



JOHN M. O'NEILL,
Editor Miners' Magazine.

THE
Miners' Magazine

NOVEMBER, 1902.

JOHN M. O'NEILL, Editor.

Published by the Western Federation of Miners.

\$1.00 a Year.

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 Communications not in conformity with this notice will not be published.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

Address all Communications to Miners' Magazine.

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

DO YOUR DUTY!

There never was a time in the history of Colorado when the political situation demanded more serious consideration from the miners and every department of organized labor than now. The two old political parties, in their zeal to command campaign ammunition from the corporations of the state, have vied with each other in selecting candidates for office whose election would be hailed with joy by the "Masters of the Bread." The western man who toils in the mine, mill or smelter has learned long ago that labor cannot even place a scintilla of hope in the doctrines as promulgated by the Mark Hanna trust builders, whose ambition is to place in the gubernatorial chair a banker from the penitentiary city of Colorado, and send back to the "millionaires' club" at Washington the

“Baron of Wolhurst.” Labor did not expect that the “Robber Seventh” furniture thieves and the “Redeemers” of 1894, who disgraced the executive chair of the state with a divorced libertine, would consider for a moment the interests of men and women whose toil and hardship enabled Colorado to place the Centennial star on the blue field of the nation’s banner. It was not, however, generally anticipated that the Democratic party, whose successive victories for six years have been due to the unswerving loyalty of the deluded working men, would summon the brazen effrontery to insult labor by selecting for a standard bearer in this state a recognized legal champion of the Mine Owners’ Association. The thousands of men and women who stand beneath the folds of organized labor’s flag did not dream that the degenerate gang dominated by the spider limbed Thomas would dare to slap unionism in the face by nominating for state auditor an ex-captain of a company of deputies who longed for red handed fame and blood money as a leader of assassins in the Cripple Creek strike of 1894. They did not dream that a Democratic convention that applauds the names of Jefferson and Jackson and that frames labor planks to win enthusiastic hurrahs, would be so bold as to tear off the mask that covered hypocrisy and expose the claws of the Democratic tiger in all its cruelty and treachery. The Democratic party has at last come out on the open field, bidding defiance to the men who have made it possible for masked traitors to revel in the spoils of public plunder. The Democratic party, intoxicated by its uninterrupted reign of six years, has openly linked its future with the fortunes of the corporations, and its treason now challenges the labor hosts to rout it from the citadel of power. The thousands of working men and women who for years have responded with their ballots to the Democratic yell of 16 to 1, can now gaze upon a ticket whose

candidates will be as true to the interests of corporate power as is the needle to the pole.

The nomination of Stimson was dictated by Thomas, a corporation lawyer, and the political forces were rallied and concentrated by Insley to consummate the unholy climax of the mine owners' influence in a Democratic convention. It is little more than eight years ago since Insley, the political accomplice of Chamber of Commerce Fame Thomas, was a "Redeemer," and longed to ride upon the wings of war and press the trigger of a corporation rifle to murder men who dared to stand on the summit of Bull hill and defend with their lives, if need be, the deathless principles of right and justice. Does the Democratic party believe that the scars of eight years ago are erased from labor's memory? Do the proud and arrogant czars of Colorado Democracy, who dictated the nominations in accordance with corporation commands, entertain the hope that the men who wield the pick and hammer in the bowels of the earth have banished from their brain the hated remembrance of the thug army whose principal recruiting official is now the political aspirant on the Democratic ticket for auditor of state?

Do the "unterrified and unwashed" hug the deceptive phantom to their bosom that they can flaunt the red rag of insolent contempt for the working man in their conventions and hope to escape with impunity from the avalanche of protests that will be hurled into the ballot box on the 4th of November?

Will the honest, sincere and earnest laboring men and women of this state, who have borne the brunt of strikes and beheld the state militia used to defeat the battles of unionism, rally to the support of this ticket whose election means another war for organized labor? Will you support for office a nominee who in the early days of the Cripple Creek district distin-

gushed himself in recruiting footpads, sandbaggers, train-holdups, ex-convicts, tin horn gamblers, sneak thieves, pick-pockets, pimps and convicted burglars to be licensed as commissioned man killers whose slaughter of miners was only prevented by the peerless Waite, who dared the paid assassins to advance on Bull hill? Could the departed governor, whose spirit has passed beyond the portals of an invisible world, break the barriers that confine him in his silent tomb in Aspen's cemetery, could the blood course again the rivers of that old iron frame, could he stand upon the political rostrum in 1902, his tongue would burn with the eloquence of a Demosthenes pleading with the miners to bury Democracy so deep in oblivion that a million blasts from Gabriel's trumpet would fail to awaken it to a resurrection. It has been the proud boast of organized labor that the loyalty of Waite soared above the malaria of corporation contamination and his fearlessness to do right has linked his name with the immortal Altgeld, whose unsullied record will be as imperishable as the eternal principles of truth itself.

The opportunity has come when the labor hosts of unionism can prove their reverence for his memory by crucifying on the cross of political ignominy the shameless and infamous chattels who now wear the collar of the Mine Owners' Association. Will you listen to the hired mendicants of Democracy, who, with the unblushing impudence of painted prostitutes, are haranguing the voters of the state clamoring for their election and hiding the cloven foot of their villiany behind the veneered silver record of Henry M. Teller? Will it be said after the 4th of November that the ex-captain of a thug mob armed to enforce the anarchy of mine owners in 1894, reached the goal of his political ambition in 1902? Shall Charles S. Thomas, whose record is branded with the scab marks of labor's denunciation for a quarter of a century, be able, with the mesmerism

of his siren eloquence; to cause the laboring masses to condone the infidelity of a Democratic convention that harkened to the voice of corporation boodle? Will "Old Perplexity," who said that the mission of the Populist party was ended when he was elected United States senator, swerve you from your duty in avenging the unpardonable sin by the oily editorials that will be shoveled and carted from the warehouse of his cunning and prolific brain? Will Henry M. Teller, the weeping statesman, drown your memory in the flood of sympathy and make you forget that Democracy in Colorado has nailed to its ticket a deputy thug gatherer, whose idolatry for Mammon in 1894 would have filled strikers' homes with coffins and wet the cheeks of widows and orphans with the anguished tears of bereavement? Will this Democratic trinity, Teller, Patterson and Thomas, sway you with spread eagle bombast from the great and only issue in this election, which is Capitalism versus Labor?

The Democracy of Jefferson and the Republicanism of Lincoln were expelled from the conventions of both parties, and the might and power of corporate influence have presented to the people of the state candidates who are manacled and bound to carry out the supreme will of commercial plutocracy.

Whether Democracy or Republicanism wins in this contest for political supremacy, labor has nothing to hope for. The corporations have named the tools in both parties, who are mortgaged to cancel their obligations through official remunerative service. Labor is between two fires—a banker on one side and a Mine Owners' Association lawyer on the other. There is but one avenue open by which labor can escape the inevitable consequences that are sure to follow. The Socialist party alone has the only platform and the only men and women who are holding aloft the beacon light of industrial liberty to break the chains of that bondage that makes life a living hell

on earth. The Socialist party is the only party that has built a light house amid the breakers to save humanity from being submerged beneath the maddened billows of corporate greed. You have the power in your hands to enthrone labor in the sovereign citadel of the state and flash around the world the electric spark of intelligence, that here in Colorado polluted Democracy and corporation ridden Republicanism have at last gone down to their eternal Waterloo before the incorruptible ballots of men and women whose party circles the globe. Do your duty. Vote for yourselves, and capitalism will lie bleeding and wounded unto death on the battle field on the 4th of November.

UNIONISM IN SOCIALISM.

The members of the Western Federation of Miners and the American Labor Union are showing a determination to carry into operation the resolutions as adopted by the Denver conventions by a vigorous educational campaign, and by presenting for the suffrage of the people candidates for office who have severed every tie that bound them to the old political parties. These men, whose names appear on the Socialist ticket in the various states of the West, are the vanguards of Socialism who have the moral courage to stand up in opposition to a political and industrial system that halts manhood in intellectual development and puts the brand of slave on the representative of labor. Few of these candidates nominated in a Socialist convention expect to be crowned with the victory of an election. They realize that the interests of corporations represented in the two old parties will spare no effort or expense in a misrepresentation of conditions which have given birth to a declaration of political independence that eventually means the downfall of plutocracy. It required courage on the part of the heroes of thirteen colonies to remonstrate against the wrongs and despotism of king rule. It required brave men in the ante-bellum days to raise their voice against pulpit and press in denunciation of chattel slavery, and it requires brave men now, in the morning of the twentieth century, to rise up in rebellion against the iniquities of a civilization that clothes millions in rags in order that the few may revel in silk and

broadcloth. Among the many candidates which the Socialist party in the different states of the West have presented for political recognition, we take pleasure in mentioning a few who are members of the Western Federation of Miners and of the American Labor Union:

In the Cripple Creek district the Socialist party has named J. J. Callahan of Victor as the senatorial nominee, a member of Victor Miners' Union No. 32, and if the members of organized labor rally to the support of this unflinching and uncompromising defender of the rights of humanity, the political fossils who reside for ninety days in the state capitol will need no fuel to keep them warm during the coming winter. Mr. Callahan has been identified with organized labor for more than a quarter of a century. He is beyond question a leader in economic thought and the masterpieces of logic that have flowed from his pen in the field of journalism have commanded recognition from the advanced thinkers of the West.


D. C. Copley of Independence, who was honored in the last convention of the Western Federation of Miners by being placed on the executive board, is another stalwart in the ranks of Socialism who should be elected as a member of the next body of Colorado lawmakers.

W. F. Davis, the president of the Altman union, graces the Socialist ticket for representative honors. Mr. Davis has been tried and tested in the stormy days of the Coeur d'Alenes, and his name is enrolled among the heroes of the "bull pen" as a man who would welcome death before dishonor.

E. L. Minster, vice president of the Altman union, is another Roman who has broken away from the fetters of the old parties and is on the Socialist ticket for the Legislature.

In the San Juan district we find the name of Ernest Allen, the ex-secretary of the Silverton Miners' Union, on the Socialist ticket for state senator. Mr. Allen belongs to that type of manhood who does his own thinking and who sees in Socialism the only solution to the labor problem. The success of the Silverton Miners' Union and the erection of the beautiful building which stands as a monument to labor in Silverton, are due in a great measure to the energy and tireless efforts of Mr. Allen, whose lexicon in unionism knows no such word as fail.

In Ouray, John E. Souter, ex-president of the union, and H. A. McLean, the financial secretary, are slated for the Legislature on the Socialist ticket, and the sterling qualities of both gentlemen will command a handsome vote on the 4th of November.



In Arapahoe county, W. D. Haywood, the secretary-treasurer of the Western Federation of Miners, is carrying out the political policy of the Denver convention by accepting a nomination on the Socialist ticket for the state Senate. Mr. Haywood needs no introduction to the people of Colorado, or to the miners of the West. He is the trusted custodian of the organization's funds, and his honesty, clerical ability and fearless advocacy of economic freedom has made him a potent factor in the Socialist movement in Colorado and throughout the mining states of the Rocky mountains.

In South Dakota, in Lawrence county, or what is commonly known as the Black Hills, we find Otto Peterson, a member of the executive board of the Western Federation of Miners, the candidate for sheriff on the Socialist ticket. Mr. Peterson was probably the finest specimen of physical manhood that attended the Denver convention, and he convinced the delegates in that convention that he is as big mentally as he is physically.

In Montana we find Clarence Smith, the secretary-treasurer of the American Labor Union and the manager of the official organ of that body, breasting the waves of corporate power on the Socialist ticket for state senator. Mr. Smith is a young man of brilliant attainments and if elected to the legislative halls of Montana will make a record that will redound to the credit of the organization to which he belongs.

We have only mentioned a few of the men of the western organizations who are taking a prominent part in the advancement of Socialism. There are thousands of members of the Western Federation of Miners and American Labor Union who are putting their shoulder to the wheel in bringing about the dawn of that glad day when no member of organized labor will be found in the ranks of the capitalist parties loaning his presence and aid to the continued reign of exploitation. These men who dare to stand on the platform of the Socialist party courting the slander and vituperation of a subsidized press, are the Lincolns who have sworn to commence the battle that will only end with the abolition of wage slavery.

Belgium is threatened with a revolution. The wage vassals under the "divine right" jurisdiction of Libertine Leopold are clamoring against their boss. When the crash comes and Leopold is dethroned he will find an asylum in free America in the homes of such patriots as Morgan and Baer, who will be proud to welcome their brother in distress.

The logic of Socialism is born from the conditions which capital has created and the suffering which labor endures.

Will some one tell us the difference between being hungry and out of a job under a President and being in the same condition under a king?

The cotton factories of the South, where Democracy reigns supreme, are paradises of profit for the Republican capitalists of New England.

If the Republicans and Democrats could only redeem their prodigal promises made before election we would be close to the dawn of Socialism.

President Roosevelt, in his political despair, appealed to the gaunt, hungry, ragged miner to settle the strike. Oh, to what depths has the trust buster fallen!

Since John W. Gates was hit hard in Wall street he declares that it is no place for an honest man. If John had made millions the public would have been in ignorance of the dishonest practices that resulted in John's parting with \$2,000,000.

Members of labor organizations who accept a nomination on either of the capitalist party tickets are making a political ladder of their union for the purpose of climbing into office. Such men are but revenue members, who would sacrifice every principle of unionism for the petty honors and pelf of a political job.

The National Association of Manufacturers have issued a circular urging every manufacturer throughout the country to send his protest to Congress against the passage of the eight hour bill. The manufacturers recognize their class interests and are using their influence to protect their "divine right" against any encroachment. What can the working man expect when he votes the same ticket as the manufacturer? What relief can he expect from an administration that is bridled, saddled and ridden by the trust managers of the nation? It is about time for the laboring man to cease ratifying the men whom the banks, railroads and other corporations have had nominated. Vote your class interest.

