



HALL OWNED BY FREE COINAGE MINERS' UNION No. 19, W. F. M.
ALTMAN, COLORADO

THE
Miners' Magazine

OCTOBER, 1902.

JOHN M. O'NEILL, Editor.

Published by the Western Federation of Miners.
\$1.00 a Year.

Address all Communications to Miners' Magazine.

Unions are requested to write some communication each month for publication. Write plainly, on one side of paper only; where ruled paper is used write only on every second line. Communications not in conformity with this notice will not be published.

Subscribers not receiving their Magazine will please notify this office by postal card, stating the numbers not received. Write plainly, as these communications will be forwarded to the postal authorities.

Entered at the postoffice at Denver, Colorado, as second class matter.

THE GHOST WALKS.

The Democratic journals of the state are clamoring for the organized labor vote on the grounds that the Democratic party has been a loyal and devoted friend to the interests of the working classes. In glancing over the files of the Rocky Mountain News of the year 1894 we find the following in the Associated Press reports:

"Camp Divide, Divide, Colo., May 29.—The only incidents to-day were the arrival of the morning train bearing Captain Williams of Colorado Springs with forty men, including the twenty-three men captured by the strikers at the Independence mine last Friday, and later of Insley from Colorado Springs with twenty-two. The captains of A, B, C, D, E, F and G—Smith, Dunnington, Wilcox, Hefkin, Thompson, Roxton and Insley."

The working man has a struggle, the capitalist has a cinch.

The capture of the powers of the government by the producing class is the supreme issue of the hour.

If you desire to know where hell is located, direct a communication to the miners of the anthracite regions for your answer.

An injunction from a federal court knocks out the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States in one round.

The working man who casts his vote for the Democratic or Republican party is making a present of his elective franchise to the enemy.

The Central Labor Union of Philadelphia has come out squarely for Socialism. The great struggle in the anthracite regions is doing great missionary work.

When a few men have all the "supply" and the whole people have got the "demand" prices go up. Why should we not have prosperity in big waves?

The mine owners opposed the release of the strikers who were imprisoned by order of the federal court. Who said that the interests of labor and capital were identical?

The high school cadets wear the uniform that pleases the eye of the capitalist. The school room is fast becoming the recruiting station to teach the "young idea how to shoot."

When "Uncle Sam" runs the department store in the interest of the people, there will be no boss to tell the young salesladies that they must secure a "friend" to make up the deficiency in their salaries.

Will some working man who has been voting the Democratic or Republican tickets tell us whether the injunctions issued by Judges Jackson and Keller are Democratic or Republican injunctions? We want to place the responsibility where it belongs.

LEADVILLE OF YORE AND NOW.

A little less than a quarter of a century ago the electric wires flashed from the Atlantic to the Pacific that the miner in his daring and tireless exploration of the western mountains, had uncovered vast beds of precious mineral in the state of Colorado. The glowing pictures of wealth portrayed by the press caused men of all occupations and professions to sever the ties that bound them to kindred and home and wend their way towards the Rockies to become beneficiaries in the fabulous wealth that was supposed to be locked within the rocky vaults of the towering hills that now cast their shadows upon the city of Leadville. Every state and territory was represented in the grand rush that flocked to the "Switzerland of America." Day by day the population of the embryo mining camp increased, and soon the mountains were covered with an army of prospectors to tear from the silent warehouses of nature the metals that have written the name of Leadville upon the stock boards of the world. As the hills continued to yield their treasure, the forest of pines disappeared, and in its place grew up a great mining metropolis, giving employment to thousands of men who had left the stifed atmosphere of eastern cities to grow up with the West and escape the competition of a glutted labor market. Leadville for a few years was an oasis in the desert for the man who had no capital but his muscle. But as men accumulated wealth mining corporations were formed and labor was forced to organize to defend itself from the slow but sure encroachment of capitalistic greed. In 1880 the clash came between employer and employe, and the corporations, aided by the business men and the state militia, forced the miner, the pioneer who blazed the trail and planted the symbols of civilization in the wilderness, to succumb and accept the terms offered by the fellows who owned the jobs. Leadville again put on her industrial clothes and the miner wielded the pick and hammer, the same as of yore, for the benefit of his master, whose dividends and profits must not be lessened by an increase in the wages of his slave. The business man chuckled in glee as he counted his profits, wrung from the serf, and felt that he was a benefactor to society, when, in conjunction with the state militia and the corporations, he was instrumental in driving back to the bowels of the earth the tin bucket brigade who murmured against long hours and a paltry share in the output of the mines.

Years rolled on and the business man and the mining magnate waxed fat upon the muscle of the human machine, who delved to pay his grocery bill and clothe his family. Not a cloud obscured the sunshine of the business man's prosperity. His credit was good at the bank, and as long as the victim of toil worked 365 days in the year the future would glow with a roseate hue.

In the year 1893 a financial earthquake awakened the business man and employer to the unpleasant fact that the giants of Wall and Lombard streets were more potent than a joint association of state militia, merchant and mine owner. The clouds of adversity gathered and thickened, and the exploiters of labor grew eloquent in their appeals to the miner that silver must be remonetized to save the great mining camp from irreparable ruin. The miner was generous. He obliterated from his memory the recollection of the pick handle merchant squad, who joined hands with his mercenary and heartless oppressor in the year 1880. He forgot the base ingratitude and injustice of employer and business man, whose combined efforts shattered his organization and forced him but a few years before to adopt more rigid economy in the expenses of his household. He went down into his pocket and took from his lean savings contributions to swell the political fund to fight the battle for the restoration of silver to its former ratio of 16 to 1. He not only contributed his money, but went to the ballot box to register his protest against the injury of the profit-mongers who had grown opulent and arrogant upon the product which his ill-paid labor had torn from the rock-ribbed dungeons of the earth. He did more. When the wheels of industry were rusting in motionless indolence; when great hoisting plants stood upon the mountain side like huge monuments of folly, mocking the despair of mine owner and merchant, the miner gallantly came to the rescue and in his unselfish magnanimity sacrificed a percentage of his former wages to avert the disaster which threatened to submerge the great mining camp beneath the waves of irretrievable bankruptcy. The mine owner and the merchant soon ceased to remember the sacrifices that the miner had made during the stringency of the panic when the times "tried men's souls."

In 1896 the miner respectfully requested that his wage schedule be restored. He felt that three years of sacrifice and self-denial merited some consideration at the hands of the men whom he had aided during the perilous year of 1893. Again the mine owner refused to listen to his petition for justice.

Again the merchant allied himself with the corporation to compel the wage convict to go back to his work-cell in order that commercial stagnation might not clog the arteries of business. Again was the state militia called to the "city above the clouds," and the merchant smiled with joy when the Napoleon and the Gatling gun forced the miner to pick up the hammer and drill and work side by side with the importations from the scab-hatcheries of the eastern states. But the smile that wreathed the lips of the merchant in Leadville has now vanished, never to come back. The smooth and placid brow is wrinkled with the letters of hopeless despair. The business man of the once famous Leadville can look into the near future and behold his dissolution. His finish is close at hand. The great smelter trust has reached out its grasping tentacles and is strangling the mine owner in its deathless and merciless grasp. The great caverns where hundreds and thousands of men spent almost half their lives in reaping untold treasure for the haughty few are filling with water because the trust in its consolidation has become the unquestioned dictator of the terms by which the mine owner can operate his properties. The merchant and the corporation are powerless to call out the state militia to crush this colossal syndicate of capital that can wreck cities and states without fear of Gatling guns or Napoleons. The "brave boys in blue" are powerless to conquer and subdue this insatiable giant of commercial genius, as they did the helpless miner in 1880 and 1896. The business man and the mine owner is up against it. The leveling process is going on rapidly, and in a few years there will be an army of ex-merchants and ex-mine owners numbered with the jobless wage slaves, who will then have some conception of what oppression means. Let the evolution go on. Let the trust fill the world with the midnight of gloom, and then society will rise in its intellectual strength and welcome a co-operative commonwealth that will absorb selfishness and tyranny in the brotherhood of man.

The business men of Chicago have organized for the purpose of preventing their teamsters from interfering in strikes called by other labor unions. The interests of the business men are identical. The interests of the laboring men are identical, no matter in what department of labor they may be engaged, and whenever a sympathetic strike will force the oppressor to his knees, organized labor will grasp the opportunity.

When humanity receives justice the prison and the alms house will be abolished.

The laboring people in the past have been using their ballots as weapons to club themselves into subjection.

The politician and office seeker is now busily engaged in working his nationality, religion and his love for the laboring man for ballots.

The International Harvesting Company has incorporated under the laws of New Jersey with a capitalization of \$120,000,000 for the benefit of the farmer.

Under the present system men linger from the cradle to the grave. Under Socialism men would live. There is a vast difference between living and lingering.

Part of the Canadian Rifles returned home from the Boer war shirtless and sockless as a result of their gallant scrap in behalf of England's Napoleons of finance. Patriotism is receiving its reward.

Union men can find no words sufficiently severe to denounce the man who usurps the place of another during a conflict between labor and capital. But this same union man continues to vote the system that breeds the scab.

Let every union man in the state of Colorado ask himself the question: What benefits have I received in voting for the Democratic or Republican parties? If you have nothing in your possession upon which you can take an inventory there certainly must be something wrong with the quality of the gray matter in your temple of reason.

In France and England there have been established "free" labor organizations. The object of these organizations is to furnish the employers with "scabs" whenever a conflict takes place between labor and capital. These organizations are imbued with the idea that the interests of labor and capital are identical, or, in other words, that the more profit the master is able to fleece from his slaves, the more prosperity enters the hovel of the proletariat. Verily, the skull of the muscular animal is dense.

The coal miners struck on the industrial field for a trifling increase of wages. Why do they not strike one day in the year at the ballot box and get the whole cheese?

The coal trust and the food trust are presenting problems which unionism must solve. When the stomach becomes empty the "wheels" in the mental machinery of humanity will commence to move.

Reform is merely a patch upon wrong. No man would be so foolish as to sew a patch on a coat that has become rotten through decomposition. Our civilization is rotten, and patching the present system will only result in the corruption of the patch.

How long will the laboring people continue to uphold a system that produces homeless toilers, jails and criminals, hoboes and gamblers, prostitutes and parasites, millionaires and tramps, brown stone fronts and garrets, and fills the world with hate and misery?

The trust is an economic invention. The great packing houses of the trust are able to utilize for profit every particle of a hog, and it is said that Armour & Co. have employed the brain of a commercial genius to corner the squeal of the porker when its throat is cut to demonstrate that consolidation eliminates waste.

Socialism will transform this earth from a hell of crime to a paradise. Take away the incentive for one man to profit on another and humanity will become a brotherhood. Men can only reach the highest intellectual development under the co-operative commonwealth. Men cannot be fraternal as long as they are in the labor market bidding for each other's jobs.

A physician writing under the caption of "Good Health," recommends the use of fruit in ridding the digestive tract of germs. We know of a far less expensive remedy, and if the physician and those whose stomachs are filled with germs will only go to work in the anthracite regions of Pennsylvania we will venture to stake our medical reputation upon the fact that germs in the stomach will discommode them but very little in the future. Vacuums in the stomach have but little fascination for germs.

PRESIDENT MOYER'S TRIP IN THE NORTHWEST.

Editor Miners' Magazine—Having lately returned from an extended trip into British Columbia, I presume our readers might be interested in learning of conditions in that part of our jurisdiction.

On July 13th we received a communication from Brother James A. Baker, member of the executive board, notifying us that a strike had been declared by the Gladstone Miners' Union against the Crow's Nest Pass Coal Company, and asking that I go there immediately. I left Denver Tuesday, July 15th, going direct to Nelson, B. C., where I was met by Brother Baker, and after thoroughly discussing the situation at Fernie, we decided to go there. We arrived in Fernie on July 19th and in the evening of that date had the pleasure of meeting with the survivors of the terrible explosion which occurred in the mines there on May 25th, when 138 members of Gladstone Union were hurled into eternity through the carelessness of the Crow's Nest Pass Coal Company. The mines of Fernie, for some time past, were known to be unsafe, but owing to the fact that the dividends of the company would have been somewhat reduced if the necessary appliances for ventilation had been furnished and the vast accumulation of dust removed, the men were compelled to risk their lives unnecessarily to satisfy the avarice and greed of the company. Many of those who escaped told me that for months before the explosion, when they bade their wives and children good bye in the morning to go on shift, they never expected to see them again. As proven by competent witnesses at the inquest, and the verdict of the jury, this could all have been avoided had the company expended a small sum of money for the purpose of protecting human life, but through their greed for gain they have virtually taken the lives of these men, leaving a great many families destitute. But after doing all this, we found that they were not yet satisfied. Following in the steps of this terrible disaster, they installed a new manager from the coal fields of Pennsylvania, who, even before the bodies of the victims were removed from the mine, notified the men that the old established custom of working must be changed, and instead of eight hours' work, which had been in vogue since the mines were first opened, and was the custom throughout the entire province, they would be compelled to spend over nine hours under ground. This the men rebelled against, and

when we arrived there, were all out and firm in their determination not to return to work under the new order.

On July 22nd, accompanied by Brother Baker, I visited Mr. Stockett, superintendent of the company, for the purpose of arriving at a settlement of the difficulty, if possible. He informed us that the company was very desirous of a settlement, but they would not recede one inch from the position they had taken. At this time the new general manager, Mr. Tonkin, was in the East, and on July 19th forty miners from Pennsylvania were unloaded at Michel and the object of his visit was made plain. These men were all members of the United Mine Workers and had been on strike in Pennsylvania for some time. Tonkin and agents of the Crow's Nest company had taken advantage of their condition, representing that there was no trouble in their mines and that they could make big wages. The men were all penniless when they arrived, but regardless of the fact, positively refused to go to work without permission from the union.

Realizing that it was the intention of the company to increase the force and the output of coal and coke at Michel, thereby making it possible to fill their contracts and continue the shut down at Fernie indefinitely, we decided to call the men out at Michel, which was done on July 29th, completely shutting down the mines and coke oven at that place, and on July 31st Mr. Tonkin requested a conference. This was held on the evening of that date, resulting in a satisfactory adjustment of the difficulty, and on August 5th the strike was declared off, the company virtually conceding every point involved. But just at this time, when every one was rejoicing that the trouble was over, Mr. Tonkin demonstrated to his company that they had made no mistake in selecting him as their general manager, and although he had failed to force the men to work longer hours, he, in direct contradiction to his statement made to myself and committees from the union, that there would be no change in the price of mining coal, at this late hour presented a scale reducing the price from five to fifteen per cent. and demanding that the union sign the same. This they refused to do, but decided to go back to work under protest, and if Mr. Tonkin insists on enforcing his scale he will find his trouble just begun in the Crow's Nest Pass.

