the state, and not to any individual or corporation or trust, and now is the time for the people to say that they are superior to trust hirelings.

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We copy the splendid eulogy on Mr. Reddy from the San Francisco "Star" in full. The editor of that paper having been on terms of intimate friendship with Mr. Reddy for years, he is well qualified to pen this tribute.

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Through an oversight the poem in the July issue has no signature. It was written by John Boyle O'Reilly and was perhaps the best of his productions. The article headed "Socialism," in the same issue, had no signature. It was written by James Lemmon of Butte, Montana.

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### RESOLUTIONS.

At a meeting of the Miners' Union, members thereof being friends and associates of John Gilligan, at Republic, Washington, on the 19th day of June, A. D., 1900, the following resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, We have learned with profound regret and sorrow of the death of our esteemed friend and brother; and,

Whereas, We desire to fittingly record our sincere feelings of respect and high esteem for our late friend, associate and brother, and record our profound regret at his sudden death;

Resolved, That we deeply deplore the loss of John Gilligan to ourselves and the community, as a capable, honest and upright man and an honorable citizen. We have learned to have great admiration for Mr. Gilligan as an energetic, enterprising and progressive citizen and a devoted and warm-hearted friend of labor.

Mr. John Gilligan left surviving him two children at present receiving their education in the city of St. Louis, Missouri, and we do hereby extend to his beloved children our sincere sympathy and condolence in this, their bereavement.

Resolved, That these resolutions, out of respect to our friend, associate and brother, be spread upon the records of our order, and the secretary directed to send a copy of the same to the children of deceased at St. Louis, Missouri, and also a copy of the said resolutions to the Miners' Magazine.

JAMES B. DUGAN, Secretary.

# WHAT OTHERS SAY

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## AN ADVOCATE OF EIGHT HOURS.

Speech of Hon. John C. Bell of Colorado in the House of Representatives May 21, 1900.

The House having under consideration the bill (H. R. 6882) limiting the hours of daily services of laborers, workmen and mechanics employed upon the public works of or work done for the United States, or any territory, or the District of Columbia.

Mr. Bell said:

Mr. Speaker—I wish to state in regard to the eight hour system that we have one state in the Union to-day, the state of Utah, which allows no man to work in a coal mine, in a metalliferous mine, or in a smelter more than eight hours a day.

The industrial commission sent a sub-committee, of which I was a member, to Salt Lake to find out what the conditions were and to learn the result of this experiment. We examined the great employers of labor in the coal mines, we examined the great employers in the metalliferous mines, we examined the great employers in the smelters, and they were unanimously agreed that they got more work out of the men where they worked them eight hours than they formerly did in ten hours. They said the men that are working coal mines by the ton produced as much in eight hours as in ten hours, and you will find it reported in our hearings to the effect that when they changed from ten to eight hours the men who dug the coal put out as much, and the men who ran the cars ran out as many tons in eight hours as they did in ten hours, showing that men may soldier with machines. They pronounced it a complete success. They said that men had so much muscle to expend, and if they worked eight hours they started in with an eight-hour stroke, and if ten hours, with a ten-hour stroke. They went at it with a different heart if the hours were short, and the employers had concluded that this result conclusively showed that ten hours is excessive, and that the short work day had come, and come to stay, and not a man in Utah indicated a desire to return to ten hours.

They said they could get better work and they could get as much work in eight as in ten hours; that the men were inclined to read in their leisure hours or go to their families and little garden patches and enjoy their leisure; and not only that, but the entire committee that visited Utah pronounced Utah as having the most exalted condition of labor of any state in the Union. They have never had a strike in the state since this law

was passed. They have no labor organizations of any consequence in the state. They attribute this tranquil condition largely to the fact that they have a shorter working day, and this greater legal consideration extended to them pleased the laborers and encouraged them to negotiate and agree with their employers.

The Speaker—The time of the gentleman has expired.

Mr. Bell—I have one minute yielded to me by the gentleman from New Jersey (Mr. Gardner).

Mr. Gardner of New Jersey—I yield the gentleman one minute.

Mr. Bell—The eight hour work day is but a verification of the old philosophical division of the day into eight hours for work, eight hours for sleep, and eight hours for recreation. The evolution of the higher civilization is now up to the shorter work day and the more intelligent, happy and contented workman, and the extension of this boon should not be obstructed. In the mines and in the smelters the employment is exceptionally dangerous to the health of the employes, and the state legislature justly shortened the hours; the Supreme Court of the United States has held that such a law is constitutional.

In the coal and iron mines of the East and in the state of Colorado, where I live, by agreement between the men themselves and the employers, a great abundance of work is done under the eight hour system, and it has come with us and is coming in every part of the United States to stay. The old division of eight hours for labor is the logical conclusion, and I am sorry that any man upon the minority side may feel it is necessary to object to this. I most heartily welcome the extension, and I hope it may become universal.

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### AN OPEN LETTER.

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To Hon. Benjamin J. Franklin, Governor of Arizona, Phoenix, Arizona:

Sir—I desire to address you concerning the following extract from the Los Angeles Times, being a portion of an address delivered by you on Labor Day before the labor organizations of the city of Phoenix, Arizona:

“Fellow citizens of organized labor, I beseech you to beware of the demagogue, of the charlatan who declares that labor is oppressed, that it is shivering in the streets; that its children are crying for bread; that it is not compensated. Such declarations are vile libels upon our country. The mechanic, the laboring man of every description, is here better paid, better clothed, better fed, has more of the comforts and luxuries of civilized life than in any country on the globe. Times of

depression and financial embarrassment come to all men and in this country it does not come to the laboring man in any greater degree than it does to all others, for this is a government administered in the interest of all the people and not any particular class. Let the demagogue and the office seeker severely alone—do not listen to the teachings of men who declare that one section should be arrayed against another—that all parts of our country have not a reciprocal interest. Beware of the demagogue who tells you that the interests of the West are opposed to those of the East—that the South has interests opposed to those of the North. I heard just such ranting and falsehoods in the very morning of my manhood and they resulted in the most gigantic war of modern times, and mourning and sorrow and desolation were brought to a million of households. The sad memories of it are yet lingering in the minds of thousands of my countrymen.”

It is not because the sentiments are new, because they are old and threadbare. Since the days that the toilers of Assyria hung in the air the gardens of Babylon, and the swart laborers of Egypt reared along the banks of the Nile the walls of the Pyramids, the one theme that capital and the friends of capital have preached unceasingly is that labor should be content and unmurmuring, no matter what its condition might be. That of the men who toil no more account should be taken in the economy of capital than the shifting sands of the desert.

It is the first time, though, in Arizona, that a man occupying the high position that you do has taken advantage of it to teach labor what it shall or shall not do. The evident object of your expression is merely to inform labor that its present condition is good enough, that it should be content with it, and leave the affairs of government, as far as politics are concerned, to others better fitted to consider them than laboring men.

As a private individual, your sentiments would be passed without comment. Though not American, the ideas you express have become the fashion; by some it is considered patriotic to voice them. As the governor of Arizona, though, the matter assumes another phase, for the weight of officialism is given your utterances.

By what right have you to assume to teach labor its own conditions? By what right the power to brand as a demagogue the laborer or friends of labor who seek to advance or elevate the cause of labor? Is the advocate of labor the only dangerous element of our public affairs? Is it from the ranks of labor alone that demagogues spring? Are the teachers who champion the cause of capital the only ones entitled to a respectful hearing?

You say that the statement “that labor is oppressed, that



it is shivering in the streets, that its children are crying for bread, that it is not compensated," are vile libels.

Is your statement true?

When you made this statement, did you know that to-day there are hundreds and hundreds of men in Arizona receiving but \$4.50 per week and board in return for their labor—for six days of ten hours' work. Not coolies, nor the pauper labor of other lands, but men of our own flesh and blood, men of our own race and kind?

Did you know that even below this class there is yet another and a lower one?

Did you know that during the last twenty years over three millions of men—more than the North and South combined mustered on the field of battle during the war of the Rebellion—have left their forges and furnaces, their benches and their spindles, to protest against the aggression that capital is and has been waging against American labor; and yet in over half the strikes in which these three million men participated they were forced to acknowledge defeat and accept the terms against which they had rebelled?

Do you know that to decide half the strikes in which these men participated the ball cartridge of the battlefield has been counted out for use against American labor?

Do you know what that means? If not, I will tell you. It means the making of widows and orphans, the making of them in the homes of American labor.

Do you know that there are a million laboring men out of employment to-day in the United States clamoring for work to put bread by honest toil into the mouths of those depending on them, and that their number is being constantly added to by the closing down of workshop and factory, to add to the arguments of capital the coercive pangs of hunger, that the laboring men of America may learn to vote the ticket their employers favor?

Do you know that with the wealth that exists to-day in America, with its millions of productive but untilled acres, with its myriads of natural resources lying idle for human labor to develop, with the intelligence and education of our people, want and need should find no place within our gates; yet they walk by the sides of millions night and day?

Do you know that this want is not the want born of an unproductive soil, but the want born and created in the legalized selfishness of men, a selfishness that crushes the hand of labor and wrests from the toiler his just share in the wealth that his brain and strength have created?

Do you know that while this is being done, on the millions created by monopoly—on fortunes each dollar of which speaks of relentless warfare against American labor, of strikes where-

in the hunger of wife and children conquered the manhood of the toiler, of blacklisting that outlawed labor—we have created the richest and most powerful aristocracy the world has ever seen—an aristocracy clamoring that the corner-stone of the nation shall be recognized as wealth, instead of manhood?

Do you know that in every controversy of capital with labor the courts have been on the side of capital, that not only the military forces of the nation have been called forth to fight its battle, but that the thugs and bullies of the East have been drawn on by their Pinkertons to carry on the war of intimidation and coercion against labor?

Do you know that hundreds of men have been outlawed and driven like criminals from the territory of which you are the chief executive for daring to exercise the rights of American citizens by advocating the cause of labor?

Do you know that, not content with imprisoning men for so-called contempt of court for refusing to acquiesce in a government by injunction, that after driving them from the territory they have been blacklisted and relentlessly pursued, not only into other states and territories, but even into Mexico, in order to prevent them from earning an honest livelihood?

If you know all this, what right have you to tell labor to be contented? If you do not know it, what right have you to tell labor what it shall or shall not do?

You are not alone in your eagerness to tell labor that it should be content, that the man who believes and advocates otherwise is a demagogue to be frowned down and sneered out of existence. The crusade is a fashionable one. How fashionable you can see from the following extracts from the public press:

"There is too much freedom in this country rather than too little."—Indianapolis Journal.

"If working men had no votes they might be more amenable to the teachings of times."—Indianapolis News.

"Universal suffrage is a standing menace to all stable and good governments, labor unions, working men's league, red republicanism and universal anarchy."—Geo. G. Vest, Senator of Missouri.

"There seems to be but one remedy, and it must come—a change of ownership of the soil and a creation of class land-owners on the one hand, and of tenant farmers on the other—something similar to what has existed in the older countries of Europe."—N. Y. Times.

"The American laborer must make up his mind henceforth not to be so much better off than the European laborer. Men must be content to work for less wages. In this way men will be nearer to that station in life to which it has pleased God to call them."—N. Y. World.

"It is very well to relieve distress wherever it exists, whether in city or country; but the best meal that can be given to a tramp is a leaden one, and it should be supplied in sufficient quantity to satisfy the most voracious appetite."—N. Y. Herald.

"Those brutal creatures (striking working men) can understand no other reasoning than that of force, and enough of it to be remembered among them for generations."—Whitelaw Reid's N. Y. Tribune.

"The simplest plan, probably, when one is not a member of the Humane Society, is to put strychnine or arsenic in the provisions furnished to tramps. This is a warning to other tramps to keep out of the neighborhood."—Chicago Times.

How dare you tell labor to be content in the teeth of such sentiments? Perhaps they suit you. A little brutal, though, perhaps, in a country where all men are supposed to be equal. Hardly the sentiments expressed in the Declaration of Independence, but rather the sentiments of those days when the man of labor was merely a marker in the game that wealth and rank alone might play, when the toiling multitude was merely the machinery by which the mighty could leap to greater power.

For thirty years there has been a constant and persistent effort to degrade American labor to a lower plane. Every effort that capital could devise has been made to accomplish it. So persistent has been the effort, that thinking men realize that it cannot be continued much longer without serious results.

But instead of seeking to avert it by just legislation that will accord to labor the same rights that are accorded to capital, the tendency is either to sneer at it, or to prepare to crush it out by armed force.

Do you recognize the fact?

If not, read the following frank statement from Major General Schofield, commander of our armies, published in July, 1894, in the World, Times and other papers of the city of New York:

"Recent events have convinced the people of the United States that they need more soldiers. Military men have been aware for a long time that the force at their command was not large enough to deal with riotous disorder that might extend over a wide-spread area. Consequently they have sought to interest successive Congresses in a measure for the enlistment of a larger number of men. Conservative, thoughtful civilians, however, needed the object lessons of the late strike to persuade them that the expert soldiers were right. Conditions have greatly changed since the civil war, when the army was put on a peace footing and reduced, for the purpose of economy, to 25,-

000 men, its present efficient force. To guard properly our fortifications along the coast alone would take 85,000 men. Of course, we could call upon the militia to help hold our forts in time of foreign war, but a foreign war is a remote possibility, and it is not of that I am thinking. A grave problem now presents itself. That is, how to deal with the vicious and threatening elements of our people.

"Of late years the duties and responsibilities of the federal government have been increased. Interstate commerce acts have imposed new obligations. The great railway highways to the Pacific were specifically made military roads and must be kept open as such, as well as for the carrying of the United States mails. For the proper performance of its functions and the enforcement of its rights, what power, save the army, has the executive at his command?

"At a time when riot and disorder may extend all over the country, as for a time seemed to be threatened during the late strike, the militia would be needed at home. They could not be sent either to isolated strategical points or to menaced centers of industry. The preservation of peace at home would absorb their energies. We are driven to the conclusion that the only effective force for guaranteeing safe transit to the mails, for the suppression of riot at isolated points, for holding the command of great strategic centers, and, generally, for preserving the peace of the Union in times of disorder in all the states, is the army. To do this, 25,000 troops is too few.)

