

Cash on hand June 4, 1904..... \$3861.70
Receipts for week ending June 11, 1904..... 6888.20
Expenses for week ending June 11, 1904..... 1222.50
Balance on hand June 11, 1904..... \$9527.40
Obligations \$4673.67.
All money above actual operating expenses of the plant will be turned into Socialist propaganda fund. No charge for use of special employees.

Number of Subscribers OVER 250,000

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Number of Subscribers OVER 250,000

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY. FOR THE OWNERSHIP OF EARTH AND THE FULLNESS THEREOF BY ALL THE PEOPLE AND NOT BY PART OF THE PEOPLE.

The Battle of Dunnville.

To the average reader of the sensational "tommyrot" handed out in the columns of the capitalist press the following narrative will appear very tame indeed.

For the benefit of the credulous, I will say that this story was read to the train and engine crews referred to and that they corroborated every word of it.

Hearing, or pretending that he had heard, that a large force of union miners, armed and provisioned, had entrenched themselves on the mountain sides overlooking the little valley in which was located the tents of the recently settled camp of Dunnville, General Bell, on the morning of the 8th, announced his intention of raiding the camp with a squad of deputies and militia, and effecting the capture of the "anarchists and dynamiters."

Accordingly a train was secured and into this crowded about two hundred deputized non-union miners and militia. A white ribbon was tied to the lapel of each of the newspaper men to distinguish them from the enemy in the event that the expected battle became so furious that there would be a general mingling of the combatants.

Dunnville is situated in Fremont county, about fourteen miles south of Victor on the F. & C. C. railroad. About three o'clock in the afternoon on the date named, the military train, after a cautious journey through the mountains from Victor, drew up and stopped seventy-five yards in a canon that leads into the vale where the miners' tents were pitched.

Hurriedly loading their rifles the fighters disembarked. The scab miners, thirsting like tigers for a taste of human blood, ran ahead of General Bell, firing into the tents as they ran. Several soldiers and newspaper men, who accompanied Bell across the little trestle which lay between the engine and the camp, exclaimed:

"There go three of the fellows now," pointing towards a gulch which gorged its way up the mountain side towards the south.

"Fire!" shouted the Adjutant General of the State Guard.

The order was complied with and for seven minutes a veritable hailstorm of buckshot and rifle balls was discharged up the mountain sides in every direction by the deputies and soldiers, all of whom had by this time reached the clearing where the General stood.

This constituted the principal engagement when the murderous return fire from the miners was supposed to have "spitted" up the ground repeatedly at the General's feet.

For an hour desultory firing was indulged in by the troops, during which time I saw and heard only one shot fired by a union miner. That came from a shot gun fired from the east and the force of the shot from it was spent long before they reached the valley below.

Although I stood within 15 feet of General Bell during the principal engagement, and hovered around close to his person while the rest of the battle raged, I never heard the whistle of a bullet, except those fired by the invaders; never saw the ground torn up anywhere near where our crowd stood, and positively the only shot I saw or heard discharged from the other side was that already alluded to.

In all there must have been 5,000 shots fired by the combined force of deputies and militia. The miners were surprised while at work in their prospect holes, and were given no time to surrender or make their escape in safety. They are accused of running. What else could they do when



At Dunnville Bell's soldiers fired on unarmed miners after they had indicated their intention of surrendering. This is the most brutal exhibition of fanaticism on record.



The following account of the Colorado Reign of Terror, inaugurated by the Citizens' Alliance, is written by the Appeal's Staff Correspondent, Geo. H. Shoat. Comrade Shoat arrived at Cripple Creek the day following the Independence explosion.

they saw that they were about to be shot down in cold blood?

Even after General Bell gave the order to "cease firing," to permit the men to come down the mountain sides with their hands held above their heads, several exhibitions of brutality were given by the deputies that made my blood boil in anger.

John Carley, who was shot down like a dog, was among the three who were seen running up the gulch. His two companions dodged behind a rock and escaped unhurt, but Carley, who brought up the rear, fell, shot through the heart with a Krag rifle ball.

When the firing started, one lieutenant, who had crossed the trestle, took a notion he had left something inside the car, and, going back, was seen no more until the excitement subsided.

After the firing had entirely ceased and the captured men were searched, they were marched like cattle to the box car which was attached to the train. One deputy said to a miner as he was being prodded aboard, "It's a good thing I never got a bead on you, or you would be going back to Cripple Creek a stiff, you ———"

While the main guard were awaiting the return of the scouts, sent out to bring in possible dead belligerents, several militia went through the tents and scattered clothing and provisions about in sheer wantonness. The negro cook, who was released shortly after his capture, seeing the destruction of the camp, had the temerity, at the suggestion of the engineer, to ask General Bell if he didn't think the pillaging unnecessary.

"You are lucky to be alive," responded the General. "If you keep popping off I'll take you to Cripple Creek."

Sixteen union miners, John Carley, dead, one 22-calibre target rifle, one shot gun, one 45-calibre revolver, thirteen picks and several pocket knives were the contraband carried back to Cripple Creek as trophies of the daring exploit. If there is a spark of manhood in any of the armed men who participated in the affair, they must have carried back with them, in addition, a sense of guilt and a consciousness of shame that will weigh them down like mill-stones the remainder of their lives.

The Train Wrecking Affair.

Events leading up to the Independence explosion. Circumstantial evidence showing that former "horrors" were planned and executed by members of the Citizens' Alliance and Mine Owners' Association, or instigated by them.

When it grew evident that the strike called August 10 had become really effective and that the industrial paralysis throughout the district following the strike was complete, it devolved upon the Mine Owners and Citizens' Alliance people to resort to drastic and unprecedented measures to turn public opinion against the union miners, and produce a change of conditions that would necessitate a call for Federal troops.

The first move in this direction was made on the night of August 15, when K. C. Sterling and D. C. Scott informed the engineer of the train at Victor that they had inside information to the effect that an attempt to wreck their train between Victor and Elkton would be made that night by a committee of union miners especially selected for the purpose.

Early in the evening of the 17th D. C. Scott again approached Engineer William Rush, of the same train, and told him that preparations for a huge wreck had been made by the same union miners and that the affair would be surely pulled off somewhere between Victor and Columbine.

"Do you know of any other good place where a train wreck could be pulled off?" "Yes," responded the engineer. "The first left curve beyond the trestle between here and Columbine is a good place."

"All right," answered Scott, who immediately started off down the track, presumably to join his companion for the purpose of watching the place from behind a near-by embankment.

A little while after midnight, as the train crew were receiving orders at the Victor depot preparatory to pulling out on their regular run, Detectives Sterling and Scott rushed breathlessly in and announced that the attempt had been made, and that a rail had been loosened on the FIRST LEFT CURVE BEYOND THE TRESTLE BETWEEN VICTOR AND COLUMBINE—the identical place recommended five hours before by Engineer William Rush.

The engineer, who all along had been suspicious that the stories reported by the detectives were fakes handed out to injure the cause of the strikers, asked:

"Where were you men when the spikes were being pulled?"

"We were behind the bank, watching," replied Sterling.

"How many train wreckers did you see?" again asked the engineer.

After a pause, which seemed an hour long, and which was noticeably embarrassing, Scott spoke up and said:

"There were three of them."

"Well, you fellows had guns; why didn't you arrest them?" again queried the engineer.

No reply was made to this question for both men began to get busy at the telephone asking for reinforcements. When the train drew up at the place designated it was discovered that nine spikes had been pulled, two fish plates taken off and that the tools used to do the work had been left lying alongside the track.

The next day Charles M. McKinney and August Beckman were arrested and identified by Detectives Scott and Sterling as the men who committed the crime. They were taken to Pueblo for safe keeping.

At the trial Scott belied the statement originally made to Engineer Rush by swearing that only two men were seen pulling spikes, C. M. McKinney and August Beckman. He further stated that four fish plates had been removed, whereas only two were taken off.

McKinney admitted his guilt, and on the stand implicated the following prominent officers of the Western Federation of miners: Sherman Parker, Thomas Foster and W. F. Davis, as being co-partners in the conspiracy.

Beckman also admitted his part in the affair but said that he was employed by the detectives to play along with the game in order to find out what the union would do. He was released at once.

McKinney was at length let go but was rearrested, charged with perjury. He is now walking the streets of Cripple Creek under a \$300.00 bond and is known to be on the most friendly terms with Detectives Scott and Sterling, and has open access to the inner office of C. C. Hamlin, secretary of the Mine Owners' Association.

Parker, Foster and Davis were held in bonds to the sum of \$32,000.00 each, but were prevented from being released by Governor Peabody. Instead, they languished in the military prison three months, when they were dismissed by the district attorney for want of evidence to convict.

This conspiracy of the mine owners to break up the strike by saddling the responsibility of the attempted train wrecking episodes upon members of the local strike committee was so thoroughly transparent that hardly a citizen of the community was deceived. Colored reports of the affair were given out to the Associated Press, however, by the Mine Owners' Association, and the country was made to believe that a dastardly attempt to murder non-union miners had been made by officers high in the Miners' Federation.

The Vindicator Mine Explosion.

About half past eleven o'clock on the morning of November 14, a report, followed by falling debris, attracted the attention of men working on the eighth level in the Vindicator mine in Independence. Investigation proved that a horrible explosion had occurred on the sixth level and that Charles McCormick, superintendent, and Melvin Beck, shift boss of the mine, were killed.

As soon as the explosion was reported above ground militia were placed on guard at every possible entrance to the mine to apprehend, if possible, the union miners who were at once charged with responsibility for the crime.

At the coroner's inquest no convicting evidence that could possibly incriminate union men was produced, yet Sherman Parker and a number of members of the strike committee were arrested, thrown into the bull pen and accused of the crime.

One peculiar and inexplicable incident developed at the trial when McCormick's step-son, Larry Ramsey, testified that just a few minutes before the two dead men descended he was refused a request from his father to accompany him down the shaft.

Though nothing was ever definitely proved it is generally held by the union men throughout the district that the explosion was a plot concocted by the Citizens' Alliance and Mine Owners' Association in which the men who were to carry the thing into execution were themselves killed.