In the camps of Morrissey and Michel the company claims everything in sight. Here you find but one store, which, of course, belongs to the company. This is where you spend your wages or you don't work for the Crow's Nest company.

Any one getting off the train or walking into these towns is sized up by the officials of the company, and if they conclude that you are there for the purpose of talking unionism you are notified to move on. Should you stop, the boarding house keepers are instructed not to accommodate you, and if they disobey orders they are given thirty days' notice to vacate. Mr. Tonkin says this will all be changed, and that it is his intention to establish a new system which will be of great benefit to the men, but we have our doubts whether a general manager who will order out his office force to load coke and himself take the place of a \$2 a day man and scab, as Mr. Tonkin did on August 1st, will do anything to benefit the men working in the Crow's Nest mine.

Tuesday evening, July 24th, I had the pleasure of meeting with the Frank Miners' Union. This is a union of coal miners, but what a difference between Frank and Michel, where the men are compelled to sneak into the woods, like hunted criminals, in order to hold a union meeting. At Frank we find every man working in the camp a member of the union, recognized by the company, have a nice little hall in which to meet, money in their treasury, and pay a sick and funeral benefit, and are not only a credit to the W. F. of M., but are respected and appreciated by every one in the town of Frank.

On July 25th I returned to Fernie, remaining there until August 6th, when I left for Nelson, where I was met by Brother Wilks, secretary of the Nelson union, and decided to return and meet with that union at some future date. Leaving Nelson on August 8th at 8 a. m. I arrived in Greenwood at 6:30 p. m. Secretary Dougherty had called a special meeting of the union, which was well attended, considering the fact that the smelter and most of the mines were closed and a number of the members had left camp.

Saturday, the 8th, with Brother Dougherty, we drove to Phoenix and attended the regular meeting of that union. Here we met our old friends, Riardon, Kane and a number of others, and after a very pleasant meeting we drove back to Greenwood, where I was compelled to lay over until Monday, leaving for Rossland at 3:20 p. m., where I arrived Tuesday morning and was met by Brother Baker, and in company left for Nelson at 7:30 a. m., arriving at 10:20 a. m. A special meeting of the union had been called for that evening, at which a large number of the members were present. After a very interesting meeting, refreshments were served and we departed well pleased with our visit.

Leaving Nelson Monday at 9:30, we arrived at Slocan City at 11:20 and in the evening met with one of the best little unions in the W. F. of M. Here they own their hall and hospital; are fully aware of the necessity of looking after their own interests and go at their work with a determination to succeed.

Thursday evening we visited with the brothers at Silverton, and Friday evening at New Denver. At both places we found times very dull, but the meetings were well attended and the members very enthusiastic.

Saturday evening we had the pleasure of attending the regular meeting of the Sandon union. Here we found a local that is second to none in the Federation, owning their own hall, which is a fine two-story structure, the first floor being used for an opera house, with lodge rooms and offices on the second. They also have one of the neatest little hospitals in the entire province. We left Sandon Sunday at 1:30 p. m., having enjoyed every moment of time spent there and feeling confident of a bright future for No. 81.

Monday evening we were present at a special meeting of the Rossland union and were agreeably surprised to see the progress being made by that local. Thirteen candidates were obligated, and after a general discussion under the head of good and welfare, refreshments were served and my visit to British Columbia ended with one of the most enjoyable evenings spent while in the province.

I desire to extend my thanks to the brothers of district No. 6 for their courteous treatment during my visit, and especially to Brother Baker, who accompanied me and assisted in every way possible.

CHAS. H. MOYER,
President W. F. of M.

The child of the laboring man under our present system is an ally of the capitalist. When labor is on strike and the babies commence to cry through the pangs of hunger the iron resolution of the striker melts and the wage slave surrenders unconditionally.

The Cotton Duck Trust of New Hartford, Connecticut, has changed its location of operations to Alabama, where they can employ the children as soon as they are able to toddle from the cradle to the factory. The good old Democratic party of the state of Alabama does not believe in such a luxury as an education for the brat of the wage slave.

A suit of clothes is not woven from the fiber of a man's character.

General Gobin can now write his name in history as the American Weyler.

The miner in the anthracite regions lives in a hovel, his master in a mansion.

The American citizen who goes through life as a wage slave is a hopeless drudge who has existed but not lived.

No intelligent man voluntarily works for another. Why should American citizenship vote for a continuation of wage slavery?

A few men can meet in Wall street and 80,000,000 of people are on the anxious bench awaiting developments. These men rule, and not the majority of the American people.

The black man knew he was a slave, but hundreds of thousands of working men who call themselves American citizens have failed to realize, as yet, that they are slaves.

Capitalism holds in its grasp the happiness and honor of men and women. A united ballot on the part of labor will restore this pawned heritage into the keeping of society.

The fraternal organizations are being used by the politicians to climb into office. The professional office seeker generally flaunts a number of society buttons on the lapel of his coat.

Mr. Baer, the pirate of the anthracite regions, according to his own statement, is by "divine right" intrusted with the earth's coal supply. This modern Pharisee, in his wild scramble for wealth, has forgotten the teachings of Christ.

The chattel slave was never forced to look for a master. The master sought him, but to-day an army of idle wage slaves are seeking masters begging for the privilege of being granted an opportunity to exist. Can there be any independence in the citizenship of the American laborer while industrial conditions makes him a beggar, soliciting a job?

CONDITIONS IN GLOBE, ARIZONA.

A communication of September 12th from Henry Vivian, a member of the Globe Miners' Union, contains the following: "Notice to the Employes of the Old Dominion Mining Company.—The mine and smelter will be closed after 5:30 p. m. to-day." The notice is signed by F. W. Hoar, the superintendent.

Mr. Vivian says that there were 300 men working on the Old Dominion mine. The order to close down came from Boston, and no one in Globe seems to know as to the exact reason of the closing down of the property. There are many families in Globe depending upon the operation of this company's plant. Mr. Vivian reports the mining camps of Arizona crowded with men. Globe has a Socialist club, many of the members being members of the Western Federation of Miners. The Socialists of Globe have nominated a full county ticket and drafted a platform that rings with the demands of men that have thrown off the dominating yoke of capitalism and in words that have but one interpretation declare for economic and industrial freedom. Mr. Vivian, our correspondent, is an old-time miner of Idaho, Montana and Colorado and a prominent Socialist, who is putting his shoulder to the wheel in advocating the principles which mean the liberation of men.

WILL YOU BE DECEIVED?

The Colorado Labor News has the following to say in reference to the election of representatives to the next session of the Legislature: "In every county of the state organized labor should have one or more good, honest, consistent men as candidates for the Legislature, and should see that they are elected."

The same cry has been raised by labor journals since unionism in this country commanded the slightest recognition from the two old parties. The representatives of both parties have always been willing to dole out a few crumbs to the labor leaders, who, on many occasions, have sacrificed principles and led their trusting constituency to believe that labor was fully and justly rewarded when an official of some union was given an opportunity to crawl to the public crib and draw a salary. The politician feels convinced that the counterfeit labor leader will be able to vote his cattle to swell the majority of either of the old parties, and the fellow who has the confidence of the

labor organization is the requisite and indispensable tool of the political knave to further the interests of both capitalistic parties, who vie with each other on the eve of election to give recognition to a few cheap "tinhorn" demagogues who record their names on the register of unionism to work their organization to feather their own nest. We may hurl the artillery of our denunciation against the wrongs which the Carnegies, the Pullmans, the Goulds, the Vanderbilts and the Morgans have perpetrated upon the masses struggling to maintain the constitutional liberty of American citizenship, but we dare to say that the man or men who attain prominence and popularity in a labor organization and use their union prestige to climb the political ladder, are far greater enemies to the weal and prosperity of the laboring classes than the most heartless corporations that ever cursed this earth with their damnable presence. The labor warrior whose head is swollen with self-importance and who believes that he should wear the crown of political honor as compensation for the cheap and flimsy service that he has rendered to the labor organization of which he has been a member, is a traitor who would have sold Christ for less silver than was required to bribe the infamous Judas Iscariot.

For many sessions of the Legislature in this state we have had labor representatives, but whether they were honest or dishonest, they failed to change the conditions that make the laboring man the submissive serf of the employer. Four years ago, with seventeen members of organized labor in the House and Senate, not a single bill was placed upon the statute books of the Centennial state that had any significance towards improving or ameliorating the hard, rigorous struggle that faces the masses in the deathless contest to eke out an existence that is as barren of hope as a graveyard is void of human animation. Such journals as the Colorado Labor News, for more than a quarter of a century, have been giving the laboring people the same flim-flam political prescription—namely, to get representation in the old political parties—and the result is that no one has been benefited except the impostor who has worked the union for a political job. We say to the laboring men of the state of Colorado that the men who pose as heroes in labor's ranks and accept nominations in Democratic or Republican conventions should be buried so deep, politically, that they will never again have a resurrection. No labor representative can accomplish anything substantial by legislation as long as the present system curses humanity with its baleful

influence. As long as laws that are inimical to the interests of corporations are not enforced, and as long as courts can nullify legislation that is favorable to labor, there can be no peace in the industrial field. The laboring people have been voting the old party tickets on the advice of paid labor hirelings in the ranks of journalism and unionism, and they have been hit with "Jeffersonian simplicity" and the "full dinner pail" in close proximity to the collar button. The laborer under the present system is a pauper, and he cannot improve his impoverished condition by being represented in the capitalistic parties. He cannot expect that the old parties that are owned and controlled by the moneyed magnates of the nation will permit the political machinery to be operated in the interests of humanity. There are but two classes in this country—the wage slaves and the fleecers—and the only party that will exterminate masked piracy and modern brigandage under the name of business and profit, and emancipate the worker, is the Socialist party.

The concentration of capital has dispossessed labor of the tools of production, and labor cannot hope to win them back by voting the ticket that means the perpetuation of a master in power. The Labor News of Colorado has got the Gompers brand upon its columns, and it is not to be expected that the disciple of the Israelite colleague of Mark Hanna will give expression to his honest convictions as to the only remedy that will tear from labor's brow the "crown of thorns."

The man who agrees with everybody has some object in view.

If every labor union in America declared for Socialism we would enjoy the blessings of a co-operative commonwealth before the hands on the dial of time marked another year.

Truesdale, the colleague of President Baer, in his great charity for humanity, has advised the miners of the Keystone state to eat hay. He is another commercial magnate who has cornered his millions by "divine right."

Marcus A. Hanna, the great "labor leader," expects to clean up \$4,000,000 if the perpetual street railway franchise is granted to his co-laborers. The city of Cleveland will not miss this little token of her esteem for her honored citizen. The slaves are working.

Wage slavery and capitalism are monuments of barbarism.

The laboring men must apply the political strike to end the industrial strike.

Any one can be a Democrat or a Republican, but it requires brains to be a Socialist.

The laboring man howls against the injunction but votes for the system which prolongs its life.

Organizer B. F. Barber requests that all miners stay away from Jackson, Amador county, California.

The Socialists of Wisconsin have placed a full state ticket in the field and are gathering their forces to make an energetic campaign for industrial liberty.

The Western Union Telegraph Company in Chicago has replaced the striking messenger boys with 400 girls. Many of these girls have commenced the novitiate course that will terminate in a brothel, yet society is helpless to save them from ruin.

The army and navy have been indulging in a sham battle in order that the firing of explosive shells might relieve the surplus in the treasury of Uncle Sam. An appropriation can be made by Congress to engage in mimic warfare, but it would be unconstitutional and smack of paternalism for the Washington statesmen to vote a few millions for the robbed and starved miners of Pennsylvania. Abraham Lincoln's words that "this is a government of the people, by the people and for the people" is becoming a great joke in the morning of the twentieth century.

The spectacle of the nation falling upon its knees and begging J. P. Morgan to end the coal strike would be a picture for the immortal Washington to contemplate. Was it for this spectacle that the "Father of his Country" and the patriots of '76 braved the hell of war for eight long years? Was it for this exhibition of humiliation that patriotism crimsoned American soil from Lexington to Gettysburg? It is about time to end the farce. Morgan must be dethroned or American citizenship should preach the oration at the grave of liberty.

STRIKE AT THE ROOT.

The Chicago American publishes an account of a young man who, through an excessive indulgence in the flowing bowl, became crazed and killed his two children. The American in an editorial, warns young men not to drink if they are liable to become drunk. The American does not reach down to the root of the evil, because it fails to show the causes that lead men into the barroom to drown the memory of a life that is cursed with the never-ending struggle to obtain the bare necessities of life. Intemperance will go on and increase until the incentive for profit is destroyed. As long as the sale of whisky brings coin to the coffers of the dispenser of liquid poison, and as long as competition in the labor market grows fiercer, the inclination for men to forget their misery in the lethargy and stupor of inebriation will become stronger and warnings will have but little effect upon the rising generation. Socialism is the only cure for intemperance, because Socialism will make it possible for men to receive the full product of their toil and instead of lingering upon the crusts and bones that are thrown to labor as a compensation for muscular and mental service, the worker will be able to secure for himself and his family some of the comforts and luxuries that will beautify the span between the cradle and the grave with the roses of joy and happiness. Under the present system of spoilation the laborer can only forget the wrongs and the burdens under which he groans by firing his brain with an elixir that will paint artificial visions upon the black gloom that shrouds his miserable existence. Destroy the system that beggars labor to coin Shylocks and the liquor palaces that have built prisons and poor houses will vanish from our civilization.

ANDREWS IN ERROR.

Dr. E. Benjamin Andrews of the Nebraska University places the responsibility of shame and sin on the lonely and disconsolate bachelor. The melancholy and wifeless he-animal is branded as a degenerate because he refuses to take unto himself a rib, and operate a kid factory for the benefit of corporations who coin millions from the childhood of the rising generation. The men and women who enter wedlock knowing that their lives will be one continual grind to keep the wolf of hunger from the door and propagate a race of serfs to perpetuate the present, damnable system, deserve the maledictions

of their offspring and the censure of every honest man who feels and believes that every child should have an opportunity to grow in unrestrained physical development and kindle in the mental chambers of its brain the fires of intellectual light. The sin and shame of the world are the products of poverty. The capitalistic system alone is responsible for poverty. The wage earner has a right to woo, to love, to wed and feel the dimpled fingers of a babe, and hear the music of its innocent prattle, but he has no right to be instrumental in ushering into the world a child whose life will be incarcerated in the coal mine or the factory. Professor Andrews should devote his energies in abolishing poverty, by advocating that labor shall receive the full product of its toil, and then the bachelor will welcome a life partnership with the tempter of Adam.