Disorders such as those we have just gone through may always be anticipated. A year ago or more every keen observer saw the gathering cloud. Industries were flagging, factories closed, times dull and able bodied American workmen, yielding to none in patriotism and love of order, were forced into idleness. How easy it would have been then for the president, if he had the power, to increase the army to 50,000 men. It is some such measure as this which I should like to have Congress enact into law. There can be no reasonable objection to the plan. It would provide us with the means necessary to uphold the law against rioters and plotters. We should have a force divided thus: Infantry, twenty-five regiments, each of three battalions; cavalry, ten regiments; artillery, seven regiments, an increase of two regiments. We could, with this formation, maintain the skeleton of the army in ordinary times, as it is now, and increase it to 40,000 or 50,000 or 60,000 men when danger threatened."

Do you know what that means? It means that American labor, this labor that you are telling should be contented, must accept whatever capital has in store for it—even at the point of the bayonet.

It is the plea for a strong government. For a government

of force, of despotism, instead of a "government of the people, by the people and for the people."

Do you know that in pursuance of this policy, military post after military post has been abandoned in the territory of which you are governor, that the forces thus withdrawn might be massed around the great centers of industry for use against American labor in its next contest with capital?

This sentiment is growing, and it is due to such utterances as yours that this is so. Each day it is growing stronger and stronger, because the voice of wealth in our national affairs is becoming more potent and all prevailing. Can you realize this?

Do you think that such a sentiment could have been uttered by the general of our armies and go unrebuked while Lincoln was president. No; for that great soul saw and recognized that in the hearts of the toiling masses of America, not in its treasure boxes, alone could liberty be preserved. Compare his declaration to the Thirty-seventh Congress with your own, with those from the press above quoted, with those of Schofield's, and say which is the patriot and which the demagogue:

"Monarchy itself is sometimes hinted at as a possible refuge from the power of the people. In my present position, I could scarcely be justified were I to omit raising a warning voice against this approach of returning despotism. It is not needed or fitting here that a general argument should be made in favor of popular institutions; but there is one point with its connections not so hackneyed as most others, to which I ask brief attention. It is the effort to place capital on an equal footing with, if not above labor, in the structure of government. It is assumed that labor is available only in connection with capital, that nobody labors unless somebody else owning capital somehow by the use of it induces him to labor. \* \* \* Labor is prior to, and independent of, capital. Capital is only the fruit of labor, and could never have existed if labor had not first existed. Labor is the superior of capital, and deserves much the highest consideration. \* \* \* No men living are more worthy to be trusted than those who toil up from poverty; none less inclined to take or touch aught which they have not honestly earned. Let them beware of surrendering a political power which they already possess, and which, if surrendered, will surely be used to close the door of advancement against such as they, and to fix new disabilities and burdens upon them till all the liberty shall be lost."

You speak of the war brought on in your youth—the most gigantic of modern times—as being brought on by the ranting of demagogues. You are mistaken. That war was brought on by the same causes which you are now endeavoring to convince the toiling masses that they should be contented with. For over eighty years, notwithstanding the principle that all men

are born free and equal, the slavery and oppression of the black man existed among us. It existed, not because it was right, but simply because men taught the people of the United States that capital should own and appropriate to its own use and benefit the labor of the toiler, provided the toiler were merely black. It was the same strife now going on between capital and labor. Then it was confined to a single class, those of black blood; to-day it affects black and white alike. Every judicial tribunal in the land decided under it that capital might own labor; every conservative man of capital said it was just, because to abolish it would be to infringe on the vested rights of capital; across the slave block the church threw its mantle of protection, by declaring it a divine institution, and it was only when such "demagogues" as Lincoln and Wendell Phillips punctured it with the lance of truth that it passed away. Yet these men fought it, not because the slave was black, but simply because he was a man—a toiler robbed of that which his toil created for the benefit of capital.

While you are preaching to the toilers of Arizona the doctrine of contentment, while you are denouncing as demagogues those who are endeavoring to maintain the principle that "labor is the superior of capital and deserves much the highest consideration," as enunciated by Lincoln, you have evidently failed to hear the voices fighting in the interest of capital. Or are such voices, in your opinion, too high or too respectable to be lightly spoken of, even in Arizona?

Had you listened you might have heard them, even while you were denouncing the voice of labor, these voices of corporations and of all those combinations that wealth knows so well how to create for its own benefit, preaching the creed of greed and legalized warfare against labor.

There has never been a campaign in which they have not been heard, speaking through their hired representatives, in Arizona. Less than a week ago, at a political meeting called to indorse and ratify the nomination of Hon. M. A. Smith for Congress, the candidate of your own party, the chief and most honored orator of the occasion, after Mr. Smith, was the regularly employed attorney of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company in Arizona, and who has accompanied Mr. Smith in his campaign along the line of that road urging his election.

You and I and every other citizen of Arizona know the record of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company. In the past it has corrupted the legislators of our territory to secure the enactment of legislation favorable to its interests. It has bribed and boasted of its bribery of our law makers, taunting the territory with the cheapness at which it has been able to purchase them.

It has placed exactions on the shoulders of the stock man.

the farmer and the miner, to add to the wealth of the millionaires that own it.

It has been the chief importer of coolie labor into Arizona to compete with and degrade the toil of Americans.

It has ever been on the side of capital against labor, and for merely expressing an opinion in sympathy with labor, it has banished and outlawed hundreds of men, once in its employ, from the territory.

By its blacklisting of labor it has brought hunger and want to the homes of labor and against its wrath the sufferings of nation would have thought of interfering with us or our prothe wives and the privations of the children of the men it has oppressed have counted for naught.

Do you not think the voice of such a corporation may be as dangerous as the voice of labor?

The policy of the Southern Pacific with regard to politics is too well known to need repeating. It knows no party and recognizes none. The men it supports must be its friends under every and all circumstances. They must render due value for what they receive. They must be Southern Pacific men before they are anything else, or why should the company care to elect them?

Recognizing this, as you must certainly do, does it not appear to you that the voice of the legal representative of that company—a man employed at so much a year—to either defeat the collection of just taxes, to enforce a government, by injunction, to defend the importation of pauper labor, to protect the rights and privileges of blacklisting, or looking after the interests of its political favorites on behalf of the company, is a voice whose influence is possibly as dangerous as the voice of labor, or are you one who believes that the voice of labor is alone the voice of the demagogue—the voice of wealth never?

Knowing all this, do you not think the spectacle of the hired man of the Southern Pacific leading around a candidate for Congress and exhibiting him as the proper person for the voters of Arizona to support, simply because that corporation may feel friendly toward him, is worse than any display of demagoguery that you have ever seen on the part of labor?

To-day, in the United States, is being waged a contest of manhood against money; of the homes of America against the treasury vaults of the world. On one side is arrayed the interest, the greed and the selfishness of corporate wealth, eager to secure the election of men whom it can handle; on the other is arrayed the toiler pleading the cause of humanity.

If you have not the courage to openly espouse the cause of either side, do not endeavor to belittle the importance of the result, or weaken the cause of labor by taking advantage of your official position to tell labor a lesson that has never yet and

never will be learned by the toilers of America—the lesson that nature intended the few to rule and enjoy, the many to toil and suffer, and yet be contented with their lot.

BUCKEY O'NEILL.

Prescott, A. T., September 26, 1896.

### STEUNENBERG IS EXPELLED.

Pueblo Courier.

During all the strong fight that organized labor has made against martial law in Idaho, and the horrors of the bull pen, we have always had to contend with the fact that Governor Steunenberg was on the honorary roll of the Boise City, Idaho Typographical Union. Of course that place on the honorary roll entitled the governor to none of the benefits of the union, nor did it cost him a cent in dues; but he was a member and the plutocrats made the best of their knowledge.

We always contended that when the Boise City union was requested by the International Union officials to expunge the governor's name from the honorary roll of that union, it would be done without hesitation. Therefore the following explains itself.

To the Executive Council of the International Typographical Union.

Allow me to notify the executive council of the International Typographical Union that Boise City Typographical Union No. 271 has removed the name of Frank Steunenberg from its honorary roll, and wishes said action to be published through the columns of the Typographical Journal, notifying subordinate unions of the same. It is the earnest desire of 271 to meet all requirements of the executive council in its decision in this matter, as per instructions of May 1, 1900.

ROD PAYNE,

Secretary-Treasurer Boise City Union No. 271.

This leaves the apologists of Governor Steunenberg with positively not a foot to stand on. He has been discarded by the democrats in Idaho, and now he is officially disowned by the trades unions. Like all other autocrats who have perverted the power and trust reposed in them by the people, he will sink into utter oblivion as a public official, unhonored and unsung.

### LINCOLN UNION.

Editor Miners' Magazine—One of those startling and melancholy accidents which so frequently occur to men who follow the dangerous occupation of mining has happened in one



of the mines in this district and brought to light a refreshing case of heroic and unselfish attachment on the part of the affianced wife of the mutilated man who has lost both eyes and had an arm amputated. Yet in the face of this grim and terrible fact this exceptionally faithful young lady is in constant attendance on her lover, holding his hand and nursing him back to life by whispered words of hopefulness and love. She declares it to be her intention to marry and love, and, if necessary, work for him during the few years which may remain to him of life, and this, too, no matter how disfigured or crippled he may be.

This young lady's sentiments are admirable as well as extremely rare in this distressingly selfish close of the nineteenth century.

The young man, Jack Corckus, was night "shift boss" at the April Fool mine, and while "spitting" or "tamping" holes in a raise which was nearly completed, and through some mistake in signaling, was caught by a premature blast and so badly injured that he would undoubtedly have lost his life but for the prompt and capable medical attendance and the good nursing which he has received. He was a very popular young man, who made many friends, who deeply regret his misfortune. If he recovers he will be minus an arm and blind, yet may be happier in the love of a true woman than many of us who are whole yet deprived of this great blessing.

Corckus' fiancee is a Miss Hamilton, a most estimable young lady, whose good qualities have been developed by misfortune. She deserves happiness and a better fate.

S.O'KEEFE, Delamar, Nevada.

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## THE PHILIPPINE PROBLEM.

(By Joseph Henry Crooker of Ann Arbor.)

I wish to discuss briefly certain phases of what may be called the Philippine problem. It is a problem of vast importance, and yet it has not been treated as fully as its great magnitude and inherent difficulties deserve. One of the alarming indications of the hour is the popular unwillingness to admit that these new policies present any serious problem. There seems to be no general recognition that anything strange or dangerous is happening. Those who raise a cry of warning are denounced as pessimists; those who enter criticism are branded as traitors. We are told in a jaunty manner to have faith in the American people. This blind trust in "destiny" makes the triumph of the demagogue easy. This indifference to political discussion is the symptom of the paralysis of true patriotism.

## I.—INTRUDED VS. NATIVE ANARCHY.

The following is one phase of the popular argument in justification of our oriental aggressions. The obligations of humanity demanded that we take possession of the Philippine islands, in order to prevent the anarchy which would certainly have followed had we taken any other course than that which we did.

But would a little native-grown anarchy have been as bad as the slaughter and destruction which we have intruded? Let us remember that we ourselves have already killed and wounded thousands of the inhabitants. We have arrayed tribe against tribe; we have desolated homes and burned villages; agriculture and commerce have been prostrated; and, finally, we have created hatred of ourselves in the breasts of millions of people, to remain for years to plague us and them. It is not likely that, if left to themselves, anything half so serious would have occurred. It is perfectly clear that some other attitude toward those islands besides that of domination, which this nation most unfortunately took, would have prevented these results.

And we are not yet at the end. Recurring outbreaks against us as intruders, by people desirous of independence, will undoubtedly produce more distress and disorder in the next ten years (if our present policy is maintained) than would have resulted from native incapacity. Moreover, there are no facts in evidence that warrant the assertion that anarchy would have followed had we left them more to themselves. This is wholly an unfounded assumption. It would certainly have been well to have waited and given them a chance before interfering. That we did not wait, that we did not give them a chance, is proof positive that our national policy was not shaped by considerations of humanity or a reasonable desire to benefit them, but by a spirit of selfish aggrandizement.

## II.—PROTECTION BETTER THAN POSSESSION.

It is held that we had to do just what was done, to prevent the Philippines from being seized by some greedy European power. And it is taken for granted that such an outcome would have been disastrous to them and injurious to us.

This is, however, a dangerous mode of argument. It is the defense of a questionable procedure by a succession of colossal assumptions. In the first place, it is a mere assumption to hold that harm would have come to America if a European power had taken possession of them. Has the French dominion in Madagascar injured the United States? Such views show a strange misconception of the sources of our national greatness, far more damaging to us than any foreign occupation of Manila.

Let us suppose that some greedy European power had

taken possession of them. Would European greed have done them any more harm than American greed. Is it likely that German bullets would have killed any more than American rifles? Remember the sickening daily record: Ten, fifty, 200 rebels killed! Has our policy so far justified itself as a philanthropic measure? If we carry out the frank declaration of our congressmen, that we need these islands for their commercial advantages, how will we stand before the bar of historical justice—as a chivalrous nation or a despicable Shylock?

But such arguments are needless. We should have been far more able to protect them from European aggression if we had stood by them as a friend instead of standing over them as their master. Our vast power would have been more effectual, if used righteously as a protectorate than despotically in ownership. If we had said to the world: "Keep hands off; let these people work out their problem of independence," no nation would have thought of interfering with us or our protege. We would have been stronger in defending them from aggression than in maintaining ourselves as aggressors.

### III.—COMMERCE VS. CONSCIENCE.

It is claimed that we urgently needed just such a base of operations in the far East as the Philippines afford, to foster our commerce in times of peace and shelter our navy in times of war. But is this a valid argument? Trade follows other lines besides those plowed by cannon balls. Look at our trade in Australia. It has no naval base of operations to support it. If this policy is wise and necessary we must not stop where we are. This is only a mere beginning. We want to trade in China, Africa Brazil. Therefore we must seize some territory there to help our commerce. And where shall we stop, if we begin to foster trade by conquest? Our fathers thought that our chief concern as a nation was liberty. Shall we abandon those sublime political ideals and make barter the sole aim of our patriotism? Then we are free America no longer. Do the old soldiers and their loyal sons realize that the policy so widely advocated degrades the flag and makes of it little more than the sign of a market place or an auction shop? They bore the flag through the smoke of battle to make it the symbol of justice and liberty. Shall we now rob it of all its glory by trailing it in the dust to mark the place where tradesmen may show their wares?