During the week it was given out that the militia were to leave, contrary to the wishes of the mine owners. So it was arranged to have McCormick and Beck explode a mine in the sixth level in order that it could be said that union men had slipped into the mine and tried to kill scabs while going up and down the shaft.

Blowing Up the Independence Depot.

Monday morning at 2:45 o'clock, June 6, while some twenty-five or thirty non-union miners were standing on the platform of the Florence & Cripple Creek depot station waiting for a train, which was at that moment just pulling around the curve from Goldfield, some person or persons pulled a wire attached to a revolver which exploded into a couple of hundred pounds of dynamite placed beneath where the men were standing.

The news of this terrible catastrophe was at once heralded to the limits of civilization as the deliberate villainy of union men.

Before entering upon a relation of the facts or a description of the conditions that prevailed in the Cripple Creek district immediately preceding this awful holocaust, it would be well for the reader to let the significance of the circumstantial evidence contained in the narratives of the two foregoing incidents sink deep in his mind.

Charles M. McKinney, whom the detectives accused of trying to wreck the F. & C. C. passenger train, stood a self-confessed perjurer and would-be wholesale murderer. It was an open secret that after the attempted train wrecking affairs were hushed up, McKinney enjoyed the fullest confidence of several prominent mine owners and Alliance men, and was the intimate associate of the two detectives who arraigned him at the trial.

K. C. Sterling for years has borne the reputation of being the most cold-blooded villain unhung. He is a desperate gambler, has a private grave yard to his credit, and is not ashamed to admit that when necessity demanded he never hesitated to drum up business for women in the red light district.

Clarence C. Hamlin, secretary of the Mine Owners' Association, is a good talker, is fearless, unscrupulous and his



A rope placed around the neck of the sheriff of Teller county and at the point of leveled guns he was forced to remain by the Mine Owners and one of their own members placed in office.

only apparent ambition seems to be the utter extinction of the Western Federation of Miners.

A. E. Carlton, president of the First National Bank of Cripple Creek, is several times a millionaire. His cowardice and cruelty were demonstrated in his unwarranted attack upon the person of Mrs. Ada Hanna in the union store on the day of the riot at Victor. He is cordially hated by every man of principle in the district and would stop at nothing to achieve his ends.

In addition to the attempted train wreck and explosion in the Vindicator mine, there is another incident well worth considering.

Several months ago, at the same hour of the night, eleven assayers' offices in the district were blown up by dynamite. Though it has never been judicially determined, yet no informed man acquainted with mining affairs doubts for an instant but what the responsibility for those simultaneous explosions rests absolutely with the Mine Owners' Association. No one else would be interested in their extermination.

In the case of the Independence depot explosion, several theories are advanced, among the most probable of which are the following:

The union stores, established at the beginning of the strike on account of the regular business men refusing credit to the striking miners, were doing an enormous business. That in Victor, in the last month of its existence alone, cleared \$15,000.00, the others profiting in proportion. This successful competition was almost bankrupting the other business houses.

Already the business men were organized into the Citizens' Alliance, and though they were intimate bed-fellows of the Mine Owners, and had received the promises of the latter organization to help in their work of driving out the union stores, still they were inclined to be a trifle suspicious. When it was given out that a settlement of the strike was under serious contemplation, the week preceding the Independence explosion, the business element was driven to desperation. They saw that, if the strike was settled with union recognition their houses might as well suspend. With them it was a question of exterminating the union or leaving the district.

So, to prolong the strike, recall the militia, create a reign of terror and effect the deportation of the union miners during the mad riot they knew would follow, a secret agreement was formed which resulted in the explosion that has astonished the civilized world.

Another theory popularly entertained by many people fixes the responsibility directly upon K. C. Sterling, Charles M. McKinney and A. E. Carlton. Chagrined at the defeat of the attempted train wreck, and disappointed at the mild results following the explosion in the Vindicator mine, these worthies determined to accomplish another villainy that would exceed anything before attempted. With them it was also a question of wiping the Western Federation of Miners off the map.

They saw that the only way to destroy the miners' organization was to deport the individual members. This they could not do in a time of profound peace. To inaugurate the proper conditions necessary for deportation purposes, some crime of unbelievable proportions must be committed. This was found in the blowing up of the Independence depot.

Still another theory is found by some people in the fact that the Western Federation of Miners is the best organized, most class-conscious and most advanced labor body in the world. To effect the overthrow of this organization was a glory of which any coterie of capitalists might be proud. They could then point with pride to their energy and initiative and tell the capitalists of the effete East to go and do likewise. Then the driving of the union miners from the Portland mine and the bringing of that company into the Mine Owners' Association was a feat that amply repaid any loss of conscience or money which the transaction might occasion.

The claim that union men were the instigators of that explosion is the merest balderdash. Up to the time of its occurrence the union had everything coming its way. Negotiations were pending for a speedy, triumphant settlement of the strike. The union stores were prosperous, every member of the striking organization was being cared for, and though constant effort was made by hired thugs of the corporations to embroil union men in petty disturbances so that exaggerated reports of union lawlessness could be sent East, still peace prevailed and everybody was apparently contented.

One of the cardinal policies of organized labor is to refrain from violence. Union men are aware that in order to keep public sympathy while on strike it is imperatively necessary to abstain from every form of disorder. Since the inauguration of this strike not one union man has been convicted in a court of justice of a crime of any kind, while on the other hand, scabs have been sentenced for stealing ore, beating their wives and engaging in petty depredations against their neighbors' property. In every strike which has been forced upon organized labor since the first union was formed the employers have not hesitated to resort to the foulest measures to break them, and the situation in the Cripple Creek district is no exception to the rule.

Why the Blood Hounds Were Called Off.

In inquiring into the causes of the Independence depot explosion and trying to ascertain the identity of the person or persons guilty of the crime, the representative of the Appeal has unearthed many facts which, to the present moment, have been kept in the background but whose significance throws a great deal of light on the situation.

When the bloodhounds were put on the trail of the assassin at the end of the wire in the Delmonico shaft, they went directly to cabin occupied by Marshall Bemore, of Independence, formerly a well known spotter for the Mine Owners' Association. Leaving this place they made off down the track to the Vindicator powder magazine, where they ran around in circles until called off by their owner.

Ready to Make Affidavit.

Mrs. Will Adams, Mrs. Jack Greep, Essie and Lizzie Faragher

and Janie and Leta Henry, who were standing on a near-by dump, witnessed the performances of the dogs and say they are ready to swear in any court to what they saw. In addition, Max Morrison, the 12-year-old son of Mrs. Maggie Morrison, with several playmates, kept close to the dogs all the while and followed them direct to Bemore's house, where they saw them enter.

"The first dog," says Mrs. Adams, "after smelling the chair rung to which the wire was attached, threw up his head and bounded off in the direction of Bemore's house. Mrs. Bemore was standing in the doorway with her arms akimbo. The dog jumped past where she stood and stayed in the house several minutes before reappearing, when it made off to the Vindicator powder magazine. The other dogs acted precisely like the first in every particular, with the exception of the last, which was prevented from entering the house by his owner, who, by this time, had got up to the door. They were finally called off, and the trailing by bloodhounds was not resumed that day."

Held in Solitary Confinement.

The writer is the first person to whom these ladies conveyed this information, but there were several men in the trailing party who saw how the dogs acted, but who never made a public report. John Meany, a well known character about town, was with the party of officers at the time, and it is significant that immediately upon his arrival in Victor after the incident, he was arrested and held in solitary confinement six hours before being released. Since then he has absolutely nothing to say about the matter.

Another feature connected with the investigation of this explosion, is that instead of trying to run down the clues that might lead to the capture of the murderers, the officers bent every effort upon throwing union men into the bull pen. It was taken for granted that the Western Federation of Miners were the guilty parties and the extermination of that organization was commenced.

The Riot in Victor.

When the final story of the gold miners' strike in the Cripple Creek district has been written and given to the world, and all has been said and done toward bringing out the facts relative to the damnable plots concocted through the joint efforts of the Citizens' Alliance and the Mine Owners' Association for the overthrow of the Western Federation of Miners, it will have been found that the terrible riot in Victor on the afternoon of Monday, June 6, was the bloodiest and most savage conspiracy of them all. For no matter how cold-blooded was the conspiracy in the Independence disaster, and how awful its results, that explosion was a mere bagatelle compared to the deliberate attempt to massacre the union leaders and their friends, surrounded as they were by an innocent crowd of women, boys and girls.

Shortly after 3 o'clock, while the excitement of the morning's holocaust was at its whitest heat, Charles C. Hamlin, secretary of the Mine Owners' Association, followed by a big crowd of non-union miners and representative members of the Citizens' Alliance, with the newly appointed sheriff, Edward Bell, began to assemble on the Victor hotel site. There were many union men in the crowd, but they were outnumbered by non-union miners three to one. C. C. Hamlin and Sheriff Bell mounted a freight wagon, and Hamlin began a speech.

What followed is graphically told by Mrs. Stella Shaw, secretary of the Woman's Democratic Club of Teller county, who, with Mrs. C. L. Holland and Mrs. Ada B. Hanna, was standing not ten feet from the wagon on which the two men stood.

"For the blowing up of those brave boys," began Mr. Hamlin, "fifty union men should be shot down like dogs and as many more swung to telegraph poles."

"Every federation man is a criminal, and it is up to you men to drive them over the hills with your guns."

At this a union man in the crowd spoke up, "Who do you mean by 'them'?"

"Lynch him! Kill him! Hang him!" exclaimed a hundred voices. A shot was immediately fired by some one near where the union man stood, which was answered by another man near the outskirts of the crowd.

The shooting then became general while the crowd scattered in every direction as quickly as it could. Six or eight union men ran across the street and joined their comrades in Miners' Hall.

At this moment Company L of the local militia came around the corner on the double quick from Ruble's Armory Hall, where it had been stationed. Deploying themselves at the command of their superior officers the soldiers scaled the bank building opposite the miners' headquarters and for half an hour poured a rain of lead and steel through the windows and brick walls of the miners' building. After it was thought that every union miner who had taken refuge in the building had been killed, a truce was called. To the surprise of the soldiers and deputized scabs, who, with their Winchester, had also participated in the fray, a white flag was run up by a live union miner. At this token of surrender further firing was ordered ceased and the union men were told to march out in the street with their hands up. Those who were neither dead nor wounded obeyed, and after a few moments' parley the sheriff ordered them taken to the soldiers' armory for safe keeping.