The Democratic and Republican parties are the tools used by the capitalists to divide labor at the ballot box.

A civilization that forces the parent to send his children to the coal mine and the factory instead of the school room is a blot on the twentieth century.

A national convention of employers and employes has been held at Minneapolis, but the chasm between master and slave is just as wide as ever. No bridge will ever span the breach between labor and capital until the products of labor are utilized for use and not for profit.

The women of Georgia have been forced, through pity, to take up the fight of the factory child and are now preparing a petition to be presented to the law makers of that state. If they succeed in having a law passed prohibiting the employment of children it will be practically worthless, as the factory potentates will ignore the law. Laws are worthless until poverty is banished from our land.

The Duchess of Marlborough, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Astor, expressed a desire to visit our warships while engaged in clown warfare, and immediately the comic opera battle ceased so that our plutocratic patriots could gaze upon the internal machinery of our marine monsters of murder. How many millions of wage slaves would it require to have such an influence with the military and naval nobility of proud Columbia?

PREACH AND ACT LIKE CHRIST.

Why do men go to the saloon and forget to pay at least a weekly visit to the temple of the Lord?

That question is easily answered. The church stands in opposition to everything that means the emancipation of labor. The saloon, with all its drunken debauchery, is open every day in the week and amuses its patrons with music, games and sometimes a free lunch. The church stands like a forbidding prison; its doors are locked against the Lazarus and offers nothing but a tract to the unfortunate representative of God's image who is suffering from the pangs of hunger and the shivering cold. The saloon has its friendly stoves that are generous in the distribution of heat to the poor as well as the rich, but the church is wrapped in the snow bank of its pharisaical righteousness, as cold as the frozen regions in the Arctic circle.

The preacher's stereotyped sermon fails to touch a responsive chord in the breast of the weary victim of toil, whose heart has become as callous as his hand. The church must open its doors and flood its aisles and pews with the sunlight of that Christianity which made the lowly Nazarene immortal and planted in the souls of men the germs of brotherhood. Observance of ancient traditions and an external show of religion without the true spirit of that universal charity which permeated the character of Christ will not have a magnetic fascination for the mortal who is continually carrying his cross to Calvary to be crucified every day by the remorseless greed of insatiable commercialism. Let the minister preach the pure and unadulterated doctrines of the Socialist Jesus, and there will be no vacant seats in the temples that have been reared to glorify an Omnipotent God. Stand like Christ, refusing to be a sycophant, and scourge with your tongues the combinations that ignore and mock in derision the agonies of impoverished humanity and the masses will look upon the church as an exponent of eternal truth and justice, that will leaven the world with a hope that the kingdom will come "on earth as it is in heaven."

The Democratic state convention that was held at Des Moines, Iowa, ignored the currency question and failed to endorse the last national platform. It is strange that Colorado Democracy should differ with the political sentiments of the "unwashed" in the Hawkeye state.

INDEPENDENT POLITICAL ACTION.

The Bottlers and Bottle Beer Drivers' Union No. 58 of Denver of the United Brewery Workers of America, have officially severed affiliations with the old parties and in bold, uncompromising language proclaimed their faith in the creed of Socialism. The advanced men of this union have been burning the midnight oil investigating the problems which confront the great industrial army of the world, and after a cool, calm survey of the conditions which threaten more absolute obedience of the toiler to his master, have concluded that the co-operative commonwealth must be established to save humanity from complete and abject serfdom. The brewery workers realize that the ballot is the only lawful weapon under the constitution by which labor can be delivered from the bondage of servility. They recognize that not one single plank in the platform of the capitalist parties holds out a hope or promise that the proletariat shall enjoy the full product of his toil until a united effort at the ballot box shall rescue the powers of government from the grasp of corporate greed. The following is the ultimatum of the Denver local:

"Whereas, The time has come when we should stand for the good of all working men and liberty of all; be it

"Resolved, That we, the Bottlers and Bottle Beer Drivers' Union No. 58 of the United Brewery Workers of America, do declare ourselves as in favor of Socialism and are opposed to all politicians working for the capitalist parties."

The competitive system feeds the lives of children to the maw of commercialism.

Teddy Roosevelt has become a member of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen. We expected that Sargent would compensate Teddy for giving him a federal job. The brothers of the firemen will now be expected to aid their "strenuous" brother, Teddy, to recapture the presidential chair in 1904. For what base purposes the leaders of organized labor manipulate the machinery of unionism! How long will the rank and file remain out of politics so that Sargent and men of his ilk can use his organization to ingratiate himself into the good graces of politicians and capitalists? Will some brother of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen tell us how much he has been benefited since Sargent supplanted the ex-king of the Knights of Labor?

COMPULSORY ARBITRATION.

We have noticed during the past few months a growing tendency on the part of the corporation journals to advocate compulsory arbitration as an ultimate means of preventing disastrous conflicts between labor and capital. Even some of the so-called labor journals are becoming tinged with the idea that compulsory arbitration will be an advanced step in the direction of bringing about better conditions between the employer and the employe. The capitalistic press points to New Zealand as an example of what compulsory arbitration has done, in preventing industrial warfare between the masses and the classes; but this same press is silent as to the fact that labor through the ballot has captured to a great extent the powers of government in New Zealand, and placed men in official power who dare not betray the interests of the wage earners except at the expense and penalty of political death.

Twelve years ago the people of New Zealand faced the same problem that confronts the American people to-day. The greed of financial and land-holding combinations so impoverished the toilers that the soup house became the only alternative to save thousands of men, women and children from utter starvation. The deplorable conditions educated the New Zealander to the fact that the whole economic system of his country was wrong. The scales fell from his eyes and impoverished humanity rose as one man and struck a blow at the ballot box that tore from the grasp of the landlords the empires of land that were held by the few, and through condemnation proceedings brought back to the people their God-given inheritance. The people of New Zealand never demanded a compulsory arbitration law until labor had dethroned the mighty plutocracy whose ravenous voracity had filled the land with tramps and paupers.

If the New Zealander in the years 1890 and 1891 had asked for a compulsory arbitration law while landlordism wielded the scepter of official power in the British colony of the Southern Pacific, the citizen of the Australasian regions would to-day be as wretched as the coolie of the Orient or the famine-stricken slave of India. The people waited until labor's voice was heard in the executive, judicial and legislative departments of state before a law was enacted forcing labor and capital to come together and adjust their differences. The object of the capitalistic press in advocating a compulsory arbitration law is to force every labor organization in the coun-

try to incorporate under the laws of our respective states, so that the employer will have an opportunity to go into the courts and sue for damages in case property is destroyed during a contention between labor and capital. If a compulsory arbitration law should be passed the next move on the part of the corporations will be to declare by law all labor organizations unlawful unless said organizations file articles of incorporation. With a compulsory arbitration law in this country, while the functions of government are controlled and operated in the interest of the multi-millionaire, labor could expect no justice at the hands of an arbitration tribunal. The only permanent solution for the abolition of the strike and lockout is for labor to demand everything that it produces, and then there will be no necessity for the services of a compulsory arbitration court. Profit upon muscle must be wiped out before humanity can live in peace surrounded by all the comforts that make life worth living.

A UNION VICTORY.

The Labor World of Butte City has the following complimentary notice of the Miners' Union of Horr, Montana, whose members forced the employer to accede to their demands:

The miners of Horr are of the stuff of which good union men are made. In their late struggle for an increase of wages they stood together like a stone wall, and as a consequence they have gained a complete victory for every point they contended for. The coke workers likewise secured an increase in pay.

In unity there is strength, and these men of the coal mines have set an example that is worthy of imitation by the wage earners of the country. The Horr and Aldridge miners deserve the congratulation of their fellow workers.

The Horr miners were increased from \$2.75 to \$3 per day. The drivers received a proportionate increase in their wages also.

The railways and coal mines in West Virginia are owned by S. B. Elkins, A. P. Gorman, ex-Senator Davis, heirs of James G. Blaine and ex-Secretary Windom, John Sherman and two gentlemen who were members of Grover Cleveland's Cabinet. All of these cannibals have been rewarded by the people with political honors. They are the representatives of both political parties and all are deep in the game of labor skinning.

There is an old saying: "Who would be free, himself must strike the blow."

If it is not a crime to be homeless and poor, why has every state Legislature enacted a law against vagrancy?

Poverty is the cause of intemperance. When the people shall own and manage the means of production and distribution for use instead of profit, men will cease to be drunkards.

The candidates on the tickets of the old parties are devoting full time in shaking the "horny hand of the son of toil." After the smoke of political battle has cleared away the fellow who represents "the dignity of labor" will be given the "shake" until his ballot is again wanted to boost the office seeker into a comfortable berth with a salary and perquisites attached.

The time is approaching in the history of the world when the vast combinations of wealth shall fall of their own weight. The masses will soon be so impoverished that commercialism will have nothing upon which to feed, and then the great tower of monopoly that has been built through the destitution of humanity will crumble into atoms. Will the masses wait for the climax?

What is the use of placing compulsory education laws upon the statute books when necessity forces the child to enter the factory and the mine. Necessity knows no law, and laws will be worthless as long as capitalism owns the powers of government. Strike at the ballot box for labor to receive everything that it earns and the child will be in the school room striving to equip its brain instead of dwarfing its physical and moral nature in the sweat hells of tyranny.

When General Smith returned home to Portsmouth, Ohio, he fell upon his mother's shoulder and great big briny tears flowed from the pent-up reservoirs of his ocular orbits, but when the pusillanimous wearer of tawdry militancy stalked among the semi-civilized tribes of the Pacific isles he seemed to have forgotten that there was any maternal feeling when he issued his brutal order to slaughter both sexes who had attained ten years of age. His tears will never obliterate from history's page the bare and stubborn fact that he was a "fiend in human shape."

"SHOOT TO KILL."

General Gobin, the commander-in-chief of the militia of the state of Pennsylvania, has endeared himself to the heart of every corporation tyrant that fattens upon the sweat and suffering of the masses. The coal miners in desperation and hunger struggling against the Morgans and the Baers, have not only been awed and terrorized by the presence of the machinery of war, but they must be mute and motionless when confronted with the murderous order of a plutocratic vassal bearing the uniform and glittering regimentals of a soldier. They must stand speechless and gaze upon the wan faces of their children pinched and emaciated with the pangs of hunger because a Gobin, in his zeal for the degradation of labor, orders his armed minions—"shoot to kill." While this order was ringing in the ears of the toiling millions, the great executive head of our nation was delivering campaign speeches in eulogy of a system that placed at the disposal of the coal barons of the anthracite regions the armed power of the state to conquer and subdue the brave and heroic apostles of unionism. A million of people in Pennsylvania and West Virginia, bereft of the necessities of life through the gluttony of avarice, must not interfere with his political itinerary. The gospel of Republican prosperity must be preached, even though every foot of soil in the land of the coal barons should be wet with the rain of human tears. The coal miners and the laboring army of the nation are being taught a lesson by the wanton brutality of a Gobin and the cool indifference of a Roosevelt. The political superstition which enveloped the brain of the toiler is being dispelled by the hard facts and stern realities which stand in his presence, and which demand a permanent solution. The miner in Pennsylvania has lost faith in the extravagant promises that were made in the year 1900. He is now ready for political revolt, and notwithstanding the fact that Roosevelt is a brother member of the Locomotive Firemen and that Mark Hanna is the presiding genius of the Civic Federation, he is ready to break through the Republican corral and become a rebel to the doctrines of the G. O. P. There is no "Refugium Reccatorum" in the temple of Democracy. Its planks and platforms have but the same meaning as Republicanism for the producer. Labor must break away from the toils and snares of the scheming political tools of corporations, and when labor votes for its emancipation the Gobins will have no place in the administration of public affairs.

READ AND REFLECT.

In various states of the Union the Democratic and Republican speakers, during the coming month, and until the polls open on the 4th of November, will be searching the vocabulary for catchy phrases to tickle the ear of the good, honest toiler, as to what their particular parties have done and will do for the tired and worn out knight of labor who bears upon his shoulders the cross of the world. The Democratic and Republican "hot air" entertainers will grow harmoniously eloquent in picturing a future glowing with happiness for the dweller of the hovel and the garret if he will only deposit his ballot in the interest of the parties who have paid for an oratorical misrepresentation of facts. The Ciceronian hirelings will endeavor to impress upon the men and women who attend the political rallies that the interest of labor and capital are identical and that labor and capital must go hand in hand with each other in order that both may be prosperous. We desire to state that both the old parties are as much the property of the corporations as though the multi-millionaires held in their possession a warranty deed. The platforms of both parties mean the prolongation of the economic system that robs the producer and makes it possible for the few to be the government itself. Bishop Potter, a member of the Civic Federation, has the following to say in reference to capital and labor, and should receive the earnest thought and consideration of every voter whose heart beats with a hope that labor shall one day be industrially free.

"I have stood by the open excavation of the new underground railroad in New York City, looking at the men digging. They have told me that they got \$2 a day for fair days when the work could go on. Living is expensive in New York. These are not the submerged; they are men of brawn and health. They are the 'labor.'

"I have gone through the corridors of the fashionable hotel at midnight hours and looked on the diners and winners, with liveried waiters obsequiously serving the viands of all kinds.

"These are the 'employers.'

"Are the interests of the two classes mutual. Can easy-going optimism conjure up any relation between the two? Can any judge span the chasm between them?

When I go through our factories and see fine, able bodied men, dextrous, earnest men, working nine hours a day every day

and every year a lifetime through, fashioning the uncouth raw material of wood and metal and marble into house material I ask myself: Will the laborer have any of these polished and luxurious appliances in his family, or will they only go into the houses of the well-to-do mansions of the rich—the employing class? Are the interests of the laborer and capitalist mutual in this work?

“I know full well that many will say that money payment settles the whole score; but even if that were so is there any mutuality when one makes and the other enjoys?”

The word reform is a synonym for sham.