The subjugation of distant people to help our shopkeepers may be true Americanism, but it was not the Americanism of Washington and Lincoln, of Sumner and Garrison, of Lowell and Emerson. Men once said: "We must not touch slavery, it will hurt our business." And the names of those men are now covered with lasting disgrace. Men now say: "Let us con-

quer these islands to help our commerce." An equal dishonor will some day blacken the names of these men.

And what a sorry illusion we are chasing, when we enlarge on the importance of these distant islands! We have no business to plan for a war in the Orient. Poor business to strut about far from home with a chip on our shoulder, inviting troubles. But, should war come, these ten million Asiatics, longing for liberty, would find in our troubles their opportunity; and, instead of being a source of strength, they would be a menace and a weakness. We would be stronger with one naval station in those waters than with a dozen points to defend, where we might easily find ourselves caught between two fires.

Moreover, those who use the above argument are forever restrained and enjoined from a pretense of acting from motives of humanity. From lips blistered by such unpatriotic and inhuman selfishness no plea for the rights of man can come. And, as events forcibly illustrate, the more this hateful doctrine is advocated by our congressmen, the more soldiers will be needed in the Philippines. These are the words that will nerve those distant islanders to resistance. On the hands of the supporters of such commercialism rests the blood, not only of so-called rebels, but also of American soldiers. He really aims the gun at our boys in blue who makes the gunner feel that we want to rule him to help our trade.

#### IV.—WHOSE FINANCIAL GAIN?

It is pitiful that our people, and especially the common people, should be so carried away by wild and baseless dreams of commercial advantage of these islands. It is bad enough to sacrifice patriotism upon the altar of Mammon; but it is clear that in this case the sacrifice will be made without securing any benefit, even from Mammon.

(Continued next month.)

#### AN OHIO OPINION.

The Western Federation of Miners, in convention assembled in Denver last month, transacted much important business, some of which is of more than local interest. Steps were taken to thoroughly organize the West, to secure justice for the Coeur d'Alene "bull pen" victims, to agitate the purchase of goods bearing the union label, and to work in harmony with all other national and local labor bodies.

But by far the most momentous action taken was the adoption of a declaration of principles calling upon the members of the federation to use their political power, and which is also addressed "to organized labor throughout the land."

While the platform contains some palliative planks and reactionary demands that are of no benefit to the working class, still

the W. F. of M. went straight to the solution of the labor problem by declaring in its first proposition:

"We believe that the wage system should be abolished and the production of labor be distributed under the co-operative plan."

Having thus boldly announced their hostility to the capitalistic wage system, condemned imperialism, increase of the standing army and government by injunction, and approved of direct legislation, the miners propose the following plan for a better society:

"We regard public ownership and operation of the means of production and distribution as the logical solution of the industrial problem, and respectfully urge all working people to give the subject the thoughtful consideration its importance deserves."

These utterances on the part of a great national labor organization are to be commended by all progressive people. They are educational, productive of healthy thought, and no doubt as the members become more thoroughly grounded in the principles of socialism the retrogressive ideas will be eliminated. Meanwhile the western miners are to be congratulated in keeping at the head of their organization so conscientious, brilliant and able a champion as Edward Boyce. In a recent address at Butte on "Miners' Union Day" Mr. Boyce did not mince his words. He pointed out that it is necessary to do more than to pass denunciatory resolutions relating to the outrages in Idaho or at other places, and continued in words of burning eloquence:

"I do not claim that laboring men are infallible and incapable of committing wrong; they have for years committed an unpardonable one for which there is no excuse, for which commission generations yet unborn shall suffer; they have unqualifiedly and without due consideration for their future welfare voted themselves into bondage by voting a Republican or Democratic ticket, as their masters dictated.

"To me there is no greater crime or humiliating spectacle than to behold a workingman who is the slave of a corporation walk to the polls on election day and deliberately vote away the freedom that was gained for him by the Revolutionary fathers on a hard-fought battlefield. I regard him as an uncompromising enemy of every liberty enjoyed by the American people; it were infinitely better and more honorable were he to die of starvation than to surrender his honor and manhood in such an ignoble manner; the man who is guilty of such moral cowardice should not be entrusted with the voting franchise.

"After many years of practical experience in the labor movement I have long since concluded that there is but one solution of the vexatious question between labor and capital,

when the laboring people will abandon the idea of regaining their rights by strikes and boycotts, spend less time in the bar room and more time at home and in their lodge room, educating themselves to distinguish between right and wrong, and banish forever that miserable, contemptible, religious bigotry that has proved the ruination of the laboring people for centuries; cast aside their petty jealousy which should not exist among a body of intelligent men; come together regardless of trade or calling and discuss political and economic subjects at all meetings in an intelligent manner and prepare to nominate men from the ranks for every office and vote for them regardless of opposition or criticism.

“Let the rallying cry be: ‘Labor, the producer of all wealth, is entitled to all he creates; the overthrow of the whole profit-making system; the extinction of monopolies; equality for all and the land for the people.’”

“A vote cast by a laboring man for either of the old political parties is a vote to bind the shackles of corporate oppression more securely upon himself and his children; between them there is no difference; both are equally responsible for the corporate legislation of the past fifty years; neither one has legislated in the interest of labor, but they invariably combined against any measure that would benefit labor. We are told, however, that the Democratic party has been reconstructed and should not be classed in the same category as Mark Hanna's party; that it had declared against government by injunction.

“In Idaho the reconstruction means imprisonment and government by the bayonet.”

We submit the action of the Western miners and the words of their president to the thoughtful consideration of every fair-minded and truth-seeking worker.—Cleveland Citizen.

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### PATRICK REDDY,

Miner, Lawyer, Statesman, Patriot, Man!—Close of a Noble Life Largely Devoted to the Cause of Suffering Humanity.

(San Francisco Star.)

A God-crowned king of men has passed away, and none there is to claim his vacant throne. He was monarch of the hearts of men, for whom his own great heart beat in tender sympathy—for whom, if truth may be said, he went to a voluntary but untimely grave.

Patrick Reddy—honored be his name; may laurels reward his memory—is dead, but of the living dead, the dead who never die. His “lamp of life is extinguished” but the light of his inspired soul still burns—a balm for the wounded hearts of loving, devoted wife and all the near and dear ones who mourn

his loss; a beacon to the sorrowing and oppressed, to the erring and fallen, to the under-dog in the struggle for existence, and to all who love Justice and seek the Truth to make men free.

We deem it no slight privilege to have known Patrick Reddy, and to have been numbered among those whom he took into his confidence.

He was a manly man—generous, brave, kind and true—who loathed injustice and cruel wrong, and all cant and hypocrisy. He would prevail or perish in fighting for a good cause or against a bad one. He dared to stand alone, no matter what the personal sacrifice, for the right as he saw the right. Physically, as well as morally, he knew no such word as fear. He was a hero, and proved himself such on more than one occasion. The following incident in his career is historical:

In the early sixties, in the mining camps of Nevada and California, when he was but a common miner, swinging a pick and shovel, many were the thrilling scenes of which he formed a part. More than once the timely appearance of his commanding figure and the well known tones of his ringing voice caused an angry mob to pause as it was about to take human life. On one occasion he placed himself in front of the intended victim, who was charged with murder, and said: "This man is now under my protection, and you shall not kill him without a fair trial unless you first kill me." The men knew he meant what he said, and desisted. A court was improvised; a judge, jury and prosecutor were selected, and Reddy conducted the defense. He examined and cross-examined witnesses with an ability that would have surprised an old practitioner, and pleaded so earnestly for his "client" that an acquittal followed. Thus he laid the foundation of his fame as a lawyer before he had ever opened a law book.

Here is another example of his courageousness: On January 5, 1897, a man drew a pistol upon a woman in the Sacramento postoffice, and the whole crowd there rushed out panic stricken. Senator Reddy, who was passing by, grasped the situation, and dashed into the building, grappled with the would-be murderer and saved the woman's life. This is what the Star said of the incident in its issue of January 9, 1897:

"The act of one-armed ex-Senator Reddy in seizing the pistol of a desperate man who was trying to kill a woman, the other day, in the Sacramento postoffice, displayed the kind of courage which excites the highest admiration. We happened to be in Sacramento at the time, and everywhere, by all, Senator Reddy's grand courage was the topic of the hour. He saw fleeing men, and when he heard that a life was in danger he rushed in to save it at the risk of his own. The woman was prostrate on the floor, while her brother stood over her

with a cocked revolver, and as he pulled the trigger Mr. Reddy's thumb was thrust between the hammer and the cartridge, and immediately the pistol was pointed at himself, but fortunately for his family, his friends, and the people, by whom he is not only respected and honored, but beloved, he overpowered the would-be murderer, and, after placing him in charge of an officer, quietly walked away as though nothing had happened. This is not the first life that Mr. Reddy has saved. Only a few months ago it was he who saved our life when we were assaulted by Judge Terry's assassin, Daye Neagle. We know many brave men, but the bravest of all is Patrick Reddy—not rashly brave, but brave when duty calls, whether it be in defense of a friendless man accused of crime, or of a life in danger."

Patrick Reddy was born at Woonsocket, Rhode Island, sixty-two years ago. He came to this coast when but twenty-one years of age, and went to work in the mines of Placer county.

With indomitable will power, a good common school education, a splendid physique and the demeanor of a gentleman by nature (which he was), as his only stock in trade, he fought his way, inch by inch, and step by step, winning honorable distinction wherever he went, in whatever he undertook.

Adversities that would have dismayed most men only served to inspire him to higher endeavor. For instance, in 1863, he received a gunshot wound which resulted in the loss of his right arm—a most serious loss, indeed, for he was still mining and "roughing it." As soon as he was able he went to work at "hard labor" again, turning a drill while his brother Edward (now superintendent of the almshouse of this city) wielded the hammer, or shoveled back the rock which Edward had loosened with the pick. Shortly after this even Mr. Reddy married and removed to Mono county, where he was elected recorder. While occupying this position, he and his wife studied law together, and it was not long before he was admitted to practice in all the courts. He rose rapidly, and has long been recognized as one of the foremost leaders of the Pacific coast bar.

He has occupied several important public positions, in all of which he won distinction. He was a member of the state constitutional convention and a state prison director. It was probably as state senator, however, from the district composed of Mono, Inyo, Fresno and Tulare counties, that he most endeared himself to the people. It was in 1884, when the first great battle was fought against the monopoly. Senator Reddy, by common consent, was the commander-in-chief of the anti-monopoly forces, whom he led to victory. Although arrayed against him was all the eloquence the monopolies could control,



together with a purchased press, he never wavered in his earnest fight for right, combating wrong with courage, dignity, ability and success.

In 1886 there arose a popular demand from all parts of the state that he be nominated by his party for governor. The railroad monopoly, however, was powerful enough to pack the convention with a sufficient number of its tools to defeat the people's will. It dreaded Reddy as it did no other man, and used its corruption fund against him.

Although he was courted and his legal services were in great demand by wealthy corporations, and the firm of Reddy, Campbell & Metson (of which he was the senior member) conducted some of the most important litigation, his character remained unchanged by environment. While engaged in honorably carving out his own fortunes, he never for a moment forgot the misfortunes of others. All his life, to the very last, he devoted himself to defending the rights and advocating the cause of labor and the producing classes. As a result, he became known and loved by the common people throughout the length and breadth of the great West, while he was respected by all—even those who were pierced by his shafts, and upon whom he brought humiliation and dismay, for they knew that he was absolutely incorruptible.

Mr. Reddy was one of the most powerful and eloquent pleaders at the bar. His heart was in his case. When defending a man, himself and client were one. Few juries could resist him. He took them into his confidence. He won their sympathies. They almost imagined that they were on trial, and that to convict his client would be to convict themselves. He would not defend any case or cause for money unless he believed in its righteousness; but many a case he fought for poor devils without a penny, not only receiving no fee, but paying the expenses from his own purse.

In this connection the following simple but eloquent tribute to his worth is not out of place. It is from Colonel Oliver Roberts, a lifelong friend of Mr. Reddy. He says: "Senator Reddy earned more than a million dollars in his profession as a lawyer, and if he dies a comparatively poor man it is because he has given most of it away. He knew everybody in the mining regions of California, and he seldom came back from a trip without bringing with him one or two of the old boys who were crippled by accident or disease, and as soon as they were able to get out of the hospital he would grub-stake them and send them back to whatever camp they wished. Many an old-timer will miss Pat Reddy. He was a big man, Pat was, and his heart was as big as his body."

In the opening paragraph of this meagre and hurried sketch, we stated that he went to an untimely grave, through

sympathy for his fellow men. And so he did. He believed that—

Whether on life's peaceful plain,  
Or in the battle's van,  
The only fight that's not in vain  
Is when we fight for man.

Against the protests of his physicians, his partners, his family, and his friends, he took up the cause of the Coeur d'Alene miners last year, and went to the scene of the troubles, where he defended the helpless victims of military despotism confined like cattle in bull pens, although he was suffering from an incurable disease. His response to all entreaties and objections was that his duty to the cause of human rights transcended all personal considerations. He finished his last work on the 16th of this month—a brief now on file in the United States Court of Idaho, defending the rights of labor against the usurpations of privilege, which brief, although dictated on his death bed, is a remarkably powerful arraignment of militarism in the republic.

The poet's lines are a fitting conclusion to this article, for they were his sentiments, and faithfully portray his character:

I live for those who love me,  
Whose hearts are kind and true;  
For the heaven that smiles above me,  
And awaits my spirit, too;  
For all humanities that bind me,  
For the task that God assigned me,  
For the bright hopes left behind me,  
And the good that I can do.

I live to hail the season,  
By gifted minds foretold,  
When men shall live by reason,  
And not alone for gold;  
When man to man united,  
And every wrong thing righted,  
The world shall be lighted  
As Eden was of old.