This, in substance, according to Mrs. Stella Shaw, corroborated by the evidence of Mrs. Holland and Mrs. Hanna, together with the additional testimony of several union witnesses, constituted the riot in Victor.

It is when the circumstances preceding, and the results following the riot, are taken into consideration that the certainty and clearness of a conspiracy is revealed.

Why were all the scab mines in the district closed down, the employes armed and told to meet in certain places? Why was Company L, equipped with four times their usual allotment of ammunition, held in readiness in their armory? Why, in the midst of the existing excitement, did Secretary Hamlin call a mass meeting and give expression to that inflammatory speech? By what strange coincidence was he surrounded and protected, while making that speech, by scab deputies, fully armed and ready to shoot? How was it that the entire riot, according to the foregoing witnesses, was carried out with such stilted precision that it savored strongly of a specially prepared program? These and many other questions must receive a satisfactory answer before

the suspicions of thousands of people will be allayed.

The plot, in brief, believed by union men acquainted with the situation, was to decoy the strike leaders into the circle of armed non-union men, and while the speech was in progress, start a row, during the excitement of which the victims could be shot down. Their staying in Union Hall saved the strikers a total massacre, and after their capture by the soldiers it was not attempted.

Miners Did Not Fire a Shot.

Notwithstanding the press reports that fire was opened upon the militia by miners from their union hall, it is denied by a number of witnesses to the fact that the union men fired a shot.

Arthur Parker and Edward McKelvey, two of the miners who were in the hall and who were wounded in the fight, told the following story, as they lay on their cots in the Victor hospital:

"I was among the number who left the lot and adjourned to the hall," said Mr. Parker. "We heard the armed scabs over in the armory building discharging their weapons and yelling loudly, and knowing they were bent on creating trouble, we went over to our hall to keep out of it. There were some twenty-five or thirty men in the hall and while we determined to keep the scabs out it was understood by all present that if the militia demanded entrance no opposition would be offered."

"Directly we heard a noise at the foot of the stairs leading up to the hall, and, looking out, we saw a crowd of scabs trying to force an entrance. We warned them that they were not wanted, but not once did we fire a shot. After a while we decided to look up the place and leave our homes. We left the windows and all of us were crowded at the head of the stairs preparing to descend when we were shot at from the outside. Then for the next few minutes a perfect hail storm of bullets were fired at us from the front, from the sides and through the skylight of the building. All we could do was to run alongside the walls or fall to the floor in order to protect ourselves from the terrible fusillade of lead."

Shoved a Revolver Down His Throat.

"After a while the firing ceased and one of our men ran out a white handkerchief as a sign of surrender. When that was done the scabs, who were at the foot of the stairs, ran up and called upon us to throw up our hands. Such as were able did so. The wounded were treated shamefully. 'Ed, over there,' pointing to Edw. McKelvey, who lay on an adjoining cot, 'they took, and shoved a pistol down his throat, cursing and saying, 'Say it's good, you — or we will blow your brains out!' One of the scabs kicked me in the ribs and started to finish me with his six-shooter but was prevented by the militia, who, by this time, were swarming into the hall. I verily believe we would have all been murdered had it not been for the timely intervention of the militia."

"There was not a single shot fired from our side and had we started five minutes earlier we would have been out of the hall on the way to our homes."

The Bull Pen.

Briefly, what was known as the bull pen in Victor was nothing but the large hall in the Rubles Armory building. The rear of a large store room on Bennett avenue was used in Cripple Creek in which to place arrested men. Every available cell in the county jail was filled to overflowing with the more desperate "anarchists and dynamiters."

It was the treatment accorded the prisoners by their conscienceless captors that makes up the horrible story of the "Bull Pen." After the men were driven into their respective quarters by the deputies and militia, they were subjected to every insult that the ingenuity of their tormentors could devise. In this they were assisted by their officers.

In the Rubles Armory a dead line was marked with chalk across the eastern end of the room and orders were given to the guard that if any man dared step across this line to shoot him down at once. Communication with the outside world was prohibited. One man was seen smiling at someone outside across the street. A dozen soldiers at once charged to where this outsider stood, dragged him by the feet into the hall and threw him in among the other prisoners, charging him with using deaf and dumb signals as a means of communication. Several times Krag rifle balls were "accidentally" discharged through the basement floor, one of which ploughed its way through the hip box of Fred Minster, of Local No. 13. Jack West, of the same local, narrowly escaped being hit by one of these "accidental" shots.

The contents of the union store, generally supposed to be sent to feed the imprisoned miners, never reached them. Foodstuffs sent in by wives and friends were rigidly inspected, the best appropriated by the guards, only the leavings reaching their destination. The men slept on the bare floor and were herded together like so many hogs.

A good idea of the "sweating" the men received is found in the following dialogue between the military cross examiner and John Marshall, of Victor 32, who, after the examination, was given his liberty on condition that he would leave the camp. Marshall was led into the inner room where the "commission" was sitting, and after being sworn was questioned as follows:

Questioner: "We are going to make this either a union or a non-union camp. See that?" dangling a noosed rope in the miner's face.

Marshall: "Yes, sir."

Q: "Do you believe in majority rule?"

M: "Yes, if you mean seven men with bayonets against one union man."

At this moment a guard interposed by striking Marshall a blow in the face with the words, "Don't get funny, now." No one remonstrated and the examination continued.

Q: "Well, we have the majority here. Which side are you on?" dangling the rope again.

M: "I will be a scab."

Q: "Well, what are you going to do if we turn you loose?"

M: "I will get out of the district."

Q: "Well then, go."

John Marshall, be it remembered, had committed no crime, was accused of no crime, had lived in the district six years, owned property, had a wife and family, and was an A-1 workman. Yet, because he belonged to a labor organization, a right which the Federal constitution does not prohibit, and which hundreds of thousands of other American citizens have and are now exercising, he was thrown into the bull pen and sweated through this humiliating ordeal.

Several other released prisoners whom the writer interviewed after gaining their freedom told practically the same experience. Some of the more prominent leaders, of course, received even rougher treatment. When Sherman Parker, of the local strike committee, was incarcerated last fall he came near losing his life in the following way: One night shots were heard, followed by the noise of someone running down the hillside. Thinking the sounds came from striking miners coming to the rescue of their imprisoned comrade, three soldiers compelled Parker to lay himself out on the flat of his back with his arms extended full length. Placing their cocked guns at the neck of the prostrate man they warned him not to move a muscle on pain of being shot. The minutes elapsed, during which interval the unfortunate man every instant expected death. Investigation of the outside disturbance later proved that the shots proceeded from Krag-Jorgensen rifles which were being fired by militiamen at a burro, or Rocky Mountain jackass.

Numberless stories of inhuman cruelty like the foregoing might be related. The first deportation train consisted of box cars. When the first company of miners were exiled, they were shoved unceremoniously into the dirty, ill-smelling cars, the doors nailed up and a tattoo was played upon them by the soldiers in commemoration of the event. No good-byes were permitted between the deported men and their families. Any woman who tried to attract the attention of her departing husband was shoved forcibly back into the crowd and admonished to keep quiet.

The story of the trip to Kansas, to Denver and the subsequent treatment of the strikers by the citizens in whose communities they landed has already been partially told by the capitalist press. Only a Victor Hugo could truthfully describe the heart-rending scenes enacted around the place of deportation. Women with breaking hearts; children swooning in terror of suspense; aged mothers bidding their sons what many thought was a last farewell, for many people believed that massacre awaited the exiles somewhere in the mountains; sharp orders from the officers, obedient commands by the troops, menacing revolvers, glistening bayonets, hisses, cheers, and sullen looks, all commingled in one sad finale, the like of which is rarely ever witnessed outside the glorious pomp and circumstance of war.

Closing of the Portland Mine.

James Burns, a sturdy Scotchman, a practical miner and formerly a member of Victor No. 32, was the only large mine owner and operator in the district who refused to enter the Mine Owners' Association. He was president of the Portland Gold Mining Company, and, being in thorough sympathy with the strikers, had acceded to their demands early in the strike. His principal mine was the richest producer in the district and employed about six hundred men.

After realizing that Burns could not be intimidated into submission, and anxious to wipe unionism completely from the map, the mine owners decided to take advantage of the martial law that prevailed to close up the Portland mine and drive the union miners from the camp.

So, one afternoon, after issuing a proclamation to the effect that the Portland mine was harboring large numbers of lawless and dangerous men who must be deported for the good and welfare of the district, General Bell filled a train with armed deputies and militia and proceeded to the invasion of the mine. As the train neared the big gates of the mine a large, new flag bearing the national colors was unfurled from the flagstaff over the main office. The gates were thrown open and the mine manager, W. F. Kurie, welcomed the invaders with a smile.

General Bell, with his army at his heels, strode up to Mr. Kurie, handed him the proclamation, and ordered him to close up the mines at the end of the shift. Several pump men were left on duty to prevent an absolute destruction of the property, but the rest of the men were ordered to tear up their union cards and secure new ones having the stamp of recommendation from the Mine Owners' Association, or leave the district within six hours. It was also given out at the Mine Owners' Headquarters that the Portland mines would remain closed until "Jim" Burns became a member in good standing of the Mine Owners' Association.

Mr. Burns was in Denver when this outrage occurred, and though he has as yet taken no definite steps to prosecute the invaders for damages for thus forcing a suspension of work at his mines, it is understood that he is contemplating calling upon the Federal government for aid. But the folly of this step will be best appreciated when it is understood that General Bell is a warm personal friend of President Roosevelt, and that the Mine Owners' Association controls absolutely the military conduct of General Bell.

During the Most Strenuous Times.

Diabolical Acts of the Militia and Deputies.

When W. A. Davis, of No. 19, stepped into a grocery store with his wife to make a purchase, three deputies presented their rifles to his breast with the words, "Throw up your hands, you —!"

Mrs. Davis swooned away as her husband was marched to the bull pen with his hands held high above his head.

J. A. Donnelly, formerly mayor of Victor, and classed as a union sympathizer, had his home broken into on the day following the riot by deputized non-union miners, who remorselessly wrecked the furniture, and repeatedly cursed Mrs. Donnelly for not revealing her husband's whereabouts.