The scab is similar to a hyena eating a corpse.

If labor is more honored to-day than at any time in the world's history it owes no debt of gratitude to capital.

The warlike appearance of the state of Pennsylvania has a tendency to cut short Republican oratory in Colorado.

Mark Hanna, the great "labor leader," has obtained a fifty year franchise on the streets of Cleveland, Ohio. Mark is an agitator before whose boodle eloquence state Legislatures quail in placid acquiescence.

Teddy may have shot a Spaniard in the back at the battle of San Juan hill and done up lions in the Rocky mountains, but there is a bear (Baer) in Pennsylvania who is able to tackle the strenuousness of "Sargent's fireman."

If Morgan should fail, or if the great promoter of trusts should precipitate financial disaster, what would the harvest be? It is a great system which has placed in the hands of one man a power before which the nations of the world stand in dismay in contemplation of his downfall.

The war between labor and capital has sent more human beings to premature graves than all the bloody battles that have been waged between the nations of the earth. The war will go on until reason and intelligence shall end the struggle by placing in the hands of all the people equal opportunities to enjoy the comforts which should be the inheritance of every life.

The American tobacco trust and the Imperial tobacco trust of England have come to the conclusion that competition is disastrous and have joined hands in consolidation to skin the dear people whose lives look more pleasant under the narcotic influence of the weed. We would respectfully ask the national standard bearer of the Democratic party how a removal of the tariff on articles controlled by the trust will be able to affect this international combination? Cough up, Mr. Bryan, and tell us how Democracy will be able to reach this fully matured giant that proposes to levy its tribute upon the world.

STATE THE FACTS.

The Republican orators have endeavored to resurrect the dying patriotism of the hungry millions by painting verbal pictures of the might, power and standing of this country among the nations of the globe. For more than twenty years the platform spellbinders flaunted the red and gory garment known as the "bloody shirt," and the prejudices that this relic of murder engendered in the hearts of the masses secured for political conspirators the opportunity to burglarize the treasury of the nation. The great mass of the American people, when beholding the nation cemented together after the destruction of a million human lives and eight billions of property and money, closed their eyes to the gormandizing horde of revenue boodlers who shouted "the Union forever" to kindle and blaze the fires of patriotism in order to gull the unsuspecting into the belief that the party who "tore slander from the throat of treason" was worthy of the fullest and most implicit confidence. The great majority of the people were blinded to the fact that while they were rejoicing with songs of triumph and jubiling that shot and shell had added four millions of freemen to the population of our country, that Iscariot statesmen were shaping the legislation that transferred the shackles of chattel slavery from the black man to fetter the limbs of American citizenship with the chains of another slavery that holds in complete thralldom the wealth producers of every state whose star shines in the constellation of the nation's flag. Though eighty per cent. of our people belong, practically, to the laboring classes, and though they have been armed with the ballot, yet monopoly has reached out its tentacles to suppress and suffocate every yearning aspiration of labor to come into possession of that inheritance which should be the reward of honest industry, namely, the full product of toil. The consolidations of wealth have gone on until the few can meet in Wall street and decree as to what shall be the output of any manufactory and what shall be the market quotations. The manipulators, in defiance of eighty millions of people, can declare their ultimatum, and the sovereign people must bow to the verdict of amalgamated plutocracy. The Republican dispenser of "hot air" refreshments bloats with pride as he tells the fellow who digs in the sewer and delves in the mines, that two billions eight hundred millions of American products are seeking foreign markets, and that this excess of home consumption is a substantial and an unanswerable argument for a continuation of the reign of

Republicanism. He does not dare to be honest with his hearers, who are too busily engaged in keeping the grim, gaunt skeleton of hunger from their hovels to investigate the capitalistic process of exploitation. He does not dare to tell American manhood, womanhood and childhood that this two billions eight hundred millions represent the tariff that has been levied upon the muscle of labor to fill the coffers of the few. He does not dare to draw a picture of the countless army of boys and girls in the coal mine and factory whose sweat and stunted brain is represented in the exports from American soil, which a navy and an army, at the expense of labor, is forcing upon the nations of the world. He does not speak of the emaciated, half-starved men and women in the sweat shops of the "land of the free and the home of the brave," whose suffering, misery, overwork and underpaid toil have contributed to the stupendous aggregation of mercantile wares that are wafted on the waves of the ocean to almost every clime, seeking a purchaser to still enhance the financial standing of the bulls and bears who revel in indolent splendor.

He does not tell the plain, honest, unsuspecting people of the \$170,000,000 that have been expended in the islands of the Pacific in waging war against a race of heroes in order that America's millionaires may reap a golden harvest under the protection of the bayonet and the flag. He does not tell you that \$750,000,000 has been paid in the last five years to the crippled and diseased victims of war and their heirs, and that this colossal amount of money has been wrung from the labor of the men, women and children who are the legalized prey of a system that puts the brand of vagrancy upon poverty and hurls its victim into jail. He does not tell you that the expense of running the machinery of this humane government since the year 1887 has amounted to more than three billions of dollars, that the product of the farmer has been absorbed in mortgages, and that the pick and shovel brigade are not ten days ahead of hunger. The exploiter cannot find a market for these surplus products which have been stolen from the toiling millions. The laboring masses of the old world are too poor to buy. The pirate across the seas has robbed his victims in the same manner as the American brigand, and the commercial highwaymen of the world are up against the real thing. Labor, receiving but scarcely one-sixth of what it produces, cannot buy back from the hold-ups the necessaries of life, and therefore the rumbling of the financial panic can be heard in the distance, warning the masses to gird themselves to meet the inevitable.

Want is the starting point of intelligence.

The conditions which capitalism has created makes Socialism necessary.

The present economic system depends for its continuance on the ignorance of the working man.

We would respectfully ask Brother Frank P. Sargent on what road did the strenuous Teddy handle a scoop?

The man who scabs at the ballot box on the day of election is worse than the man who scabs at the mine, mill or smelter.

Charity from such men as Carnegie, Gould, Vanderbilt, Morgan, Baer and the rest of the millionaire gluttons, is but an atom of restitution to appease the hunger pangs of those who have been robbed.

The peach crop in California went begging for \$1.50 per ton. The railroad corporations and the fruit trust have squeezed the fruit growers to such an extent between over-production and under-consumption that the man who performs the productive labor is wondering how soon his finish will come.

The goldbug reorganizers of the Democratic party of the state of Massachusetts defeated George Fred Williams for the nomination for governor. The champion and defender of the Chicago and Kansas City platforms met his Waterloo at the hands of the banking oligarchy who controlled the convention by a vote of four to one. Thus is Bryanism fading in the distance.

Senator Beveridge, the capitalistic attorney and member of the Millionaires' Club at Washington, has been touring the country on a pass furnished by the railroad corporations telling the American wage slaves that their only hope for continued prosperity lies in the triumphant return of the G. O. P. patriots to the halls of national legislation. A ship subsidy bill, the control of the Philippines and a new banking law holds out great comfort and hope to the fellow who carries a meatless dinner pail and the jobless serf who is looking for a master.

The soothing syrup oratory of the honorary member of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen has failed to still the rumbling of discontent.

Under Socialism the tin horn gambler, the big muscled ward heeler, the tax fixing skulk, the jury bribing microbe, the political burglar and all the professional pirates will be like fiends without dope.

The public ownership of public utilities will be of no particular benefit to the masses of the people while capitalism controls the government. Socialism demands that the people must first capture the powers of government before we can bring to a termination the class struggle and end the system of profit.

We wonder if Mr. Clark, that obscure pigmy in the makeup of our population, is obeying the mandate of that good Christian coal baron, Mr. Baer, who told him in his consoling epistle to "pray earnestly that right may triumph?" If Clark desires to stand in with God he should be obedient to his "divine right majesty."

The farmers throughout the country are giving some serious thought and consideration to the principles of Socialism. It is but a few years ago when it was a common expression for the farmer to declare that he was the most independent man on earth. The merging of railroads and the consolidation of manufactories engaged in the manufacture of agricultural implements have taught this independent citizen of our commonwealth that he, as well as the wage earner, are but gentle lambs for the wolves.

A political organization that is formed-bearing the name of labor party is merely a vote catcher, and is used by corporation politicians to divert the attention of the workers. The platform of so-called labor parties offers a few more tempting crumbs to labor to gain its confidence and delay the crisis which must eventually come before labor can clothe itself with the toga of industrial liberty. Labor must divorce itself from every affiliation that savors of capitalism and stand as a unit for the collective ownership of all the means by which labor is exploited. Fusions or compromises will not redress the wrongs that exist. We must meet the enemy and capture the stolen birthright of American citizenship.

CHANGE THE SYSTEM.

The National Biscuit Company of Chicago has merited and received a castigation at the hands of would-be philanthropists who have discovered that the trust combine has been guilty of employing children whom the laws of the state of Illinois declare should occupy seats in the public school. When the truant officers of the department of compulsory education approached the factory for the purpose of ascertaining if there were employed any children of school age, it was incumbent and the duty of a selected official of the company to hide the mites of humanity so that truant inspectors would be able to report no violations of law. The appetite of the National Biscuit Company sharpened, and in its greed for profit on child labor employed so many infantile specimens of humanity to take upon their shoulders "the dignity of labor" that the official who attended to the concealment of public school commodities was unable to find room in the factory to hide the miniature producers of profit. The biscuit corporation, to escape the odium of public indignation, has unloaded the responsibility of employing children on the time keeper, who was notified to place no one on the pay roll who had not attained the age of fourteen years. The time keeper is equal to the occasion, and defends his position by the production of sworn affidavits of parents who have been forced to perjure themselves to obtain employment for the child in order that the beggarly pittance that it receives for its labor might be appropriated to the family fund. The generous hearted individuals who compliment themselves for detecting child labor in the biscuit factory of Chicago have accomplished nothing except to advertise the fact that the economic system that would force a father or mother to swear to a lie depriving the child of an education that it might earn the means of existence and add profit to the treasury of the trust, is rotten from center to circumference. The crime of the National Biscuit Company will be repeated and continued as long as necessity demands that the child shall be forced to labor in order to sustain life and clothe its nakedness. A violation of law has less terror for parent or child than the cruel necessity which forces the parent to commit perjury to save the child from starvation.

Laws will be no barrier against child labor until the parent, receiving the full product of his toil, will be able to support his child and provide it with the opportunity of attending school.

MASKED CUNNING.

During the month of September, Teddy, Jr., the son of the President of the United States, indulged his youthful sporting proclivities in a grand hunt through the Northwest. When it became known that the adolescent resident of the White House sighed to commit murder and slaughter on the fowls of the air the president of the Chicago & Northwestern railroad placed at his disposal an elegant train of special cars to bear the youthful scion of his father to the hunting grounds. When Teddy, Jr., pressed the trigger and a prairie chicken fell to earth the electric wires flashed the important news to every state in the Union. Hobo sons of working men have at various times in the history of our country felled the festive prairie chicken, but the Associated Press chronicled no mention of their skill and prowess. No train of cars was donated to the laborer's son to make his hunting trip a source of pleasure and a joy forever. Teddy, Jr., the son of his turbulent dad, must be honored because his sire holds in his sovereign hands the scepter of chief executive. No wonder that Marvin Hughitt, the great railroad magnate, and other distinguished financiers, accompanied the President's son and made his hunting expedition one grand, glad holiday of recreation. No wonder that Teddy, the sprig of the White House, should be the dined and banquetted guest of the corporation Napoleon, who sees in his generosity to the President's son an opportunity to win gratitude from the parent, who naturally looks with favor upon men who contribute to his son's enjoyment and pleasure. There was a motive in the generous act of the president of the Chicago & Northwestern railroad. He desires to stand close to the powers at Washington. A strike upon his railroad and a calling out of the federal troops to degrade and humiliate labor would cancel the obligations that might exist between the President and the corporation. A sweeping reduction of ten or fifteen per cent., affecting the wages of railroad employes, backed and supported by federal authority, would yield a marvelous profit in exchange for the train of cars. The President, to be a gentleman, must be loyal, and remember with fond recollections the page in the history of his son's life when a great railroad corporation ministered to his boy's ambition. Ingratitude is an unpardonable sin, and the generosity of Marvin Hughitt must not be ignored, even though labor has to stand the expense. The toils are cunningly devised to ensnare and trap the official servants of the people, and masked gen-

erosity is the most dangerous and the most potent weapon which corporate power can use to murder the conscience of a President.

Billy Bryan's remedy for destroying the power of the trust is to vote the Democratic ticket. The preacher's remedy is to join the church. You can take your choice.

The trust must feel sad when contemplating the baby creeping and struggling to walk. Such wasted energy should be converted or appropriated in some way to increase the dividends of "divine right" Baer and Morgan.

When the trust lowers the price of a staple article to drive the smaller competitors from the field the business man roars, and when the trust raises the price the people do the groaning.

At the general conference of the Methodist Church in Winnipeg women were denied the right to hold office in the church. A church that refuses to recognize the equality of the sexes, that places an incumbrance upon woman to aspire to positions of honor and trust with man, is doomed to the scrap pile.

The Associated Press reports have told us that \$2,000,000 per day were wagered on the races at Saratoga. These millions that are gambled at race tracks represent some of the hard earnings that have been wrung from the hungry miners of Pennsylvania. Coal barons can gamble while their slaves starve. Such are the "results" of "divine right."

The would-be reform journals throughout the country have been throwing "hot shot" at Baer and Morgan because these industrial despots, through the private ownership of the means of production, are placed in a position to starve nearly 150,000 miners and their families and force more than one-half of the population of the United States to pay the tribute that is dictated and exacted by the corporation lords. The government is powerless to give heed to the demands of the great mass of America's citizens. The people do not seem to realize that Baer, Morgan and a few of their ilk own the government, and that as long as the government is the property of the trusts and combinations the Baers and Morgans will be able to defy our venerated Uncle Sam.