I live to hold communion  
With all that is divine;  
To feel that there is a union  
'Twixt nature's heart and mine;  
To profit by affliction,  
Reap truth from fields of fiction,  
Grow wiser from conviction,  
And fulfill each grand design.

I live for those who love me,  
 For those who know me true;  
 For the heaven that smiles above me,  
 And awaits my spirit, too;  
 For the wrong that needs resistance,  
 For the cause that lacks assistance,  
 For the future in the distance,  
 And the good that I can do.

Great mind! Noble Soul! Son of God for True Friend of man!—Farewell!

### A ROGUE'S GALLERY.

Barker, Montana, July 7, 1900.

Editor Miners' Magazine:

Dear Sir—I notice that Dr. Hugh France has made a great mistake in his permit system in Idaho. In his description he has overlooked the taking of the photos of the applicants, which would make a complete rogues' gallery of the same. This is simply a suggestion from a brother  
 T. W. M'GRATH,  
 Barker Miners' Union No. 12, W. F. of M.

### MR. DOOLEY DESCRIBES THE KANSAS CITY DOINGS.

(San Francisco Examiner.)

"Is Rafferty at Kans' City?" asked Mr. Hennessey.

"He is that," said Mr. Dooley, "an' 'tis on th' square with him now. He loves it. He says there's all th' difference in th' wur-ruld between a Dimmycrat an' a Raypublican convention. Down at Phillydephy, 'twas Mark Hanna says this an' Mark Hanna says that, an' no wan batted an eye without a tip fr'm th' stage. Whin a dillygate had a resolution to offer, he dhropped it in a little box, pulled a rope an' shot it down to th' cashier's desk. But at Kans' City anny man that has a resq-lution to offer gets on th' platform an' reads it or sings it or whistles it, as th' case may be. They'se no chains or collars on thim boys. Nary wan.

"Th' convintion," Rafferty says, "was opened with a prayer that made a gr-reat hit, th' dillgates thinkin' 'twas Bryan that was mintioned in it. Th' chairman thin called f'r th' readin' ix th' Declaration of Indipindince, was iv th' first things iver wrote be William J. Bryan. 'Twas well liked be th' audiece, a dillygate fr'm Oklahoma bein' so took with it that he dhrew his forty-four an' thried to shoot wan iv th' thrust-de-stroyin' brothers Belmont. 'We will next,' said th' chairman. 'hear that beautiful an' toochin' ballad, "The Star Spangled Banner," wur-ruds an' music be William J. Bryan, sung be a lovely an' accomplished vocalist or singin' lady fr'm Kans' City, Kan.,' he says. 'Th' audjeence is requested f'r to jine in

th' chorus, keepin' time with their boots on th' flure,' he says. 'Now, boys,' he says, 'let her go,' he says.

"After th' song was sung they was loud an' repeated cries iv 'Hill' fr'm th' audjeence. 'Where's that grand man that has just come back fr'm an interview with our noble leader?' they says. 'Chased,' says they, 'be our noble leader's day,' they says. 'Fetch out Hill,' says they. 'We wud like to throw something at him,' says they. 'Th' gintleman fr'm New York,' says th' chairman, 'wud gladly respond to these hoarse cries,' he says, 'but I am sorry,' he says, 'to inform th' convintion,' he says, 'that as a thre Dimmicrat he can only speak thru our other gallant an' handsome leader, Misther Croker,' he says. 'Will Misther Croker rise fr'm Misther Hill's head an' lave him speak ' he says. 'He will not,' says Croker. 'Thin,' says th' chairman, 'th' con-vintion will come to ordher w'ile th' eager sons iv free coinage fr'm Waco, Tex., give us their statuary clog dance entitled "William J. Bryan Defyin' the Standard Ile Company to Do Its Worst." ' This spirited act was accomplished, Hinnessy, with fine effect. Profissor Gazoo iv Joplin, followed with his cillybrated anti-expansion performance on a thrapeze, an, a man fr'm th' Panhandle played a solo called 'Down With Cor'prate Greed or Repeal th' Currency Act iv 1890, or th' Naytional Banks'll Own This Counthry an' 'Twill Become Impossible for Any Wan to Earn a Livin' Except be Wurrkin', and as a Preliminary to This Repeal th' Government Shud Cancel All Notes Now Outstandin,'" on a slide trombone. This ballad, which was wrote be William J. Bryan, brought tears to th' eyes iv many. Th' Kansas dillygation said, 'Twas betther th' "Star Spangled Banner." ' He moved it be substituted fr' Mr. Bryan's earlier effort. Th' motion prevailed.

"Th' chairman thin announced that th' comity on rislutions wud rayceve planks fr' th' platform in th' vacant lot ajinin' th' hall. 'All planks,' he says, 'must be accompanied be music suitable fr' th' piano or th' accordjeen,' he says. 'We will now,' he says, 'spind an hour or two dancin' 'round th' hall,' he says, 'an' at th' conclusion iv these deliberations,' he says, 'we will nominate fr' th' high office iv presidint iv th' United States th' Hon. William Jennings Bryan iv Nebraska,' he says."

"Did Rafferty see Croker?" Mr. Hennessy asks eagerly.

"He did so," said Mr. Dooley.

"What is he like?"

"Well," said Mr. Dooley, "he's a fine man, a fine sthrong man. He has a gr-reat command iv language. He seldom lets anny escape. Rafferty wint up to call on him with a jint dillygation fr'm Arkansaw an' Mississippi. 'Mr. Croker,' says they. 'Huh,' says he. 'We come,' they says, 'fir to shake be th' han' th' man that leads th' gloryous an' untterrified Dimmocracy iv th' gran' ol' city iv New York.' 'Huh,' says Croker. 'We ar-re

proud iv ye,' says they. 'Ye ripsisint th' forces that is wurru-kin' f'r to demolish th' inimies iv our government.' 'Huh,' says Croker. 'Go on with th' good fight, worthy follower iv Jackson an' Jefferson. Go on an' baste th' foes iv liberty an' ye're name will discind to future giner-rations, inspirin' thim to their jooty an' leadin' thim like a star fr'm safe to safe.' 'Huh,' says Croker.

"Rafferty says th' dillygation wint away much pleased. He tells me if Thomas Jefferson or Andrew Jackson had come to Kans' City they wuddent attrract half th' attintion iv Croker. An' that's right. 'Tis proper th' party shud give honor to a good man, a thrue man an' a man that prob'ly cud bate th' intire Matsachoosets dillygation if-put in a room with thim an' a chair."

"I'd like to see him president," said the honest Hennessy.

"So wud I," said Mr. Dooley. "He'd be th' boy that'd get affther th' trusts. He'd follow thim up night an' day, pursue thim to their lairs, take thim be th' throat an' choke thim till they give up."

## DEFIES THE CONSTITUTION.

S. F. Star.

First Amendment—Congress shall make no law \* \* \* \* \* abridging freedom of speech and of the press.

W. A. Stewart, editor of the Mullan (Idaho) Mirror, was jailed in the bull pen on a charge of publishing seditious matter, and the Mirror being published thereon by his wife, the plant was confiscated.

Fourth Amendment—The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated.

Fifth Amendment—No person shall be held to answer for a capital or otherwise infamous crime, unless on a presentment or indictment of a grand jury, except in cases arising in the land or naval forces, or in the militia when in actual service in time of war or public danger.

Sixth Amendment—In all criminal prosecutions the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial by an impartial jury of the state and district wherein the crime shall have been committed.

Some 1,250 persons were arrested in the Coeur d'Alene without warrant, without indictment, their "houses, papers and effects" were ransacked in many cases; no "presentment or indictment of a grand jury" was had except in about a dozen cases; hundreds were kept in the pen for weeks, and even months, without any "speedy" trial, or any trial at all; there was no "time of war," "public danger," or other condi-

tion mentioned in the exceptions in Amendment V.; there was not even a mob after April 29th, and it was not until four days afterwards that martial law was proclaimed with the approval of President McKinley.

**Eighth Amendment**—Excessive bail shall not be required, nor excessive fines imposed, nor cruel and unusual punishments inflicted.

For days the bull pen victims were placed in a barn, compelled to eat, sleep and wallow in their filth, fed from troughs, obliged to eat therefrom with their hands; many were arrested at home in their shirt sleeves, and in that very cold country denied permission to get their coats. Some were arrested as they came off their shift in the mines in their wet clothing, which they were not permitted to change. If one prisoner violated a military rule all of them were kept cooped up in a den for days together without a breath of fresh air. Strong men fainted in this stifling atmosphere where they were starved and suffocated into disease; at times their blankets swarmed with vermin and they were denied means of bathing.

If this was not "cruel and unusual punishment," in violation of the eighth amendment, nothing can be. As to "excessive bail," no bail whatever was permitted, although in nearly all cases no offense whatever was charged.

As a result of these palpable violations of the constitution and of the dictates of common humanity and decency, many of these victims died—were literally murdered.

Here are three examples. Michael S. Devine, though ill in the hospital when the crime for which the arrests were made was committed, was thrown into the bull pen as soon as discharged, where he of necessity succumbed to the tortures. In his last hours he asked to see a priest, which request was denied by the officers with as much brutality as they could command.

Mike Johnson, a Swede, was rendered insane by threats of being hanged if he did not identify some of the rioters, and was shot dead by four negroes on the command of an officer as he attempted to escape when being taken to an asylum.

Mike McMillan, a new arrival, not a member of any union, and having nothing whatever to do with the riot, was thrown into the bull pen, where condemned to sleep on wet hay, with wet blankets, under a very leaky roof, he died of pneumonia.

How can any men defend such outrages by voting for those responsible for them?

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#### A SPEECH DELIVERED BY S. P. CRESS IN JOPLIN, MO.

I am here to consider the competitive system of industry by which we are environed and to invite your attention to the

effects upon our future development and welfare. In order to do so I will have to talk about land, labor, capital, competition, co-operation, unionism, rent, interest, profits and taxes. These are all terms used in the science of political economy and do not necessarily have anything to do with politics.

Politics, in the commonly accepted meaning of the term, has reference only to the preferences of men, as to which set of candidates shall fill the offices, draw their salaries and distribute the patronage to their friends.

With this I have no concern, because I apprehend that it makes but little difference to me or my class which set of men administer a bad system. We have tried Democracy, we have tried Republicanism and Populism in spots and the conditions of the working classes have grown steadily worse.

"No lasting good can we expect from laws that strike at effects yet ignore their cause."

From a wrong system will forever spring evil results, and to expect anything would be as unwise as to expect to gather figs from thistles.

A few years ago one of the greatest writers of our time on social problems, on seating himself at his desk by an open window, observed a bull on the meadow picketed to a stake by a rope attached to a ring in his nose. This bull, said he, has walked in one direction around his stake until he has wound himself up until there he stands a perfect type of strength; pawing and bellowing; tormented by the flies; with plenty of good, nutritious grass just beyond his reach. This bull, said he, is typical of the working masses; if the bull had wit enough he would walk in a way to unwind his rope.

I can go drive the bull in the way that he will unwind his rope, but who will go and drive the working masses in the way that they will unwind their rope?

This is the task that the Social Democrats and Trade Unionists have set themselves to do. We set out with the proposition that all men are created equal, born with equal rights to life, liberty and pursuit of happiness. And that "none should reap where they have not sown." If all men are born with equal rights all have an equal right to live and must of necessity have an equal right to land from whence their living comes. The lands, therefore, of every country belong to the people of that country, not to landlords, not to tenants, but to all the people who at the time live upon them. Land is the common property of the race and private ownership of it is the fundamental wrong. And the private appropriation of rent is none the less robbery because done under the forms of law. To take it is virtually a denial of a man to the fruits of his toil.

And there can be neither liberty, equality or justice in the earth so long as one man or set of men, may reap where they have not sown. And it is not in the nature of things that they who practice injustice can long profit by it.

Blackstone has said that "there is no reason in justice or equity why certain words written upon parchment should convey the dominion over land."

So much for the land question.

Now whoever will take up the labor question will at once discover that land is the raw material of every human product. And that whoever can control land can limit the returns to both capital and labor, because neither can get any returns until rent is paid.

Thus labor that creates all values can only get what is left after the landlord gets his rent and the landlord gets his interest and the boodler gets his taxes. Then the worker gets his wages, which he divides with merchant as profits.

Labor cannot hope to participate in the advancing gains of civilization under a competitive system; population will increase, but lands will not; land values will increase with increasing population and the landlords will reap the increase. New and improved methods of production will be adopted, but capital will own and control the new methods and the new machinery. Labor without capital, tools or land is helplessly dependent and can do nothing except sell its labor power to whoever is willing to buy.

All men have not liberty to work, but only liberty to hunt for work, and they have not even that liberty in Idaho, where one must obtain a permit from a state official who is a paid hireling of the Standard Oil Company. And we impudently ask, what are you going to do about it?

We shall organize, unionize, educate and co-operate until we shall develop a class consciousness of our economic condition and then we shall unwind our rope.

We shall strike, and strike hard and strike untiringly at the ballot box. Already there is widespread discontent, deep-seated unrest manifesting itself in strikes, lockouts, labor troubles of all kinds. Men realize that they have been made the victims of misplaced confidence and they are ripe for any change.

From the last report of the Bureau of Labor Statistics we learn that the average production per capita for those engaged in the gainful occupations was \$5,000 per year, and the average wages paid was \$300 per year. Thus it will be seen that the average workman can only buy back sixteen and two-thirds per cent. of the wealth his labor creates, and he naturally asks who gets the difference between the \$5,000 he made



and the \$300 he got. He has not far to seek to learn that rent, interest, profits and taxes are all parasites that eat up his substance, and yet they who suffer this unjust distribution of their earnings are the staunch defenders of the system that robs them. Their respect for other people's property is something amazing. Man is the only animal that will lie down and starve in the sight of plenty that his own labor has produced; lie down and freeze in sight of shelter that other men own. Abraham Lincoln truly said of them. "None are more worthy to be trusted than they who have traveled upward from poverty; none are less liable to touch aught that they have not honestly earned."

But where, in South America or in darkest Africa, have I ever read of a species or family of monkeys that would gather nuts all the year round and give all their nuts to one old "monk" that would not work. And yet that is very nearly what we do. Fortunes do not go to those who work, but to those who work the workers. Hence it is that we see that they who do the least have the most of this world's goods, and they who do the most have the least.