On one occasion "Fatty" Ferry, a well known young man about town, was ordered to move on by the militia. "All right," he said, and started to obey, when the soldier, to hurry him along, struck him a heavy blow on the head, rendering him unconscious for an hour.

Tim McCarthy, of Victor No. 32, had his right arm broken in a similar manner, after which he was arrested and made to prostrate himself full length in the dust as a token of his abject and complete surrender.

Horace Burham, a union carpenter, before being thrown into the bull pen, was compelled to salute the United States flag three times.

Between each salute he was prodded in the rear with a bayonet wielded by a uniformed member of the state guard.

Marshal Prodded With Bayonets.

Perhaps the most diabolical and inexcusable piece of cruelty perpetrated by the militia was that inflicted upon the person of Mike O'Connell, the deposed marshal of Victor. After being ruthlessly torn from the bosom of his family, he was prodded with bayonets all the way from his home to the bull pen by the militia, who derisively called out: "Step along there, marshal!" "Be lively now, officer!" etc. After his incarceration Mrs. O'Connell was telephoned by the officers every hour of the day that a noosed rope had been prepared and that if she wished to witness her husband hang she "had better hurry." All this was done to make him renounce his union sympathies.

Ladies Insulted.

Two days after the riot, while Mrs. Ada B. Hanna and Mrs. Charles Benson were passing the postoffice, several non-union miners, in a loud voice, exclaimed: "Well, there are no Socialist agitators left in this camp unless they are in petticoats." These words were spoken for the express purpose of provoking the ladies, but, thinking that discretion was the better part of valor under the circumstances, Mrs. Hanna and Mrs. Benson passed on in silence.

Mrs. Hanna is the humane officer of the district, and was formerly president of the Woman's Auxiliary to the local branch of the miners' union. On the day of the riot, when she saw that a raid was about to be made on the union store, Mrs. Hanna ran to the cash drawer to hide the money. A. E. Carlton, president of the First National Bank in Cripple Creek, at the head of a mob of armed non-union miners, entered the store, and while the woman was held by the scabs, Carlton literally separated her from her clothes in his search for the funds. Giving her a swift kick with his right foot, this God-fearing, law-abiding head of the Citizens' Alliance sent her sprawling into the street with the order to his men to throw the contents of the store after her. The command was obeyed to the letter.

Wife of Victor City Jailer Arrested.

Mrs. James Printy, wife of the city jailer in Victor, was seized by six soldiers, who entered her front door unannounced, while she was bending over the wash tub. With leveled bayonets they informed her that she was under arrest. Giving her no time to change clothes, and but an instant to gather her seven-months-old baby in her arms, she was marched through the streets to the bull pen, where, in the presence of the imprisoned miners, she was searched for arms, her clothes being ripped up and partially torn off in the procedure. After this little formality she was escorted into the sweat room, where, for an hour, she was questioned concerning the whereabouts of her husband and several badly wanted union men, by the mayor of the town, Frank D. French, who resorted to all manner of insults to make her disclose their whereabouts. Finding they could get nothing from her, Mrs. Printy was finally released. Speaking of the outrage later to a representative of the Appeal to Reason, Mrs. Printy said: "Three soldiers preceded and three followed me in my march from home to the bull pen. Every step I took I was fearful that I would be jabbed from behind with a bayonet. To add to the indignity of the occasion, armed non-union miners jeered and called out, 'Now you are getting your medicine,' 'Good enough for you,' 'Now you can agitate Socialism, you ————!'"

Continuing, Mrs. Printy said: "I am for justice. I love liberty. I believe in unionism. But if the working people of this nation let the outrages in Colorado during the last three days go unavenged, then I am a scab and will leave no stone unturned to plunge them deeper into the mire of industrial slavery than they now endure. I was born in this country. There is no smell of the steamer on my clothes. My fathers helped to plant Old Glory in the skies and I have always been proud of my country's flag. But until existing conditions change I shall teach my eight children to hate, with every drop of their blood, the banner that is supposed to represent liberty and justice. Can you blame me?"

Newspaper Man Deported.

H. J. Richmond, reporter for the Victor Record, was halted on the street by a committee of deputized non-union miners, headed by A. Dehl, and was given five minutes to get out of town. He started to expostulate, when seven Winchester rifles were leveled at his breast. Richmond departed without further ceremony, hitting the road for Canon City.

One Soldier Who Remembered His Mother.

That not all of the individual militia are totally depraved and without a sense of justice is illustrated in the following incident. About half past eight o'clock one evening, the home of Mrs. Mary Jemerson was raided by a party of soldiers, who demanded that she divulge the hiding place of her two sons. Receiving a direct refusal, they proceeded to make a search of the house. Beds were torn apart, closet doors smashed in, and a general wreck of the furniture followed. All during this performance Mrs. Jemerson stood on a rug beneath which was a trap door leading to a basement room, in which her boys had concealed themselves on hearing the approach of the soldiers.

As length the soldiers withdrew, leaving three men on guard outside. When the hour of midnight struck two of these left, leaving only one man in charge. When the steps of his departed comrades died away the soldier knocked at the door for admission, saying, "Do not be frightened, lady, I am your friend." Reassured by the tone of the man's voice, Mrs. Jemerson opened the door, whereupon the fellow, going to the spot where she had stood during the devastation of her house, stuck his bayonet in the floor, opened the trap door and called to the boys to come out. They came out in an instant, when, to their surprise, the young militiaman sheathed his bayonet, laid aside his gun, stretched his hand to them, saying to the mother:

"Madame, I have a mother, and I feel how great has been this outrage. I suspected you were standing on a trap door but I never communicated my suspicion to the other men. Now that we are alone I want to beg your forgiveness and say that if I didn't obey orders to do this thing I would have been shot. Not all of us militiamen are heartless, but we are helpless to do otherwise than we are doing. Some day this thing will change and then you will see us fighting for the perpetuation of union labor as strenuously as we are now compelled to suppress it."

Needless to say, these words were joyfully received by the astonished mother and her two sons, and upon their promise to say nothing about the affair the soldier went his way.

Met a Warm Reception.

Another soldier, at another time, bent upon a similar mission, met a different reception. Mrs. F. D. French, chairman of the Woman's Democratic Club of Teller county, was reported as having severely criticized the governor of the state for sanctioning and recommending the high handed outrages that were being daily committed by the soldiery. A youthful militiaman was sent out to bring the lady to headquarters, but when he received the contents of a kettle of scalding water, and through the window saw her standing with a loaded revolver in her hand, he changed his mind and departed without making the arrest. When a squad of deputies arrived later the woman had fled.

Thomas Whitney, a non-union miner, who was arrested for beat-

ing his wife, upon being brought to the headquarters by a party of militiamen, was promptly turned loose and no further arrest by the civil authorities was made.

Numberless instances of petty and unwarranted villainies such as the foregoing might be recorded. Houses of union men and their suspected sympathizers were wantonly pillaged. Women and children were subjected to the most revolting insults. In some instances homes were surrounded and watched for days that male members of the family might be surprised and captured on their return. Frequently children went into hysterics and women would faint as a consequence of the savage brutality visited upon them by the beings fleshed in human form bearing the stamp of the state guard of Colorado. Any resistance by any one was immediately silenced by bayonet thrusts, followed by threats of being shot. One non-union miner, who scabbed in the '04 strike, and who has since been the target of attack for union men, declared that the existing situation completely satisfied the ambition of his life.

Prison Camps of Siberia Outdone.

Only a parallel description of Sherman's raid through Georgia or an accurate revelation of the conditions as they actually exist in the prison camps of Siberia would begin to do justice to the situation as presented in the treatment of the arrested union miners and the pillaging and searching of their homes by the deputized scabs who have long waited this opportunity to strike this blow of vengeance.

Sacking of the Engineer's Hall.

Words are weak things with which to try to describe the vandalism enacted in the lodge hall of Engineers' Union No. 80. Only a personal visit to the place will adequately satisfy the curiosity of the working people of this country who really desire to know the truth.

All of the minor union locals in Victor had their headquarters here and the four walls of the assembly room were literally pictured with their charters. Engineers' local No. 80 had a library worth a thousand dollars. The Maccabees prided themselves on their beautiful new piano. Elegantly tapestried curtains hung from the windows, and the Brussels carpet was almost rendered useless by the wealth of costly rugs.

An investigation the day following the raid of the militia revealed a fearful scene. The piano had been overturned and its thinnest sides smashed in. The curtains were pulled down, thrown into a pile in the middle of the floor and besprinkled with 50c. Books from the library were scattered up and down the sidewalk, where they had been thrown from the front windows. Every charter in the room was destroyed, and the silk banner of Local 80, costing \$185.00, was torn literally into shreds. The carpet was cut up, rugs bayoneted through and through, chairs were torn apart, tables were overturned, the secretary's desk demolished and the books and records of every union in the hall confiscated and carried to military headquarters.

These things were done by members of the national guard of Colorado as a military necessity in the name of law and order!

Women members of the Maccabees, who accompanied the writer on his tour of investigation, broke down and wept bitterly amidst the ruins. Their precious, prided work of years here lay a wretched wreck before their helpless sight. The wails of agony that emanated from their lips, indicative of the heart struggles within, presented a scene of sorrow the memory of which will never leave his mind.

But so commonplace had such experiences become to the regular townspeople that this specific outrage attracted no more than ordinary attention.

Destruction of the Victor Record Office.

News of this affair has been so widely advertised that a repetition of the harrowing details is unnecessary. It is enough to say that the plant was rendered useless for two weeks and that the damages amounted to \$8,000.00.

Since the beginning of the strike and from the formation of the union, the Victor Record has been the unfaltering champion of organized labor. It never lost an opportunity to print the truth, and, as a consequence, the entire force, from the proprietor to the galley boy, were three times seized by the deputies and militia and thrown into the bull pen. There is no shadow of a doubt but that the heart of George E. Kyner, editor and proprietor of the paper, beats responsive to every principle advocated by union labor.