The “dinner pail” has been so full in Pennsylvania that the lid has been bursted. The miners have been riding on the crest of that promised wave of prosperity. Their little boys have been earning as high as 30 cents a day until the strike was declared, and if the working voters will only continue to march to the polls on election day and obey the behest of imperial Hanna “well enough will be let alone.”

The hated injunction will never disappear as long as the few profit at the expense of the many. The injunction is the weapon of the capitalist to be used in forcing labor to its knees. The injunction will be in evidence in every conflict between labor and capital until labor casts a vote for the full product of its toil. When labor votes for everything that it produces, then capitalization will die of starvation.

The people of the United States, who are declared by the political orator the sovereign power, humbly asked the industrial czar, J. P. Morgan, to end the great coal strike that has brought misery and suffering to thousands of homes in the anthracite regions. Such being the case, 80,000,000 of people are at the mercy of one man in whose hands have been placed the power to put hinges on the knees of American citizenship, and grovel in supplication to this pitiless monster, whose ears are deaf to the moans of want and whose eyes are closed to the signals of distress. How long will the American people continue to maintain and perpetuate a system that manufactures Morgans to fill bank vaults through the destitution of humanity? Morgan will live and reign in indolent splendor and power until the slaves of toil shall strangle the system at the ballot box.

AN HONEST LABOR PAPER.

The Labor World of Butte City, Montana, is one of the ablest and most fearless champions of labor's rights that is published in the Northwest. Its bristling editorials are awakening the masses of the people to the stubborn fact that the Republican as well as the Democratic party wears the collar of corporate power and must acquiesce in granting the great combinations of wealth the privilege of moulding the legislation that will bind in slavery's shackles every effort of labor to throw off the yoke of capitalistic thralldom. The Labor World, in its dauntless advocacy of the rights of toiling humanity, is performing a mission that will win for it the plaudits of every man and woman who hopes for the industrial emancipation of the human race. We clip the following from the editorial page to show the mental courage of the World, whose editor dares to attack with every atom of his brilliant brain the political and industrial system that has starved labor to coin millionaires:

"The Republican party is the incarnation of every vicious principle that elevates the power of capitalism. It is the direct and specific political power that stands for this cursed and shameless system of exploitation. It is the sponsor of the private ownership of the means of production. A relic of barbarism. An abuse of what is noblest and best in the masses. But if the G. O. P. (?) is this, what better is our latter day bourbonism, the so-called Democratic party? Whitney says it has neither men nor principles to-day. But what it really is men wonder. Without principles, without men, why should such a party exist? The only reason for its existence to-day is to throw dust into the eyes of the people. It is nothing else but a ballast to the Republican party. It is the source that prolongs the life of the party of imperialism and monocracy. Kill the so-called Democratic party and at once reduce your contest to the real point, Capitalism vs. Socialism."

It is reported that the United Verde mines of Arizona are importing Mexicans to take the place of the white miners. The Mexican is cheaper, and it is natural under our beautiful and humane system for the capitalist to practice economy in acquiring cheap labor. Americans are good enough to carry a rifle in the islands of the Pacific for the benefit of the capitalist, but his service is not required in peaceful pursuits when cheaper labor will add to the dividends of the exploiter.

The time will come in the history of organized labor when a man holding a certificate in a union who will vote for either of the two old parties will be excommunicated and branded as a "scab."

The political labor skate in a union can no longer deliver the goods in the state of Colorado. The rank and file have been reading and their eyes are being opened to the fact that the laboring man who casts his ballot for the Democratic or Republican parties "leaves hope behind."

The coal fields of Pennsylvania are producing converts to the cause of Socialism. The wage slave of the Keystone state is beginning to learn that he can only acquire the "full dinner pail" through the collective ownership of all the resources and utilities that are necessary to sustain human life.

Bryan is building a mansion at Normal, Nebraska. In the year 1896 the Democratic journals estimated his wealth at \$3,000. It seems strange and somewhat of a conundrum how the twice defeated candidate of Democracy in the year 1902 would be financially able to indulge his tastes in the erection of a \$25,000 domicile. We wonder who paid for the Pullmans?

The labor papers of the country have given great credit to W. J. Bryan for discharging "scabs" who were employed on his residence. The "scab" is a creature of conditions. Poverty breeds the "scab," and Mr. Bryan, with all his vaunted statesmanship, has failed as yet to advance a remedy that will remove this excrescence on our civilization.

Mother Jones, as she is familiarly called by members of organized labor, is an exile from Ireland. Wrong and suffering in the land of her birth drove her across the Atlantic, and the wrong economic conditions in this land have aroused her best energies in fighting for manhood against greed. Although more than sixty winters have whitened her hair with the snows of age, her voice is still ringing in clarion tones for the liberation of the wage slave and for a kingdom on earth whose treasures shall be the common heritage of all. Mother Jones is nearing the end of life's journey, but when her form lies pulseless in an honored grave, the labor hosts of coming centuries will weave around her memory a wreath whose flowers shall be immortal.

The tears that have rolled down the cheeks of humanity through the oppression of capitalism, if gathered together, would make a miniature ocean which would float the American navy.

If Judge Jackson had been on the bench during the days of Washington, the "father of his country" would have been enjoined from enforcing the doctrines of the Declaration of Independence.

You cannot get even with the Republican party by voting the Democratic ticket. Both the old parties are owned by the corporations. A vote for either of these parties is a vote against yourself.

Teddy, the gory, turbulent, refractory and rough riding tornado of the Republican party, is working his jaw and handing out rhetorical bouquets to the ragged victims of labor so that the bum hero of San Juan hill may have an opportunity to live another four years at the White House and sail around in the Mayflower and the Sylph—the two yachts that are required to accommodate the strenuous Americanized Hollander when he floats on the bosom of old ocean. Roosevelt—"the field of roses"—is starting a premature presidential boom that in all probability will collapse when coming in collision with the wily Mark of Ohio, who has sworn eternal fidelity to the homeless wage slave. The laboring man must feel good when banqueting on the promises of the "broncho buster" and the political philanthropist of the Buckeye state.

The great problems that confront the American people will never be solved as long as a majority of our people entertain the belief that the rights of property are more sacred than manhood. The public must be taught that man in the enjoyment of "life, liberty and happiness" is far superior to the coal baron or moneyed flunkey in his greed for spoils. The trust is but the legitimate offspring of our system, and the people are responsible for the Goulds, the Vanderbilts, the Morgans and the Schwabs, who have taken advantage of the opportunities that have been donated to them by the votes of the masses. Public opinion is being moulded by the merging process that is going on and the forenoon of the twentieth century will witness the nation obtaining a warranty deed of all the resources and utilities that lie within the broad domain of Young Columbia.

Mark Hanna, in playing the role of the political Cicero, is profuse in his compliments to the anthracite miners who, in the face of hunger and starvation, refused to violate one syllable of the contracts entered into by the United Mine Workers and the corporations. When Marcus is pleased with the policy of labor leaders it is about time that suspicion entered the cranium of the fellows who pay the per capita tax.

Let the working men of the state of Colorado ask Congressmen Bell and Shafroth what they have done for labor during their terms in the halls of national legislation. We will gladly give space in the columns of the Magazine to both of these gentlemen to inform the public as to the results of their labors in behalf of the fellows who gave him their votes and made it possible for them to draw \$5,000 per annum from the national treasury.

The Colorado Labor News is desirous that the people should give due credit to the Republican czar of Ohio for his favorable utterances towards organized labor. We never knew a hypocrite but what was prodigal and extravagant in "wind charity" to the working men, especially when he aspired to political heights and needed the ballots of the plebeians to reach the goal of his ambition.

Alex H. Revell, in an article in the Chicago American, says: "The only danger I see to disturb the prosperity that is now on is over production by manufacturers." The only way by which over production can be avoided is for the manufacturers to close down, so that there will be no surplus to glut the market." We would respectfully ask this smart Alexander what are the employes going to do to sustain life while the manufacturers are closed to evade this terrible catastrophe known as over production?

The Democrats in Idaho are complaining that the Republicans stole their platform. There is such a similarity in the administration of public affairs by both the old parties that it is not really necessary to have different platforms. If the Republicans who stole the platform thunder of Democracy were charged with larceny and brought into court, it seems to us that it would be a difficult matter for a judicial tribunal to render a judgment in favor of the plaintiff for the simple reason that nothing of value was stolen.

The hunger maddened miners of the anthracite regions can never hope to win a battle against monopoly as long as the strike is confronted with the injunction judge and the soldiers of plutocracy.

If a compulsory arbitration law is ever placed upon the statute books of any state in the Union while capitalism owns the government, then beggary and hungry idleness will be preferable to the iron despotism that will govern the corporation slave. The compulsory arbitration board, under our system, would become a tyrant against which unionism would rise in rebellion and in desperation might overleap the boundaries of patience and present a crisis far more difficult to solve and settle than the present situation. Arbitration boards will be superfluous in our civilization when labor demands that profit on muscle shall cease.

The beef trust and the coal trust are national educators. The so-called "upper" classes drawing lucrative incomes are feeling the pinch when warming themselves at a coal fire, burning at the rate of \$10 per ton. The demands of the Socialists in the collective ownership of the great industries and public utilities are being treated as respectable and the Socialist is slowly being recognized as a profound political economist. The beef trust, in demanding exorbitant prices, has even made the taper fingered gentry wonder how soon they must cut out of their bill of fare the luxury of a sirloin or porterhouse. Judges upon the bench, and even "respectable" newspapers, are expressing radical Socialistic sentiments, which, if uttered a few years ago, would have been branded as un-American and tainted with the delirium of the wild-eyed anarchist. Conditions are educating the people.

The mines of the coal barons must be protected at the sacrifice of human life. The ragged, starved miner is too much of a nonentity in our body politic to command any consideration at the hands of our government. He has voted the government into the hands of his master. A Baer and a Morgan can command more respect and attention from the chief executive, Congress and the Senate, than all the poverty stricken slaves and tramps that dwell within the borders of high tariff-protected Pennsylvania. The Baers and Morgans have the ammunition to carry elections. The wage slaves have nothing but their poverty and their ballot, but the weapon which

would win industrial freedom is confiscated to weld more strongly the shackles of corporate tyranny. When the miners vote for themselves, capitalism will no longer be protected by the state militia, and a General Gobin will no longer issue his order. "Shoot to kill."

Samuel Gompers again warns the labor organizations against independent political action. We are not surprised at the continued policy of the American Federation chief, for the reason that when the rank and file of organized labor go into politics the "revenue brave" will lose his standing with Boss Hanna and will be unable to retain for his beloved son the federal plunder that has made life a poetic dream for the second edition of the Gompers progeny.

We wonder if the Republican party in Pennsylvania will call upon the coal miners to carry banners in the present campaign bearing the stomach-appeasing inscription: "The full dinner pail?" It would be base ingratitude on the part of the 90-cent-a-day coal diggers if they failed to march and raise enthusiasm to the highest point on the Republican thermometer in appreciation of the promised prosperity that was handed from the political rostrum in 1900. Give a few more parades in honor of the Republican party and the coal barons, and Teddy the "rough rider" will expect in 1904 a majority of a quarter of a million in securing him the executive chair on the banks of the Potomac. There is no crime as base as that of ingratitude.

The coal strike, which has affected the people throughout the length and breadth of this country, has caused many of the old, solemn, antiquated journals to give expression to editorial thought that is in line with the doctrines of Carl Marx. The great combinations of capital are opening the eyes of the people to the fact that competition belongs to the days of long ago, and that organization is the real basis of industry. The trust is teaching the muscle and backbone of the nation that the whole people must manage and own all the industrial factors that are conducive to the well-being and prosperity of society. Competition is in the last throes of a death struggle that has no resurrection. The next move on the political and industrial checker board is for the people to own the trusts. The ownership can be accomplished peaceably at the ballot box.

John M. O'Neill of the Magazine, after delivering the Labor Day address at Park City, Utah, visited the unions of the Federation at Murray, Bingham and Eureka. The sentiment of unionism is strong and growing in the state of Utah, and despite the fact that the church is arrayed against organized labor in that state, it is only a question of a short time when the land of the Mormon must capitulate to the tireless forces working through the labor organization. The people are emerging from the obscuring clouds of church superstition and the ecclesiastical dignitaries who once ruled with an iron rod are slowly but surely weakening before the onward march of a more catholic sentiment.

Attorney General Knox, who was going to shatter the trusts, has gone to gay Paris to become acquainted with the workings of the Panama Canal Company. It should not be expected that Andrew Carnegie's former attorney, who declared that the Homestead strikers were guilty of treason to the United States, should take any steps to interfere with the natural evolution that is going on. Knox is a chattel of the trust, and is as powerless to prevent the amalgamation of wealth as the small business man, who, in his indignation and despair, uses his lung power in crying to the multitude: "Down with the trusts!" A criticism of Knox comes with poor grace from the press, as long as the people, through political action, are upholding and maintaining the system that makes it possible for the trust to challenge and defy the government.

American liberty has nothing to fear from organized labor. The nation has always depended upon her sturdy yeomanry in times of trouble. The hope of the people in their great fight against private monopoly is the labor union which raises its voice against the trust owning and ruling the nation. The serio-comic threats of attorney generals have no effect upon the barbarians who enslave humanity for profit. The time is drawing near when conditions shall crystallize unionism into one common thought and when the ballot box shall become the depository for that thought, the bone and sinew of the nation, shall be free and posterity can lift the curtain which hides the future from the gaze of humanity and behold in the years that are to come a legacy that shall be enjoyed by every citizen that lives beneath the dome of an American sky.

LABOR DAY IN PARK CITY.

The principal mining city in the state of Utah celebrated for the first time in its history the day that is dedicated to labor. The great mines in the towering mountains that surround Park City practically closed down and the brawny toilers, discarding the implements of their hazardous occupation, came to the city to demonstrate that the superstructure of unionism had been built on solid rock under whose roof labor could unite and demand collectively a recognition of the rights of labor. The union of Park City has been somewhat unfortunate in years gone by. Through several causes its membership dwindled and finally collapsed. Last December the men who believe that "in union there is strength," came together and founded upon the ruins of the old union an organization that is now commanding not only the respect and confidence of the men in the mines, but has won the admiration of the people for its humanity in the great explosion, which, in the twinkling of an eye, closed the careers of thirty-four human beings. Such men as John Flanigan, William Driscoll, Patrick Trainor, E. L. Wirth, George Robinson, Bartley McDonough, James Gallagher and Joseph P. Langford have planted fresh hope and courage in the breast of the miners and Park City is destined to boast of one of the largest locals within the jurisdiction of the Western Federation of Miners. The following is taken from the Park Record, and will acquaint the many readers of the Magazine as to the standing of the union in Park City and the manner in which the day was honored:

"On Monday morning more than 600 men, representing the wealth creators, the wealth producers and the backbone of the nation and the standard of American citizenship formed in line in Park City to observe the day that is rightly theirs—Labor Day. And it was properly done, for when it is considered that in a town the size of Park City 600 men will turn out, as compared with 1,100 in a city the size of Salt Lake, the showing for Park City is decidedly creditable. And besides there were hundreds and hundreds who lined the streets and did not fall in line.