Honesty and integrity is no longer a recommendation to any place of political preferment, but, on the other hand, cunning and willingness to serve the interest of some ring, clique or faction are the traits that most frequently elevate men to political power. There is a decay of morals and of patriotism as a result of a bad system. A system must be judged by its results.

Goldsmith said in his *Deserted Village*

"Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey,  
Where wealth accumulates and men decay;  
Princes and paupers may flourish and fade—  
A breath can make them as a breath hath made;  
But a noble peasantry, once a country's pride,  
If once destroyed can never be supplied."

Old party lines are rapidly breaking up; new issues are being formed and old ones modified to suit the changing conditions. Concentration seems to be the order of the day—concentration of capital in the hands of the few who do not scruple to use it to concentrate in their own hands the political power by which they dictate platforms, control conventions and corrupt courts.

This is the work of the money power; it is non-partisan, unpatriotic and utterly selfish; it does not care what party is in power so its own interests are looked after. It will support whichever party it can make the best deal with concerning its own interests. Trusts are but the natural fruits and flowers of a bad system.

(Continued next month.)

# Request to Miners.

There being a disagreement between the mine owners and the miners of the Coeur d'Alenes, all miners, mill men and mine laborers are requested to

## Remain Away from the Coeur d'Alenes

Until martial law and the permit system are abolished. The following is the permit all men employed in and around the mines of this district must be armed with before they can ask for employment. Those known to be union men cannot get permits:

<p><b>PERMIT TO SEEK EMPLOYMENT.</b>                  No.....1900.                  This is to certify that.....                  a.....by occupation, is qualified under the proclamation issued by order of the Governor of Idaho, May 8th, 1899, to seek employment in any of the mines in Shoshone County, and has permission by virtue hereof to do so. This card is to be deposited with the manager or superintendent of the mine where the person above named is employed and must be held for the purpose of periodical inspection pursuant to the terms of the aforesaid proclamation.                  Witness my hand this.....day of 1900.                  DR. HUGH FRANCE.                  By .....Deputy.</p>		<p><b>DESCRIPTION.</b>                  Eyes .....                  Complexion .....                  Hair .....                  Height .....feet.....inches                  Age ..... years                  Nationality .....                  Signature .....</p>
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There are two men here now for every job. Don't be fooled.  
**BY ORDER OF IDAHO STATE LABOR COUNCIL.**  
 Wallace, Idaho, June 5, 1900.

## IN BOHEMIA.

J. B. O'REILLY.

I'd rather live in Bohemia than in any other land;  
 For only there are the values true,  
 And the laurels gathered in all men's view.  
 The prizes of traffic and state are won  
 By shrewdness or force, or by deeds undone;  
 But fame is sweeter without the feud,  
 And the wise of Bohemia are never shrewd.  
 Here, pilgrims stream with a faith sublime  
 From every class and clime and time,  
 Aspiring only to be enrolled  
 With the names that are writ in the book of gold;  
 And each one bears in mind or hand  
 A palm of the dear Bohemian land.  
 The scholar first, with his book—a youth  
 Aflame with the glory of harvested truth;  
 A girl with a picture, a man with a play,  
 A boy with a wolf, he has modeled in clay;  
 A smith with a marvelous hilt and sword,  
 A player, a king, a plowman, a lord—  
 And the player is king when the door is past.  
 The plowman is crowned, and the lord is last!

I'd rather fail in Bohemia than win in another land;  
 There are no titles inherited there,  
 No hoard or hope for the brainless heir;  
 No gilded dullard native born  
 To stare at his fellow with leaden scorn  
 Bohemia has none but adopted sons;  
 Its limits, where Fancy's bright stream runs;  
 Its honors, not garnered for thrift or trade,  
 But for beauty and truth men's souls have made.

To the empty heart in a jeweled breast  
 There is value, maybe, in a purchased crest;  
 But the thirsty of soul soon learn to know  
 The moistureless froth of the social show;  
 The vulgar sham of the pompous feast  
 Where the heaviest purse is the highest priest;  
 The organized charity, scrimped and iced.  
 In the name of cautious, statistical Christ;  
 The smile restrained, the respectable cant,  
 When a friend in need is a friend in want;  
 Where the only aim is to keep afloat,  
 And a brother may drown with a cry in his throat.  
 Oh, I long for the glow of a kindly heart and the grasp of a  
 friendly hand,  
 And I'd rather live in Bohemia than in any other land.

## THE FOURTH IN CRIPPLE CREEK.

The last day of the carnival proved to be the greatest of the three and ended the night of the 5th with great enjoyment for the immense crowd that thronged Bennett avenue from one end to the other. The thousands of people who came to the metropolis of Teller county to celebrate the national holiday and were disappointed in part by the heavy rain seemed determined to "get their money's worth" even if they had to stay several days to do so. They had come here for a good time and were going to get it.

A part of the program of the Fourth being postponed made a full day the 5th. Everyone was out early. The foot race was the first source of entertainment and drew a large crowd. The oration by President Boyce of the Western Federation of Miners was the principal event of the day and attracted several thousand and was a genuine treat. The carnival committee have the thanks of the laboring people throughout the district for obtaining this well-known and popular gentleman for the orator of the day.

Ed Boyce, president of the Western Federation of Miners, was greeted by fully 3,000 people at the drilling rock west of the high school building yesterday morning. The audience was made up of the representative business, professional and laboring men and women of the camp. Mr. Boyce is no stranger to the people of this district and his appearance was greeted with loud and continued applause.

He is a pleasant and able speaker and his remarks were punctuated frequently by applause which at the conclusion lasted for several minutes.

He was selected by the carnival committee to deliver the oration of the day July Fourth, but owing to the rain on that day it was postponed until yesterday morning. The speech, however, kept well over night. It is as follows:

"Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen—We have assembled almost on the summit of the Rocky Mountains to celebrate the one hundred and twenty-fourth anniversary of our country, the richest and grandest under the canopy of heaven, and by song and speech pay homage to those departed heroes who shed their blood on many a hard contested battlefield to obliterate the word, subject, from their vocabulary and supplant it with the word, sovereign.

"Though weak and unorganized, those gallant men did not hesitate to defy their ruler and his wealthy subjects in the thirteen colonies, who unhesitatingly declared their opposition to armed resistance and their sympathy for the king, and frequently proclaimed that those who opposed the established law were guilty of treason and should suffer the consequences.

"Historians tell us that in 1765, twelve years before the Declaration of Independence proclaimed to the world that a republic was born, when Franklin, Adams, Hancock, Jefferson, Paine and Henry demanded the repeal of the stamp act, which was a very mild form of our modern McKinley bill, they were branded as traitors to the government by some of the people in whose interest they were willing to sacrifice their lives.

"When Patrick Henry, the eloquent young orator of Virginia, in opposition to this high protective tariff, declared in tones that were heard around the world and shook the British empire from center to circumference: 'Cæsar had his Brutus; Charles I. his Cromwell, and George III. should profit by their example,' a wealthy conservative, overcome with indignation, shouted 'Treason.'

"But the dauntless statesman, in the pride of manhood, filled with eloquence and burning with patriotism, defiantly declared: 'If that be treason, make the most of it.'

But at that period the country possessed men who were equal to the occasion, who sprang up as if by a special dispensation of Providence and without fear or dread determined that they should bequeath to their progeny a priceless gift with which they should never part for all the splendor of a king seated upon his throne with the royal scepter in his hand, nor the crown of a matchless queen arrayed in all her glory; a gift which they should ever preserve, in spite of all the courts and armies of plutocracy, that have, since the dawn of civilization, held the people in bondage to the lords of hoarded wealth; a gift that they should defend even at the cannon's mouth.

"They bequeathed to us, one hundred and twenty-four years ago to-day, a declaration of principles that makes us sovereigns, not subjects; all equal; entitled to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; that whenever the government becomes destructive of these ends it is our right to abolish it and to organize a new government on such principles as shall seem most likely to effect our safety and happiness.

"The men who promulgated those grand principles shall live forever in the hearts of the human family and with each succeeding generation the value of their labor shall be more appreciated, for beyond the Declaration of Independence, by their lives, they taught thinking men that opposition to tyranny is not treason, but the noblest act of brave men, for which they shall receive the blessings of generations yet unborn.

"Washington, Jefferson, Adams, Paine, Franklin, Hancock, Henry and all that galaxy were agitators and disturbers of the peace in their time, for they were opposed to the established government and advised the people to abolish it, which was treason, and according to the law of the country, they should have been executed for defying the law that protected

the rich and well-born and incited the populace to rebellion.

"Adams organized the 'Sons of Liberty,' who incited the people not to pay taxes to the government; they burned the houses of chief justices, who were then, as now, the superstructures upon which the law and order element relied to rob the people of their rights. They went further; they seized carloads of tea in Boston harbor that were consigned to merchants of that city and dumped them overboard.

"History records no such destruction of property in this country as was witnessed during the ten years preceding the Declaration of Independence. Not satisfied with inciting the people to organize and unite in opposition to taxation, destroying property and burning government officials in effigy, those agitators incited the people to oppose the government troops in the discharge of their duty, protecting property, such as we have witnessed in Chicago, Hazelton, Cleveland, Leadville, and still later at Lake City, Colorado, when the present governor of your state rushed troops there without provocation or justification, and at Rock Springs, Wyoming, and the Coeur d'Alenes, where government troops are kept by President McKinley for the same purpose that animated George III.: to deprive the people of their rights.

"Those were the methods adopted by the men this nation honors to-day when they began to agitate in favor of a government based upon the principles of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness which was, according to the established law, illegal, and the men who participated in those awful deeds of violence and destruction of property were guilty of conspiracy and subject to imprisonment or death.

"But in those days there were no bull pens and no negro soldiers to guard them, and even if there were, those noble people were too intelligent and independent to languish in them to satisfy the wish of the king and his wealthy subjects, with their hearts aflame with devotion for the principles of eternal liberty, and the words of their patriotic leaders ringing in their ears.

"'Oh, ye that love mankind; ye that dare oppose, not only the tyranny, but the tyrant, stand forth! Freedom hath been hunted round the globe. Oh, receive the fugitive and prepare in time an asylum for mankind.'

"'Resistance to tyranny is obedience to God.'

"'Independence or slavery.'

"'Liberty or death.'

"'Unite or die.'

"With those grand sentiments for their battle cry, they determined that no king, no government, no power on earth, should deprive them of those priceless jewels for which they and their fathers crossed the ocean.

"To-day the people all over this land will assemble to celebrate the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence. The contents of this historic document, so dear to the hearts of all men who love justice, regardless of nationality, will be read from thousands of rostrums to cheering multitudes, who, unconscious of their position, fail to realize that its spirit and purport are as ineffectual in its application to our present system of government as the sphynx of Egypt is a hindrance to the sun's course in the heavens.

"As I stand here, I imagine I can hear a voice floating on the breeze across the continent from Mount Vernon and Monticello, crying: 'Disturb not the ashes of the dead, for the truths they advocated have long since perished.'

"Yes, those truths advocated by the revolutionary fathers have no place in our present system of government. Our principles are commercialism; our worship, the almighty dollar, and before its golden shrine we are willing to sacrifice the nation's honor at the dictation of unscrupulous politicians, whose highest sense of duty to their country is bribery and continuance in office.

"The words of our countryman, James G. Clark, in his beautiful poem, 'Freedom's Reveille,' are very appropriate for our nineteenth century patriots who have legislated the people into bondage, surrendered their rights to combinations, and denounce all who condemn their actions as the Tories of 1776 denounced the revolutionary fathers for their opposition to the rule of King George:

"The time has passed for idle rest:  
 Columbia, from your slumber rise;  
 Replace the shield upon your breast,  
 And cast the veil from off your eyes,  
 And view your torn and stricken fold—  
 By prowling wolves made desolate—  
 Your honor sold for alien gold  
 By traitors in your halls of state.  
 Our mothers wring their fettered hands;  
 Our sires fall fainting by the way;  
 The Lion robs them of their lands,  
 The Eagle guards them to betray.  
 Shall they who kill through craft and greed  
 Receive a brand less black than Cain's?  
 Shall paid 'procurers' of the deed  
 Still revel in their Judas gains?"

"How shall the poor, unoffending Filipinos celebrate this anniversary of their new rulers? To them the flag of this once great country is the ensign of destruction, followed by murder and slaughter wherever they see it wave.

"How will the hospitable people of Cuba and Porto Rico

celebrate this anniversary? Will they congregate in their cities and villages to sing our praise for assisting them in driving the Spanish from their beautiful shores?

"No, unfortunately for them, they can only say: 'We have fought for liberty and independence and sacrificed the flower of our country in the struggle, and after expelling our ancient foe we find that we have only exchanged masters, as our conditions are worse under a Republican president than we ever experienced under a king.'

"On July Fourth we shout for the old flag and in deep, thrilling strains sing: 'Long may it wave o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave,' forgetful of the fact that we live by permission of a few millions who decree whether we shall work or remain idle and dictate to us what we must pay for every article of food and raiment we consume.

"We labor under the hallucination, while listening to some political humbug talking for re-election, that we live in a land where all men are equal; we rave about equal rights for all and special privileges to none, at the same time we pass laws that create millionaires and paupers and divide the people into two classes—masters and slaves. The latter class always find the prisons open to receive them and the so-called courts of justice, the bulwark of plutocracy, closed to their most urgent appeals:

"Upon our statute books there is one law for the rich and another for the poor and always in operation against the latter, for the men who enact those laws are the paid agents of the rich, who are determined to rule the republic as they rule in a monarchy and influence the king.

"In this republic they have found little difficulty in late years in controlling our chief magistrate. Ex-President Cleveland and President McKinley are as completely under the control of the plutocratic element of this republic as King George was under the influence of the aristocracy of England when he sent his soldiers to slaughter the people of the thirteen colonies because they refused to support him and his lords.

"Upon our natal day we engage in senseless bluster and work ourselves into hysterics when some administration orator attacks the British lion and scourges him so unmercifully that you would imagine the king of the forest had degenerated to a cayuse colt.