The ownership of the means of life by the few is the cause of the world's misery. The ownership by all will be the world's joy.

The millionaire and the tramp made their bow to society at about the same time. They will both take their exit at the same time.

When labor strikes with the same solidarity on election day as it does on the economic field, the struggle between labor and capital will be at an end.

When a judicial tribunal issues an injunction against a corporation it is harmless owing to the fact that it is not loaded. But when the same court issues an injunction against a striking wage slave it is loaded with a sheriff's warrant, the rifles of the state militia and the gatling guns of the federal authorities.

The preacher recommends prayer to the troubled soul that is staggering under the weight of life's burdens. We would say to the heavy laden whose knees have become callous from praying, to stand on your feet like a man and put your prayer in the ballot box in your own interest and you will receive your reward long before you take your departure for the New Jerusalem.

When many of our "brave boys in blue" returned from the Philippines and landed in San Francisco, they raided the "booze joints" and filled up so gloriously that it required the whole police force of the great western city to wield their clubs like trojans to pound respectability into the uniformed missionaries whom Uncle Sam had sent to the Pacific isles to carry civilization to the Tagal.

The Republican bankers of Massachusetts furnish the capital to build factories in the cotton districts of the southern states, where Democratic Legislatures refuse to pass a compulsory educational law. Massachusetts is cultured and the bean eater might feel some remorse of conscience in beholding children passing his mansion to earn the pittance that keeps the pauperized child from the potter's field. Long range human suffering has less effect on the fine sensibility of the New Englander.

ANOTHER INFAMY.

The buildings on the state fair grounds in Syracuse, New York, have been painted by Italian women. It is only a few years ago, comparatively, when the American traveling in England was shocked on beholding half naked women in the mines performing the hard and arduous labor of men. We felt that the feelings of the English people were blunted when they permitted the representatives of the gentler sex to bury themselves in manual occupations hundreds of feet beneath the earth's surface. But the people of the great Empire state of the Union have swept the palm from England when they remained silent while women on swinging platforms daubed with paint the state fair buildings in the saline city of Syracuse. We have become accustomed to the spectacle of witnessing little girls who have scarcely passed beyond the doll-coddling age shriveling physically and intellectually in the factory and department store, but a civilization that refuses to blush at the sight of a woman climbing a ladder to paint a public building is lost to shame and has expelled every tender heartbeat that throbs in sympathy for the human being who should ever be the queen of home. The feminine elite who meet in club rooms to display the latest cut in fashion from gay Paris have failed to lift their voice against this recent innovation and outrage upon their sex. The gospel gunners have hurled not a single shot against this twentieth century abasement of womanhood. The ladies who stand upon the platform and the editress who wields the pen on some society journal will secretly rejoice that another avenue of employment has been opened as a relax to the fierce competition that gluts the market in the department of female labor. We had an idea that the new woman was the lady who was prodigally blessed with talent and lofty aspirations to shine as an unapproachable star, unhampered and untrammelled by men, but we are slowly emerging from our misconception and awakening to the rude fact that the new woman is the human machine that usurps the place of man. The monopoly of nature's resources is responsible for this crime against society. The remedy lies with the people themselves. No wrong or evil was ever abolished by the class who reaped profit through the commission of crime. Men in this republic have the ballot and when they learn to use it in defense of equal rights and against privilege, the woman wage earner will retire from the labor market to beautify a home.

A. F. OF L. DISRUPTIONISTS.

During the past few months the war waged by the imported per capita tax paid hirelings of the American Federation of Labor against the American Labor Union has assumed such proportions that western spirit in the principles of unionism must assert itself and drastic measures be employed to stay the ruthless hand of disruption. It has been the quiet boast of the Gompers fraternity that the western organizations must rally under one banner, and that every officer and private in labor's ranks in the Rocky mountains and the Pacific slope must dance to the music of the American Federation orchestra. The salaried bunch on the banks of the Potomac in the "sanctum" sactorum of the executive council, have decreed and declared that the "destroying angels sent out at the expense of the rank and file of the affiliated organizations of the A. F. of L. shall train their guns on the fortress of western unionism and spare no effort in the work of demoralization until they can exclaim in the language of victory: "We came, we saw, we conquered." The men of the West were loyal and faithful to the American Federation of Labor until "patience ceased to be a virtue." For years they paid per capita tax into the coffers of the Gompers vault, expecting that the great national and international federated body would come to the rescue in time of need. A few conflicts with western corporations demonstrated to the men of the mountains and coast that the American Federation of Labor had a big heart to take but a small one to give. Realizing that the American Federation of Labor was a consumer and not a producer, western unionism commenced severing its connection with an impotent conglomeration that had nothing but "resolutions of sympathy" to offer when labor in the West measured steel with the combined forces of capital. Since the unions of the West promulgated a "declaration of independence" the Gompers brigade, in whose unworthy keeping the destiny of the American Federation has been committed, has squandered thousands of dollars to weaken and shatter the organized labor forces of the West. In order that the readers of the Magazine may have a proper conception of the dastardly work perpetrated by the missionary disruptionists, whose salaries are gauged in accordance with the ability displayed in nullifying the strength of western unionism, we will review some interesting history that should ever brand the scab herding coterie of revenue warriors as a foul collection of counterfeit defenders of labor's rights.

A few years ago the cooks and waiters of Colorado, who were then affiliated with the Hotel and Restaurant Employes' International Alliance, and Bartenders' International League of America, came to the conclusion that the international organization was merely a per capita tax getting bureau to furnish champagne suppers for the liquid dispensing battalion whose influence in national conventions was able to place the custody of funds in the hands of men who had no scruples in the unlawful appropriation of international money. The cooks and waiters called upon Mr. Gompers while visiting the city of Denver and proved to him beyond the question of a doubt that the international body had failed to render them any assistance to advance their interests, and asked that they be permitted to form a national organization that would meet the needs of the western men in their particular crafts. Mr. Gompers unhesitatingly sanctioned the movement, and the United Association of Hotel and Restaurant Employes sprang into existence to do battle for the cooks and waiters of the West. The new national, through its secretary-treasurer, formed a union in Cheyenne, Wyoming, on the 28th of July, 1901. Four weeks after its organization application was made to the Cheyenne Federation of Labor, which body was affiliated with the A. F. of L. The federated body of Cheyenne refused this local recognition, and demanded that its membership should withdraw from the national. The despoilers of the Gompers creed became active and eventually brought about the destruction of the organization. The next union of the United Association of Hotel and Restaurant Employes was organized in Salt Lake, August 28, 1901, with a membership of sixty-five, which increased to 179 members in January, 1902. The members of this union asked for a six-day working week, which was refused by the employers. The matter was referred to an arbitration committee of the Utah Federation of Labor, an adjunct of the A. F. of L. The arbitration committee drew up a contract practically indorsing the demands of the cooks and waiters, and presented the same to the employers. All houses, with the exception of six, accepted the provisions of the contract, and these six houses were declared unfair by the Utah Federation of Labor. At this time an absconder carrying the saintly name of Angel, who had been expelled from the Cripple Creek district, and who was connected with the unfair houses of Salt Lake, secured a commission from the International Alliance (which includes bartenders, cooks and waiters, and is affiliated with the A. F. of L.) and organized the scabs, obtain-

ing a charter from the international. A protest was forwarded to Mr. Gompers and the international, but Mr. Gompers claimed that he had no jurisdiction and the international refused to revoke the charter.

The bakers of Salt Lake were organized in September, 1901, and were affiliated with their international, which is likewise affiliated with the A. F. of L. The bakers of Salt Lake, in June, 1902, declared the Royal Bakery and Cafe unfair and asked the Utah Federation of Labor for their indorsement and moral support. The Utah Federation of Labor instructed all unions to refuse to handle the product of the unfair bakery and the Hotel and Restaurant Employes took similar action. This conflict resulted in union men being locked out and their places usurped by scabs of the international. The local union was disrupted and Salt Lake is practically a non-union restaurant city!

Pueblo was organized in March, 1901, and had a local of 160 members. The union asked for a six-day work week and all restaurants but five signed the agreement. The five houses were declared unfair by the Trades and Labor Assembly, which is affiliated with the A. F. of L. The cooks and waiters picketed the unfair houses and in the struggle to maintain their rights one of their members was assassinated, while more than a hundred men and women were thrown into jail who dared to participate in the contest to bring about the conditions sanctioned by the organized bodies of Pueblo. After a struggle of six weeks an importation from St. Louis, named Jones, the first vice president of the international, organized the employes of the scab houses and asked that they be admitted into the Trades and Labor Assembly, which was granted, and the Hotel and Restaurant Employes, whose strike was indorsed, were denied further representation in the federated body.

The same policy has been pursued in Denver. Rule or ruin has been the motto of the wreckers. The scabs of the Kindel mattress factory and Rocky Mountain paper mills have been organized by the Gomerites for the sole object of crippling the usefulness of the American Labor Union and adding a little more to the per capita tax fund of the American Federation of Labor.

The time has come when Daniel McDonald must emerge from his lethargy and indolent conservatism and grapple with these disruptionists in a fight to a finish. He must gird himself for the battle and demonstrate to the men of the West that he possesses the courage and the capacity of mental cal-

iber to meet the American Federation guerillas and drive them from the arena of western unionism covered with the infamy of ignominious defeat.

The laboring man who enters a butcher shop and orders a nickel's worth of dog meat has voted for the dog meat, and if justice is done he should get it.

The Socialist wave has struck Alaska and as a result a club has been organized to sow the seed of the new economic thought in the gold fields of the Klondike.

Democratic and Republican administrations in every state of this Union have licensed prostitution in order that revenue might be collected to carry elections. Does the laboring man believe that political parties that levy taxes on the shame of sisters and daughters to debauch the ballot box will ever make an honest effort to reclaim the industrial liberties of the people from the grasp of the captains of industry?

The Republican party on the campaign rostrum has made the boast that the negro was torn from his master and clothed with the mantle of American citizenship through the efforts of the party in the days of 1860 to 1865. In 1902 we find that the Republican party in the states of North Carolina and Georgia have banished the colored brethren from their councils and will not even ask the black-faced descendant of Ham to vote the ticket. The doors of the Socialist party are open, and these exiles will be welcomed to the councils of a party that places no ban on "color, creed or previous condition of servitude."

When it became apparent to the physicians that an operation had to be performed on Teddy Roosevelt's leg, the trust-buster refused to submit to the decree of the surgeon until after the stock market had closed in New York. The irrepressible and strenuous trust scrapper was willing that one of his pedal extremities should inflame and ulcerate rather than the stock gamblers should be disturbed or become nervous in their game of fleecing the masses. Such self-sacrifice on the part of the patriot President will endear him to the sharks and in 1904 his commendable delay in submitting to an operation will command a handsome campaign contribution. Great indeed is the honorary member of Sargent's Locomotive Firemen.

It was necessary for the Republican party in 1860 to win a political victory in order to end chattel slavery and the sectional struggle between North and South. It is necessary for the Socialist party to win at the ballot box before the wage slave can wear upon his brow the jewels of American liberty.

The coal dealers of Lansing, Michigan, have formed a combination and adopted the following iron clad rules to govern the exploiters in the transaction of business: (1) Maintain a uniform rate for the price of coal. (2) Refuse to sell any coal on credit. (3) Refuse to sell for cash to any person who in previous years has failed to pay bills in full to any member of the combine. Denying a man the right to purchase coal because he may be in debt, coupled with chills during the winter, will hasten the construction of the co-operative commonwealth.

We are living under a system which presents perpetual misery and magnificent luxury. A system that breeds industrial monarchs and a countless army of serfs. The serfs have the power to bring into existence an economic program that would transform monarchs and serfs into men, but with this power vested in the liberty of American citizenship the slaves of the tyrants who behold a few men living in splendor and hundreds of thousands in squalor, go to the ballot box and perpetuate this infamy that makes human flesh a chattel to be coined into gold. Verily, the posterity of the heroes of Lexington and Bunker Hill are becoming degenerate prototypes of a dauntless ancestry.

The board of aldermen of the city of New York passed a resolution requesting the street railroads in that city to carry public school children at reduced rates. The aldermen who framed the resolution knew that the corporation which was granted a franchise to the use of the people's property for profit will pay no attention to the cheap resolution of the aldermanic board. The gentlemen who are financially interested in the operation of the street railways will not discommode themselves to furnish facilities enabling the youths of our land to more easily gain access to the temples of education. They are running the railroads for profit and not for the use and benefit of the public. Whereas, and be it resolved, by a board of aldermen, will not penetrate the armor of the privileged few who have, in all probability, bribed a former city council for the right of way to the streets of New York.

THE TRUSTS.