The day following the invasion of the plant, officers of the Citizens' Alliance gave it out to the world through the Associated Press that union miners had sacked the place to revenge themselves against that editorial which Kyner had printed the evening before, in which he advised calling off the strike. That this report was a lie, sent out to mislead public opinion, is best stated in Mr. Kyner's own words, who, when interviewed by a representative of the Appeal to Reason, said:

"I had been arrested three times for printing the truth about this strike, had my paper censored repeatedly by the military authorities, and on more than one occasion was threatened with death if I did not change my editorial policy.

"When the troops came this last time and began the deportation of the union men, I saw that the strike was broken in this district. To avoid further bloodshed and to lessen the agony of the wives and children of the striking miners involved, I advised ending the strike. Hundreds of union men, friends of mine, entertained similar views, for they thought that if the strike was called off and the men allowed to remain, it would be only a question of time when the union could be resurrected. Accordingly, an editorial to that effect was printed.

"But I want to say here and now that no union man is guilty of the high-handed outrage committed in my office last night. While I am not prepared to give names, I will say that I know that the deed was done by men closely connected with the Citizens' Alliance. This talk implicating union men in the plot is done solely for the purpose of injuring their cause, and is strictly in line with the other unjust accusations lodged against them charging them with the responsibility of the Independence horror and other disasters that have occurred in the Cripple Creek district during the past six months."

NEXT WEEK...

From Cripple Creek, under date of June 15th, Comrade Shoaf writes: "I am now preparing a summary of the strike situation in which I will make a strong indictment against the Citizens' Alliance and the Mine Owners' Association, charging them with defeating the eight-hour bill, also, on the strength of the evidence presented, charging them with the responsibility of the horrible disasters recorded in the recent history of this district. 'I will show that the really dark and damnable deeds have been either done by the big business men or have been instigated by them. Then I will try to show that the W. F. of M. have demonstrated that the ordinary strike is an obsolete weapon; that if workmen must strike, let them not strike until they have properly armed to resist soldiers and deputies, or else let them resort to the only finally effective strike—THE BALLOT BOX—for the ownership of the means of life." No. 443 will clinch the points made in the issues of No. 446 and 447—and wherever the one edition is circulated the other two should be placed also. The plates of these editions will be preserved and you can be sure of having orders for any amount promptly filled.

The Limit of Inhumanity.

To thoroughly subdue and starve out the last remaining vestige of unionism in Teller county, an order cutting off the source of supplies from the families of union men was issued as follows:

Victor, Colo., June 14.
Headquarters Teller County Military District, National Guard of Colorado, Special Order No. 19.
No organizations will be allowed within this county to be under military control to furnish aid in any form to the members of any organization or their families in this county unless the same is done through military channels. Major Thos. E. McClelland is granted authority of this district and he stands ready to receive from any person or organization any money or other supplies which are for distribution to any person rendered needy by reason of the military occupation of this county for the suppression of insurrection, and all other money and other supplies so furnished will be so applied to the relief of the persons above referred to.
EDWARD VERDECKBERG
Commanding Teller County Military District in the absence of Brigadier General Sherman M. Bell.

Immediately upon the issuance of this order John Kettelson, a local grocer in Victor, was summoned before the Citizens' Alliance and informed that he must cease selling groceries to union people at once or accept the consequences.

Women and Children Starving.

As a result of this remarkable order suffering began to appear among a number of union families. Mrs. Ada B. Hanna, the humane officer of the district, reporting the following families as being upon the verge of starvation: Mrs. John Logan and nine children; Mrs. Patrick Finn and two children; Mrs. John Gary and five children; Mrs. Mary Boyle and four children; Mrs. Mary McCarthy and seven children; Mrs. Bell Cooper and four children, and a number whose names could not be secured. The heads of these families, all union miners, had either been deported or were languishing in the bull pen.

Unnamed Heroines.

The world will never know the privations endured by the brave women who openly declared their willingness to starve rather than that their husbands should forsake the sacred cause of unionism. History records the heroism displayed by the women, North and South, who, when the nation was ledged in a death grip of civil strife, endured worse than what the soldiers suffered on the battle field. But when the story of the gold miners' strike of Colorado has been finally told it will be found that the glory of the women who championed either the Blue or the Gray has been easily eclipsed by the heroism of the women who surrendered their all—husbands, fathers, sons, children, friends, homes and country—for the establishment of the principle of industrial liberty.

Mrs. Adams Robbed by Soldiers.

When Mrs. Will Adams opened her door in response to a knock, seven cocked rifles, leveled and ready to fire, were shoved into her face. A demand for her husband was made. Disbelieving her story that he was not there, the deputies threw her into the yard and ransacked the house for themselves. After their departure she found that \$20.00, all the money she had, was gone. A complaint at military headquarters was met with laughs of derision.

Not Permitted to See His Sick Wife.

Mrs. James Brown was ready to be confined when her husband was taken from her side. Dr. Hayes, who arrived a few minutes later, seeing the collapsed condition of the woman, sent a message to the bull pen requesting his return. The request was refused, and an hour later the child was born unattended by the presence of a father. The following day Mr. Brown was deported to Mexico.

Guilty of Feeding Starving Children.

Three men told Mrs. Maggie Morrison to quit relieving the distress of the suffering or she would be deported. She had been guilty of the crime of carrying bread to starving children.

Wholesale Robbery by the Militia.

In almost every house that was entered money, jewelry and other articles of value were taken by the deputized scabs. No attention was given the complaints of those robbed. Jack Green, when searched, managed to slip his paper money through a hole in the lining of his coat down into the sleeve. This he saved, though the silver was taken. Every man who had a dollar on him was considered legitimate prey by the deputies and in every instance the victim was robbed of every cent he had.

His Crime—"A Union Sympathizer."

Old grievances were revenged in this day of opportunity. Any man who had in times past incurred the ill will of a neighbor was charged with sedition by said neighbor and hailed before the Citizens' Alliance as a union sympathizer. Charles G. Briggs, a locksmith, came very near being deported in this way.

Women Arrested and Searched.

The Woman's Auxiliary was advertised as a rebellious organization and ordered to disband. Mrs. Kate Houten, Mrs. Estelle Nichols and Mrs. Sophia King, the three district local presidents, were arrested, searched for treasonable literature, subjected to a rigid examination and freed, finally, on the condition that they would remain indoors and cease talking.

The Sanctity of the Home Outraged.

For weeks after the first raid was made sentinels were posted around the homes of the strike leaders and everyone one going into or coming from the houses was severely questioned by the guards. The doors of the houses were ordered to remain unlocked so that at any time during the day or night searching parties could have easy access. Quite frequently the wives and daughters of union miners would be rudely awakened in the early morning hours, made to get up in their night clothes and hold a light for men who pretended they were looking for returned exiles.

But why continue the enumeration of the criminal enormities perpetrated upon these defenseless women and children by the savage militia and still more savage scabs? The existence of law and order was at stake and traitors must be stamped out. The business interests of the Citizens' Alliance and Mine Owners' Association must be conserved and the only method whereby those interests could be effectually protected lay in the wiping out of every opposing influence.
GEORGE H. SHOAF.

THE FIGHT CONTINUES.

Special Communication to the Appeal to Reason.
Denver, Colo., June 15.—The situation in Cripple Creek is still deplorable, but for various reasons the local newspapers have little to say. The principal reason for silence lies in the fact that even in Denver, Pueblo and other peaceful cities and towns, the newspapers do not dare tell the truth because of the fear of dynamiting and assassination at the hands of the hired thugs employed by the Mine Owners' Association and Citizens' Alliance. The editorial issued by the Victor Record asking the miners to declare the strike off, was inspired by fear of just what happened, viz: the destruction of the office, even down to the job presses and type. This is a fact. And furthermore, the eight men who destroyed the office were deputy sheriffs, wearing the badges and stars of authority issued by the newly appointed officers, who were placed in authority after the regularly elected peace officers had been forced to resign at the muzzle of rifles in the hands of the mob.
To prove my assertions is an easy task, and before many days

scores of writers will be telling the terrible details to the people of America.

A few days before the mob of thieves, soldiers and deputies took control, acting under the instructions of their leader, Governor James H. Peabody, City Marshal Wm. Graham was approached by A. E. Carlton, president of the First National Bank of Cripple Creek, who said: "Billy, you are a friend of mine. I come to you as a friend of yours to tell you to resign at once. I know you have been neutral all through this trouble, and have favored neither side, and that this is a gross injustice to you, but we, the Mine Owners' Association and Citizens' Alliance, will not have a neutral man as city marshal. Our people would not stand for you a minute. The new city marshal must be with us, wholly, for we have cut work out for him that would not do for you or any man save the kind we will appoint. Owing to my personal appreciation of you and your peace officer for the Mine Owners' Association and Citizens' Alliance, Frank Nannack, one of the most trusted officers of the Citizens' Alliance, served a term in the penitentiary for larceny. Capt. Harry Moore, of the Colorado National Guard, led the mob which broke into the store of the miners at Goldfield and stole the provisions belonging to the miners. This wretch is also an insulter of helpless women and beater of children. E. E. Newcomb, cashier of the First National Bank, was the leader of the military and civilian mob which destroyed and robbed the miners' store at Victor. This man ability, I wish you to take this \$100 and this ticket to Kansas City. Go down there and stay there until this thing blows over, for, from now on, we will do many hard things. Take my advice and get out."

Does not this show conclusively that the conspiracy was hatched by the gang of Peabody?

The men appointed by the mob to fill official vacancies are ex-convicts and murderers. This is another fact.
Wm. Moore, the new marshal of Goldfield, was sent to the state penitentiary a few years ago for the rape of his fourteen-year-old step-daughter. He has just been released and his first job is as a boasts of his regrets that all the miners and their families could not be hanged and their property destroyed. He calls the miners "human lice" and their children "nits." He says the "nits" should be destroyed as well as the "lice."

James H. Murphy, superintendent of the Findley mine, led the mob which terrorized the towns of Altman and Independence. This mob of loyal American "law and order citizens" drove the women and children out of their homes and over the hills. This man Murphy assaulted one woman, and literally stripped her naked in his brutal anger. He then kicked her until half dead. The poor woman managed to crawl to shelter. These tales must seem incredible, but they are true.