"But those orators will fail to tell the people that the 'Star Spangled Banner,' that once proud emblem of freedom, loved and adored by every citizen of the world, opposed to the rule of tyrants, is to millions of human beings in the Pacific ocean, Cuba and Porto Rico what the Union Jack was to our forefathers, from the Boston massacre to the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown—an emblem of subjugation.



"The war of the Revolution was for the benefit of the feudal lords of England, that they might revel in luxury and make the people of the new world dependent upon their will, as they had the people of England.

"When we compare events we find there is a striking similarity between the war approved by King George III. and our war of conquest approved by William I. of Canton for the benefit of a few monopoly barons who long for an opportunity to monopolize the wealth of those islands and make the inhabitants their slaves as they have made the American people the slaves of corporations and trusts that are robbing the people of every vestige of independence.

"We boast that the people rule; that elected officers are their servants; but we never stop to ask why it cost four million dollars to elect President McKinley. If the people rule, and elect public servants at pleasure, it should not require four million dollars to induce them to cast their vote on election day.

"There are nine servants of the people in Washington that compose the Supreme court who rule the people in all things, and we pay a standing army to assist those servants to enforce their rulings if the people revolt.

"All our liberties have been won on fields of battle, by brave men, who did not hesitate to take up arms in defense of their rights, regardless of the pleadings of the wealthy few and their subservient followers.

"All our lost liberties have perished in legislative halls and court chambers where plutocracy's mandates are supreme and the people's rights yield to the oppressor's wrongs, which is not surprising, as our system of representative government is a failure.

"The average politician cares nothing for the people. He buys them from the party boss, who makes it a business, and when he is elected he believes he is justly entitled to sell out to the highest bidder, as he paid for his election, and perhaps paid more than his salary would amount to if he held office all his life.

"It is a deplorable fact, disguise it as you may, that corruption dominates our political system from the primary to the fountain of government, and every day legislative assemblages in state and nation are binding the shackles of serfdom around us more securely.

"And if by some influence our legislative bodies should enact a law in the interest of the people, not approved by moneyed interests of the country, it is immediately appealed to the courts and without exception it is declared unconstitutional.

"Search all history, from the discovery of this continent, and you will find no period when the people were so shame-

lessly robbed of their rights and the product of their toil and less resistance offered to the invader as we witness to-day.

"The man of wealth is worshipped in all walks of life; his genius as a statesman or a philosopher is unimportant; if he lacks gold his ability sinks into obscurity.

"We have become a nation of servants and hero-worshippers, willing to do the bidding of our commercial masters and live by their permission and worship any military machine they choose to set up to deceive the people, so they will gradually become accustomed to this plague and not detect it until too late, when they will be unable to help themselves or obtain relief from the military despot they formerly worshipped.

"When we view our conditions calmly through the microscope of intelligence, free from the dust of blind patriotism and party prejudice, it is doubtful if we have just cause for glorification and cheap appeals to patriotism to deceive the people while the legalized robber sells the natural resources of the country and the people's rights to some monopoly that will compel the people to pay taxes to it for the privilege of living in their own country.

"While it is true that we have smashed the scepter of the king, routed his armies and declared our independence as a nation and freed four million black slaves from the master's lash, we have not gained our political independence, for we are the greatest of party subjects; and although we have repelled invading armies and freed the slaves, we have been unable to free ourselves from the chains of commercial serfdom, that is worse than African slavery in its palmiest days.

"We need a new Declaration of Independence that will teach us that this government, conducted by such statesmen as McKinley, Roosevelt, Hanna, Quay, Wolcott and Steunenberg has become destructive of the ends for which it was created and it is our right and our duty to abolish it and establish a government for the people, not for the benefit of trusts and combinations, and the sons of politicians, who, unable to earn a living in their own country, are commissioned to shoot down the Filipinos at a fat salary, in addition to what they steal in contracts and postoffices and other government work.

"We need a new Declaration of Independence that will teach the people that the writ of habeas corpus is not abolished, notwithstanding the proclamation of the governor of any state or the treachery of an army officer in his ambition to serve his master and become the lackey of a corporation, for the interests of the people are of more importance than the dollars of a corporation and the machine in uniform must be made to understand it if we intend to preserve what little liberty we yet enjoy.

"We need a new Declaration of Independence to teach working men that they should not lay in a filthy bull pen for seven months without a trial. That it is their duty, as free men, to resist such persecution to the end, and like Adams and Hancock organize the 'Sons of Liberty' and prove to their persecutors, the monopolists, that there is enough of the spirit of the men of 1776 left in their veins to assert their rights.

"All over our country you can observe a docile tendency among the people; they are seized with a fear or dread. The working man is more docile than he ever was because he knows that in every department of the government his enemies are located, who will use their position to defeat him in his demands, regardless of their merits or justification.

"He is afraid of the business man because he knows from bitter experience that he was always his enemy when he was locked out or striking for his rights.

"The business man dreads the department store because he knows he is unable to compete with it while the transportation companies discriminate against him in favor of his privileged competitor.

"The spirit of independence is disappearing rapidly, yet we are so blinded by party prejudice or dense ignorance we refuse to acknowledge it even when we stand with trembling knee before some industrial magnate meekly begging his permission to enter the field of industry and produce wealth.

"Notwithstanding this fact, we are constantly assured by the subsidized press, that is paid to keep the people in ignorance, that every man can find employment who desires work, and brands the man who has the courage to point out those growing evils as a demagogue and agitator, who would disturb the peace of the community and scare capital.

"No intelligent man, after observing the growth of monopolies encouraged by government officials, and the numerous conflicts between organized wealth and the laboring people, can truthfully say that this is a government for the people and by the people.

"Our ancestors fled from the old world to the new to escape the persecution inflicted upon them by the privileged aristocracy, and upon the western shores of the Atlantic established a new government and defied their persecutors; but their persecutors followed them and we find our liberties and rights in more danger than our ancestors, for there never was a time when avarice and greed were so rampant as it is in this nation to-day.

"Our ancestry could fly from it in Europe, but we, their children, have no new world to which we can emigrate, and right here we must stand and fight for our rights before we

are reduced to that condition of serfdom where all manhood has vanished.

"Think of the thousands of victims who are passing away every year in the prime of life to satisfy the greed of a few millionaires, whose only ambition in life is to accumulate wealth from the product of the toiling millions in our cities, factories and mines.

"Why should this unnecessary slaughter of human beings be permitted? Why should our young men and women be forced to spend the brightest period of their lives in sweat shops and factories? Why should the American people continue this struggle for existence in the richest and most productive land under the sun, capable of supporting ten times its present population?

"In view of these conditions, is it not time for us to rise in our might and prove that we are sovereigns in fact, not in name, and drive from the nation's capital that band of vampires, headed by William McKinley, that are sucking the life blood out of the people and put in their place Americans like the men of 1776 who will establish an ideal republic on the foundation of our present system of monarchy upheld by a rotten judiciary, backed by military despots who have been fed, clothed and educated by the people, but like the reptile nursed to life, are ever ready to sting their benefactors?

"Let us hope that ere the new year's sun of the twentieth century dawns upon our country we may see in the dim twilight that surrounds this republic men ready to take up the reins of government in the interest of the people, who will guide the ship of state into a safe harbor where all shall be equal and entitled to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

Mr. Boyce finished with a masterful peroration, in which he pictured the evils perpetrated upon the poor and upon the laborers by corporations and syndicates throughout the country, as seen in the sweat shops of the large cities, the robbery of the honest prospector and locator by the Standard Oil Company in the mining districts of Idaho, in the acts of Governor Steunenberg of Idaho as the tool of the federal administration, and in the corruption of officials in charge of the government.

He made a strong appeal for the laborer, regardless of his political affiliations, to stand for his rights as laid down in the constitution adopted by the founders of the government and to weed out corruption in high places.

Mr. Boyce left for Denver last night, where he will remain for a few days on labor union business. From Denver he will go to British Columbia, where he will remain for some time visiting labor organizations in many points.—"Daily Press," Cripple Creek.

# FICTION

## A STUPID GENIUS.

Harry Shaw was the very last person of whom one would have thought it, but that is the way that things go in this world. He was a newspaper man and a successful one, having worked himself up from the petty reporter to first assistant editor on the Truth and Joy.

He was in love, head over ears, heels over head, any term that can describe that utterly blissful, absolutely absurd and ridiculous condition of mind or heart, or whatever it is that at times overtakes even the most sensible of men. He was in love, but he couldn't tell her. It's a fact, he couldn't. He had tried a dozen times—a dozen! He had tried a hundred, but somehow he couldn't say to Alice Rogers: "I love you."

He felt sure she loved him—knew he loved her—had been dancing attendance for over a year, sending her flowers, candy—everything allowable—had found all accepted with thanks, and yet there he was just where he had been on Christmas eve just a year ago that very day. No, yes, perhaps a little more at home in that big, old house on Tenth street, and that was all.

But this Christmas eve he was determined to make himself a Christmas gift to Alice—no, she was to be his Christmas gift to himself. But how to bring the gift about, from him to her, from her to him; however, it should turn out he could not see, indeed he was all at sea. Too absurd. He, Harry Shaw, with such a persuasive tongue and winning way that he could corkscrew information out of the most crabbed and stolid of men "interviewed" and yet with Alice—dumb! He wondered at himself.

That afternoon he pushed his papers together impatiently and got up and put on his coat, took his hat, said: "I'll be in about 8"—it was then 3 in the afternoon—and went out. The air was full of Christmas—bits of green everywhere. He set his teeth.

"Alice—Alice," he murmured, "I'll—I'll—do it to-day or I'll—"

He couldn't think what he would do. He went to his rooms at the Benedict and got some parcels that held gifts for the Rogers family, big and little, and then went up to Tenth street. He was shown into the big, delightful, homelike front parlor, full of books and work and so of evidences of a cultivated taste. Alice came in at once, and led him out to the billiard room, where the tree was, and also her mother and her aunt.

But even to sober eyes Alice was lovely. The parcels were at once opened—that is, all but the three for those present—and their contents admired, and then he began to help tie the bundles onto the tree.

“Good gracious!” he said suddenly.

“What is the matter?” they all three cried.

“Oh, nothing—there are very sharp sort of—er—bristles on this tree—they prick one—they really do.”

But it was not the bristles that had pricked him, but an idea.

“I’ll do it—I certainly will—but how? Upon a stepladder—two other women in the room, likely to stay on the stepladder every minute that I am in the house. Heavens! What a fool I am.”

So he was. Just then Mrs. Rogers was called out of the room to see a poor woman who had come for her Christmas gift, and Miss Rogers said that she must go upstairs to get the rest of the things. “How to do it, how to do it,” sung itself in his head, and accident brought the opportunity.

“Who is that?” he said, pointing to a picture on the wall.

“A question of ‘was’—a great great uncle.

Uncle! What a leading she had given him.

“Curious! Looks like a dear old uncle of mine.”

O shade of Ananias! They were no more alike than a turnip and a peach.

“He was a jolly old boy—he really was an old boy, 85 when he died—but a boy all the same, and a jolly one. He told such capital stories, and he told them so well—on this branch, you say? Isn’t it a little heavy? Try that lower one—yes, that’s better. About my uncle, you know; well, you didn’t know him, but I did, so it’s all the same.”

Here Alice looked up at him, but he did not see her glance—it was a swift one; she thought that he was rattling on in an unusual way, but she kept on tying up bundles with pink twine in a very matter-of-fact fashion, and Harry went on:

“Well, he used to tell one story that I thought amazingly good. I wonder if you will think so? It was about a place down in Rhode Island, called ‘Cranberry Center,’ where people about a hundred years ago—really, I do mean a hundred years—well, this was the story: ‘They conducted their—their court-in’”—the word came out with a sudden jerk, and then he said it over again, “courtin’” in such a remarkable way—“I want to tell you about it. When a couple had been—well, you know—keeping company as they call it—this was my uncle’s story, you know.”

Here Alice looked up at him in a slightly startled and amazed way, and then a dawning light of understanding came into her eyes that he couldn’t see, for he was standing on the

step just above her head, and a ghost of a smile hovered around her pretty mouth.

"Well," he said, "my uncle said that when the—the man—lover, you know, felt that he ought to speak and didn't know how, and—well, they used to be sitting by what they called the 'forerom' fire built on purpose," he began to hurry his words a little, "alone, you know, of course—no bothering with chaperons then—and he'd get the slate and then he wrote on it—there was always a pencil tied to the slate—I don't think they had frames then—on their slates, I mean—he wrote. Hallo! I think I can show you better—I mean to tell you better if I write it. Just hand me a bit of that wrapping paper. Thank you, I have a pencil right here—wrote on it this—" Then, with a shaking hand, he wrote three words and handed to Alice a many-cornered scrap of brown wrapping paper, on which was written, just like this:

Yes

or

No.

Alice took it—looked at it, and said in the most casual way: "And what happened then?"

"Why, that was the funny part of it. She wet her finger—it was a slate—and rubbed out either the 'yes or' or the 'or no'—and Uncle John said it was usually the 'or no'—and—and then, why it was considered an engagement. Wasn't it funny?"

"Well," said Alice slowly; "it was queer and ingenious, too. But this is a great deal more funny—very, very much more funny."

She had stepped behind him, and, luckily a little way off.

"What is funnier?" said Harry, trying to twist about so that he could see her, and he held a bundle that was about half tied onto the very topmast branch. As he did so—

"Why, this," said Alice, and she handed him the paper.

He looked at it quite dazed for a moment, for where the "or no" had been there was a black smudge—for the pencil had been a soft one. Suddenly the bundle crashed down to the floor through the branches, and they all swayed violently, and he made one leap to the floor and her side. "You dearest girl!" and his arm was around her and he had kissed her—absolutely kissed her—before he said: "Do you mean it? Do you absolutely mean it? Shall we—shall I—will you really—really mean it?"

"Harry Shaw," she said, "you are certainly a paradox—at once the most ingenious and most stupid of men." And then she put her head down on his shoulder and laughed, but her eyes were wet when he raised it again.

"And when Jack Rogers said: "What did Mr. Shaw say to

rou, sister, when he asked you to be engaged to him?" Alice said, quite truthfully, "not one word."—Chicago News.