During the past few years every journal throughout the land has expressed its opinion concerning the growth and development of the trust. Statesmen and politicians have aired their views and suggested various remedies to mitigate the weight of the heavy hand of extortion, but the trust is marching on, crushing to the wall all opposition and placing heavier burdens on the shoulders of humanity. The leaders of the Republican party and the Solomons of "Jeffersonian simplicity" have clothed their ideas in beautiful rhetoric and played to the gallery for the clapping of hands and the stamping of feet, but these rabble compliments to the loud-lung power have failed to halt the twentieth century Sampson in his desire to subjugate and enslave the nations of the world. The birth, growth and far-reaching power and influence of the trust have been as natural as the development of an infant to attain all the powers inherent in maturity. You may place a law upon the statute books prohibiting the child to grow and mature into manhood and womanhood, but the elements and forces of nature will ignore every law and legislation will become helpless in restraining nature in reaching the ultimate culmination of its destiny. The Democratic orator and would-be statesman declares in the vengeance of their pretended antipathy to this modern economic invention of commercial genius that the trust must be destroyed, and to accomplish the annihilation of this herculean machine of oppression the tariff must be removed from every article controlled by the octopus of insatiable greed. This may sound delightful to the ear of ignorance, but to intelligence it is but the vapid nonsense of an imbecile brain. The man or woman who believes that the trust can be embarrassed by tariff or no tariff has failed to watch the moves of the moneyed magnates upon the checkerboard of commercialism and has held no communion with the advanced economic thought of the world. There is but little tariff on coal, and yet the coal trust with a Baer and a Morgan federating the machinery of production and distribution, has put American citizenship upon its knees and in the groveling dust of humiliation. Millions of our people have supplicated and petitioned these licensed bandits to settle the strike. There is no tariff on oil and yet the Standard Oil trust, with John D. Rockefeller at its head, is the most powerful combination that has ever planted its private banner beneath the canopy of a nation's sky. John D. Rockefeller and the few rapacious vul-

tures who make up the privileged few who have cornered this necessity of human need, are industrial monarchs whose kingdom is the world. The cause and origin of trusts and all the combinations that collect revenue from the impoverished masses are due to the fact that men of brain have taken advantage of opportunities and by consolidating the natural resources which society in its ignorance permitted them to capture, have formed an engine of oppression that challenges and bids defiance to the powers of government. The trust is teaching the world that in "union there is strength." Men have discovered that the combined capital and efforts of individuals can realize more profit, proportionately, than if capital and individual effort were disunited. As the classes combine the masses of the people become weakened as a natural consequence. There can be no gain without a loss, and this loss is suffered by the masses who furnish the sustenance upon which the classes feed and flourish. Less than a century ago we found the great majority of skilled artisans comparatively independent. The tools of production were simple and the industrious mechanic owning the implements of his craft, was able to accumulate a profitable remuneration owing to the fact that the man who made and fashioned the article of trade dealt almost directly with the consumer. The inventive genius of man was keeping pace in every department of the world's civilization. The machines of production and the facilities of transportation grew and expanded, and men with accumulated earnings consolidated their capital to own and control these machines, into whose iron and steel had been transmitted the skill and cleverness of human genius. Men with lesser capital who were unable financially to enter the combination, arraigned and denounced the embryo corporation whose advent in the field of wealth production made it less possible for successful individual competition. "United we stand and divided we fall" is an axiom that is as old as nature itself. It was natural for men of pecuniary resources to come together and solidify their individual interests. When corporations were in the infancy of their formation they fought the same battle that the federation of corporations are fighting to-day. Corporations a quarter of a century ago received the same maledictions as that brotherhood of corporate power that has matured into the trust, and no voice of condemnation was able to retard its progress in reaching the proportions that now appall humanity. The trust is the natural and legitimate offspring of the system under which we live. Men who employed labor have been per-

mitted to exact profits from muscle, and these profits gathered together put into the hands of the exploiters weapons that increased in power as labor continued to yield a percentage for the privilege of being employed. The profits which labor granted to the employer have been used to build a machine which holds to-day in bondage every man beneath the sun who earns his bread "in the sweat of his face." The profits on labor is responsible for the trust and the Democratic and Republican parties have been the political agencies that have enabled American citizenship to worship at the shrine of a Gould, a Vanderbilt, a Morgan, a Baer and all the rest of the profit sharks who have coined their dollars from the sweat and misery of the human race.

The trust has anticipated a change in the tariff policy of the nation, and the few brilliant giants of commerce are reaching around the globe and fastening their iron grip upon the machinery that produces and distributes the means to sustain human life. When American statesmanship has tinkered with the tariff and proclaimed that they have crippled the trust in its further ability to declare fabulous dividends, the people will awaken to the fact that the trust has baffled the pretended efforts of the statesmen who are as much the property of the trust as the most menial serf that ever bared his head in the presence of a master. The people will realize that the trust is international in its character and that the boundary lines of no nation will be a barrier to prevent its continued absorption of profit wrung from the penury of laboring humanity. The great Molochs of America, England, Germany, France and all the nations who are potent factors in the commercial world, will be banded together holding aloft a banner on whose folds will be inscribed the language of Monte Cristo, "The world is mine," and before these kings of commerce welded in the strength of unification the Democratic free trader and the Republican high tariff conjurer will fall prostrate in puny helplessness. The Socialist party, being international in its character, demanding in every nation the collective ownership of the land, the machinery of production and distribution, the agencies which have fed and fostered the trust, is the only party that appeals to the intelligence of men and presents a solution for the termination of "man's inhumanity to man." When the people at the ballot box shall take back the power that they thoughtlessly placed in the keeping of the few to enslave the world, the long night of gloom will be dispelled by the dawn of a co-operative commonwealth.

The small bankers of the country are beginning to show symptoms of rebellion against the City National Bank of New York, which is controlled by the Standard Oil Company, being granted the privilege by Congress of establishing branch banks all over the country. The small banker sees in the projected scheme of the Morgans and Vanderbilts a cyclone that will sweep the lightweight usurer from the arena of skinning. The small banker, in his arraignment of the great octopus, is not actuated by any philanthropic motives, but is mad and infuriated because his chance to skin is drawing to a close. Under the competitive system it is skin or be skinned.

Socialism is sounding the trumpet blast that is causing the wage slave to move forward in the march of labor's evolution. The mailed fist, the gatling gun and the thunderbolts of the injunction will go down before the supreme power of a united people when they become conscious of the fact that the ballot wielded with intelligence will conquer and subdue the commercial bandits and vultures of the world. The epithets of contumely and scorn that are now hurled at the mortgaged chattel of arrogant wealth will become obsolete in the equality of opportunity that shall fraternize humanity. "The mills of the gods grind slowly," but even the "divinely" appointed guardians of the earth's resources will yet cower before the justice that will bequeath to the human family "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

There is not a candidate on the tickets of the old parties who will dare to utter one word against the principles of unionism before election. The office seekers of both parties will swear everlasting loyalty to labor, and yet sanction and endorse the action of a campaign committee in accepting a check from a corporation that has spared no effort to destroy unionism wherever it was possible. The greatest enemy will masquerade as labor's friend to capture the vote of the wage slave. The past of both the old political parties is strewn with the wreckage of promises made to the ear and broken to the hope by politicians who have climbed into office on the back of labor. When election is over and the corporation hirelings have secured their jobs through false pretense, the mask is thrown off and labor realizes again that the thoughtless working man has been swindled. Labor can expect nothing from political parties that are dominated by corporate influences and whose election expenses are paid from the profits squeezed from labor,

CONDITIONS WILL EDUCATE.

Since the great strike in the anthracite regions the conditions which have been bred as a result of the conflict between 147,000 slaves and a few plutocratic patricians who own the nation's fuel by "divine right," have caused even the conservative American citizen to look down the avenue of the future and ask himself if this never-ending struggle between capital and labor is to go on indefinitely, forcing society to submit passively without offering any resistance to the brutal methods of corporate extortion? The famine in hard coal and the "hold-up" price of soft coal, discomfort and liability of shivering in the cool atmosphere of an unheated domicile, have caused even the critics of Socialism to look upon the collective ownership of the coal mines as no longer a visionary dream of the fanatic, but a stern, pressing necessity. Why have the gentlemen who have advocated and upheld with their ballots the established system of exploiting, come out of their conservatism and arraigned the "divine right" of Baers and Morgans to hold in their hands the machinery that heats the homes of the nation? They see that in the private ownership of the coal mines the safety and welfare of the people is menaced by a few men who are operating coal mines for profit and not for the use and comfort of society. They are beginning to realize that there is but little difference between boldly denying coal to a community and putting the price so high that it is beyond the reach of the consumer. They are being pinched and because they are beginning to feel the merciless grip of the trust, they are now crying to the government to take possession of the mines by the right of eminent domain. These people who groan because a Baer and a Morgan have made them feel the weight of their power, never thought for a moment of the miner who has struggled for years braving a lingering death in hunger and rags. They never thought of the little boys whose youth is confiscated in the hard grind of toil, to whom the school room is closed. But now that the coal baron has been able to demand his "pound of flesh" from them, they rise in anger and empty the vials of their wrath in denunciation of being fleeced by legalized robbers. The trust is creating conditions which will organize the great mass of the people into a body that in the near future will unanimously demand the collective ownership of every industry throughout the length and breadth of the land. Socialism will become popular as the pocketbook becomes deprived of its corpulency.

From the competitive system the great trusts have sprung, and now threaten the very stability of nations. From every quarter of the globe the cry of the exploited is heard and thousands of men and women are daily being added to the homeless and jobless army who are denied even the privilege to toil. The great mass of the people have borne with patience and grim fortitude the suffering and misery imposed by combinations, whose dividends grow larger as the wants of humanity become more unbearable. Revolt will be an offspring from the womb of oppression. Servile bondage will light the torch of liberty. Let the Morgans go on and span the globe with the giant organizations of monopoly. Let kings and queens tremble on their thrones as they behold their abject serfs writhe in the mighty hand of the heartless Goliath. Let thousands of judicial Jacksons rise up in corporate corruption and enjoin and imprison the slave who dares to strike. Let the Kellers stay the fraternal hand that offers food to the hungry. Let the sweat shops become more crowded with the ill-paid, starving vassals of grinding greed. Let the chains clank louder upon the limbs of labor. Let the whirlwind and tornado of devastation come. Let the rich grow richer until "divine right" plutocracy shall crown a king, and then the pauper rabble shall become "class conscious," and in the frenzy of worn-out patience rise in their unmeasured strength and tear down the pillars of a civilization that supplanted Christ with a "Mammon god." It is probable that the human family will continue to suffer until conditions shall educate the great mass to the fact that the private ownership of the means of life must be wrested from the hands of the few before the people can become beneficiaries in the fruits of labor and the natural resources of the earth.

The Socialists are engaged in the grandest and holiest mission that ever commanded the attention of man. Socialism has for its sole object the removal of the power of man to exploit humanity, and when the laboring people thoroughly understand the doctrines of the Socialistic creed, the co-operative commonwealth will then be established. The toiling millions of the earth are face to face with the most powerful and merciless foe that ever defied the world. The enemy must be met and vanquished or humanity becomes the chattel of monopoly. The contest is not a ten or twenty-round affair, it is a fight to a finish. As the Socialist beholds the power of wealth crushing the lesser combinations, and as he witnesses the necessaries of life soaring beyond the reach of the man who depends upon

His muscle for his income, hope grows brighter, because he knows that conditions created by trust despotism will emancipate the world.

Socialism will substitute justice and joy for anarchy and war.

The prison, the brothel and the poor house are protests against our civilization.

The representatives of corporations who are "class conscious" and who have gone into politics are worth millions, but the laborer who is not yet "class conscious," and who has donated his vote to assist the syndicates of wealth, has an unenviable legacy—rags.

The poodle dogs of the ladies of Newport are fondled with the caress of aristocracy, while the child in the factory is doomed to a premature grave without even the knowledge of resting in a mother's arms of love. The dog has a pedigree; the child is but human flesh, the cheapest commodity in the world.

An engineer in the paper mills at Denver declared that he was independent of unions and the corporation which gave him employment. When questioned as to his independence, it was ascertained that the woman whom he had promised "to love, cherish and protect" was a slave at the cotton mills working twelve hours per day for a mere pittance. That independent representative of American citizenship ranks about as high in the scale of manhood as the unblushing wretch who buys his meal ticket on the proceeds of a woman's honor.

The child of the working man should be to him as bright and as lovely a flower as ever bloomed in the garden of childhood. The purity of its young life should not be brought in contact with crime and iniquity. The laborer owes his posterity the protection of his ballot, and when he confiscates that constitutional weapon to subserve the interests of politicians and corporations he has committed a crime against himself and the helpless child whom he was instrumental in ushering into the world. If he fails to protect it before it is legally able to wield the elective franchise in its own defense, he is morally responsible for the crimes it may commit against society.

SECRETARY SHAW.