"Little labor was performed on that day, for the picks and shovels had been laid aside, the trowel, the brush and the hammer were inactive, all the stores were closed, and it was in reality a holiday.

"The Miners' Union, the painters, cigarmakers and some other organizations were represented in the parade, but to the

Miners' Union of Park City, who took charge and conducted the successful affair, is the credit due. Of the 600 toilers who marched through the principal streets in the morning parade, headed by the Park City Military Band, nearly all were members of this order. Two large American flags floated proudly at their front, borne on either side of the beautiful banner of the Miners' Union. And it was a representative class of men that followed those flags—one that did honor to its stars and bars, and one that would not hesitate to follow it as unitedly in times of strife as on this occasion—one of peace, good will, brotherly love, protection and humanity. All honor to the toiling masses. All honor and deference to the great principles they represent in unity and the banding together for mutual protection and the safeguarding of their homes and families. All encouragement and support to the slogan: "A laborer is worthy of his hire," that the toiler is entitled to a just share of the wealth of which he is the sole producer; of the honor and glory due to a great nation's growth, for he is the life and backbone of that nation.

THE ORATION.

"After the parade the procession halted at the vacant plot by the Marsac mill where a speakers' stand had been erected. The grounds were packed, and here the speaker of the day, John M. O'Neill of Denver, editor of the Miners' Magazine, was introduced by Chairman Wirth of the executive committee. Mr. O'Neill is an eloquent and forceful speaker and held his audience to the close. He is a pronounced Socialist, and he argued that there was no hope for labor under either of the old parties—it must unite under the banner of new unionism. He covered his subject most ably and was frequently interrupted by hearty applause. It was, in fact, an oratorical treat.

"Mr. O'Neil was followed by a short address from Bishop Fred Rasband, Bartly McDonough closing the exercises here with a few well-timed remarks.

THE SPORTS.

"After a short luncheon hour the sports were pulled off, and they all proved entertaining and were well managed. Following were the victors:

"Foot race, 100 yards dash, Joseph Franklin; prize, \$7.50 pair of pants.

"Hop, skip and jump, Peter McGearry; prize, handsome bridle.

"Boys' sack race, John Doyle; \$2.50.

"Girls' race, Sadie Jorgensen; \$2.50.

"Ladies' race, Gail Garven; \$5.00

"Potato race, James Feeney; \$2.50.

"The ball game between the Town club and the Ontarios was won by the former by a score of 7 to 5; prize, \$50.

"Then came the drilling match, in which four teams entered.

"First prize, \$100, was won by Harrington and Hays, who drilled twenty-eight inches, the best hole ever drilled in Park City.

"Second prize, Curley and Johnson, twenty-seven inches.

"Peterson and Forsman drilled twenty-three and Getch and LeRoy eighteen and one-half inches. The contest was very spirited, and was watched with interest. The crowd at the Athletic park, where the sports took place, was estimated at between 2,500 and 3,000 people.

"The enthusiasm was so great that Mr. Dye, the blacksmith at the California, who tempered the drills for the winning team, was lifted onto the shoulders of admirers and borne triumphantly from the ground. Not a drill of his was broken.

"The day's program ended with a grand ball at Maple hall. The large hall was simply packed, and although most too many for comfortable dancing, all took it good naturedly and had a good time, keeping it up till 5 a. m.

"It was altogether a grand success. The order observed throughout the day was excellent, better, in fact, than on any other public day that has been so generally observed for a long time.

"Great credit is due the executive committee and assistants of the Miners' Union for their labors and the successes that attended their efforts. The committee was composed of E. L. Wirth, John Flanagan, Patrick Traynor and William Driscoll."

EXTRACTS FROM FATHER M'GRADY.

"If you make money or wealth the key power we will strive to possess treasures of gold. This ambition produces another direful effect. As wealth becomes the magic wand of power in the world, poverty becomes a mark of reproach. Men shrink from poverty for two reasons. First, it is the cause of sorrows and agonies that tax the endurance of the strongest character. Hence, they fear it and endeavor to avoid its presence by the employment of every means. If they are not

endowed with deep religious sentiments they will trample on the moral law in their attempt to flee from the shadow of want and hunger. This is why our land is filled with dishonesty. This is why our jails have been built and our scaffolds have been erected. This has introduced the haunts of vice into our cities, where the maiden blush of purity is sacrificed on the altar of lust. Would these fair young damsels sell their virtue to the rouges of this shameless and licentious age were they not driven by the pangs of hunger to seek refuge in the temple of Venus? The matrons of our land complain of marital infidelity of their husbands. If they would use their influence in the economic reformation of the country no brothels would tarnish the purity of our great cities and the homes of our people would be crowned with domestic bliss, and the fire-sides of the family would be consecrated by the love of husband and wife, and the devotion of sons and daughters. You never can reform the morals of the age until you descend to the root of the evil and eradicate the cause that has wrecked millions of lives and disintegrated thousands of families.

“By what power is wealth called into existence? Not by capital, but by the prosaic power of labor. If the capitalist were to desert the land the toiler would soon fill the country with new wealth to take the place of the wealth withdrawn by the emigration of the parasitical hosts. Socialism will embrace the civilized world. Its triumph in our country will stimulate the down-trodden millions in every region beneath the sheen of the sun; and in a few years the crash of empires and oligarchies and aristocracies and plutocracies will echo throughout the world; the throne of Mammon will fall to rise no more, and the banner of liberty, fraternity and equality will wave proudly over land and sea, and the temple of Jericho will be erected on every shore and humanity will emerge from the ‘slough of despond’ and thrill the universe with songs of gladness. Socialism stands for love and peace, and under the new regime the gyves of bondage will fall from every human limb, the battle song will no more resound over land and flood, and the angel of joy will have her throne in every realm and be shrined at every hearth. To-day peace cannot dwell upon the earth, for our system is built upon spoilation. The capitalist and the ruling class not only rob the laborer of his hire and fill their coffers with gold wrung from the sweat and toil and blood and the life and soul of the subjugated masses, but they drive forth the hungry millions to crimson distant lands and floods with the purple tide that their masters, dwelling in crys-

tal palaces and gilded castles might enjoy the fruit of conquest and rapacity.

"Since civilization man is the product of society and owes his accomplishments and the development of his talents and genius to social factors. He should utilize those gifts for the adornment of society and the advancement of humanity. He is only master of his labor time. The product of his labor comes from the employment of social factors—social forces which he did not create and cannot claim. Therefore he is entitled to remuneration for his labor time only. But another conclusion follows from the premises I have enumerated and demonstrated. The machinery of the twentieth century is the product of all past civilization. It is the result of social evolution. It has passed through the age of stone, bronze and iron. It has been increased with the knowledge of every generation. Therefore it is a social heritage, and every child born into the world is an heir to the triumphs of the ages and has a right to use the machinery and other powers of civilization.

"The capitalists say that they recognize that every advancement along the path of progress is made by the combination of social factors, but they claim that the man who had the brains to take advantage of this combination is entitled to the lion's share of the social products. On the same principle the burglar who enters your residence and takes advantage of the combination of your safe and loots your treasure, is entitled to the plunder. But the law imprisons the burglar and enthrones the industrial robber who plunders the wealth of society. The capitalist, in answer to this remark, exclaims that the burglar did not produce the wealth that he has stolen. Neither does the capitalist produce the wealth he has stolen. Again the capitalist says: 'Look at the perils I have confronted. I have jeopardized my money on the sea of commerce.' The burglar imperils his liberty and his life in the daring enterprise, and yet you send him to the penitentiary.

"Men do not hesitate to calumniate the men who are working for the temporal, spiritual and intellectual amelioration of humanity. But Socialism will triumph and the monuments of its glory will grace every land when calumniators will sit on the dunghill and weep over the crash of thrones and pour out their tears on the tombs of fallen monarchies, corrupt aristocracies and despotic plutocracies.

"Socialism is not a question of religion and morals. It is merely a question of economics, though its triumph would create conditions favorable to pure morality and religion. The

competitive system is responsible for nearly all the crimes committed in our age, and by destroying that system we obliterate the cause which has engendered a dark catalogue of inequalities. In propagating the principles of Socialism we should not antagonize any one by attacking his religion and moral instincts. Socialism is broad enough to adopt all creeds and all nations and all races. Let us avoid any mistakes that our enemies could use against the justice of our cause. When Socialism is understood in its proper sense there will be many more who will champion the cause with all their power and learning.

Governor Stone of Pennsylvania believes in compulsory arbitration. The governor declares "that society and the public demand that strike disputes shall be settled promptly and effectively. The right of the public, the right of society, is greater than the right of the participants on both sides in any strike." We would respectfully ask the gentleman who occupies the gubernatorial chair through the "full dinner pail" vote, who are the public? Are the helpless and hopeless miners of Pennsylvania no factor in the makeup of the public or society? Are their demands for justice to be drowned simply because the business man has wailed against the ruin which threatens his commercial life? We desire to inform Governor Stone that "society and the public," as well as the miner, are responsible for the system which has placed the people at the mercy of the coal barons, and if "society and the public" feel the pinch, they must assume the responsibility and suffer the consequences. The miner performs the labor which produces wealth and he is certainly the biggest factor in the composition of "society and the public." Stone should "go away back and sit down."

It seems strange that when journals owned and operated in the interests of corporations warn the poverty stricken masses that Socialism is dangerous to the welfare of the people, that so many poverty stricken victims of greed will lend their voice in uniformity with the capitalistic yell. Corporation sheets are not in the habit of giving away any information that is dangerous to the well being of the proletarian offspring of the wage plebeians, whose labor, fleeced by Shylockism, furnishes the power to further impoverish the real producers of the world. Labor must learn that a publication owned by a Dives will not forward any remedy that means the abolition of profit.

COMMUNICATIONS

WHY NOT COMPROMISE?

(By W. E. Clark.)

The honest man or woman is looking for facts, and will be satisfied with nothing else. He who will not reveal the truth is an enemy to the race. It was C. S. Darrow who said: "The greatest artists of the world to-day are telling facts and painting scenes that cause humanity to pause and think, and ask why one should be a master and another a serf; why a portion of the world should toil and spin, should wear away its strength and life that the rest should live in idleness and ease." That being true, the greatest and most useful word painter of the world is the Socialist agitator, who paints, in words that burn clear through society's calloused heart, the sad and bitter truths of the economic world.

When a little child dies in a tenement house from lack of the necessities of life, and is taken out to be buried; when a mother, who has known a life of want and care, succumbs to disease at an early age, or when the father, through worry for lack of work and dread of consequent poverty and eviction from his miserable home; when these or any of them die, what does the preacher say at the grave? He says: "It has pleased our Heavenly Father to call this one to Himself." What should the preacher say? Well, to be frank, he should tell the truth; at such an hour he should not continue to repeat the falsehood that is his stock in Sunday trade. He should say: "It has fallen to my lot to say the last words over another victim of our miserable system of existence." He should say: "Here lies another worker who has been murdered by an indescribably cruel industrial system; here is another offering on the altar of competition; here lies another member of the working class whose only friend is the grave." If he loved humanity, what would he say? He would say: "By this form of sleeping dust, let us consecrate our lives to the work of purging civilization of these black stains of industrial murders."

"Must the strong and heartless forever live on the weak, the unfortunate? Will labor always build temples and live in huts and dens? Will labor forever allow parasites and vam-

pires to live upon its flesh and blood? Will industry, in the presence of crowned idleness, forever fall upon its knees, and will the lips unstained by lies forever kiss the robed impostor's hand?" Yes, so long as we listen to the teachers of the old school, who tell the toilers to go back to their work and leave their case with them; so long as we have teachers who hurl that miserable insult in our faces about the stewardship of wealth; so long as the workers take counsel of any one but themselves. Labor will be deprived of its reward until the lesson taught by Victor Hugo has been learned: "Abandoned an orphan, alone in boundless creation, I made an entry into this gloom you call society. The first thing I saw was law, under the form of a gibbet; the second was wealth, under the form of a woman dead of cold and hunger; the third was luxury in the shape of a haunted man chained to prison walls; the fourth was your palaces beneath the shadow of which cowered a tramp. You men of wealth have made this world a dungeon. Paradises built over hells totter." And then Hugo's prophecy: "One day and true society will come. Then there will be no more lords, there will be free, living men. There will be no more wealth, there will be an abundance for the poor. There will be no more masters, but there will be brothers. They that toil shall have. This is the future: No more prostitution, no more abasement, no more ignorance, no more beasts of burden, no more courtiers, but light."

How will all this be brought about? It will not be accomplished by compromise. That which is wrong cannot be made right by a compromise with that which is good. And the very moment that a compromise is suggested by the wrong, and listened to by the good, the right is doomed, the wrong is given another lease of life. The man with the rheumatism does not ask the doctor to be as nice with the disease as he can; he does not ask the doctor to compromise with his pains, and only remove a part of them and leave him suffer a little now and then just to show his magnanimity. When your house leaks you do not tell the carpenter to compromise with the rotten roof and leave it so it will leak a little, saying that it would be too much of a revolution to make a new roof. No, not unless you have become so affected with the allied spirit that you would be satisfied with an admixture of pleasure and pain. It has been said that Standard Oil will not mix with the Water of Life.