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## THE STRANGE OCCURRENCES OF CANTERSTONE JAIL.

(Richard Marsh.)

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### II.

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"Perhaps you've got the wrong key?" suggested Warder Puffin.

"Got the wrong key!" cried Warder Slater. "Do you think I do not know my own keys when I see them?"

The oddest part of it was that all the locks were the same, not only in ward A, but in wards B, C, D, E and F, in all the wards, in fact. When this became known a certain sensation was created, and that on both sides of the unlocked doors. The prisoners were soon conscious that their guardians were unable to release them, and they made a noise. Nothing is so precious to the average prisoner as a grievance; here was a grievance with a vengeance.

The chief warder was a man named Murray. He was short and stout, with a red face and short, stubby, white hair—his very appearance suggested apoplexy. That suggestion was emphasized when he lost his temper—capable officer, though he was, that was more than once in a while. He was in the wheel shed awaiting the arrival of the prisoners preparatory to being told off to their various tasks, when, instead of the prisoners, Warder Slater appeared. If Murray was stout, Slater was stouter. He was about five feet eight and weighed at least 250 pounds. He was wont to amaze those who saw him for the first time—and wondered—by assuring them that he had a brother still stouter, compared to whom, he was a skeleton, in fact. But he was stout enough. He and the chief warder made a striking pair.

"There's something the matter with the locks of the night cells, sir. We can't undo the doors."

"Can't undo the doors?" Mr. Murray turned the color of a boiled beetroot. "What do you mean?"

"It's very queer, sir, but all over the place it's the same. We can't get none of the doors unlocked."

Mr. Murray started off at a good round pace, Slater following hard at his heels. The chief warder tried his hand himself. He tried every lock in the prison; not one of them vouchsafed to budge. Not one, that is, with a single exception. The exception was in ward B, No. 27. Mr. Murray had tried all



the other doors in the ward, beginning with No. 1—tried them all in vain. But when he came to No. 27 the lock turned with the customary ease and the door was open. Within it was Oliver Mankell, standing decorously at attention, waiting to be let out. Murray stared at him.

"Hum! there's nothing the matter with this lock, at any rate. You'd better go down."

Oliver Mankell went down stairs—he was the only man in Canterstone jail who did.

"Well, this is a pretty go!" exclaimed Mr. Murray, when he had completed his round. Two or three other warders had accompanied him. He turned on these: "Some one will smart for this; you see if they don't. Keep those men still."

The din was deafening. The prisoners, secure of a grievance, were practicing step dances in their heavy shoes on the stone floors; they made the narrow vaulted corridors ring.

"Silence those men!" shouted Mr. Jarvis, the second warder, who was tall and thin as the chief was short and stout. He might as well have shouted to the wind. Those in the cells just close at hand observed the better part of valor, but those a little distance off paid not the slightest heed. If they were locked in the officers were locked out.

"I must go and see the governor." Mr. Murray pursed up his lips. "Keep those men still or I'll know the reason why."

He strode off, leaving his subordinates to obey his orders—if they could or if they couldn't.

Mr. Paley's house was in the center of the jail. Paley, by the way, was the governor's name. The governor, when Mr. Murray arrived, was still in bed. He came down to the chief warder in rather primitive disarray.

"Anything the matter, Murray?"

"Yes, sir; there's something very much the matter, indeed."

"What is it?"

"We can't get any of the doors of the night cells open."

"You can't get—what?"

"There seems to be something the matter with the locks."

"The locks? All of them? Absurd!"

"Well, there they are, and there's the men inside of them, and we can't get 'em out—at least I've tried my hand, and I know I can't."

"Ill come with you at once, and see what you mean."

Mr. Paley was as good as his word. He started off just as he was. As they were going the chief warder made another remark:

"By the way, there is one cell we managed to get open—I opened it myself."

"I thought you said there was none?"

"There's that one—it's that man Mankell."

"Mankell? Who is he?"

"He came in yesterday. It's that magician."

When they reached the cells it was easy to perceive that something was wrong. The warders hung about in twos and threes; the noise was deafening; the prisoners were keeping holiday.

"Get me the keys and let me see what I can do. It is impossible that all the locks can have been tampered with."

They presented Mr. Paley with the keys. In his turn he tried every lock in the jail. This was not the work of a minute or two. The prison contained some 300 night cells. To visit them all necessitated not only a good deal of running up and down stairs, but a good deal of actual walking, for they were not only in different floors and in different blocks, but the prison itself was divided into two entirely separate divisions—north and south—and to pass from one division to the other entailed a walk of at least a hundred yards. By the time he had completed the round of the locks Mr. Paley had had about enough of it. It was not surprising that he felt a little bewildered—not one of the locks had shown any more readiness to yield to him than to the others.

In passing from one ward to the other he had passed the row of day cells in which was situated B 27. Here they found Oliver Mankell sitting in silent state awaiting the call to work. The governor pulled up at sight of him:

"Well, Mankell, so there was nothing the matter with the lock of your door?"

Mankell simply inclined his head.

"I suppose you know nothing about the locks of the other doors?"

Again the inclination of the head. The man seemed to be habitually chary of speech.

"What's the matter with you? Are you dumb? Can't you speak when you're spoken to?"

This time Mankell extended the palms of his hands with a gesture which might mean anything or nothing. The governor passed on. The round finished, he held a consultation with the chief warder.

"Have you any suspicions?"

"It's queer." Mr. Murray stroked his bristly chin.

"It's very queer that that man Mankell's should be the only cell in the prison left untampered with."

"Very queer indeed."

"What are we to do? We can't have the men locked up all day. It's breakfast time already. I suppose the cooks haven't gone down to the cook house?"

"They're locked up with the rest. (Barnes has been up to know what he's to do."

Barnes was the prison cook. The cooks referred to were six good-behavior men who were told off to assist him in his duties.

"If the food were cooked, I don't see how we should give it to the men."

"That's the question." Mr. Murray pondered. "We might pass it through the gas holes."

"We should have to break the glass to do it. You wouldn't find it easy. It's plate glass, an inch in thickness, and built into the solid wall."

There was a pause for consideration.

"Well, this is a pretty start. I've never come across anything like it in all my days."

Mr. Paley passed his hand through his hair. He had never come across anything like it either.

"I shall have to telegraph to the commissioners. I can't do anything without their sanction."

The following telegram was sent:

"Cannot get prisoners out of night cells. Something the matter with locks. Cannot give them any food. The matter is very urgent. What shall I do?"

The following answer was received:

"Inspector coming down."

The inspector came down—Major William Hardinge—a tall, portly gentleman with a very decided manner. When he saw the governor he came to the point at once.

"What's all this stuff?"

"We can't get the prisoners out of the night cells."

"Why?"

"There's something the matter with the locks."

"Have you given them any food?"

"We have not been able to."

"When were they locked up?"

"Yesterday evening at 6 o'clock."

"This is a very extraordinary state of things."

"It is, or I shouldn't have asked for instructions."

"It's now 3 o'clock in the afternoon. They've been without food for twenty-one hours. You've no right to keep them without food all that time."

"We are helpless. The construction of the night cells does not permit of our introducing food into the interior when the doors are closed."

"Have they been quiet?"

"They've been as quiet as under the circumstances was to be expected."

As they were crossing towards the north division the governor spoke again:

"We've been able to get one man out."

"One!—out of the lot!—how did you get him?"

"Oddly enough; the lock of his cell was the only one in the prison which had not been tampered with."

"Hum! I should like to see that man."

"His name's Mankell. He only came in yesterday. He's been pretending to magic powers—telling fortunes and that kind of thing."

"Only came in yesterday? He's begun early. Perhaps we shall have to tell him what his fortune's likely to be."

When they reached the wards the keys were handed to the inspector, who in his turn tried his hand. A couple of locksmiths had been fetched up from the town. When the major had tried two or three of the locks it was enough for him. He turned to the makers of locks:

"What's the matter with these locks?"

"Well, that's exactly what we can't make out. The keys go in all right, but they won't turn. Seems as though somebody had been having a lark with them."

"Can't you pick them?"

"They're not easy locks to pick, but we'll have a try."

"Have a try!"

They had a try, but they tried in vain. As it happened, the cell on which they commenced operations was occupied by a gentleman who had had considerable experience in picking locks—experience which had ended in placing him on the other side that door. He derided the locksmiths through the door.

"Well, you are a couple of keen ones! What, can't pick the lock? Why there ain't a lock in England I couldn't pick with a bent 'air pin: I only wish you was this side, starving like I am, and I was where you are, it wouldn't be a lock that would keep me from giving you food."

This was not the sort of language Major Hardinge was accustomed to hear from the average prisoner, but the major probably felt that on this occasion the candid proficient in the art of picking locks had a certain excuse. He addressed the baffled workmen:

"If you can't pick the lock, what can you do? The question is, what is the shortest way of getting inside that cell?"

"Get a watch saw," cried the gentleman on the other side of the door.

"And when you've got your watch saw?" inquired the major.

"Saw the whole lock right clean away. Lor' bless me! I only wish I was where you are, I'd show you a thing or two."

It's as easy as winking. Here's all us chaps a starving, all for want of a little hexperience!"

"A saw'll be no good," declared one of the locksmiths; "neither a watch saw nor any other kind of saw. How are you going to saw through those iron stanchions? You'll have to burst the door in, that's what it'll have to be."

"You won't find it an easy thing to do." This was from the governor.

"Why don't you take and blow the whole place up?" shouted a gentleman, also on the other side of the door, two or three cells off.

Long before this all the occupants of the corridor had been lending a very attentive ear to what was going on. The suggestion was received with roars of laughter. The major, however, preferred to act upon the workmen's advice. A sledge hammer was sent for.

While they were awaiting its arrival something rather curious happened—curious, that is, viewed in the light of what had gone before. Warder Slater formed one of the party. More for the sake of something to do than anything else, he put his key into the lock of the cell which was just in front of him. Giving it a gentle twist, to his amazement it turned with the greatest ease and the door was open.

"Here's a go!" he exclaimed. "Blest if this door ain't come open."

There was a yell of jubilation all along the corridor. The prisoners seemed to be amused. The official party kept silence. Possibly their feelings were too deep for words.

"Since we've got this one open," said Warder Slater, "suppose we try another."

He tried another, the next; the same result followed—the door was opened with the greatest of ease.

"What's the meaning of this?" spluttered the major. "Who's been playing this tomfoolery? I don't believe there's anything the matter with a lock in the place."

There did not seem to be, just then, for when the officers tried again they found no difficulty in unlocking the doors and setting the prisoners free.

(To be continued.)

## CHRONOLOGY OF THE MONTH.

June 19—The Boers are said to have plenty of ammunition and supplies. Five million pounds sterling of gold, filling eight cars, is said to have accompanied President Kruger.

20—The Republican national convention met. The meeting was devoid of enthusiasm and the program cut and dried.

21—The Filipinos have been invited to lay down their arms, full amnesty being proclaimed if they do so.

22—The wheat crop in the Northwest is a failure. In some places only one-third of a crop will be harvested.

23—The Fortieth volunteers, in the Philippines, were ambushed and seven killed and twelve wounded.

23—Ten thousand men are in Nome hoping to find gold, in what is termed the greatest fraud ever perpetrated on a lot of gold seekers.

24—Thirty-seven people were killed on the Macon branch of the Southern railway in Georgia.

25—The Oregon vote on equal suffrage was 28,402 in favor and 26,265 against. Suffrage leaders are jubilant over the good showing made.

26—It is gradually coming to light that the street cars in St. Louis were blown up by detectives so as to give them opportunities for making a reputation in unearthing the mystery.

27—Admiral Seymour's little army in China, which was hemmed in for ten days, has been relieved by 2,000 of the allies.

28—Japan is sending an army of 13,000 men to China.

29—The U. S. battleship Oregon, which made the famous run around Cape Horn in time to take part in the naval battle at Santiago, ran aground near Che Foo.

July 1—Two hundred lives were lost and ten million of property destroyed by fire in Hoboken, New Jersey, on the water front. The docks and steamers of the North German Lloyd Steamship Company were the principal losers.

2—The news has been received from Peking that the German minister, Baron Von Ketteler, was murdered by Boxers on the streets of Peking.

3—The relief force going to Peking has been checked. If the allies possessed as much real energy as they do talking ability a rescue might be effected.

4—The foreigners in Peking are said to be making a last stand in the British legation buildings and are short of food and ammunition.

5—Over a thousand foreigners are reported killed in Peking, and the emperor and dowager empress are supposed to have been poisoned.

6—The three silver parties are conferring at Kansas City with a view to making a united fight on the McKinley ticket.

7—The Silver Republicans have indorsed Bryan and Stevenson, thus lining up with the Democrats as in 1896.

7—The German emperor, in bidding farewell to the troops who were leaving for China, said they should not rest until the German colors were planted on the Chinese wall.

8—It is reported that the C. & A., the Kansas City South-

ern and the U. P. systems are to be amalgamated, thus helping to centralize the railway business.

9—The conspiracy cases have been begun in Kentucky against Caleb Powers and others. Much interest is manifested.

9—Troops are to be sent from the Philippines into China, as the delay in sending them from the U. S. is too great and Admiral Kempff's demand for them is urgent.

11—An expert has examined the Camp Bird mine at Ouray and values it at \$15,000,000.

11—The Chinese emperor is asking the help of foreign governments in suppressing the Boxers. He is thought to be in seclusion and unaware of what is going on.

13—Li Hung Chang will raise an army to help subdue the Boxers.

13—There is danger that the Blanket Indians in Minnesota will go on the war path. They have been dancing for some days.

16—The executive council of the American Federation of Labor met in Denver, Colorado. One of the objects of their visit is to bring the workers of the West in closer touch with their Eastern brethren.

17—The allies have been defeated by the Chinese and the Boxer crusade is spreading.

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### A CHARTER DRAPED.

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Anaconda, Colo., July 12, 1900.

Edward Boyce, Editor Miners' Magazine:

Dear Sir—The charter of the Anaconda Miners' Union is draped in mourning for one of our members who has left us for that unknown land from whose shores no traveler ever returns. Brother David Lagesse, who was a faithful member of our union, died of pneumonia June 27th at the residence of his brother, William Lagesse. Brother Lagesse was not one of those union men who pay their dues but never come near the hall. When possible he attended the meetings and was ever ready and willing to help the work along. His home was in Pentwater, Michigan, where he leaves an aged father and mother. His remains were sent there, accompanied by his brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. William Lagesse.