The great sovereign people of the United States have witnessed the spectacle of Secretary Shaw coming to the rescue of the millionaire gamblers of Wall street and placing at their disposal the money of the people in order that financial savages might continue their intrigues in mortgaging the plebeians of the "land of the free and the home of the brave." Mr. Shaw, previous to becoming the custodian of the people's funds, was a banker himself, and did not propose that his brethren should be hampered in their struggle to amass more millions at the expense of the bone and sinew of the nation. The stock gambler of New York is just as much a violator of law and does a thousand fold more injury to the masses than the loud dressed gentleman who plays his ill-gotten money at the poker or faro table. If the people uphold and justify the action of Secretary Shaw in withdrawing the public money from the treasury to save from ruin and disaster the bulls and bears who strive for supreme commercial control of the nation, then every tin horn patron of the green cloth who tempts fate to make a winning is entitled to the consideration of America's banker. When the stringency manifested itself in the money market the Republican champion of the national banking system openly declared that he would "stand by the banks." In order that the banks might be given greater latitude to fleece the defenseless people, Mr. Shaw intimated that other collateral, in lieu of government bonds, would be acceptable security to give the wolves unbridled license to devour the sheep. The usury aggregation of coupon clippers will be given an opportunity to peer into the musty chambers of their vaults and bring forth every antiquated document of uncertain value to be turned over to the accommodating and magnanimous Shaw in exchange for the "long green" that brokers and plutocratic plungers may feast with loose and unchecked dissipation in the dissolute and maddening game of cornering millions. It makes no difference that the bankers overreached themselves in speculative investments. The strong box of Uncle Sam will be opened and its funds peddled out to the sharks while the financial juggler from the Hawkeye state carries the combination of the people's safe. Shaw is but following the footsteps of his predecessors, who have permitted the bankers to have almost free access to the public treasury whenever a stringency occurred that was brought about by the swindling operations of the Wall street robbers. Carlisle, the valet and flunkey of "Grover the Great," manipulated his cabinet position to serve the interests of the

publican elite who made millions in 1893 while labor was appeasing the pangs of hunger on the crumbs of charity. It is only natural that the bankers should expect material aid and assistance from a brother banker when their whirlwind galloping on the race track of speculation threatens a collapse in disgrace and ruin. It matters not that the government, which is supposed to be the whole people, should economize in the necessaries of life and some of them border on the threshold of starvation, as long as the favored few can be kept intoxicated on the luxury of the nation's wealth. The commercial journal, which is but the subsidized mouthpiece of the banker, will be unable to find words sufficiently glittering to compliment the national burglar who opened the money drawers of the nation to banquet his professional kindred. Mr. Shaw will be painted as a man of the hour, whose sagacity beat back the billows of a panic that would have wrecked and submerged beneath its waves many of the stable institutions of our country. Mr. Shaw has only delayed the crisis and by his accepting other security for the people's money than government bonds, will drag the very republic itself into the vortex of ruin. The banker has ever been the foe of the masses and the fires of his patriotism extinguishes in the presence of the dollar. In the days of 1860, when liberty was trembling upon its blood-bought throne; when the earth shook beneath the tread of millions of armed men; when blood flowed on a hundred battle fields and all over the bosom of our land could be heard the heartrending cry of widow and orphan, the banker in his gilded den watched with eagle eye the raging battle and planned and schemed to rob the nation if it lived and to enslave the posterity of the struggling patriots as coolly and as deliberately as men play a game of chess. When the first boom blackened the cannon's lips at Fort Sumpter and its startling roar rang out over the broad prairies of the West, the volunteers from labor's army sprang to the rescue and with a million of human lives cemented together the shattered fragments of a nation. While the men of the forge, the mine and farm moistened American soil with their blood to hold aloft the emblem of a nation's honor, the banker dishonored the paper of the government and fastened upon the people a debt which forty years of industry have been unable to liquidate. Mr. Shaw may temporarily congratulate himself that he has averted a panic, but the day of reckoning is drawing nigh and even the treasury of the nation will not be able to hold back the storm clouds that indicate a financial cyclone.

The foxes of capitalism must be kept out of the hen roost of labor.

The employer can only declare dividends through the robbery of labor.

Strikes, lockouts, blacklists and injunctions are furnishing the motive power to the wheels of progress.

Grover Cleveland claims to be a Democrat, but it would require a political expert to determine the difference between the Democracy of the sage of Princeton and the Republicanism of Mark Hanna.

J. J. Lewis, the financial secretary of the Judith Mountain Miners' Union at Maiden, Montana, reports seventy-five men laid off during the month of September. He says that there are plenty of idle men in his district.

Charles Moyer, the president, has returned from a trip to the Black Hills. He visited all the locals of the Federation and reports unionism growing rapidly in the great gold mining district of South Dakota.

The Tonopah Miners' Union at Tonopah, Nevada, has added 203 new names to its membership during the past three months. The men of Tonopah have their coats off and propose to make their local one of the leading bodies of the Western Federation.

It is reported that the coal barons are quietly offering to bribe some of the prominent strike leaders to use their persuasive powers in influencing the men to return to work. Bribery is only one of the many accomplishments that make up the composition of the trust.

The subsidized press blames the labor leader for inaugurating the strike. It is generally the labor leader who uses every argument for conciliation and peace. Conditions give birth to discontent and discontent breeds the conflict which arrays employe and employer in a "class conscious" struggle on the industrial field. If the working man was as "class conscious" politically as he is industrially, the labor problem would be solved in the next national election.

As we go to press there are various telegraphic reports relative to the settlement of the great strike in the anthracite coal fields.

The capitalist never tells his brother exploiter to keep out of politics. It is only the labor leader with an ax to grind who admonishes his union brethren against political action.

Coal at \$20 per ton is causing the most radical supporters of Democracy and Republicanism to remain silent when confronted with the doctrines of Socialism. A radical always becomes mute before climbing over the fence of another political party.

The union men of Boise, Idaho, are considering the advisability of starting a co-operative restaurant. Boise, in the past, has been a haven for the Chinese cook and the white man is becoming nauseated with the bill of fare that is dished up by the pig-tailed Mongolian.

The coal barons are about to establish one central selling agency in every large city of the United States. When this evolution takes place there will be thousands of pigmy exploiters thrown over the precipice of bankruptcy, but will have the consolation of being numbered with the great army of the unemployed whose "misery loves company."

The American Federationist, the official organ of the American Federation of Labor, has placed the Singer Sewing Machine Company on its unfair list, while it carries a five-inch full width of page advertisement recommending the product of this boycotted corporation. The employes of the Singer corporation at South Bend, Indiana, struck several months ago against starvation wages, but the fact that the rank and file who pay per capita tax to the big American nonentity had a conflict with the Hoosier trust does not seem to be a sufficient reason to deny the Singer company free access to the advertising columns of the Federationist, as long as the exploiters come up with the necessary coin to satisfy the profit appetite of the gang who handle the Federation funds. This kind of double dealing is a characteristic trait of the American Federation, and the eyes of labor are slowly opening to the fact that Samuel and his salaried boosters are union men for "revenue only."

The Montana journals are declaring that W. A. Clark has committed a political rape on the Democratic party. The old hag will not suffer on account of Clark's assault on her virginity.

The coal mines are the result of the eternal energy of nature and should be the inheritance of all mankind. This lesson is now being forced on the most obtuse brain and a little more shaking in the cold, frosty blasts of winter will stir the masses into action.

The Socialist party has for its object the organization of the working classes into a solid political phalanx because the thinkers are conscious of the fact that the interests of capital and labor are opposed to each other. Political action is the only peaceable method by which capitalism can be successfully conquered and forced to surrender the machinery of production and distribution which privately owned makes serfs of men. The industrial battle waged upon the economic field without united political action will fail to end the struggle between master and slave.

The labor organization in days of prosperity can maintain wages and sometimes can even wrest from the employer a larger percentage of the products which labor creates. But in the days of adversity, when the shadow of a panic darkens the earth, the unions are powerless to defend the worker because, under the system of wage slavery, the consuming power of wages is not more than one-fifth of the product of labor, and therefore the surplus gluts the market and throws labor out of a job. Unionism fights for labor on the industrial field, but unionism finds itself helpless before the injunction, the militia and the political power of federated capital. Socialism has for its object the organization of the working classes into a political party that will capture with the ballot the control of the state and nation, so that the functions of government can be used to advance the interest of the working class and put an end to the system that makes it necessary for labor to organize in self-defense. Socialism and unionism can join hands and work in harmony for the abolition of master and slave, but unionism cannot hope to achieve a victory while dividing its political power between the two old parties whose standard bearers court the smile and friendship of the banker, the corporation and the trust.

PUBLIC OWNERSHIP.

There are a great many people who are giving great credit to the Democratic party of the state of New York for incorporating in the platform: "The public ownership of the anthracite coal mines by the right of eminent domain and the payment of full damages to owners." Such a demand on the part of the Democratic party may appeal and sound well to the thoughtless, but to the student of social economy it fails to solve the problem. The privileged few who own the coal mines would raise no serious objection to the government obtaining the ownership of the coal mines, providing the people were mortgaged with bonds whose labor could be exploited for time and eternity in the payment of these bonds and interest thereon. The coal barons receiving bonds in exchange for a transfer of the anthracite regions to the government would be enabled to invest their securities in other fields of speculation, and the burdens from which labor suffers would only be increased instead of diminished. The labor of the miners of Pennsylvania have made the coal barons mighty in the industrial as well as the political arena, and as long as the system is maintained legalizing the right of the corporation to employ labor for profit, just so long will the struggle continue. The government ownership of the coal mines at the expense of bonds and interest is a movement that generated in the brain of the capitalist to sidetrack, if possible, the advancing and growing sentiment that is taking hold of the masses, that their liberation and industrial freedom can only come through labor wresting, politically, from the hands of the few the machinery of production and distribution. The private ownership of the means of life by the classes are the instruments that hold humanity in subjection and poverty. To issue bonds and pay interest for the ownership of the means of life would be a crime that would receive the curses of the unborn generations of centuries that are yet to come. Society must take back its own by dethroning the system that enabled the thief and the robber to become mightier than the government itself. The universal denunciation of the coal trust has merely actuated the Democratic party of New York to demand public ownership of the coal mines to catch the vote of the unthinking working man, who fails to detect the hidden scheme to open a broader field for interest-bearing bonds.

The masked tools of capital who masquerade as friendly to the working classes advise the laboring man to be more economic in his habits of life. To be more economic, labor must eat less meat and of poorer quality. Labor must buy less clothes, less fuel and less everything to accept the advice of these cheap philanthropists who would endeavor to create an impression that labor's extravagance has brought about the impoverished condition of the masses. These reform skirmishers do not seem to realize that as the working man economizes in supplying himself and family with the necessaries of life that he is diminishing consumption and throwing out of employment his brother whose only source of income is his job.

What a sublime and soul-inspiring spectacle has been presented to the gaze of eighty millions of people during the month of October? The great representative executive, whose bravery and prowess as a hunter have made the tameless monsters of the forest and jungle retreat to their lairs, cowers like a whipped cur in the presence of the coal trust. A President or government that is impotent and helpless to save the nation from the anarchy of Baers and Morgans is a failure, and an evidence that the fabric of American liberty is but a shadow that has no material substance. It is idle to prate of the glory, power and independence of American citizenship when the sovereign sceptered chief magistrate becomes a craven before the "divine righted" custodians of the nation's fuel. The Republicanism of an Abraham Lincoln has surely lost its patriotism in the hands of a Roosevelt.

The strength and civilization of a nation depends upon the individual character of its people. Men and women cannot hope to reach the lofty ideals of manhood and womanhood while the span between the cradle and the grave is a path of thorns. Pinching poverty in life's struggle dwarfs and stunts the character of the human family and banishes from the heart's chamber the generous impulses that should bathe the world in the sunlight of joy. The rivalry of our competitive system dries up the fountains of fraternity and the yearnings of want arrays man against man in that endless struggle which only terminates on the threshold of eternity. A civilization that fails to give the fullest scope to all that is best in the development of the race will eventually crumble and in its place will rise a structure whose dome shall be broad enough to shield the world.

A vote for the Democratic or Republican tickets is a vote for leaving the power of government in the hands of the capitalists to be used in the further enslavement of labor. A vote for either of the old parties is an indorsement of the injunctions of Jackson and Kellar and a sanction of every crime that was perpetrated at Homestead, Pullman, Lattimer and the bull pen in the Coeur d'Alenes. A vote for the Socialist party is a vote against the powers of government being used to enhance the private holdings of the few to degrade the masses. A vote for Socialism is a protest against the Pinkerton, the hired murderer, the bayonet, the gatling gun, the child factory slave and all the human suffering endured by labor through the wrongs of heartless economic conditions.

We would like to know how union men running as candidates on capitalistic tickets owing allegiance to the party who nominates them can be loyal to the principles of organized labor? No man can serve two masters. The man who loans his union popularity to aid a capitalistic party to climb into power is granting plutocracy a longer reign in waging its warfare of exploitation. The class conscious wage slave in the ranks of organized labor must call a halt and demand that his union shall not be subverted by members who sacrifice principle for office. The voters in November should remember the Idaho bull pen, engineered by a Democratic-Populist governor, with the co-operation of a G. O. P. President. They should remember the white child slaves of the cotton factories of the Democratic South, and the starving coal miners of Republican Pennsylvania, and register a protest against every candidate for office who permits his name to grace a ticket that means a further continuance of man's abasement.

Under our present system of master and slave the outlook for fully developed men and women, mentally and physically, is not very auspicious. Men and women embark upon the matrimonial sea haunted by apparitions of poverty and want. The premonition that life's pathway will bloom with but few roses blights and withers connubial bliss in its infancy, and the child that is born of such wedlock is a broncho in the human family. The offspring of parents whose brain and hands are constantly employed in the daily drudge to supply the coarse necessities of life, cannot hope to feel a thrill of pride in beholding a son or daughter climbing the ladder to fame's dizzy heights. Opportunity does not knock at poverty's door. Privilege does not

crown the brow of Lazarus. Childhood cannot develop in a cellar or a garret. Pauperized labor cannot hope to deck the brain of posterity with the sparkling diamonds of intellectual light. Labor must demand the full product of its toil and then labor can wed in joy and bring into the world a generation of physical and mental giants who will dim the achievements of the past in the splendor of full fledged manhood and womanhood.

The insolence of President Baer of "divine right" fame is causing the wheels of progress to revolve more swiftly. His arrogance towards the American people and his cold blooded disregard of the strikers, whose exploited labor has made the obscure pettifogger a purse-proud multimillionaire, are clothing every plank in the Socialist platform with the raiment of unquestioned respectability. The Socialist can see in the near future the relegation of the wage slave to the same museum of antiquity that holds the relics of the barbarous past. Intelligence is permeating the brain of the most dormant, and conditions will furnish the lightning that will purify our atmosphere that is loaded with the pent-up misery of homeless millions. The golden blush of the co-operative commonwealth can already be seen cutting the black curtain of the night with the simitar of dawning light.

UNIONISM TRANSFORMED

A long time ago some people who were not satisfied with their surroundings concluded to take a voyage on the sea of Discontent. They built a Boat and called it Unionism. One day they were all on board holding a Meeting when a Storm came up and they were carried out to sea without rigging or rudder. They were carried hither and thither by the waves of public opinion, beating against Republican rocks and Democratic shoals and once were nearly wrecked off the coast of Populism.

The people were nearly starved to death, as they had nothing on board but some pickled resolutions and a lot of different kinds of labels and none of them were good to eat.