Think of a governor authorizing such atrocious crimes! Will the workers of this country soon wake up? I wish I could have them all here to see the devilry with their own eyes.
Not satisfied with stealing the money, jewelry, food and clothing of the miners and their families, they now propose to starve the shattered remnants, who are now entirely women and children, and steal what money may be sent them by the charitably disposed.
HENRY O. MORRIS.

CITIZENS' ALLIANCE THREATENS TROUBLE AT DENVER.

Special to the Appeal.
Denver, Colo., June 15.—The capitalists of Denver have made things so warm for the owners of the Exchange Building, where the general offices of the Western Federation of Miners are located, that they have asked the Federation to move at once—just a little playful hint, backed up by the admonition that if they do not move at once their offices will be invaded by a Citizens' Alliance mob, a la Cripple Creek.

The detectives, K. C. Sterling and Chas. McKinney, are still discovering clues to the Independence explosion, carefully avoiding such clues as might tend to incriminate themselves. Prominent officers of the law, lawyers and business men couple the names of these detectives with the crime.

Your correspondent may be in the bull pen soon, for the powers that be are not in love with him for disclosing the truth concerning the actions of the "law and order" people.
Warrants by the hundreds are sworn out indiscriminately by the militia and that prince of bloodhounds and commanders, Adj. Gen. Sherman Bell, and everyone known to be a union man or union sympathizer, or, as Bell says, "one of those G—d—d Socialist sons of b——s" is marked for the bull pen, where, according to the decision of our rotten supreme court, they can be confined on bread and water indefinitely.

By the way, Bell's reported resignation the other day was a fake. It was over the disposition of a certain \$5,000 certified check. The governor wanted his share of the swag. Bell wanted it all. So there was a row. But peace has been proclaimed and everybody is out a certified check for \$5,000. Have we not got a sweet-scented lot of freebooting pirates in office in Colorado? Talk about graft. Why, Bell and his crowd of tin horns have stolen thousands upon thousands of dollars and are stealing yet.

Bell is so illiterate he can scarcely write his name, but he is Adjutant General, Commander in Chief of Forces in the Field, Colorado National Guard, etc., etc., ad libitum, ad nauseam.
Poor Denver! Its merchants are going broke, hundreds of store rooms empty, and fully three thousand empty dwellings. The business men are feeling sick, and then some. Teddy Roosevelt, the Terrible, is becoming alarmed and doesn't know what to do. He is back of Peabody with his Dick bill.

The working people must see that this is only the beginning. Other states will follow. Let us hope that the working union will finally learn something.
HENRY O. MORRIS.

SOCIALISTIC CORRESPONDENCE.

From the Chicago Daily Chronicle, June 16th.
The Chronicle has received from a Chicagoan employed in an important position by a great corporation a letter saying that it "dare not" print the accompanying correspondence:

GIBARD, Kans., June 16.—To the Appeal to Reason, Gibard, Esq.: For God's sake get the news of Colorado devoured before the public press is muzzled. Spread it regardless of your own paper. Give it to all.
HENRY O. MORRIS.

GIBARD, Kans., June 16.—Henry O. Morris, Pueblo, Colo. On behalf of the Appeal Army I pledge you that 1,000,000 copies of next week's issue will be printed and circulated. Send the money—no matter what the cost. Every member of the Appeal Army will rally to the call, and we will make every man and woman in America understand the true situation. And when they do that the time will not be far distant for the success of Socialism and the establishment of the Co-operative Commonwealth.
J. A. WAYLAND.

All this excitement is due to the fact that the government of the state of Colorado has moved on the works of the murderous strikers in the mining regions. The "devilry" mentioned is the restoration of order and the imprisonment or banishment of the Socialistic criminals who have terrorized an important section of the state for some months past.
The Appeal to Reason is a beggarly Socialistic and anarchistic print emanating from a frontier town where it is maintained partly by its dupes and in part by its victims. It is a seditious publication which could not exist for one week in a civilized community. It is owned and edited by fanatics who, anywhere east of the Mississippi river, would speedily find their way either to an asylum or to a penitentiary. It ought to be excluded from the United States mails.
The Chronicle not only "dares" to print this correspondence, but it ventures to say that the persons who conducted it ought to be in some enclosure at hard labor for the rest of their natural lives.

A POINT

To Remember—Every club of seven subscribers reaching the office during the month of June, entitles you to three estimates on the Appeal propaganda boat. Better hurry.

COMING IN THE NATION

A POINT

To Remember—Every club of seven subscribers reaching the office during the month of June, entitles you to three estimates on the Appeal propaganda boat. Better hurry.

BIBLICAL historians have divided the world's history into before and after the flood. The Appeal staff will in the future likewise divide the history of the Appeal's march onward to a million subscribers into before and after the flood—a flood of enthusiastic letters over the Socialist propaganda yacht proposition.

It is a deluge, but the Appeal ark floats triumphantly on the waves of Socialist enthusiasm with the "One Hoos" in the look-out with his glass, through which ever and anon glimpses may be caught of the beautiful isle of "The Million Subs" which lies just off the shores of the Co-operative Commonwealth.

But to get down to earth; what I want to particularly tell you is how impossible it is for us to reply to the many individual letters about this boat. To do so would take an army of expert letter writers. We can't waste your money this way—it can be put to better use.

We have covered the ground pretty well in No. 444, but if anything has been omitted, you'll find it in this issue. Preserve your copy of No. 444. Study the plan rules and the table showing the number of subscribers put on and taken off during the past ten weeks, reprinted in this issue. Study this table well before you make your estimate. You should have at least three estimates to your credit and you can get them for one club of seven subscribers, if the list reaches the office during the month of June.

"What shall I make my estimate?" This is the question which you must solve. If I knew how many comrades during the next ten weeks are going to get out and take a bat at this greatest of all Appeal offers, I might be able to answer the question for you. But I don't know and you don't know. We both know there will be a few. But how many? There is the rub. The number of expiring subscriptions for the next ten weeks will be approximately about 45,000. The number of new ones added—based on the number received during the past ten weeks—will be about 55,000. A gain of ten thousand. That's the normal. But the next ten weeks will be red letter days in the history of the Appeal, and the yacht proposition is likely to arouse such an interest as never before. A good many comrades have laid off the last few months. They are now getting ready for the campaign. And the two comrades who capture that Flagship are going to occupy a seat right up close to the front. They will be in the thick of the fray. Study carefully the table of figures reprinted in this issue. You can't miss on three estimates.

IN A SAIL BOAT TO THE FAIR.

Four Men in a Yacht Start From Washington for St. Louis by Way of the Lakes and Rivers—A Glorious Time.

Associated Press Dispatch. Philadelphia, June 11.—From time to time announcements have been made of unusual means of travel taken by persons en route for the St. Louis Fair. Bicycles, automobiles, horses and pedal extremities are all in the list, and now comes a quartet with a new plan. The four men have arrived here in a sailboat and say that they will see the country between here and St. Louis in a novel and satisfactory way. The boat is the sloop yacht Spartan of Washington, from which city the sailors aboard her sail. They are young men, and until two months ago were employed as machinists at the navy yard in the capital. They are Henry Ockerhausen, R. F. Van Veizer, William Lowery and Frederick Scott. The former two are respectively captain and mate of the yacht. The men conceived the idea of traveling from Washington to St. Louis by boat, and resigning their positions, purchased the yacht and set out on April 22. The yacht is 26 feet in length, 9 feet beam and draws 36 inches of water. It has a half-cabin in which the men sleep and cook their meals. The vessel's area is 1900 square feet. After leaving Washington the yacht sailed down the Potomac river to Chesapeake Bay and thence to Baltimore, where the men stayed for several weeks. Then they sailed through the Chesapeake and Delaware canals, the Delaware Bay and stopped at Wilmington. "We are taking this trip leisurely and mean to enjoy ourselves," said Mate Van Veizer. "It costs us only \$5 a week to live on the yacht, and we will stop at the big cities as we come to them and earn all the money we need. We are expert machinists and can get work without trouble. We are out to see the country and enjoy life. "From Philadelphia we will take the Delaware and Baritan Canal to New York and then go up the Hudson river. Our route after that will be through the Erie Canal, Oswego Canal, Lake Erie, St. Clair river and Lake Huron, Mackinaw Straights, Lake Michigan, Chicago and Illinois rivers to the Mississippi and thence to St. Louis. "We know what we have got to meet. I have traveled all through the lakes and am pretty familiar with the waters. We are fully prepared for squalls. We struck two in Chesapeake Bay and had to turn tail and run before them. We are all good sailors and on the average day's sailing we make 100 miles. Allowing for delays we have figured that we can reach St. Louis by the middle of September. From Washington to St. Louis is a trip of about 4,000 miles. "We have not decided on what we shall do after we leave that fair city, but it is probable that we'll sail down the Mississippi to New Orleans, where we shall put an engine in the yacht and take to sea. We shall navigate the gulf, stopping at the principal cities and come up the coast to Washington. We expect to reach Washington again in about two years. It is fine sport for us. We have all worked pretty hard and we are going to take it easy. We are all fond of gunning and as we sail along we will take shots at any game we see."

Rules Governing the Selection of a Captain.

The Appeal has purchased a beautiful and serviceable launch, 25 feet long, provided with all fitted for the convenient housing of two families. This yacht requires two men to properly handle it. It will be taken to the two comrades who make the nearest correct estimate of the number of subscribers the Appeal will have on the 15th of August. Each estimate must be accompanied by a list of subscribers. Under no circumstances will estimates be allowed on lists that have been sent in without estimates. No. 4.—For each club of seven reaching this office during the month of June, THREE estimates will be given: clubs of seven received during the month of July will be entitled to TWO estimates; clubs of seven received during the first five days of August will be entitled to but ONE estimate of seven.

No. 5.—After an estimate has been sent in and placed in the post box, which will be securely locked and placed in the vault every night, the figures cannot be changed. If you are not satisfied with your first estimate you can make others for another club of seven. No. 6.—Subs sent in on postal cards do not entitle the sender to an estimate, but you are entitled to an estimate when you purchase the cards. No. 7.—Extra sales of single issues are not counted as subscribers. Remember—you are not estimating what the circulation to the Appeal will be on that date, BUT THE NUMBER OF SUBSCRIBERS. This includes the single subscribers and the regular bundle subscribers. Extra sales of single issues not counted. In making up the total list of subscribers as shown in the above table, no extra papers are counted. Only the actual subscriptions will be counted. Each week the young lady who has charge of the mailing list will compile a statement of the number put on and the number taken off. She will be required to make affidavit to these sworn statements. No one in the office will have access to this information but the management. No circulation statement will be made until the close of the contest. No. 8.—The boat complete, ready for service, will be delivered to the two successful comrades at Racine, Wis., which is a short distance from Chicago. From Racine the boat can be taken by water to any point in the central states reached by the number sailing and the number of new ones added during the period of ten weeks previous to the announcement of the contest.