Sometimes we read of a riot of disemployed workmen against some imported fellow workmen, and we hear it said that they should be treated as criminals against the law. A

few will investigate the conditions, and find that the workers have been displaced because the imported slaves would work for smaller wages; that the workers were staring into the face of certain want, their wives and children were suffering for food and clothes, and in their desperation they became maddened by their poverty and violated the laws of the land. The workers saw their employers getting richer and they saw their own families becoming paupers, with no hope of their condition being changed. But gradually they are learning that "the twin harpies, riches and poverty, were conceived of hate in the womb of tyranny." They mean master and slave, king and subject, priest and idolater, landlord and tenant, mortgagee and mortgager, and every other horror that perdition breeds. And that there will never be any true liberty, love, truth or life while the infamies endure. The rich and exploiters, as a class, will never overturn the system that allows them to be borne on the labor of others. Caesar will not abdicate his throne. The slaves must free themselves. And the crowning glory of their righteous revolution is the knowledge that the liberty they shall win for themselves will be as splendid and life-giving to their present masters and enemies as to themselves.

If the Rev. S. E. Wishard said in the Herald and Presbiter of Chicago that "poverty has never been abolished by legislation, and never will be while human nature remains what it is, and while God's discipline is needed for the race," he was either ignorant, or knew that he was telling an unmitigated falsehood. He was either ignorant, or he told it for the purpose of perpetuating the accursed system that sends thousands of girls to the brothel within a few doors of the shop in which his ecclesiastical rot is used to spoil good paper and ink. He was either ignorant, and unfit to act as a public teacher, or he was conversant with the statistics of crime, and knows that poverty is the cause of the downfall of nine-tenths of the women who are now the outcasts of Chicago. He was either ignorant, or he knew that it is impossible for a woman or girl to live on \$3 or \$4 a week and dress as well as her position demands; and he knew that thousands are compelled to do so. And then the men who have made such conditions, who have made laws that tolerate such crimes against humanity, take it upon themselves to condemn the over-worked and under-paid girls who fall beneath the standard that this preacher has set up for the world to follow, when the fallen woman, no matter how low she may have sunk, is possessed of a nobility of soul that such as he are not good enough to understand.

The man of to-day, who would be willing to enter a heaven from whose gates one solitary soul was barred; who would consent to join a procession of the saved and turn his back upon any form of human misery; who would have anything to do with a god who would make any such arrangement as that; who would be a party to any such system of things in this world or the world to come, hath faculties which he has never used; his pagan or savage training has vitiated all the finer instincts of his nature; in fact he has not yet approached the dignity of a man. With such as he there can be no compromise. His whole system had its birth in the savage breast of a thief, and has been tempered with the civil words, authority and privilege, the authority of the despot, and the privilege of his chiefs to do with the people as they please. Humanity has nothing in common with such as they. Between them and the people there is no common ground upon which to effect a compromise. The struggle is on between the unprivileged many and the privileged few. Socialism demands justice for all the people as against the legalized exploitation by the few. To accomplish this requires the unconditional surrender of the exploiter's legalized right to live off of the labor of his fellow men. And to paraphrase General Grant's famous words, Socialism proposes to fight along this line if it takes all the remaining years of time.

But, in refusing to compromise, it is not necessary to be either mild or severe. Socialism will not thrive on venom; neither can its progress be checked by truth. Hew straight to the mark, then; that is the way to solve the problem. "The community," said Wendell Phillips, "that will not tolerate free expression of opinion on all subjects, and by all its members, even the lowest and most hated, is simply a gang of cowards and slaves." And to that we may truly add, that any one who attempts to prevent the free expression of thought is either a fool or a knave. It is inevitable the people will learn what justice is, and when men become convinced of the fact that the laborer should have the full product of his toil, they will demand and be satisfied with nothing else than absolute justice. Man at heart is good, and when the truth of Socialism takes possession of his brain he will not be blown hither and thither by the promise of anything; he will either have justice, or he will have a row.

But now as my wife would say, and as she often does say to me, let us be calm. There is no need nor prospect of a row at present. The people are asleep. They are led like lambs

at election time to the Democratic and Republican slaughter pens. A few weeks after the election they wake up and begin an inter-campaign protracted meeting to curse themselves for being fooled at a game that is as old as the Republic. And yet that "cussing" process has to go on; it seems to be a part of the plan. Men won't yield until they get desperately sick. Only a few can be reached through the gray matter in their brain; the majority have to be approached by way of their shabby clothes and empty stomachs. The full dinner pail was a splendid argument. A working class voter of the Republican party cannot conceive of anything grander than to see his little child trudging through the crowded streets at noon time bringing him a dinner pail full of Mark Hanna's adulterated food. And he thinks the Socialist is an enemy to the state when he suggests that the worker should have all that his hands produce.

When the Socialist tells the Republican voter that he ought not work from daylight till dark, but that he ought to have a little time for his own pleasure, the fellow feels uneasy and fears that the next move will be to spring an infernal machine. He has been trained to work for a mere living, in order that some drone may have a life of idleness, and the idea of a little pleasure is too much for him; it must be broken to him gently, and not then until many of them are on their way to the poor house. Sometimes the actions of these men remind one of the Irishman who was arguing with the Socialist agitator. The Socialist thought he might appeal to his opponent's love of domestic felicity. So he said it was not necessary for us to work such long hours, and that under Socialism we could spend more time at home. At the word home, Pat hove-to as though he were trying to avoid contact with a rolling pin, or some other domestic emblem, saying, as he regained his equilibrium: "Faith, and if you say that word again, I'll break your face."

But in all seriousness, progress comes through suffering. Men like a life of ease, and when it gets too serious at home they go take a drink. And when politics get so bad that men cannot stand it any longer, they make a change. But we have been going from a system labeled Republican to the same thing called Democracy. Occasionally the politicians have formed an alliance and called the same thing by still another name. The system, with a few variations, has remained the same. These men have shown about as much wisdom as a

man would to put a thin gauze in front of a panther's den, thinking that he was making himself safe from harm.

Laboring men know that it is their work that creates wealth, and they would know, if they would stop and think, that they have the power to make any kind of laws they please; and if the teachers had done their duty these men would know that they can make laws that will establish justice, that will restore the means of production to the men who are entitled to them. Working men do know this, and yet they don't know it; for if they did there would be commotion among legalized exploiters when the votes are counted at the next election. There would be some idlers awake to the terrible fact that they would have to go to work, starve, or open up a market in the Far East.

There is no midway ground between honor and dishonor, and according to the teaching of Socialism, according to the ethics of humanity and the demands of science, the present miserable system of civilization is dishonorable. It was founded by fraud, has been and is sustained by force and therefore cannot be subject to an honorable compromise. It is immaterial to us whether we are robbed by a Democratic or Republican administration. We have no fight to make on the men of either party. We are opposed to the wage system, and we will not compromise with anything short of its abolition. The Democratic plea for us to help them save the city or state from Republican misrule does not appeal to us. And the Republican appeal for rescue from the Democratic ring falls on unsympathetic ears. We have heard those stories before. They are as old as the hypocritical cant that forces them upon honest men. They had their origin in the spoils system, and will become extinct when justice becomes the judge.

There is a law in our cities to the effect that ladies who work in stores shall be provided with stools. It is not enforced. There is a law prohibiting Sunday saloons. It is not enforced. There is law against illegal voting. It is not enforced. And under the present system these laws cannot be enforced. So long as men can make money or profit by doing anything, legal or illegal, no law on earth can prevent them from doing it. Laws are not violated for the sake of disregarding the law, but for the money there is in the act. That being true, there is only one way to prevent law breaking, and that is to remove the incentive for law breaking.

No compromise is our motto. Reform play acting may satisfy some. It does not even entertain the Socialist. In the

language of Patrick Henry the Socialist says: "Sink or swim, survive or perish, I give my heart and hand to this vote." We ask no quarters, and we will give none. If our plea is not based on justice, then turn us down. We are concerned with a principle, and will not be led into a scramble for place. No compromise politician ever did anything but salt his own nest. No compromise general ever fought the battles of liberty. Give us liberty, absolute, economic liberty, is our plea; and we will not be called aside by the siren voice—compromise. We do not ask Caesar to abdicate. We will remove him from his throne and give him a place by our side. We will call him comrade and treat him as we treat ourselves.

All great movements for the advancement of the race have come from the bottom, never from the top. Nor has success resulted from the begging policy. The beggar never yet run up the flag of freedom. Compromisers and mealy mouthed traders and neutral men never make an impress of good upon the world. In their track can be seen the slimy seams of privilege with justice ever trailing in the dust. They do not stand for human rights; only those who stand erect and boldly demand their rights get recognition when the hand of history makes its notes upon the pages of time.

We are not interested in cheap politics; we are concerned with justice for the working class, that body of men and women whose labor makes the world habitable for the race. We are in the midst of a crisis; the liberties of the toiling millions are at stake. There is no neutral ground; the producers must have their products. Trimming and trading is the work of knaves, not of men; it is out of court when justice acts as judge. The world demands steadfastness of purpose, and Socialism alone can fill the bill.

Two centuries ago the world was in a struggle for religious liberty; to-day the whole world, clean round the globe, is in a life and death struggle for industrial liberty. And the hand that is raised for compromise deserves the obloquy of the damned. Call the roll of men whose names are emblazoned on the pathway of human liberty. Not one of them ever compromised with what they believed to be wrong. Rienzi, the last of the Tribune, Paine, Marx, Tolstoi and Altgeld. Each of them mark a period of human liberty, and none of them ever swerved from what he considered right.

The day is passed when denunciation can quench the Socialist agitator's enthusiasm. He stands as unconcerned at abuse as Gibraltar does at a storm. His arguments are as un-

answerable. His case is based on absolute economic justice, and all he asks is investigation. We are as sure of victory as the mathematician is of his theorem. Socialism is a scientific fact, a truth that cannot be escaped; and when the apologists of the present system are compelled to they will champion the cause of Socialism as they have the cause of science. They will do this when it is no longer to their interests to do otherwise. Truth will prevail, Socialism is truth, and nothing but ignorance can check its progress.

WINTHROP MINERS' UNION.

The secretary of Winthrop Miners' Union No. 167, in a communication, has informed the Magazine that Frank Scott has broken his obligation as a member of the Winthrop Miners' Union, and as a penalty for his treachery the union has erased his name from the roll of membership.

Mr. P. Nolton of the same union has been expelled on account of the misappropriation of funds.

NEWS FROM TELLURIDE.

Telluride, Colorado, Sept 8, 1902.

Editor Miners' Magazine:

Dear Sir and Brother—Labor Day has passed and gone, the boys are up in the hills again talking to their lonesomes, swearing off and fixing themselves for Christmas. We had a good two days' celebration, fine weather and good sport. McDonald and Make of Leadville took first prize in the double hand contest by drilling thirty-nine and five-sixteenths inches. Oates of Telluride won the single hand by drilling nineteen and seven-sixteenths inches, with Roberts a close second with nineteen and five-sixteenths. The only disappointing thing was that neither Brothers Boyce of Haywood were with us, as was extensively advertised, owing, no doubt, to some misunderstanding. However, we hope some day to see them here, when we can show them how Telluride appreciates good men. We had a good parade, with over a thousand men in line, carpenters and Federal Labor Union participating. The carpenters, in white overalls and white yachting caps, about eighty strong, made a fine appearance. Apropos of suits, I think it would be a good idea for all members of the W. F. M. to have suits for Labor Day—blue overalls, jumper and black cap, with all wearing their badges; think it would look 'scrumptious.'

The hospital will be completed by the first of next month and we hope to have things in running order so that the boys who are unfortunate enough to get hurt or sick will receive the best of care, attention and skill that money can procure. We have already moved into our new office, and the first meeting held we dedicated it by initiating some thirty-five members. We shall soon quit this initiating business, as there will not be any one to initiate, and then will come the exodus of a few—very few—that are left. We may not have much of a dedication, but we hope to have Brothers Boyce, Moyer and Haywood to give us a little talk.

Socialism is still to the front. The loud noise, the glad-some acclaim and the frothy vaporings have all disappeared. We are down to bedrock and in earnest preparing for the struggle next fall, when we hope to show that San Juan county is all right. We have had the Wentworths, who took good. The next speaker will be Comrade Mills, the daddy of 'em all.

Well, so long for the present.

PRESS COMMITTEE TELLURIDE UNION NO. 63.

MOJAVE, CALIFORNIA.

Editor Miners' Magazine—I will surprise you with a few lines from No. 51. We are seldom represented in our official organ, which is due to negligence. All men working here belong to the union. We have increased by half in membership within the last year, but I am sorry to say that we have decreased in strength and recognition. Many of our members here are too chicken hearted to be recognized. They needed masters and it did not take the employers long to find it out. They kick up a row occasionally, but a word from their masters and they are quiet. They know then that they are wrong and their master must be right. They all believe in equal rights and equal distribution of their products, but their master's influence over them seems to be too great to overcome. We admire the comprehensive act of our delegates at the last convention, adopting Socialism to expose the condition of the present wage slavery. It is a beautiful subject to study, and we recommend to all who are not familiar with it to immediately secure books concerning the wonderful co-operative system, read their contents, think it over thoroughly, and the light of its beauty will soon flash upon you. If you give the subject its just consideration you are bound to destroy the present system by which you are governed, obliged to ask (or

beg, as it may be called) for the opportunity to earn enough to exist on. No man can feel Americanism under the present system. No American can have the freedom his soul longs for under the existing conditions. Let Americans think of our proud forefathers fighting the battle of freedom. Let us Americans, the descendants of those brave liberty seekers, think of how we are gradually allowing this glorious freedom won by them to slip away from us and glide into the hands of capitalism or disguised imperialism. Think of it and then call yourself American! I beg to quote a few words here from the Railway Men's Journal:

"Speed the battle fast and faster, fight for life and peace,
Man shall triumph over master, slavery's blight shall cease."

I also wish to make a few remarks in regard to the Federation owning and operating mines. We, the members of No. 51, unanimously approved of this, but we do not approve of the way the delegates have chosen to manage. In the first place, we do not believe in giving a few (the executive board, I mean) too much power. We have adopted Socialism. Let us work accordingly. Allow the members, one and all, to govern, not a few, as it would be were the resolution adopted now pending. I will offer a suggestion along this line. For instance, should any member know of property worthy of our consideration, or should there be a rich strike made anywhere, let the member of the executive board in that district investigate. Should he deem it beneficial to us, he should allow the nearest union to the property to choose the men to operate it, such men to be paid through the union in accordance with the wages established in that vicinity. Fraternal yours,

J. F. ZINK.

ANGELS' CAMP, CALIFORNIA.