Finally the old hulk drifted into the placid waters of Common Sense, when she was dry docked at Denver in the month of May, the year 1902 A. D. The best workers in the crew went to work remodeling the craft. The Keel was found to be as good as new, that was made of the splendid timber

Unity. The planks that were made of Arbitration, Boycott, Compromise, Strike and that kind of material had to be taken out because they were rotten. These were replaced with Ballot, Education, Organization and Independence. The masts of Uprighteousness were trimmed with the beautiful white sail of Equal Opportunity, the Rudder was built of Justice. The pure and simple Trades Unionists didn't know the old boat after it was finished, because the name was changed to Socialism, with the mystic letters, W. F. M., A. L. U., engraved on the figure head.

Early in the month of June of the same year this magnificent Vessel was launched and immediately started around the world on her mission of "Peace on earth, good will toward men."

WM. D. HAYWOOD.

The coal trust has shaken its fist in the face of the President and defied the government to interfere in protecting millions of people from the cold of approaching winter. If the President of the United States and commander-in-chief of the army and navy was a true and loyal representative of the people, he would order Governor Stone of the militia of Pennsylvania to withdraw the state militia from the coal mines, and if he failed to obey the order, call out the federal troops and drive, at the point of the bayonet, the armed protectors of "divine right" Baer into their armories. He should then call upon President Mitchell of the United Mine Workers to tell the brotherhood of his organization (who were willing to submit to arbitration) to resume work immediately and that Uncle Sam would stand responsible for their salaries. Mr. Roosevelt will not carry out this program and run the risk of depriving his beloved son of another prairie chicken hunt at the expense of the railroad trust. Teddy does not dare to assert his manhood. His future is wrapped up in his courtship of plutocratic anarchy. Our advice would be "unconstitutional," but the exigency demands heroic treatment.

Under a "government of the people, by the people and for the people," there is money galore for the banker, but no gold for the luckless unfortunate who is encumbered with a family to support and out of a job. There is money for the parasite who lives in a brown stone front, but no coin for the victims upon whom speculative vultures feed and fatten. The recent financial embarrassment in Wall street demonstrated to the people of the United States that the eyes of our Washington

servants are gazing with paternal tenderness on the bulls and bears who struggle for the mastery in bleeding the nation, and that coupon clippers are the real patriots who command consideration at the hands of Uncle Sam. The banker is hastening the crisis when the labor certificate, the only honest money, shall be the medium of exchange. Another panic will produce more activity in the sluggish brain of the worker than a million feasts of intellectual logic from the rostrum of Socialism.

EXTRACTS FROM FATHER McGRADY.

"The Bible is the word of God and contains the law of love and justice, and the sacred books of the synagogue and the church teach those truths that have inspired the dreams of the Socialists. We love the grand old church of the patriarchs, an institution that has seen the rise and fall of every empire in the world, an institution that traces its origin back to the growth of holiness. The wisest the shores of the Nile, when Assyria was the queen of the Orient, when Nineveh and Babylon adorned the streams of paradise. We love the sons of Abraham, for they have given the promise of a Redeemer and the prophecies of God to all nations of the earth. Their teachings have been transmitted through all the centuries and penetrated every part of the globe. The sons of Judah have controlled the finance and commerce of all Christian nations. We love the Church of the Messiah. The nations of Europe have been rocked in the cradle of Christianity. Hail, glorious Church! Thy conquests are written in every city and town, every village and hamlet, from the Gulf of Bothnia to the shores of the Bosphorus. Thy achievements are displayed in the ruins of pagan shrines and the transformation of heathen temples. Thy history is inscribed on the rocks of the Pyrenees, on the crags of the Appenines, on the summit of the Balkans, on the peaks of the Alps, on the stones of Venice and the hills of Rome, on the walls of Genoa and the gates of Florence. Hail, glorious Church! Thy victories are manifested in the museums of London and Edinburg, Paris and Munich, Brussels and Vienna; in the universities of Freiburg and Innsbruck, Siena and Perugia, Oxford and Cambridge; in the galleries, schools and libraries of Italy and Spain, France and Germany, Holland and Belgium. Hail, glorious Church! The triumphs of thy march are seen on the shores of the Rhine and the Seine, the Reuss and the Rhone, the Elbe and the Danube; and the story of thy splendor is sung by the rippling waves of the Vistula and the Volga, the Oder and the

Muese, the Tagus and the Ebro. Hail, glorious Church! The shadow of thy greatness rests on all the lakes and on all the bays, on all the mountains and on all the vales, on all the forests and on all the moors of Christian Europe. The hills of Israel were consecrated by the voice of God and hallowed by the footsteps of angels. I love to wander in fancy's glorious flight along the valley of the Jordan, amidst the vineyards of Engeddi, and over the plains of Jericho. I love to visit the city that fell into a heap of ruins at the magic sound of a trumpet. I love to linger amid the olive groves of Palestine, and pluck the wild thyme from the banks that guard her limpid stream. I love to listen to the doleful music of the Dead sea, where Jehovah burned the iniquities of a degenerate people and rescued Lot and his family from the flames of His wrath. I love to kiss the tombs of the patriarchs and venerate the ashes of the prophets. I love to behold Sharon rejoicing in her wealth of golden grain and watch the herds grazing on her verdant slopes. It is consoling to open the Bible and find that both Judaism and Christianity sigh for the reign of Socialism and the empire of brotherly love.

"Some people say that wealth is the incentive to exertion, but history contradicts this opinion. It was not wealth that inspired Leonidas and his 300 Spartan heroes to sacrifice their lives at the Pass of Thermopylæ. It was not wealth that nerved the heart of Miltiades to hurl back the Persian hosts from the plains of Marathon. It was not wealth that animated the Gallic legions at Tours to mow down the swarthy sons of the desert and encircle the sword of Martel with a halo of glory. The lance of the Castilian deep-dyed the fertile plains of Andalusia with the blood of the Moor, and the Gothic heroes tore down the Crescent from the heights of Granada and erected the Cross on the towers of the Alhambra. But it was not gold that inspired the conquering legions. Rhodes shall live in the memory of all generations for the magnanimity of the valiant knights who repulsed the Ottoman hosts, and the name of Hunniades is eternally interwoven with the triumphs of Belgrade. But the heroism of the Christian soldiers was not inspired by the promise of wealth. It was not wealth that encouraged the patriotic peasants to meet and crush the Austrian legions in the mountain passes of Switzerland and raise the flag of freedom above the snow-capped summits of the Alps. It was not wealth that consecrated Busceneth with the blood of Wallace and hallowed Bannockburn with the victory of Bruce, who drove the invader back beyond the Cheviot hills.

It was not wealth that inspired the Saxon earls to meet the tyrant at Runnymede and extort from him the Magna Charta, the foundation of English liberty. It was not wealth that created the Maid of Orleans, who went forth on her white charger waving the banner of France to defeat the leopards on the Loire and place the diadem on the royal brow. It was not wealth that inspired Demosthenes, who electrified the statesmen of Greece with his brilliant oratory. It was not wealth that created Petrarch and Tasso, Milton and Shakespeare. It was not wealth that inspired the brush of Raphael and the chisel of Angelo. Let us appeal to the noblest passions of the heart to stimulate the human race to great and glorious feats. Let us appeal to love and philanthropy. Love was infused into the human soul with the breath of God, and it has created every oasis in the wilderness of life. It created the martyrs of the Coliseum and glorified the catacombs with incense and song and sacrifice. It filled the desert with the sighs and tears and prayers and praise of the Anchorites. It brought hosts of youthful souls to the somber shades of the monastery, and buried hope and beauty in the solitude of the convent. It created an asylum amidst the horrors of the Alpine snows. It blessed the world with the angel of charity, who moved among the dead and dying on the battlefield, staunching the wounds of the fallen hero and consoled his last moments with the words of hope in the reality of a kingdom beyond the empire of the glittering stars. It sent missionaries over oceans and continents to bring the glad tidings of salvation to the wildest haunts of men and enfold benighted nations in the arms of God."

The laboring man will always remain in poverty as long as he supports a Schwab at Monte Carlo, a John W. Gates in the grain pit, pedigreed dogs at Newport banquets and a gang of profligate millionaires in Congress. Labor will remain enslaved while vampires, pirates, freebooters, political pot-lickers and national thieves with sparkling diamonds can levy tribute on the brawn and muscle of the land. Legislative manufacturers in the employ of the corporations will never unlock the shackles that bind labor to the bench of unpaid toil. Labor alone, with the power of the ballot, must strike a blow that will mean the extermination of that lawless anarchy that clothes itself in silk and broadcloth. Equal opportunity will never come until profit shall cease to be an incentive in the accumulation of wealth. When the profit system is destroyed humanity will stand erect as the noblest work of God.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

For some time past we have received many complaints from subscribers notifying us that they fail to receive the Magazine regularly. We would respectfully ask the subscribers, when calling for their mail, to ask for the Magazine, and should they fail to receive it, to notify us by postal card, so that we can forward the same to the postal authorities at Washington.

JOHN M. O'NEILL.

DISFRANCHISEMENT OF LABOR.

We would respectfully call the attention of the voters of the state of Colorado to one of the constitutional amendments which has for its object the disfranchisement of labor.

The first section of the act reads as follows:

Section 1. Every person over the age of twenty-one years, possessing the following qualifications, shall be entitled to vote at all elections: He or she shall be a citizen of the United States, and shall have resided in the state twelve months immediately preceding the election at which he offers to vote, and in the county, city, town, ward or precinct such time as may be prescribed by law.

This section means that every voter in the state of Colorado must have his final papers and must be a bona fide resident of the state for a period of one year preceding any election. It is a well-known fact that competition in the labor market is growing fiercer and that the army of the unemployed is on the increase owing to the fact that the concentration of wealth is crushing the small business man to the wall, thereby placing the bankrupt in the ranks of job seekers. The hundreds and thousands of idle men are continually traveling from one state to another and the increase of time provided in this constitutional amendment is aimed at the man who becomes a tramp looking for a job.

That part of the section which makes it necessary for the foreigner to be a resident of the United States or, in other words, to have lived five years in this country, may appeal to the prejudice of some men who do not seem to realize that the interest of the foreigner in this country is linked with the interest of the native born, but to the man who knows that there are but two classes in our civilization—the exploiter and the exploited—the object of the amendment will be readily seen. This amendment is a corporation measure, pure and simple,

and the fact that it is a legislative product of Senator Barela, the sheep voter of the southern part of the state, is justification that labor should unanimously vote against it.

A. CHALLENGE.

The following communication speaks for itself:

Telluride, Colo., October 9, 1902.

Mr. A. K. McLean, Chairman Democratic County Central Committee, Telluride, San Miguel County, Colorado:

Dear Sir—We, the undersigned, members of the Socialist party of San Miguel county, desire to meet the candidates of the Democratic party, who will be in Telluride, Saturday, October 11th, in joint debate, and discuss the following propositions, to-wit: "Does the Democratic party, its principles and the candidates thereof, represent the working men and women of Colorado or their interests?" We will take the negative, as we deny that either the Democratic party, or the candidates thereof, represent the interest of the worker.

Awaiting your reply, we are respectfully yours;

GUY E. MILLER,

Socialist Candidate for Representative.

A. H. FLOATEN.

V. ST. JOHN.

Editor Miners' Magazine—This challenge was refused, the ground given by the Democratic central committee being that the speakers did not receive it in time to prepare for the case. Fraternally yours,

V. ST. JOHN.

The common people have looked upon the judicial department of our government with feelings akin to veneration. They have been jealous of the good name that should ever adorn the character of the bench. They have lost sight of the fact that judges are but lawyers, and that the temple of justice is polluted and controlled by the same overshadowing power of accumulated wealth as that which bribes and corrupts municipal and legislative bodies. Gold has fascination for the judge as well as for the lawyer, and his elevation to the bench has not changed the characteristic traits of the man. The judge, under our system, is a creature whose decisions in the great majority of instances are framed in accordance with the demands of that power which is to-day threatening to undermine the basic principle of American liberty. The judiciary will continue to be a machine of the corporation until Socialism supplants the power of gold with the labor certificate.

COMMUNICATIONS.

SOCIALISTS HAVE THE ONLY POSSIBLE REMEDY.

From one end of the North American continent to the other, people of all shades of opinion and belief are discussing the trust question, and, excepting the few who are directly interested, it is admitted by all that the methods pursued by all trusts are detrimental to the general welfare of the people.

This being the case, what is the remedy?

So far the Socialists are the only people who propose a remedy. What is it?

Let all the people own all the trusts for the benefit of all the people.

Those who wish to continue in the trust business thereafter must do so upon their merits, not behind the fortress of special privileges, as they are doing.

For the sake of argument, we will admit that this proposition is entirely wrong in every detail, and we will retire from the rostrum and take a seat in the audience and listen to any party that proposes a better solution.

There is no logic in condemning the Socialists for advocating what they believe is right; propose something better, so the people can judge, and when this is done the Socialists will be the first to co-operate, because they are investigators earnestly seeking the truth.

Don't forever cry "The Socialists are helping the Republicans or the Democrats," "the Socialists are trying to capture the trade unions and take them into politics." We have heard all this and it don't scare the people any longer.

Propose a remedy if you can do better than we are doing. Show you are a thinker, not a confirmed growler.

EDWARD BOYCE.

RANDBURG MINERS COMPLIMENT J. T. LEWIS, MEMBER OF THE EXECUTIVE BOARD.

Editor Miners' Magazine—On the 16th of August last, at a regular meeting, this union, fearing trouble, instructed the financial secretary to wire Brother J. T. Lewis (our member of the executive board at Globe, Arizona) to come immediately, which he did, getting here one day sooner than he expected:

Brother Lewis, on his arrival, made it his business to get in touch with everything immediately. He conferred with the committees and officers, waited on the management and in fact did everything that was possible to do prior to the regular meeting night. At the meeting, after the regular order of business was over, the president vacated the chair, which Brother Lewis took, and proceeded to place the situation before the members in a manner that no one could help but understand. He showed himself qualified in every particular to fill the high office which he holds. Brother Lewis stopped with us three days, and although there was no trouble we feel that if there had been we had the man for the place—a man who would have grappled with the situation and led us to victory.