Table showing subscriber statistics: Expiring Subs, New Subs, Total number of subscribers as shown by the contest number, published in No. 445 was 222,024.

RULES GOVERNING THE CONTEST. No. 1.—To the comrades who make the closest estimate to the total number of subscribers to the Appeal to Reason on the 15th of August, 1904 will be given the Socialist Flagship. No. 2.—In case more than two comrades make the same estimate, the number of new ones added during the period of ten weeks previous to the announcement of the contest will be counted as the winner. No. 3.—All estimates must accompany...

TO FREE PRESIDENT MOYER.

The Leader of the Colorado Miners Takes an Appeal. Associated Press Dispatch. St. Louis, June 15.—A. M. Thayer, United States circuit judge, sitting in chambers, has granted a writ of habeas corpus to have Charles H. Moyer, president of the Western Federation of Miners, brought before him July 5. The writ is directed against Governor J. H. Peabody, of Colorado, Odjutant General Bell and Buckley Wells, another Colorado official. The three have been cited to appear with Moyer and show cause why Moyer is being restrained from his liberty by being confined in a stockade, or better known as "the bull pen" at Telluride, Colo.

Today Attorney Hawkins and Attorney Richards, of Denver, Colo., arrived here and went at once to the Federal building where for more than three hours they laid the case of Moyer before Judge Thayer. Their arguments were that the president of the miners was being held in the "bull pen" without any law or authority and was being restrained of his liberty. At the conclusion of their arguments Judge Thayer granted the writ asked for, making it returnable July 5.

While Peabody and his gang are shooting parents, their political pals are debauching the fatherless girls in the dives which abound in Denver. The papers tell of a raid of the police, and the arrest of a lot of dive keepers who have seduced young girls to their dives to become miserable playthings of the rich and politically powerful. Better wake, my man, it may be your daughter's turn next.

At Houston, Texas, strike sympathizers were attacked by imported men and two union men were severely injured. And thus the war continues. It's fun for the corporation grafters who loll in their swell homes in New York, and at the sea shore, while one set of their dupes attack the other set. It reminds me of the Russian noble who got tired of whipping his slaves and put them all in a large enclosure, armed them with clubs and told them to go at it. It was an amusing sight for the noble and his friends. Are we much wiser than the ignorant serfs? I hardly think so.

Visitors to the Treasury Department, Washington, are shown about by pompous officials. When they come to the gold room, where so many hundred millions are supposed to be held, he tells them that the door has not been opened since the Spanish war! Each officer takes it for granted that the sum is there and signs his receipt for it without seeing it. But the people are easy. If the officers did steal and spend it, it would then be in circulation and do some good, when if kept in the treasury it costs to guard it and it will do no good if kept there for the next thousand years. But the people are easy.

DOINGS OF THE OCTOPUS.

Ten years ago petroleum was selling for seven cents per gallon wholesale. Today it is sold by the Standard at fifteen cents per gallon. And this in the face of the fact that it costs less to refine and less to obtain the crude material from the earth. But we like that sort of deal—it is so profitable to good Mr. Rockefeller.

"The Present Crisis," is the title of a free booklet which the Citizens' Industrial Ass'n, 1005 Chemical bldg., St. Louis, Mo., is handing out to any one who will read it. I would suggest that every reader of the Appeal send his name on a postal card and ask for this booklet. It will give you an inkling of what the capitalist class is doing.

The cardinal principles of the Citizens' Industrial Association are "Enforcement of the law; preservation of constitutional rights; open shop; industrial peace; no limitation of apprentices." All of these cardinal principles are exemplified by the acts of the Citizens' Alliance in Colorado. These law-abiding friends of labor are shining examples of good citizenship!

Heinze, the independent copper trust of Montana, has at last succumbed to the wiles and tactics of the Standard Oil owners of the Amalgamated Copper Co., and the two are now one. The working class of Montana has stood by Mr. Heinze loyally and helped him in a measure win his fight against the octopus, by forcing it to make terms with him. The workers as usual get it in the neck—you can almost hear the dull thud as the ax falls.

During the late unpleasantness between China and Japan the czar permitted his soldiers (composed of the working class of Russia) to slyly help the Chinese. The masters have fallen out again, and now we find the Chinese working class, at the suggestion of the Chinese capitalists and rulers, slyly helping the Japanese. 'Tis simply the way of the world. The workers do the fighting and no matter who wins they always lose.

A bandit chief of Morocco captured an American and a British subject, and demands for their safe return a bounty of several thousand dollars. The incident has become international. The United States has dispatched a fleet of war vessels to the Mediterranean sea, at an expense of several million dollars. The U. S. is touchy about looking after its subjects in foreign ports, but pays absolutely no attention to the capture and confinement of its own subjects in bull pens in Colorado. If Moyer was confined in a bull pen in Morocco you would see strenuous Teddy bestirring himself with San Juan suddenness.

NOTICE! To Contestants for Appeal Boat.

The rural barring estimates on the purchase of postal sub cards is hereby recorded. Comrades living in agricultural districts complain that this is their busy season and that they cannot spare the time now to go out and get subs, and want to buy the cards and sell them later. To give these comrades a chance to get in on the special offer of three estimates for seven subs in June the rule has been abolished. This gives all an opportunity to get in three estimates on the boat. If you can't get the seven subs now, you can buy seven cards and dispose of them when you have more time. Come a rummin', boys. June is about gone.

"SPIES IN THE UNIONS."

An expose of the methods of the Corporations' Auxiliary Co., of Cleveland, O., by a special representative of the Appeal. Every comrade should have a few copies of these pamphlets in his pocket at all times. Every union man should read it. Five cents a copy. One hundred copies for \$1.00.

NEWS OF THE WAR IN AMERICA.

The militia is being held in readiness in Houston, Texas, by the mayor to quell the disturbances which are likely to occur during the street car strike. It's the same old story. Military rule and gassing guns for the workers.

John W. Manning, a United States soldier, was shot and killed while attempting to escape from the military post at Columbus, O. Such is the fortune of war in the time of "peace," and in the freest nation on the face of the earth.

Two military prisoners tried to escape from Fort Snelling, Ills., the other day and one was shot and killed. The other was captured. Real war is in progress in America, and yet little heed is given by the public to such incidents. As the reins are drawn tighter, trouble may be expected to break out at any time.

While Peabody and his gang are shooting parents, their political pals are debauching the fatherless girls in the dives which abound in Denver. The papers tell of a raid of the police, and the arrest of a lot of dive keepers who have seduced young girls to their dives to become miserable playthings of the rich and politically powerful. Better wake, my man, it may be your daughter's turn next.

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TRADE NOTES OF INTEREST.

The dispatches announce that the ship captains declines to join forces with the seamen's union in its fight with the lake ship owners. Great satisfaction is expressed among the shop owners over this announcement. They understand how easy it is to win when the workers are divided.

The A. L. U. Journal will henceforth be printed as a monthly. "The change will be made," says the Journal, "for the purpose of enabling the executive board to establish a printing fund, which will enable it to acquire a printing plant sufficient to turn out all the job printing of the A. L. U. and also print an eight page journal."

It may surprise smokers of pure Havana fillers to know that the weeds which they have been consuming are made from cabbage and celery plants. This fact has been brought out during the strike of the cigar makers in Chicago, and has been in vogue since 1898. How pure minded the average capitalist is, can be judged from the sort of stuff he palms off on the public.

"A suspicion is gaining ground in labor circles, says the Cleveland Citizen, 'that the railroads of the country are forcing a policy of gutting the labor market by wholesale discharge of men. This will quite likely be followed by wage cuts after the presidential election, when the workers are through wearing roosters on their hats and carrying full dinner pails in the processions. Watch!'"

Four hundred men lined up in front of the city employment bureau at Seattle, the other day. These men were looking for jobs. It seems passing strange, doesn't it, that in a country where two jobs are continually and persistently knocking at every man's door, that the daily press should think an incident like the above is of enough importance to telegraph from one end of the land to the other?

A dispatch from Ft. Collins states that 75 Japanese passed thro' that place the other day on their way to the works of the Water Supply Corporation. "This is the first installment of 211 Japs," says the account, "who have been contracted for by the Water Supply Co. 'Contracted for!' That's a good phrase. Sounds a good deal like the old slave days, doesn't it, when men 'contracted for' negroes and shipped them to their plantations? But slavery doesn't exist in America!"

Now is a very good time to circulate the "Militia Bill." Thousands of citizens are not yet familiar with this law, and since it is of such vital importance to them, they should be made familiar with it. With comments by Ernest Untermyer, price 5c each, 6 for 25c.

The Army...

Did you know, there was a campaign on? The war of ballots is on. To arms, comrades. Don't wait. Order that bundle of No. 447 today. Have you asked your neighbor to subscribe for the Appeal? A bundle of 20 copies ten weeks for one dollar. Get the news to the people, comrades. "I secured the seven subs in about an hour. Send me more blanks," cried Comrade Ben Sells, Quinlan, Texas.

Comrade Z. T. Albright, of Bessemer, Alabama, doesn't see any reason why he shouldn't be captain of that Flagship. He guesses three times. "We want to spread the light," writes Comrade Ed. Cropper, of Cardonia, Ind. He orders a bundle of 20 copies for ten weeks. Comrade G. W. Ellis, of Detroit, Mich., gets to bat with an order for 200 copies of No. 446. Other Detroit comrades are doing likewise. Detroit is on the map. The bundle list, which has been running down for the last month, took an upward shoot this week that reminded one of a rocket. The Army never fails.

Comrade John J. Stoll, of Alpena, Mich., says: "We will do our share towards spreading the story of Colorado's shame." He orders a bundle of 200. Comrade J. L. Montague, of Grand Junction, Colo., says: "The Appeal and Governor Peabody are making Socialists fast these days."