Editor Miners' Magazine—I will send you my first observations as an organizer. After being on the road two weeks I thought I would write my experiences for the benefit of my brothers of the W. F. M. When I first started out I did not expect to find the unorganized wage slave as cowardly and cringing before his employer as I have since seen him, obeying the least whim or wish of his master with a docility that would put to shame a chattel slave. I have seen them withdraw their names from a list which bound them to form a Miners' Union

after the superintendent had told them they would lose their positions if they attempted to organize. Yet amongst these vassals of humanity I also had the pleasure of meeting a few men showing the highest type of true manhood, men having the cause of downtrodden humanity in their heart, willing to sacrifice all to uplift and benefit mankind. When I arrived in Angels' camp I was informed that it was an impossibility to organize a union in the camp. But with this small band of stalwart followers that will in the future be the backbone of Calaveras Union, we have succeeded in doing what was thought impossible. We had our first meeting in a building little better than a barn and had in attendance a total of six men. The following evening we increased our number to fourteen, and the following evening we increased our number to twenty-three, and to-night, August 10th, we have organized a union with a membership of thirty in Odd Fellows' hall upon the main street. Whether this country is different from other countries I know not, but of one thing I am positive, it has its full quota of freaks of human nature.

First comes the main guy, the wise man, the Solomon with his wisdom, who undertakes to show the organizer the wonderful resources of the town and also introduce him to the leading people, and invariably to the people whom it would be better for his health if he did not see at all.

Next comes windy, the loud man, generally with a union card showing him to be two years in arrears. He is willing to die for the cause and would actually die rather than part with a dollar for it.

Third on the list comes the confidence man, the buttonhole man, the man that takes you half a block to get you in an alley, then tells you how he has suffered the pangs of hunger for the cause of organized labor. But he maintains a discreet silence as to when, where and how it happened. The night of organization rolls around, but Mr. Whisper, like his initiation fee, is noticeable by his absence.

Next comes the man about town. He knows everybody and everybody knows him. He sees the organizer a block away, rushes down the street to meet him, calls him to one side and says: "See here, Mr. Organizer, you go way back and sit down. Let me do this. I know just exactly how this thing can be done. You give me a list and by to-morrow night I'll have 200 names. This is something we have needed for a long time." Next morning, when you run your man to earth, you find he has one name and 199 excuses. I have taken an inter-

est in the above named gentlemen for the services they have rendered me. I have requested their photographs, and as soon as I receive them I will send them to headquarters to grace the shelves of our cabinet.

B. F. BARBEE.

LOOK OUT FOR HIM!

Bingham Canyon, Aug. 19, 1902.

Editor Miners' Magazine—Wishing to advertise Mr. C. Jackson, our absconding secretary, in the Magazine, I herewith enclose description of him: Age, about thirty-six years; height, five feet four inches; weight, 165 pounds; complexion, dark, with dark-blue eyes, very prominent cheek bones, full face, black hair, clipped very short; always wears hat on back of his head; smooth shaved; sometimes wears moustache, which is dark brown and heavy; nationality, Swede.

I am instructed by our union, which is Bingham Miners' Union No. 67, to forward this to you to be inserted in the Magazine. Hoping this will be satisfactory, yours fraternally,
CHARLES SINDAR, Financial Secretary.

The Bingham Miners' Union has been struggling against many difficulties in maintaining the organization. This man Jackson, in whom the members placed confidence and honored with a position of trust, has dishonored himself by becoming an embezzler and an absconder, and nowhere in this western country can he hide himself from the gaze of the Federation. The brothers of all the locals within the jurisdiction should spare no efforts in making life so unpleasant for this unworthy purloiner of the funds of Bingham union that he will beg for mercy and restore the money which he wrongfully appropriated to his own use. Such men must be shown no clemency, because lenity will only encourage the commission of such wrongs against the Western Federation of Miners.—Ed.

THE UNION ACTIVE.

East Helena, Mont., Sept. 8, 1902.

Editor Miners' Magazine—On the 27th of August we gave our first annual ball, which proved to be a grand success. The attendance was beyond our greatest hopes. We had a nice crowd, a fine night and an enjoyable time. Nothing went wrong to mar the pleasures of the evening.

About 10 o'clock, just after a waltz, Brother O'Connor

called the attention of the people, and in a neat little speech on behalf of the members of the union, presented Brother Phil Bowden with a pretty badge as a token of esteem for what he has done for us. He was the backbone and mainstay of our union during our troubles. Brother Bowden responded in a nice speech, which was generously applauded. After the speech making the dance went on and was kept up till about 3 o'clock in the morning. Every one went home feeling well satisfied.

Brother Fred Schultair has opened a gents' furnishing store, and as he handles most all union made goods, we hope all the boys will give him a little of their trade, if not all.

That's all this time. M. AND S. UNION NO. 126.

MACKAY MINERS' UNION.

Sept. 20, 1902.

Editor Miners' Magazine—Thinking that our brothers in other states would like to hear from the Federation in this state, we hereby submit a report to the Miners' Magazine, hoping you will give it your kind consideration. We are proud to notify the Miners' Magazine that the people of this state have turned down the Steunenberg-Martin faction again in the Democratic state convention, which forces have been so detrimental to the laboring people of this state. The tactics used by this element would make Mark Hanna and his plutocrats turn green with envy. In order to defeat Governor Hunt, the laboring man's friend, they trumped up a charge against Warden Arney, charging him with abortion. They brought in this charge at the eleventh hour of the convention, but it had an opposite effect from what they intended.

Labor has also cause to be proud of Hon. Avery C. Moore of Idaho county for the manner in which he championed the rights of organized labor. The stand he took on the employers' liability bill saved this resolution from being defeated. The stand he took on the eight-hour law and other planks in the platform won the esteem and gratitude of the laboring people of this state and shall never be forgotten. Though he has been defeated for the nomination for Congress by a very close margin, he is worthy of the consideration of the party in the future for any office in the state.

In regard to local unions in this state, they are prospering as well as possible under the existing conditions. L. J. Simkins, member of the executive board, W. F. M., organized

the State Federation of Miners and Millmen of Idaho, which will be a permanent and useful organization to the working masses. The federation was organized September 6th at Pocatello, Idaho, with Bernard Smith of Burke president.

H. J. HENDERSON, Sec. Treas., Mackay, Idaho.

THE OUTLOOK.

The September magazine number of the Outlook has even greater variety of subjects treated in its illustrated articles than usual. Among the articles which are most elaborately illustrated are: An extremely readable personal article about the Sultan of Turkey by the well-known magazine writer, Mr. Ray Stannard Baker, who bases his comments on facts gathered in a recent visit to Turkey; a careful estimate of the career of Lord Salisbury, with personal comment, written by Mr. Justin McCarthy, author of "The History of Our Own Times," and forming one of a series of articles by Mr. McCarthy on living British statesmen; a paper called "The City for the Children," by G. W. Wharton, who tells of the recent advance in New York City in applying the school houses and other municipal plant for the benefit and amusement of children outside of school hours; a description of "Modern Methods in the Cattle Industry," by Mr. Charles M. Harger; an appreciative and finely critical paper on the composer Saint-Saens, by Mr. Daniel Gregory Mason, whose series of personal musical articles is attracting attention among lovers of music; a pleasant descriptive article telling of "A Ramble in Normandy," by Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie, with original drawings by Miss Elizabeth Roberts; and another instalment of Dr. Edward Everett Hale's "Memories of a Hundred Years," which has for its general subject this month the Civil War.

IN MEMORIAM.

The Bingham Miners' Union No. 67 have passed resolutions of condolence mourning the unfortunate and untimely death of Brother Fred S. Brekon, and extend sincere sympathy to his parents and relatives in their hour of affliction and bereavement.

DISTRICT UNIONS WESTERN FEDERATION OF MINERS.

Cripple Creek District Union No. 1—Dan Griffis, Secretary, 414 Fifth street, Cripple Creek, Colorado.

San Juan District Union No. 2—President, V. St. John; Secretary, O. M. Carpenter, Telluride, Colorado.

Black Hills District Union No. 3—Secretary, C. H. Schaad, Terry, South Dakota.

Kansas District Union No. 4—President, J. A. Bales; Secretary, Joseph Kauffman, La Harpe.

Gilpin and Clear Creek District Union No. 5.—Secretary, William J. Bailey.

British Columbia District Union No. 6—Secretary, Tom L. Buckton, Phoenix, B. C.

PRICE LIST OF SUPPLIES.

Charters	\$25.00	Each
Rituals	1.00	Each
Warrant Books	1.00	Each
Receipt Books	1.00	Each
Federation Emblems	1.00	Each
Constitution and By-Laws, per copy05	Each
Withdrawal Cards01	Each
Delinquent Notices01	Each
Application Blanks01	Each
Membership Cards05	Each
Canceling Stamp65	Each
Seals	3.00	Each

Due Stamps at ratio of per capita tax, six for \$1.00.

Officers' Bond Blanks and Quarterly Report Blanks furnished free.

W. D. HAYWOOD,

Secretary-Treasurer, Denver, Colo.

Room 625, Mining Exchange.

The Western Federation of Miners.

CHAS. H. MOYER, President.....No 625 Mining Ex. Bldg., Denver, Colo.
 EDWARD HUGHES, Vice President.....Butte, Mont.
 W. D. HAYWOOD, Sec'y-Treas.,.....625 Mining Ex. Bldg., Denver, Colo.
 JOHN H. MURPHY, Attorney.....503 Kittridge Bldg., Denver, Colo.

EXECUTIVE BOARD:

J. T. LEWIS.....Globe, Ariz. | D. C. COPLEY.....Independence, Colo.
 L. J. SIMPKINS.....Wardner, Idaho. | O. A. PETERSON.....Tarraville, S. D.
 PHILIP BOWDEN.....Butte, Mont. | JAMES A. BAKER.....Slocan City, B. C.

Directory of Local Unions and Officers.

No.	NAME	Meet'g Night	PRESIDENT	SECRETARY.	P. O. Box	ADDRESS
ARIZONA.						
77	Chloride	Wed	W. H. Cassady	Chas. Parisia	0	Chloride
155	Congress		Frank Burton	Charles Webster		Congress
150	Gleason	Fri	Thos. Cowan	L. J. Langley		Gleason
60	Globe	Tues	G. G. Stephens	J. W. Sharkey	1082	Globe
154	Groom Creek	Sat	Jno. O'Connell	F. M. Sickler	291	Prescott
101	Jerome	Wed	T. J. Morrison	Albert Ryan	120	Jerome
98	Kofa			Axel Lindh		Kofa
118	McCabe	Sat	J. A. Hartsfield	A. W. Nicklin		McCabe
153	Poland	Tues	J. P. Ryan	Al. Shidler		Poland
135	Pearce		L. H. Allen	C. Monmonier		Pearce
102	Ray	Sun	J. J. Hand	Chas. Peters		Troy
78	Valmenta	Sat	M. Shackelford	W. E. Lee		Prescott
65	Walker		F. A. Murphy	N. J. Griffin		Walker
160	Weaver			Dan Cribbs		Octave
BRIT. COLUMBIA						
134	Fairview		F. Danugh	W. H. Morrison		Fairview
152	Frank	Sat	Wm. Slack	S. Sutherland		Frank, Alb'rt
76	Gladstone	Sat	T. P. Goddard	D. McKenzie	11	Fernie
22	Greenwood	Sat	D. McGlashen	Geo. Dougherty	134	Greenwood
69	Kaslo	Sat	M. P. McAndrew	Geo. T. Kane	75	Kaslo
100	Kimberly	Sat	J. E. O'Riley	Harry White	0	Kimberly
112	Kamloops	Sat	J. Pettigrew	Mich. Delaney	170	Kamloops
119	Lardeau			A. J. Gordon		Ferguson
166	Michel	Sat	Jos. Chapman	John Buil		Michel
43	McKinney	Thurs	Geo. Withers	W. E. Letts		O'p. M'Kinney
120	Morrissey			Jos. Parkin		
71	Moyie	Tues	Jno. Blackburn	P. T. Smyth	32	Moyie
96	Nelson	Sat	Thos. Roynon	F. Phillips	106	Nelson
97	New Denver	Sat	H. McWilliams	D. J. Weir	40	New Denver
8	Phoenix	Tues	J. P. Shannon	John Riordan		Phoenix
38	Rossland	Wed	Rupert Bulmer	F. E. Woodside	421	Rossland
81	Sandon	Sat	H. Thompson	A. Shilland		Sandon
95	Silverton	Sat	S. E. Watson	J. C. Tyree	85	Silverton
62	Slocan	Wed	Wm. Davidson	D. B. O'Neil		Slocan City
113	Texada	Tues	J. D. Fraser	Alfred Raper	888	Van Anda
79	Whitewater	Sat	J. D. Burke	J. J. MacDonald		Whitewater
85	Ymir	Wed	A. McDougall	M. MacInnis	18	Ymir
CALIFORNIA						
61	Bodie	Tues	Jas. Borland	Steve O'Brien	6	Bodie
128	Bullion	Wed	D. J. Donahue	D. M. Brown	25	Mt. Bullion
55	Calaveras	Sun	W. W. Wilson	H. Mitchell		Angel's Camp
47	Confidence	Thurs	A. D. M'Cormick	Edward Goegg	26	Confidence
141	French Gulch		John Eagan	F. F. Keer		French Gulch
70	Gold Cross	Tues	R. M. Hicks	J. A. Vaughn		Hedges
90	Grass Valley	Fri	Sam Butler	R. D. Gluyas	199	Grass Valley
163	Ivanpah		A. H. Shipway	Gust Erickson		Manvel
115	Jackson	Sun	F. O'Connell	John Casey		Jackson
143	Keswick S. U	Mon	W. Kitzmiller	Jno. E. Burr		Taylor
51	Mojave	Sat	T. F. Delaney	A. A. Moross	1	Mojave

Directory of Local Unions and Officers.