Therefore, be it resolved, that this union extend to Brother J. T. Lewis, through the columns of the Miners' Magazine, our sincerest appreciation of the able manner in which he conducted affairs while here.

(Signed) GEORGE T. PHILIPS, Recording Secretary.

T. H. REED, Financial Secretary,

Committee.

SEARCHLIGHT CELEBRATES.

Editor Miners' Magazine—Labor Day was celebrated at Searchlight under the auspices of the Searchlight Miners' Union No. 164, W. F. M.

An enjoyable time was had from start to finish.

Searchlight has never before in her history witnessed such a concourse of people.

The order of the day was as follows:

Grand parade of union miners, drilling match, ball game between miners' union team and business men of Searchlight, which resulted in a victory for Searchlight.

Following the ball game was a wrestling match between William Hopper and Ed Kelly, Hopper winning after a spirited contest. A second wrestling match then followed between George McKinnon and Addison Perkins, the editor of the Searchlight. McKinnon won with two straight falls. Considerable skill was exhibited in this match.

The young folks were not debarred from taking a part in the contests, barrel racing, foot racing and burro racing being a part of the day's program. Liberal prizes were given for all the above contests.

The parade formed in front of the old tent hall and

marched down Hobson avenue to Main street. As it swung onto Main and marched through the business portion of the town the applause was deafening. It was simply impossible to hear the strains of music from Mayor De Lurhidt's popular air, "The Yankee Hustler."

Old gray haired desert miners who fought for the emancipation of the chattel slave marched in our lines. The same old miners whom time, combined with the desert air, have tinged to the consistency of leather, marched side by side with their younger brother, and both have resolved to exert themselves to their greatest endeavors in lifting the iron heel of oppression off the neck of the abject slave. May they live to see their hopes fulfilled.

The ball game was played in Joshua park, every available seat being taken.

After the exercises of the day followed our grand dedication ball, which was held in the new union hall. The hall was artistically decorated, Mrs. Rose Howard (a member of 164) being chairman of the committee for that purpose.

Supper was served during intermission. Miners in overalls mingled with their more fortunate brothers who were in evening dress, but thanks to the level heads of our desert ladies, none were slighted. The ball was a grand success, financially and otherwise.

No. 164, although yet in her infancy, is surely making rapid strides in the right direction.

Some of the readers may think that this letter wears a coloring of pride. Our excuses we offer:— A strong union built up in about four months under the present difficulties existing on the desert. I maintain our pride is pardonable. Fraternally,

W. J. F.

DENVER MATTRESS AND BEDDING WORKERS' UNION
NO. 208, AMERICAN LABOR UNION.

Denver, Colo., October 3, 1902.

To Members of Organized Labor:

Greeting—The trouble heretofore existing between the Mattress and Bedding Workers' Union No. 208 and George J. Kindel is still unsettled. We have used all honorable means for a settlement, and believe that the same could have been effected had not the American Federation of Labor organized the scabs in Kindel's factory, many of whom were formerly members of our union.

Owing to the action of the American Federation of Labor in organizing scabs, you will take notice that there is but one legitimate label upon the products of the mattress factories, viz.: the American Labor Union label (formerly the Western Labor Union).

Notwithstanding all odds against us, we have been able to put up an active fight in Denver, and would like your honorable body, through committees and individually, to visit the merchants in your immediate vicinity and see that they purchase only such articles of bedding as bear the American Labor Union label, the only legitimate label now upon this class of goods. Hoping that you will give this your prompt attention, we remain yours fraternally,

JOHN N. LINDERS, President.

D. J. RYAN, Secretary.

The fair firms of Denver are the Denver Bedding Company and Kent & Stuchfield.

ECHOES FROM THE NORTH.

Nome, Alaska.

Editor Miners' Magazine—Since the discovery of gold on the west coast of Alaska there has been a great influx of people to these northern climes, and the sturdy miner and prospector who are the backbone of a camp are among those who have come many miles in search of the precious metal.

I quote these lines to the members of the W. F. M., of which organization I am a member:

Nome is composed of four classes of men: First, the business men of the city. Second, the fraternity with whom every miner is more or less acquainted, viz.: the knights of the green cloth. Third, the class that never worked or never will. Fourth, the old reliable miner, better known in these regions as the sour dough, who does all the work and makes a living for all others. He pays for everything and sometimes more than he ought to.

Members of the W. F. M. and all others should not be enticed to come to this camp except knowing beforehand what they are coming for. Transportation companies that charge exorbitant prices for passage and freight are making great profits on the miners by booming this camp through their Seattle newspapers, such the notorious P-I. The public on the outside never hears of the true conditions of this camp. There are a few creeks which are within a radius of five miles

that are paying well and are owned by the Pioneer and Wild Goose Mining Company, which controls the labor market and dictates to the working men as they may choose. In 1900 wages for miners were from \$8 to \$10 a day. This summer \$5 were standard wages paid by the mine owners. The Wild Goose Mining Company have reduced their men for some work to \$4 a day. Such are the conditions in this place. The men are not organized and have to submit to their masters.

The wages paid in Dawson in 1898 were \$12 to \$20 a day. Now the men are getting \$4 and it looks as if in the next two years wages in this camp will not exceed \$3 a day. You may hear or read different stories of this camp, but I have told mine from personal observation and experience.

JOSEPH MINER.

A MINER POET.

A. C. King, the miner poet of Colorado, who lost his sight in the Calliope mine at Ouray on the 17th of March, 1900, has demonstrated that a man of brains and energy laboring under a misfortune can command the attention of his fellow men and even win distinction when he is the owner of an intellect that is fertile and prolific in its resources. Mr. King has published a book of poems that will be a gem in any library, and the fact that he wrote the greater portion of his verses in mine bunk houses and in the dark caverns of the earth will appeal to the miners throughout the West to give the blind author that generous support for which the miner has always been noted. Mr. King completed his work while in a Denver hospital. The gentleman lost his manuscript at the time of the explosion which resulted in his loss of sight, but was able to dictate from memory the compositions of former years. Mr. King is a member of the Western Federation of Miners, and the Magazine takes pleasure in recommending his book of poems to every miner throughout the Rocky mountains and the Pacific slope. The following is a sample of the author's poetic genius:

THE NATION'S PERIL.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay.

—Goldsmith.

I fear the palace of the rich,
I fear the hovel of the poor;
Though fortified by moat and ditch,
The castle strong could not endure;

Nor can the squalid hovel be
 A source of strength, and those who cause
 This widening discrepancy
 Infringe on God's eternal laws.

The heritage of man, the earth,
 Was framed for homes, not vast estates;
 A lowering scale of human worth
 Each generation demonstrates,
 Which feels the landlord's iron hand,
 And hopeless, plod with effort brave;
 Who love no home can love no land;
 These own no home, until the grave.

The nation's strongest safeguards lie
 In free and unencumbered homes;
 Not in its hordes of vagrancy,
 Nor in its proud, palatial domes;
 Nor can the mercenary sword
 E'er cross with that the freeman draws,
 Nor oil upon the waters poured
 Perpetuate an unjust cause.

Eternal justice, still prevail
 And stay this menace ere too late!
 Ere sturdy manhood droop and fail,
 The law, immutable, of fate;
 No foe can daunt the stalwart heart
 Of him who guards that sacred ground
 Where every hero owns a part,
 Where each an ample home has found.

No more shall battle's lurid gleam
 The cloudless sky of peace obscure;
 Nor blood becrimson field, or stream,
 Nor avarice grind down the poor;
 But onward let thy progress be
 A pageant, beautiful and grand;
 May He who e'er has guided thee
 Protect thee still, my native land!

The price of A. C. King's book of poems, entitled "Mountain Idylls and Other Poems," is \$1 per copy.

The book can be procured from Fleming H. Revell Publishing Company, Chicago, Illinois.

A NEW CAMP.

Joseph P. Ryan, the president of the Arizona Labor Federation, has the following to say concerning the new mining town of Valmenta, where the organizer of the Western Federation of Miners established a local during the month of last September:

"This is a new mining camp, and they get assays that run from \$50 to \$2,000. The camp is not very well developed, as yet, but the ore is certainly there in abundance. The camp is a dead sure winner. The management of the two mines now being developed are of that generous, fair-minded stripe that all true union men are so glad to meet in these days of overbearing eastern bulldozers. The contrast is so pleasing that I cannot help but mention it in this communication. The outlook for good mines is better in this camp than in any part of Arizona that the writer has had an opportunity of visiting. As a few of the boys of Valmenta union are fortunate enough to own claims joining the mines there, we may, in the near future, have the honor of shaking the hand of a new millionaire.

I will warn my brothers of other camps that when they arrive at "Valmenta" they are in a "union camp." When the organizer heard that there were two persons in the camp that did not join the union he wanted to know what sort of chaps they were, but later found out that those "two chaps" were ladies, and very fine folks. They conduct the hotel, and, unfortunately, under the constitution and laws of our order, they cannot join us. Fraternally yours,

J. P. RYAN, President A. L. F.

TELLURIDE MINERS' UNION NO. 63.

Telluride, Colo., October 4, 1902.

Editor Miners' Magazine—In our last letter we overlooked telling the brothers how we got ahead of the boycott injunction by giving each man to wear a ribbon bearing the words: "Look for the blue card." We have a system here in which all business houses, hotels, saloons, etc., that are fair display a blue card. Those not showing any card are naturally unfair, and the wearing of the ribbon by such a large number of men called attention to the card more forcibly than half a dozen pickets would have done.

The triangular political fight is now on—the Democrats, the Republicans and the Socialists. We, the Socialists, have signed our petition and filed it with the secretary of state. There are but three local candidates, one representative, one senator and one commissioner. For representative, we put up one of our members, ~~our~~ brother who is a good, sound, logical talker, well educated, well informed, well versed in social economy and well able to hold his own with the best of either of the old parties' wool pullers and spell binders, Guy E. Miller by name, a man worthy of any office, political or otherwise, an ideal labor man, one who is of, for and with us, in fact he is earning his three plunks per diem up in the hills right now, reveling in the riotous living of the mine boarding house and resting luxuriously between the clean and anti-vermin sheets of a mine bunk house. (God save the mark), a man whom every miner and laborer should vote for. The Democrats are up a stump, and it looks at the present time as if they have thrown up their hands, gone to the tall timber and are going to throw their strength to the Republicans in order to kill the labor element. Yet there are some d——, idiotic, ignorant, asinine yaps who will vote the state Democratic ticket, will vote for Stimson, an attorney for the State Mine Owners' Association, who, if elected, would bend all his energies to smash the W. F. M., and then the aforesaid D. I. I. A. Y.'s would be the first to howl, and a howl that would crack the welkin and make a coyote ashamed of himself. The Republicans met in convention and proceeded to nominate for representative our friend (?) "Anti-Labor" Collins (A. L.), manager of the Smuggler mine, but in the eleventh hour discovered that he had never taken out his "civilization" papers. Not to be discouraged, they did the next best thing by nominating his brother-in-law, Charles M. Becker, the superintendent of the Smuggler, and who was in that capacity during the strike. To paraphrase Bret Harte, "The ways that are dark and the tricks that are vain; the heathen Republicans are peculiar."

The worst of it, though, is that Becker might possibly be elected, for he is such a jolly good fellow "ye" know. He gave me a job and he talks good about the union and thinks unionism is alright and the rest of the tommy rot. "What fools these laborers be." Men with union cards believe such talk and vote for him. Wouldn't that jar you?

PRESS COMMITTEE TELLURIDE UNION NO. 63.

IN MEMORIAM.

Whereas, The Searchlight Union of the W. F. of M. have lost by death our dearly beloved brother, Ross S. Briggs, who was cut down in the prime of life by an accident in the Searchlight mine; therefore, be it

Resolved, That this union extend to the relatives and friends of the deceased our heartfelt sympathy and condolence in this their time of grief; and be it further

Resolved, That the charter of this union shall be draped for a period of two weeks, and that a copy of these resolutions be published in the Searchlight and a copy forwarded to the Miners' Magazine, the official organ of the W. F. of M.

W. J. THORNTON, Committee.

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	Meets 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		Jos. Juleff	Axel Lindh		Mohawk Summit
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	Valmonta	Sat	M. Shackelford	W. E. Lee		Prescott
65	Walker	Wed	D. A. Curtis	J. C. Crowley	18	Walker
160	Weaver		Dan O'Sullivan	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. Katz	75	Kaslo
100	Kimberly	Sat	Fred Mitchell	Richard Joyce	0	Kimberly
112	Kamloops	Sat	W. H. Fowler	Mich. Delaney	92	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 Denyer
8	Phoenix	Sat	Leo. McMullan	John Riordan	58	Phoenix
38	Rossland	Wed	Rupert Bulmer	F. E. Woodside	421	Rossland
81	Sandon	Sat	H. Thompson	A. Shiland		Sandon
95	Silverton	Sat	S. E. Watson	J. O. Tyree	85	Silverton
62	Slocan	Wed	Wm. Davidson	D. B. O'Neil		Slocan City
113	Texada	Sat	J. D. Fraser	Alfred Raper	888	Van Anda
79	Whitewater	Sat	J. D. Burke	J. J. MacDonald		Whitewater
85	Ymir	Wed	J. H. Alexander	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	Fred Griffe	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
169	Iron Mountain		R. M. Rodgers	M. J. Hall		Fielding
163	Ivanpah		A. H. Shipway	Gust Erickson		Manvel
115	Jackson	Sun	F. O'Connell	John Casey		Jackson
143	Keswick M & S	Mon	J. L. Donnelly	R. W. Saunders		Taylor

Directory of Local Unions and Officers.