He has but left this world of trouble and gone to the land of rest. His memory will aid us to be better union men and help us to continue the struggle until we, too, are called.

—PRESS COMMITTEE.

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## DIRECTORY OF LOCAL UNIONS AND OFFICERS.

No.....	Name.....	Meeting Night.....	President	Secretary	P.O. Box..	Address..
<b>ARIZONA.</b>						
77	Chloride.....	Wed.	Thomas Roe....	Wesley Frazer..		Chloride.....
60	Globe.....	Tue..	Simon Kinsman	O. H. Bru.....	120	Globe.....
17	Helvetia.....	Thur	A. E. Paff.....	H.-L. Roper....		Helvetia.....
<b>BRIT. COL'BIA.</b>						
76	Gladstone.....	Sat..	John Hescott....	Wm. Goddard...		Fernie.....
22	Greenwood.....	Sat..	Walter Long....	M. H. Kane.....	134	Greenwood....
89	Kaslo.....	Fri..	Robert Pollock..	D. McPhail.....		Kaslo.....
43	McKinney.....	Sat..	John Corby.....			Camp McKinney
71	Moyie.....	Tue..	D. J. Elmer.....	W. R. Hocking..		Moyie.....
96	Nelson.....	Sat..	M. R. Mowatt....	James Wilks....	106	Nelson.....
97	New Denver.....	Sat..	D. J. Weir.....	C. M. Nesbitt...		New Denver...
8	Phoenix.....	Tue..	Frank Huckleby	John Riordan..		Phoenix.....
94	Rossland Mech'ic	Fri..	E. Hartell.....	J. R. Connell...	764	Rossland.....
38	Rossland.....	Wed	H. E. Abell.....	Wm. Willan....	421	Rossland.....
81	Sandon.....	Sat..	George Smith...	W. L. Hagler...	S	Sandon.....
95	Silverton.....	Sat..	W. S. Horton...	J. H. Elliott...		Silverton.....
62	Slocan.....	Wed.	J. A. Baker.....	A. E. Teeter...		Slocan City....
79	Whitewater.....	Sat..	Joseph McDonal	B. F. McIsaac..		Whitewater...
85	Ymir.....	Wed.	A. J. Hughes....	Alfred Parr....		Ymir.....
<b>CALIFORNIA.</b>						
61	Bodie.....	Tue..	A. N. Dodd.....	J. A. English...	6	Bodie.....
47	Confidence.....	Thur	B. Gibbs.....	W. T. Gurney...		Confidence....
70	Gold Cross.....	Tue..	C. M. O'Brien..	J. A. Vaughn...		Hedges.....
51	Mojave.....	Thur.	H. K. Steavens.	T. F. Delaney...		Mojave.....
48	Pinion Blanco...			Walter Shilling..		Coulterville...
44	Randsburg.....	Sat..	E. W. Mellarky	Ed Moran.....		Randsburg....
73	Tuolumne.....	Sat..	Jas. Opie.....	W. G. Herman...		
87	Summerville.....		C. K. Smith.....	T. McMahon...	35	Carter.....
39	Sierra Gorda.....			D. W. Winters..		Big Oak Flat..
<b>COLORADO.</b>						
75	Altman St. Eng'r.	Tue..	W. H. Leonard	D. C. Copley....	106	Independence..
21	Anaconda.....	Tue..	C. W. Rorke....	R. Mitchell....	296	Anaconda.....
13	Baldwin.....	Sat..	Henry Dahl....	W. A. Triplett..		Baldwin.....
89	Battle Mountain.	Sat..	C. L. Gilmer....	R. F. Stinson...		Gilman.....
64	Bryan.....	Sat..	James Ferguson	John C. Prinn...	134	Ophir.....
33	Cloud City.....	Sat..	T. J. Sullivan...	Chas. R. Burr..	132	Leadville.....

**THE MINERS MAGAZINE.**  
**DIRECTORY OF LOCAL UNIONS AND OFFICERS.**

No.....	Name.....	Meeting Night.....	President	Secretary	P.O.Box..	Address..
<b>COLORADO.</b>						
40	Cripple Creek.....	Sat..	Charles Outcalt.	Ed Campbell.....	1148	Cripple Creek..
82	C. C. St. Eng'rs..	Wed.	Thomas Davis..	E. L. Whitney..	771	Cripple Creek..
93	Denver S. M.....			B. P. Smith.....		3915 Wynkoop st
58	Durango M. & S.	Thur	Moses Shields...	Frank Wride....	1273	Durango.....
45	Eldora.....	Thur	D. H. Weaver..	W. J. Livingston		Eldora.....
80	Excelsior Eng....	Tue..	W. A. Morgan..	T. F. Callahan..	522	Victor.....
19	Free Coinage....	Fri..	W. B. Easterly..	C. F. Dillon....	91	Altman.....
92	Gillett M. & S...	Sat..	C. D. Baldwin...	E. S. Timmons..		Gillett.....
55	Lawson.....	Wed	H. Cadwalader..	M. O'Hagan....		Lawson.....
15	Ouray.....	Sat..	A. M. Prior....	Arthur Parker..	440	Ouray.....
6	Pitkin County...	Tue..	Theo. Saurer....	R. K. Sprinkle..	397	Aspen.....
36	Rico.....	Wed.	Charles Kelly...	Thos. C. Young..	427	Rico.....
26	Silverton.....	Sat..	W. J. Pearce....	E. U. Fletcher..	23	Silverton.....
27	Sky City.....	Tue..	Paul Walker....	Logan Summers		Red Mountain.
42	Superior.....			Fred Bockhouse.	35	Superior.....
63	16 to 1.....	Sat..	A. W. March....	Ed Oleson.....	638	Telluride.....
41	Ten Mile.....	Tue..	B. T. Holder....	W. P. Swallow..	212	Kokomo.....
32	Victor.....	Thur	W. R. Phelps...	Jerry Kelly.....	134	Victor.....
84	Vulcan.....	Sat..	Joe Smith.....	J. W. Smith.....		Vulcan.....
<b>IDAHO.</b>						
10	Burke.....	Tue..	B. Smith.....	John Kelley.....	207	Burke.....
52	Custer.....	Sat..	Wm. J. Bowen...	John Danielson..		Custer.....
53	De Lamar.....	Mon.	Jos. P. Langford.	Wm. Honey.....		De Lamar.....
11	Gem.....	Wed	Frank Monty...	J. L. Kane.....	107	Gem.....
37	Gibbonsville....	Wed.	John Riley.....	R. R. Dodge....	19	Gibbonsville...
9	Mullan.....	Sat..	R. Wheatley....	Jno. Hendrickson	30	Mullan.....
66	Silver City.....	Sat..	W. D. Heywood	Wm. Williams...		Silver City....
18	Wardner.....	Sat..	S. C. Stratton..	Victor Price....	162	Wardner.....
65	Wood River.....			William Batey..		Halley.....
<b>MISSOURI.</b>						
88	Joplin.....	Wed.	Ben Housley....	S. P. Cress.....		Joplin.....
<b>MONTANA.</b>						
57	Aldridge.....	Sat..	James Lenigan.	Joseph Gulde... 5		Aldridge.....
12	Barker.....	Thur	P. Franklin....	Joseph Boland..	1	Barker.....
23	Basin.....	Wed	Geo. Prince....	Henry Lidgate..		Basin.....
7	Belt Mont.....	Sat..	William Cheeck	C. H. Conner... 498		Neihart.....
1	Butte.....	Tue..	M. McCormick..	Patrick Peoples.	841	Butte.....
74	Butte M. & S....	Wed.	Luke Williams..	S. P. Johnson...	2	Butte.....
83	Butte Engineers.	Wed.	C. A. Lyford....	Joseph Corby...		Butte.....
67	Carbonado.....	Tue..	John Bergen...	J. K. Miller.....	284	Carbonado.....
86	Geo. Dewey.....	Fri..	C. C. Mitchell..	A. H. Marsh....	D	Granite.....
4	Granite.....	Tue..	Henry Lowney..	John Neumeyer.	790	Granite.....
16	G. Falls M. & S..	Sat..	Jos. Shuler....	James Finley...	71	G. Falls.....
35	Hassell.....	Sat..	J. Galvin.....	James Duncan..	71	Hassell.....
20	Martina.....	Sun..	M. L. Cook....	Eug. Wessinger.	207	Martina.....
29	Red Lodge.....	Mon.	Alex'r Fairgrave	Thomas Conway		Red Lodge....
25	Winston.....	Sat..	R. D. Myles....	R. F. Whyte....		Winston.....
<b>NEVADA.</b>						
72	Lincoln.....	Wed.	George A. Cole.	L. E. Edmunds..	76	De Lamar.....
49	Silver City.....	Tue..	S. Armstrong...	T. C. Wogan....	12	Silver City....
31	Tuscarora.....	Wed	I. W. Plumb....	S. H. Turner....	I	Tuscarora.....
46	Virginia.....	Fri..	W. A. Burns....	J. F. McDonell..		Virginia City..
<b>N. W. TERR</b>						
76	Gladstone.....	Sat..	John Hescott...	W. Goddard.....		Fernie.....
59	Lethbridge.....	Sat..	Henry Noble....	K. McDonald....		Lethbridge....
<b>OREGON.</b>						
91	Cornucopia.....	Sat..	Tim Shea.....	G. H. Berger....		Cornucopia....
<b>S. DAKOTA.</b>						
56	Custer.....			Geo. Knowles...		Custer.....
3	Central.....	Sat..	A. Erickson....	W. G. Friggins..	23	Central City...
14	Deadwood L. U.	Thur.	Marion Camma	John Evans....	950	Deadwood.....
2	Lead.....	Mon.	Thos. P. Nichols.	J. C. McLemore.	290	Lead.....
5	Terry Peak.....	Wed.	Jas. Richards..	C. H. Schaad....	174	Terry.....
68	Two Bit.....	Sat..	Seth Galvin....	H. J. Vanerlstein		Galena.....
<b>WASHINGTON.</b>						
28	Republic.....	Tue..	Jerry O'Donnell	James B. Dugan.	157	Republic.....
24	Sheridan.....	Sat..	Abe Hanson....	C. M. Wilson...	157	Toroda.....
<b>WYOMING.</b>						
98	Battle Creek....	Thur	E. E. Lind.....	F. L. Miller....		Republic.....
<b>UTAH.</b>						
99	Valley S. U.....	Sat..	Wm. Bogart....	H. T. Hofeling..		Murray.....
	Sandle S. U.....	Tue..	C. B. Brown....	Wm. Halstead...		Sandle.....

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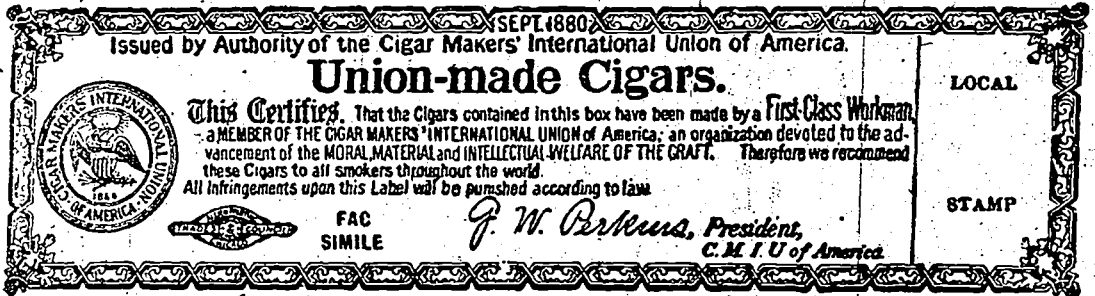
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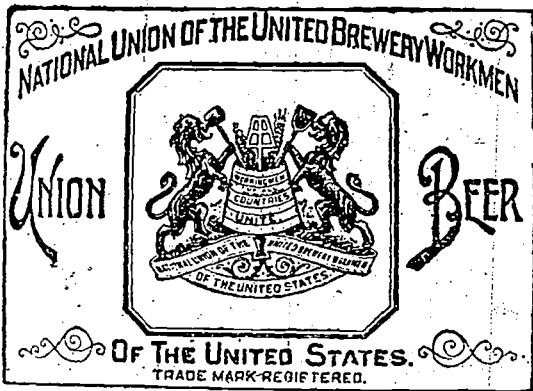
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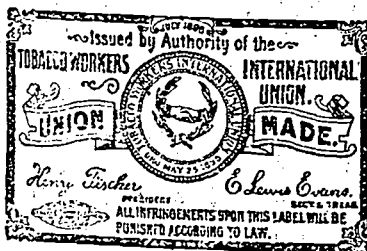
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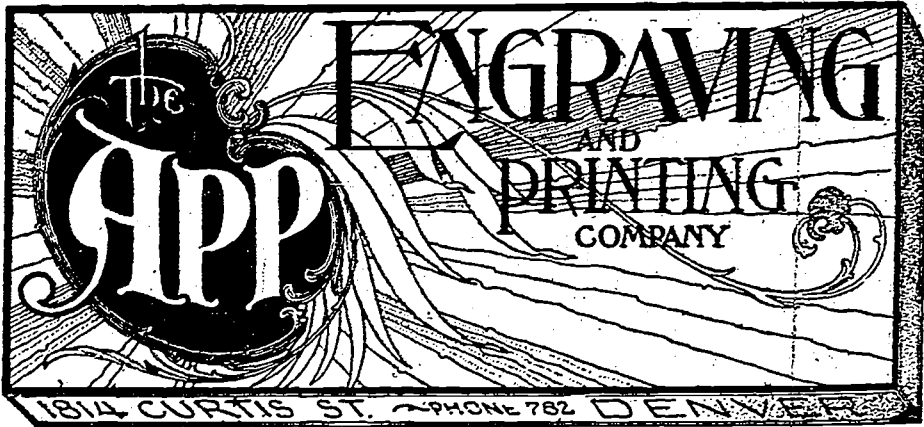


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