No.	NAME	Meet'n Night	PRESIDENT.	SECRETARY	P. O. Box	ADDRESS
KANSAS.						
149	Cherryvale S. M.		Wm. Barr	A. H. Davidson		Cherryvale...
147	Gas City S. M.	Mon	J. T. Woods	Harry Fowler	76	Gas City
124	Girard M. & S.	Sat	Wm. Hollinger	L. H. Harmon		Girard
123	Iola M. & S.		Chas. Chadd	G. F. Titus		Iola
148	LaHarpe S. U.	Tues	J. W. Woolingt'n	A. S. Murray	110	LaHarpe
MONTANA						
117	Anaconda M. & S.	Sat	Dan. O'Leary	P. McNerny	473	Anaconda
114	Anaconda Eng.	Mon	R. P. Kyle	David Storrar		Anaconda
57	Aldridge	Sat	John Curdy	George Reeb	97	Aldridge
12	Barker	Thurs	Henry Daniels	Mike Wilson	5	Barker
23	Basin		John Person	John Mulcahy	1	Basin
7	Belt	Sat	J. J. McLeod	Robt. Wedlock		Niehart
45	Bridger	Tues	Chas. Swan	D. A. Tinkcom		Bridger
1	Butte	Tues	Ed. Hughes	John Shea	498	Butte
74	Butte M & S.	Wed	Geo. T. Wade	J. W. Whitely	841	Butte
83	Butte Eng.	Wed	P. A. Stephens	Jos. Creighton	1625	Butte
88	Elkhorn	Sat	Chas. Harding	C. H. James	27	Elkhorn
126	E. Helena M. & S.		D. McGinty	Jas. McCormick		East Helena
86	Geo. Dewey Eng.	Mon	Alfred Jose	J. M. Carlisle	284	Granite
4	Granite	Tues	John Benan	Wm. Enderline	D	Granite
162	Granite M & S		C. Calhoun	Chas. Howland		Philipsburg
16	Grt. Falls M. & S.	Sat	J. B. Finlay	Jas. Lithgow	790	Great Falls
35	Hassell	Sat	Ed. Blewett	A. Scharke	71	Hassel
54	Horr	Sat	A. McEelhany	Dante Raso		Horr
139	Jardine		Thos. Bailey	John McGaurr		Jardine
107	Judith Mountain	Sat	Jas. Longmier	J. J. Lewis	8	Maiden
103	Marysville	Sat	James Sennett	Nels. Maxwell	73	Marysville
105	Mayflower	Tues	Jerry O'Rourke	Jas. Foster		Whitehall
138	Mount Helena		J. R. Hunter	Nick Hoffman		Helena
104	Norris	Sat	W. A. Lawlor	B. G. Crawford		Norris
111	North Moccasin	Sat	W. R. Woodson	E. E. Phillips		Kendall
131	Pony		F. P. Rhenole	Thos. Jordan		Pony
25	Winston	Sat	Theo. Schuele	E. J. Brewer	A	Winston
129	Virginia City	Sat	E. J. Ganian	H. T. Reid		Virginia City
NEVADA						
122	Berlin	Mon	I. J. Farley	O. A. Fuller		Berlin
72	Lincoln	Wed	D. Marguards'n	R. J. Gordon	51	DeLamar
164	Searchlight		A. H. Smith	W. Bainbridge		Searchlight
49	Silver City	Tues	C. G. Hamilton	Dave Armstrong	76	Silver City
121	Tonapah	Tues	Henry Spenker	Wm. Enger	92	Tonapah
31	Tuscarora	Wed	J. C. Doughty	W. I. Plumb	67	Tuscarora
46	Virginia City	Fri	John F. Ward	J. W. Kinnikin	I	Virginia City
OREGON.						
130	Alamo		E. P. McCurry	L. Steinmetzer		Alamo
42	Bourne	Tues	M. B. Whipple	J. D. McDonald		Bourne
91	Cornucopia	Sat	A. T. Russell	B. M. Patterson		Cornucopia
132	Greenhorn	Fri	F. E. Holman	J. D. Wisdom		Geiser
29	Susanville	Thurs	Chas. Graham	R. O. Ingraham		Susanville
140	Virtue	Tues	W. H. Johnston	S. H. Washburn		Baker City
SO. DAKOTA.						
3	Central	Sat	Otto Peterson	W. G. Friggins	23	Central City
14	Deadwood	Thurs	John Neeland	J. E. Evans	950	Deadwood
2	Lead	Mon	G. W. Holvey	Thos. J. Ryan	290	Lead City
5	Terry Peak	Wed	John A. True	C. H. Schaad	174	Terry
68	Galena	Wed	Geo. Leach	J. H. Gardner	51	Galena
116	Perry			Henry Thomas		Perry
UTAH						
67	Bingham	Sat	Peter Streed	E. G. Lock	31	Bingham
151	Eureka	Thurs	Godfrey Scherer	Nick Cones	228	Eureka
144	Park City	Sat	J. P. Langford	O. C. Lockhart	891	Park City
99	Valley S. U.	Sat	E. J. Smith	J. W. Gordon		Murray

Directory of Local Unions and Officers

No.	NAME	Meet'g Night	PRESIDENT	SECRETARY	P.O. Box	ADDRESS
WASHINGTON.						
17	Cascade.....	Sat	Patrick Reddy.	Floyd Harman.	Silverton.....
142	Deertrail.....	Tues	J. C. Carter....	J. O'Leary jr	Deer Trail ..
168	Index			Ben Evans.....	
28	Republic	Tues	Alex McKay ..	J. E. Keyes....	157	Republic.....
WYOMING						
157	Continental		Wm. Mow	Wm. Malady....		Battle.....
156	Encampment		Geo. Brown....	John Evans....		Riverside
	M. M. & S. }					

The American Labor Union.

DANIEL McDONALD, President..... Box 1067, Butte, Mont.
 D. F. O'SHEA, Vice President..... Cripple Creek, Colo.
 CLARENCE SMITH, Secretary-Treasurer..... Box 1067, Butte, Mont.

EXECUTIVE BOARD

H. N. BANKS.....	Denver, Colo.	H. L. HUGHES.....	Spokane, Wash.
FRANK J. PELLETIER.....	Butte, Mont.	FRED W. WALTON.....	Wallace, Idaho
M. E. WHITE.....	Leadville Colo.	F. W. OTT.....	Laramie, Wyo.
O. P. LAFFRAY.....			Bonner, Mont.

Rocky Mountain News

DENVER, COLORADO.

DAILY AND WEEKLY.

The Greatest Representative Newspaper of
 the Rocky Mountain States and Territories.

"At the present time the majority of the members of the organization read nothing but the metropolitan dailies—the avowed and everlasting enemies of labor. There is not a daily of any note from the Atlantic to the Pacific (the Rocky Mountain News excepted) that is friendly to labor; it is our duty not to patronize them, nor the men who advertise in them."—From President Edward Boyce's address to the Miners' convention at Salt Lake, May 12, 1897.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES;

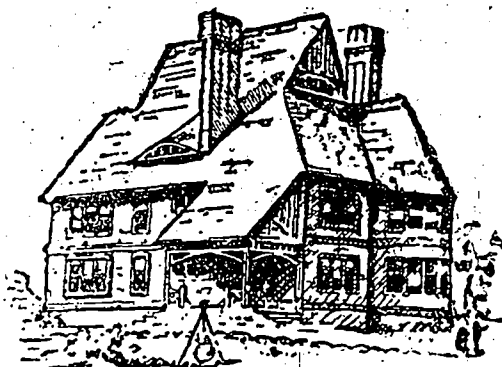
Daily and Sunday	75c a month
Sunday only.....	\$2.50 a year
Weekly.....	1.00 a year

Address,

ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS, DENVER, COLO.

THE NATIONAL Homeseekers' Association

SUBMITS A POINTER TO YOU.



**Make the Money you are Paying as Rent
BUY YOU A HOME.**

This Association will furnish you the money to buy or build a HOME or pay off your mortgage, and you may return the money at the rate of \$5.50 per month on each \$1,000 received. Is it wise to pay rent? To pay interest? To depend upon a landlord's whims? To live in the fear of foreclosure? Would it not be well to own your own home—to be independent and free?

PLAN.

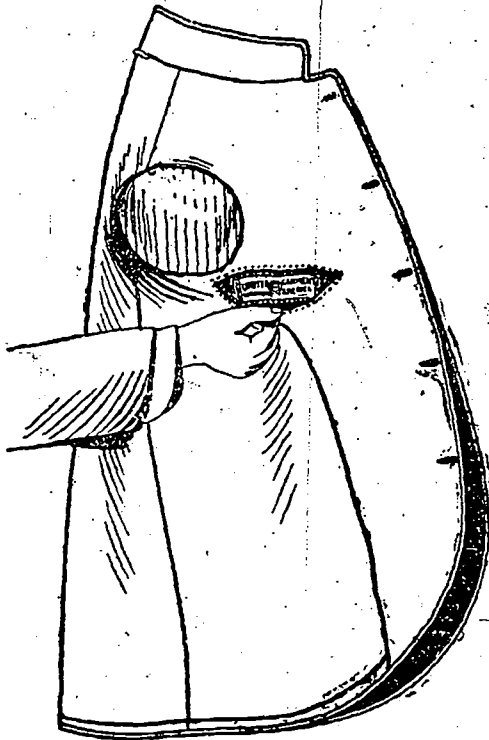
You pay an application fee of \$4.00 per each \$1,000 desired, then a HOME contract is issued to you for the amount applied for, for which you will thereafter pay \$1.50 per month for each \$1,000, for which you are given credit until the property is bought for you. You take possession, you have the deed, we have a mortgage. Your payments are then raised to \$5.50 per month per \$1,000, which you continue to pay until you have returned \$1,093 for each \$1,000 advanced. In case of sickness or loss of employment your time is extended and the payments are met by the reserve fund. Your money is secured by real estate security, and all officers are bonded in a reliable surety company.

THE SECRETARIES of the local lodges of the Western Federation of Miners have been furnished with papers fully explaining our plan. Call on them for our paper, or write us, enclosing 2c stamp for reply.

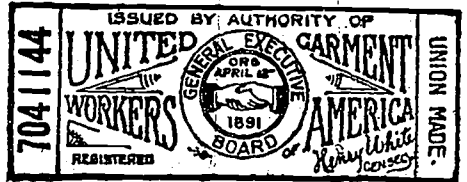
All Correspondence Promptly Answered. Good Agents Wanted.

National Homeseekers' Association,

247, Coronado Building, DENVER, COLO.



Union Miners Attention.



Show your loyalty to the cause by insisting upon the emblem of fair union labor being attached to the clothing you buy. Costs you no more for a well made garment. It insures you against Chinese and diseased sweatshop product.

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

This is the Time

To ask your dealer to write
for samples of

Underhill's

Shirts, Corduroy and Cassimere Pants, Overalls, Jumpers and Duck Clothing.
They are what you want and he ought to have them.

Western Made. Union Made. Best Made.

Factory in Denver.

UNDERHILL MFG. CO.

Chas. Bayly, President and Manager.



This label should be pasted on every package containing

Beer, Ale or Porter

As the only guarantee that said package contains beverages produced by Union Labor.



This is the Union Label
OF THE
United Hatters
OF NORTH AMERICA

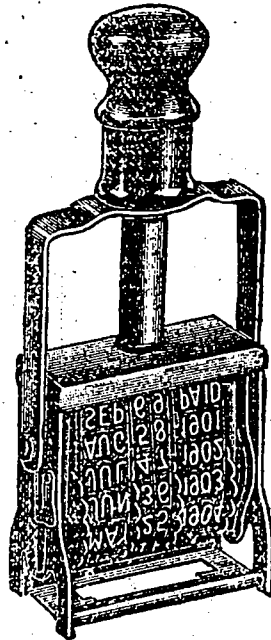
When you are buying a FUR HAT, soft or stiff, see to it that the genuine Union Label is sewed in it. If a retailer has loose labels in his possession and offers to put one in a hat for you, do not patronize him. He has not any right to have loose labels. Loose labels in retail stores are counterfeits. Do not listen to any explanation as to why the hat has no label. The genuine union label is perforated on the four edges exactly the same as a postage stamp. Counterfeits are sometimes perforated on three of the edges, and sometimes only on two. Keep a sharp look-out for the counterfeits. Unprincipled manufacturers are using them in order to get rid of their scab-made hats. The John B. Stetson Co., Henry H. Roelofs & Co., both of Philadelphia, Pa., are both non-union concerns.

JOHN A MOFFIT, President, Orange, N. J.

JOHN PHILLIPS, Secretary, 797 Bedford Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y.



The Miners' Magazine, Denver.
\$1.00 a year.



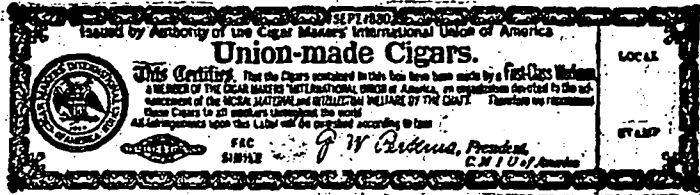
SELF INKING DATERS
Like Cut, only 65c.

Mailed anywhere.
Rubber Stamps, Seals, etc.

Sachs-Lawlor Machine & Mfg. Co.
Denver, Colorado.

If you are opposed to Tenement House, Sweat Shop or
child labor.

Smoke only Union Label Cigars



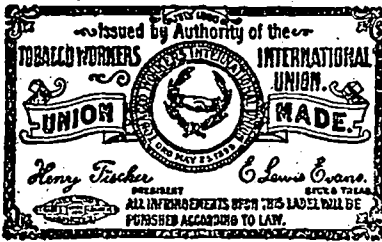
Don't forget to see that this Label is on every box, when buying cigars.

M. A. ROGERS, Proprietor.

C. T. ROGERS, Manager.

The Western Hotel, Ouray, Colorado.

Newly renovated. The recognized rendezvous for miners. Its superior service and cuisine, at moderate tariff, is the magnet which draws the multitude, who always place their money where the best returns are assured.



When Purchasing Tobacco

Chewing or Smoking, Plug, Twist or in
Package, see that THIS LABEL is on it.
No matter what your dealer may tell you

There are None Strictly Union Without
the Blue Label--buy no other.

Badges

FLAGS
AND BANNERS.

Jno. O'Callahan & Sons

Eighth and Sansom Sts.

Philadelphia, Penn.

Designs for Every Organization.

All we ask is an opportunity
to submit our samples and
prices. Drop us a postal.

Census Bulletin No. 150 says that
the value of the wage earner's pro-
ducts was in 1890 \$2,451.00

Same bulletin puts his wages at \$437

That means that every worker in the
manufacturing institutions of the U.
S. received less than one-fifth of what
his hands created.

Who gets the other \$2,000? The
idler!

Under Socialism the man who cre-
ated a net value of \$2,451 would re-
ceive that amount as his reward. Who
is better entitled to it than the man
who made it.

If you want to know more about
Socialism subscribe for

The Coming Nation

An illustrated Socialist
paper. 50 cents a year.

Rich Hill, Mo.