No.	NAME	Meet'g Night	PRESIDENT	SECRETARY	P. O. Box	ADDRESS
CALIF.—Con						
51	Mojave	Sat	T. F. Delaney	W. O. Emery	1	Mojave
48	Pinion Blanco	Wed	J. Trumbetta	Wm. Wivell	5	Coulterville
44	Randsburg	Wed	Thos. Bernard	T. H. Reed	398	Randsburg
39	Sierra Gorda	Thurs	H. Meyertholen	John Baird	Groveland
109	Soulsbyville	Eugene Godat	R. Nichols	Soulsbyville
87	Summerville	Robt. Plumber	R. L. Dillon	Carters
73	Toulumne	Thurs	John Forbes	W. McElvaine	63	Stent
167	Winthrop	C. B. Hight	E. A. Sheridan	Winthrop
127	Wood's Creek	Fri	W. D. Daniels	Henry Scholz	16	Chinese Camp
COLORADO						
75	Altman Eng	Tues	S. H. Daniels	E. S. Holden	77	Independence
21	Anaconda	Tues	T. H. Kestle	J. J. Mangan	296	Anaconda
13	Baldwin	A. Dohlman	Baldwin
89	Battle Mountain	Sun	Chas. Baldauf	W. McConnel	27	Gilman
64	Bryan	Sat	Alma Neilson	Jas. Spurrier	134	Ophir
106	Ranner M. & S.	Thurs	C. M. Greene	P. J. H. Peterson	254	Victor
137	Black Hawk	Wed	Wm. Cecil	G. E. Bolander	105	Black Hawk
33	Cloud City	Thurs	Jno. McGillis	Jas. McKeon	132	Leadville
125	Colorado City	L. M. Edwards	E. S. Timmons	Colorado City
20	Creede	Geo. Kemble	Major Cook	Creede
40	Cripple Creek	Sat	George Seitz	Geo. D. Hill	1148	Cripple Creek
82	Cripple Crk S. Eng	Wed	A. F. Lindgren	E. L. Whitney	279	Cripple Creek
56	Central City	Mon	J. McKullough	M. A. Swanson	Central City
93	Denver S. M.	Tues	W. McNamara	B. P. Smith	Denver
165	Dunton	H. K. Chestnut	H. E. Haney	Dunton
58	Durango M & S.	Sat	Frank Wride	Pearl Skelton	1273	Durango
80	Excelsior Eng	Mon	A. J. McCaughan	F. W. Frewen	Victor
110	Florence M & S.	W. Christians	E. J. Conibear	Florence
19	Free Coinage	Fri	W. F. Davis	S. Parker	91	Altman
159	Fulford	Sat	B. S. Morgan	John Jubb	2	Fulford
30	Georgetown	Wed	Julius Keller	Wm. Charles	498	Georgetown
92	Gillett M. & S.	Thos. Kearns	O. W. Adams	Gillett
94	Golden S. M.	Theo. A. Boak	R. M. Nichols	8	Golden
50	Henson	Sat	John S. Boon	Eugene Otis	205	Lake City
136	Idaho Springs	Mon	A. D. Olcott	J. E. Chandler	Idaho Springs
15	Ouray	Sat	Wm. Nation	H. A. McLean	1111	Ouray
158	Pearl	F. H. Hill	P. J. Byrne	Pearl
24	Pewabic Mount'n	Chas. H. Rice	W. G. Evans	8	Russell Gulch
6	Pitkin County	Tues	Jos. Conners	Theo. Saurer	562	Aspen
133	Pueblo S. M.	J. A. Kinningham	J. O. Peak	Pueblo
36	Rico	Sat	O. W. Rhode	E. B. Clark	427	Rico
34	Robinson	H. F. McGinley	Robinson
145	Salina	Tues	Fred Myers	John Rose	Salina
26	Silverton	Sat	F. Schmeltzer	Jas. Clifford	23	Silverton
27	Sky City	Tues	Nels Carlson	A. J. Horn	Red Mountain
63	Telluride	Sat	V. St. John	O. M. Carpenter	537	Telluride
41	Ten Mile	Tues	A. T. Francis	W. J. Kappus	212	Kokomo
32	Victor	Sat	John Harper	Dan Griffiths	134	Victor
84	Vulcan	Sat	F. W. Castle	Dwight Young	38	Vulcan
146	Wall Street	Geo. Brown	A. S. Shipley	Wall Street
59	Ward	Fri	George Brown	Lew. Nichols	78	Ward
108	Whitepine	Thurs	W. S. Barker	M. C. Smith	White Pine
IDAHO						
10	Burke	Tues	Samuel Norman	Wm. Nichols	156	Burke
52	Custer	Sat	J. T. Danielson	G. W. Cherry	Custer
53	DeLamar	Mon	Richard Temby	Albert Tallon	25	DeLamar
11	Gem	Wed	John Hayes	A. S. Balch	107	Gem
37	Gibbonsville	Wed	H. Eickwald	R. R. Dodge	19	Gibbonsville
9	Mullan	Sat	J. Hendrickson	30	Mullan
161	McKay	A. E. Nelson	J. Henderson	21	McKay
66	Silver City	Sat	Alex Main	H. Holloway	Silver City
18	Wardner	Sat	M. Cambell	John Conley	162	Wardner

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.	Wm. Hollinger	L. H. Harmon	Girard
123	Iola M. & S.	Chas. Chadd	G. F. Titus	Iola
148	LaHarpe S. U.	Tues	Wm. Alexander	R. R. Deist	478	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	Wm. Hagerty	John Shea	498	Butte
74	Butte M & S.	Wed	Geo. T. Wade	J. W. Whitely	841	Butte
83	Butte Eng.	Wed	Dan. Meaney	W. H. Linahan	1625	Butte
88	Elkhorn	Sat	J. H. Nicholls	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.	Thurs	C. Calhoun	Chas. Howland	51	Philipsburg..
16	Grt. Falls M. & S.	Sat	J. B. Finlay	Jas. Lithgow	790	Great Falls..
35	Hassell	Sat	Ed. Blewett	A. Scharnke	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	Berry Knutson	Thos. Davidson	Pony
25	Winston	Sat	Theo. Schuele	E. J. Brewer	A	Winston
129	Virginia City	Sat	E. J. Gainan	J. E. 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	S. H. Turner	67	Tuscarora....
46	Virginia City	Fri	John W. Kitson	J. W. Kinnikin	1	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. Friggens	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	Roy Skutt	Geo. Hendy	174	Terry
68	Galena	Wed	Geo. Leach	J. H. Gardner	51	Galena
116	Perry	Wed	Jas. Rawling	E. G. Sligar	Roubaix
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	Wm. Sparks. . .	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 M. M. & S.	Geo. Brown....	John Evans....	Riverside ...

Rocky Mountain News

(DAILY AND SUNDAY.)

The Denver Times

(EVERY WEEK DAY, AFTERNOON AND EVENING.)

NOW UNDER ONE MANAGEMENT.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES;
THE NEWS:

Daily and Sunday	75c a month
Sunday only,	\$2.50 a year
Daily and Sunday	9.00 a year

THE TIMES:

The Sunday News will be supplied in connection with
The Evening Times to those who wish a Sunday paper.

One month, every week day45
One month, every week day and Sunday News.....	.65
One year, every week day	5.20
One year, every week day and Sunday News.....	7.80
Sunday News (40 to 52 pages) one year	2.50
Weekly News and Colorado Weekly Times (combined) one year....	1.00

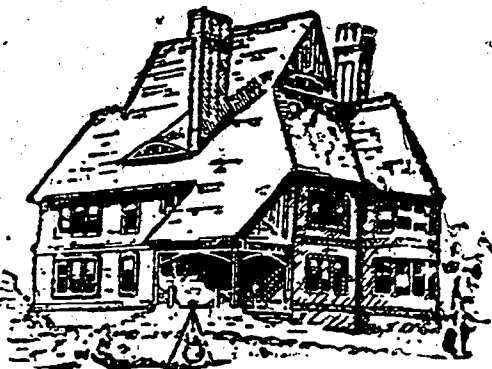
"At the present time the majority of the members of the organization read nothing but the metropolitan dailies—the avowed and everlasting enemies of labor. There is not a daily of any note from the Atlantic to the Pacific (the Rocky Mountain News excepted) that is friendly to labor; it is our duty not 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.

ADDRESS:

**THE NEWS-TIMES PUBLISHING COMPANY,
DENVER, COLORADO.**

WHY PAY RENT

We
Will
Buy



You
a
Home

When the Money you are Paying as Rent will Buy You a Home?

**YOU PAY ONLY \$5.00 PER MONTH ON EACH \$1,000.00
WITH TWO PER CENT. INTEREST PER ANNUM.**

PLAN.

You pay an application fee of \$5.00 per each \$1,000.00 desired; then a Home contract is issued to you for the amount applied for. You thereafter pay at the rate of \$5.00 per month on each \$1,000.00 desired, for which you are given full credit until the property is bought for you. When the property, which you select, is purchased for you, you take immediate possession and have a deed; we have a mortgage. Your payments are then raised to \$10.00 per month. When your monthly payments amount in the aggregate to 75 per ct. of the cost of your Home, for which we have paid, you return the balance in one payment. **IN CASE OF SICKNESS OR LOSS OF EMPLOYMENT** your time is extended and your payments are met by the Reserve Fund.

**Your Money is Secured by Real Estate
and all Officers Bonded.**

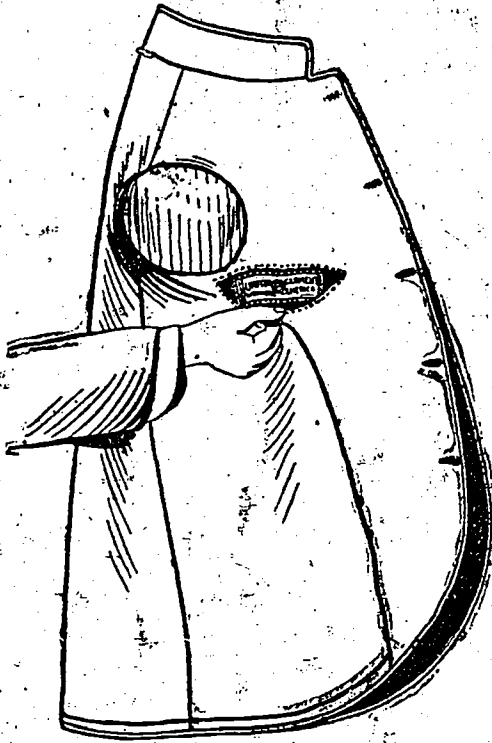
ALL SECRETARIES of the local lodges of the WESTERN FEDERATION OF MINERS will be furnished with full explanation of our plan for the benefit of interested members.

STOP! READ! THINK!

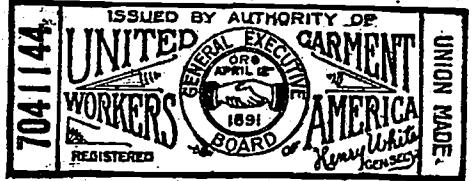
How long have you been paying rent? Have you anything except rent receipts to show for what you have paid? What is the total amount you have paid for rent? It will pay you to investigate.

Reliable Agents who can Give Bond Wanted.
All Correspondence Promptly Answered.

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 sweat shop 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

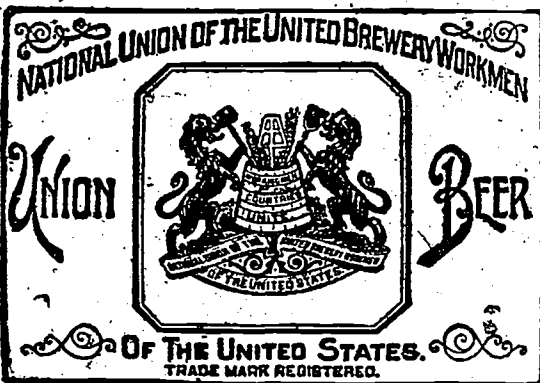
Shirts, Corduroy and Cassimere Pants, Overalls, Jumpers and Duck Clothing. They are what you want and he ought to have them.

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

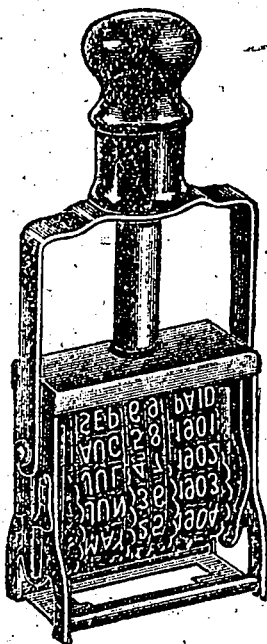
United Hatters

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.



SELF INKING DATERS
Like Cut, only 65c.

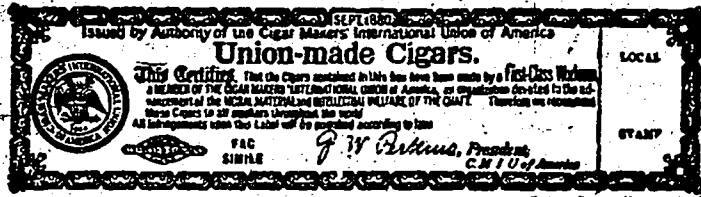
Mailed anywhere.
Rubber Stamps, Seals, etc.

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

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

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

Smoke only Union Label Cigars



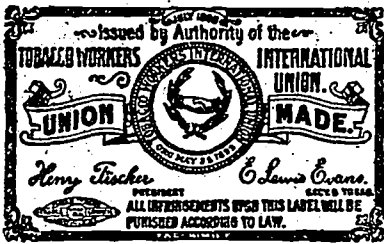
Don't forget to see that this Label is on every box, when buying cigars.

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.