Comrade A. G. Swanson, of Tuscon, Ariz., says: "We held a convention in Prescott, recently, and the people on the street remarked about the fact that a political convention had been in session and all the delegates were sober." Comrade E. G. Nix, of Huntington, Ind., orders a bundle of 200 copies for ten weeks. There will be something doing in that section when the people begin to grasp the real conditions that prevail in Peabodyland.

"Rush 1,000 copies of No. 446," writes Comrade Al Pierson, of Jacksonville, Ill. "Liberty may be dead in America, but the Socialists are not," said Teddy as he banded down the stairs leading to the mail room five steps at a jump. Keep your eye on Massachusetts. Comrades of the old Bay State are sending in subs at the rate of 50 to 100 per day. Keep it up, carry the message to the people, boys. The capitalists won't help us; this is a work we must do ourselves.

Comrade Thos. J. O'Brien, of Ft. Wayne, Ind., orders a bundle of 20 copies for ten weeks. "When there is real work to do, you can always depend upon the comrades of Ft. Wayne being there with the goods." A bundle of 20 copies ten weeks will cost you but \$1. Are you a Socialist? Spread the news, comrades, spread the news before it is everlastingly too late. Let us not stand around with our thumbs in our mouths like a lot of whipped kids, while our liberties are being taken from us.

Comrade Mrs. Etta Beers, of Lansing, Mich., hits the nail on the head when she says: "It's no time to talk but to act." She orders a bundle of 20 for ten weeks and says the comrades are raising a fund to distribute a few thousand copies of No. 446.

Comrade F. S. Parker, of Columbia, Wash., writes: "Hurray for Socialism in our time. York Station announced a branch two weeks ago with 11 charter members, and more coming in at every meeting. Hillman City got in line last Saturday night with 14 charter members. To Comrade D. B. Crow is largely due the credit of organizing both locals."

"Hip, hurrah," yelled Teddy as he grabbed an order for 1,000 copies of No. 445 and made a rush for the mail room. It was from Comrade W. H. Collins, of South Chicago, and he says: "The showings of the action of the authorities of Colorado must not be suppressed. Let us have liberty or let us have death." And the humorous editor remarked: "We don't seem to be able to get either."

Dear Folks!—Have just held three meetings at Grand Rapids, Minn., and the average attendance was over 500 "roving kings." Interest intense; questions rehot; politicians worried; the demand for literature is increasing every day and life is more and more worth living as the battle warms up "on the firing line." Cordially, Geo. R. Kirkpatrick. (Agitator.)

Are you going out on that Flagship in August? "Please send enclosed eight yearly subs," writes a Moline, Ill. comrade. "I live a few blocks from C. H. Deere, the millionaire owner of machinery for manufacturing various sorts of farm implements. Deeply in the stone arching his gateway is chiseled the word 'Overlook.' Recently, when passing, I thought it might well be conspicuously placed over the gateway of every capitalist's home. It recalled at once to my mind that English slave trader who, wishing to publish to the world the source of his vast fortune, had the image of a slave placed over his gateway. Notwithstanding the strenuous efforts of the mental prostitutes who seek, and have succeeded for so long, to teach the producers to 'overlook' the cause of all their ills, I firmly believe that the time draws near when the workers shall cease to 'overlook' and begin to demand by all possible means the full product of their toil. Events in Colorado are causing the hearts of the workers to beat in unison. Even the most sluggish have a vague suspicion that something most essential to their interests has been heretofore 'overlooked.'"

Comrade Landis, territorial secretary of Oklahoma, writes that he has sent out requests for every local of the Socialist party in the territory to hold public protest meetings against the damnable outrages committed against the workers in Colorado. These meetings will result in arousing the public mind to the danger which threatens. If you have no local speaker, have some comrade read aloud the story in this issue of the Appeal. If you announce the meeting in advance, order a supply of this edition and give one to every one present. Better still would it be to order large quantities of this edition of the Appeal and distribute them to every home, and follow this by an announcement of your protest meeting. Prompt, vigorous action is necessary if we are to save the country from being plunged into the horrors of a civil war.

Now is a very good time to circulate the "Militia Bill." Thousands of citizens are not yet familiar with this law, and since it is of such vital importance to them, they should be made familiar with it. With comments by Ernest Untermyer, price 5c each, 6 for 25c.

How Long Will the Republic Last?

By Wm. Peacock, Socialist Candidate for Governor of Arkansas. The title of this book is a suggestive one and is a question that many a thoughtful man is asking himself these strenuous days. When a range of murders and outlaws like the Citizens' Alliance can take possession of a great state like Colorado; when seven southern states can deliberately dismember the whole property class within their borders and when the press of the north openly advocate similar laws for all states, is it any wonder that the question comes up: "How Long Will the Republic Last?"

Comrade Peacock has clearly written a powerful article. His language is simple and his arguments cannot be overthrown. Comrades should use this book liberally. It is especially good for the farmers and small business men. Ten cents a copy. Twelve copies \$1.00. One hundred copies \$3.00.

A bundle of 20 copies each week to one address until the election for \$1.00.

NOTES FROM THE SKIRMISH LINE.

Connecticut Socialists have nominated Geo. A. Sweetland for governor.

The Socialists of Howell county (Mo.), held their convention at Moody on June 11.

The Socialists of Vermont met in Burlington, June 4, and nominated a state ticket.

The Socialist gain in Sodaville, Ore., at the recent state election was 50 per cent over that of the vote of last year.

Socialists of Hamilton county, Tenn., held a convention June 5th, and nominated a county ticket.

Susanville, Ore., precinct polled 26 votes for the Socialist state ticket. This precinct cast 14 votes for Socialism in 1902 and two in 1900.

Socialists of Tamps, Fla., polled an average of 105 votes in municipal election here. First time we have had up a ticket. Campaign begins tomorrow. Davis, organizer.

The Socialist party of Arizona has just closed its first territorial convention, at Prescott, and nominated Comrade Eugene H. Godat for congressman.

"The Burlington County Times," Mt. Holly, N. J., editorially announces its advocacy of the election of Dybs and Harford. John B. Leeds is editor and manager.

The state convention of Ladies' Garment Makers, in Boston, endorsed the Socialist party by a vote of twenty-nine to seven. There are eight thousand members.

"What to Do and How to Do It," "Political Economy of Jesus," and "Plainsman Stories," are still among the leaders in the book department. Price each 10c. Three for 25c.

C. C. Mickelson, Socialist candidate for Justice of supreme court, Morrow county, Oregon, received 125 votes. G. R. Cook, Socialist candidate for congress, same county, received 101 votes.

Pawnee county, Okla., will nominate a full county ticket. "We are going to give the reps and demos something to smoke in their capitalist pipes," enthusiastically writes Comrade W. C. Bell, of Jennings.

Socialist candidate for School Superintendent at Baker City, Ore., polled 1,200 votes. Large gains all over the country is a certainty," writes Comrade Varum, of Baker City, Ore., as he dashes up with 4 three guss bunch of seven.

Tim Hosmer, Bloomfield, Mo.: "Bro. Cate went to a school house a few miles from here about a week ago and organized a local of five members. Last Friday I went to Aquilla five miles from here, and assisted in forming a local there with nine members. We now have more voters in our locals in this county than we had votes at the last election, and yet we have hardly commenced the campaign."

The Socialists of Stoddard county, Mo., will hold a convention in the court house, at Bloomfield, on Saturday, July 9, for the purpose of nominating candidates on the Socialist ticket for county offices. There will be a candidate for the following offices to nominate: Representative, Judge of county court, First District; Judge of County Court, Second District; Collector, Assessor, Surveyor, Prosecuting Attorney, Sheriff, Treasurer, and Constables of the different townships.

In the school election in Chillicothe, Mo., the other day, the old parties combined under the name of non-partisan ticket to defeat the Socialists. Comrades Garver and Hall polled an average of 187 votes against 425 for the opposition. It grows, so it does.

Some of the union miners run out of Colorado at the point of bayonets held valuable mining properties, but were unable to work them for lack of means. These valuable claims will be jumped by the corporations. Especially is this true in and around Telluride. 'Tis the old game of grab, which has been played for so many years. I wonder when the working class will get its eyes open? Soon, I trust.

RIDER AGENTS WANTED

One in each town to ride and exhibit a sample bicycle. Write for special offer. 1904 Models \$8.75 to \$17. Complete Bicycles, Roadsters, Pneumatic Tires, and all equipment. 100 ft. of Model \$7 to \$12. 500 Road-Racer Hand Wheels All makes and Models \$3 to \$8. Great factory clearing sale at all factory cost. Ship on Approval. Free trial on all bicycles. 10 DAY FREE TRIAL on all bicycles. Write for full particulars. MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. 732 Chicago.

THE MONEY TREE

A beautiful Socialist picture. Fort Scott, Kans. AGENTS WANTED.

RUPTURE Cured while you work.

Write for circular. Alex. Nourse, Box 208, Westport, Maine.

For Homesteads

Under Co-operative Irrigation, Colorado Co-operative Irrigation, G.A.A. P.A.A., a Socialist weekly for Sweden, Norwegians and Danes; 30 cents a year; send for sample copy. Address G.A. Girard, Kingston, N.J.

AVANTI, a Socialist Weekly

Printed in English. 25 cents a copy; \$1 per year; 6 months for \$5. Address: 213 Washington St., Newark, N.J.

DON'T GUESS tonight and day.

Send 25 cents for a package of March's Cough Powder. Relieves you in two minutes. Don't suffer. Write today. Good agents wanted in every town.

GINSENG

Forbes in this plant. Roots and leaves. Grows in your garden. Plant in Fall. Booklet and magazine 4c. Order GINSENG Co., Dept. G 14-Jolins, Mo.

FORBES GET MY PLAN

Every man who gets my plan will get a new pair of shoes. Write for free circular. O. L. Chase Mercantile Co., Dept. 82, Kansas City, Mo.

Advertisement for "Man of All Work" engine. Complete 1 1/2 H. P. ENGINE \$75. Never tires, Works Day or Night, Wind or Calm, Rain or Shine. A hired man that takes no vacation and never flicks.