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THE MINERS MAGAZINE

INDEPENDENCE
EDUCATION ORGANIZATION

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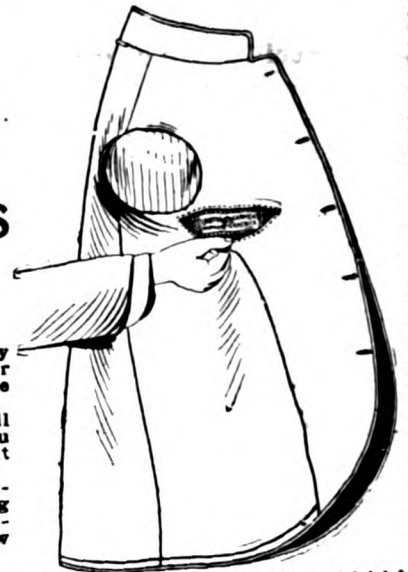


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ERNEST MILLS, Secretary-Treasurer.
Room 605, Railroad Building, Denver, Colo.

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UNIONS ARE REQUESTED to write some communication each month for publication. Write plainly, on one side of paper only; where ruled paper is used write only on every second line. Communications not in conformity with this notice will not be published. Subscribers not receiving their Magazine will please notify this office by postal card, stating the numbers not received. Write plainly, as these communications will be forwarded to the postal authorities.

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John M. O'Neill, Editor.

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

STRIKE NOTICES.

Strikes are on in the following places. All miners and others are requested to stay away until a settlement is reached.

Nome, Alaska.

Fairbanks, Alaska.

Douglas Island, Alaska.

THE CAPITALIST orchestra rendered that beautiful selection from the opera of "Prosperity" when flour took another flight towards the skies.

THE PROSPERITY of the capitalist means that the real and only producer of wealth must live in a hovel, clad in rags and satisfy his appetite on spuds, slap-jacks and liver.

DEATH HAS AGAIN INVADED the family circle of Eugene V. Debs and taken away Mrs. Eugenia Selby, a sister, aged fifty-one years. The laboring millions of America will feel a keen sympathy for the man whose eloquent tongue has electrified the working class of a continent.

TO RISE to financial power you must be a swindler without a scruple; become a pillar of the church while playing hide-and-seek with the devil; be a man of charitable inclination while skinning your victim of his last cent; in fact you must be crooked enough to keep out of jail.—Toilers' Defense.

ACCORDING TO INFORMATION from New York that is considered authentic, there were but 137 people present at the recent convention of the National Association of Manufacturers.

Van Cleave, Parry and Kirby made so much noise that the public entertained the opinion that the association had reached several thousand.

At the next convention Kirby will be afflicted with nervous prostration of a more serious type than the Bucks stove and range "booster" and if any delegate should present him with a check and stick-pin his flood of tears and heartbroken sobs will be far more copious and agonizing than those of the weeping warrior of St. Louis.

A MERGER has now been formed to control the halibut fishing from Puget Sound waters to Alaska. The merger is capitalized at \$2,000,000 and consolidates the leading companies into a powerful combination, that will be able to raise the price of halibut and at the same time control the fish market. Hurrah for competition!

A DIVINE of Denver who is recognized as a powerful pulpit orator, has declared that "the world needs better mothers." If this gospel expounder is in favor of improving the sex that rocks the cradle, then he should likewise insist that the masculine fraternity should so conduct themselves as to be appreciated by those "better mothers."

PRESIDENT McCARTHY of the San Francisco Building Trades Council has entered suit against John D. Spreckles of the Call, for criminal libel.

Spreckles is the great reformer who has already expended more than a hundred thousand dollars in the prosecution of men who have been holding office in San Francisco. Spreckles is hungry to land his own crowd into office in order that he may reap the golden harvest.

When a multi-millionaire runs up the flag of reform it is positive proof that contemplated corruption and debauchery is masked.

SOMEHOW OR OTHER, contempt of court seems a much less shocking offense when committed by a Heinze to conceal the evidence of big thimble-rig games in the realm of high finance than when it consists in a Debs issuing a strike order at the instruction of his union or a Gompers publishing the truth about a union-hating employer. As a celebrated lady of the Court of Louis XV, said of a particularly debauched nobleman who had just gone over the divide, "Depend upon it, monsieur, God will think twice before damning a man of such rank!" And the United States Courts will think twice before sending a Copper Trust magnate to jail. —New York Call.

THE WESTERN LABORER of Omaha and a few other pseudo-labor journals are endeavoring to offer a defense for accepting the Douglas Shoe Company advertisements. Every criminal who is dragged into court and arraigned, is expected to offer some arguments to cloak his dishonor.

The Western Laborer and the other journals that transacted business with the Douglas Company were actuated solely by the monied consideration that there was in it, and when these journals attempt to offer a defense for their treason, they become as shameless as the abandoned woman of the brothel who glories in her blushless shame.

THE STRIKE on the Georgia railroad has put Washington officials in an awkward position. The entire system of mail transportation in that section is thrown out of joint because ten white firemen were replaced by negroes. If the strike was caused by a demand for higher wages or better conditions the solution would be easy, and Grover Cleveland's stunt at Chicago roundly applauded.

But the bitter and unfortunate racial feeling of that section has been fanned into a blaze. If federal troops are sent into that state, President Taft will be denounced by the whites. This will never do, especially at a time when his party is trying to break "the Solid South," which, in itself is most laudable, regardless of where the pieces fly.

This makes the situation different from the A. R. U. "insurrection" that was denounced by all "respectables."

In Georgia, the mails are tied up just as tight, but the "respectables" are with the strikers, not because they love them, but because they dread that bugaboo and god send to corrupt old politicians, "negro domination."

WHILE THE AMERICAN MILLIONAIRE is recuperating his exhausted energies in the gay capitals of Europe, the sovereign citizen of Young Columbia, clothed with a ballot, is working hard to produce the necessary profit to pay his master's expenses while abroad. "The identity of interest" between employer and employe becomes very apparent when we gaze upon the noble brow of the slave beaded with perspiration, struggling to swell the bank account of the Cræsus reveling in a delirium of magnificent luxury.

AN INDIANA BOY has invented an explosive which he can fire by wireless telegraphy at most any distance. He has given demonstrations of its practicability sufficient to convince investigators of its usefulness. It will now be in order for the nations of the world to revise their methods of armament, and prepare to bring about the world's peace by the use of wireless dynamite. What a lot of old army junk, cannons and rifles there will be to sell to the public! Just about the time the governments think they have all the most deadly war implements corralled, an inventive genius comes along and knocks their plans all awry. Of course, the new explosive must be kept away from the dear people, for they must only be allowed to have the old, cast-off, useless weapons which the wholesale murderers are through with.—Labor World, Spokane.

STUPID AND SHORT-SIGHTED government bureauracy in France has come in conflict with the justified aspirations towards organization on the part of the government employes. In the French labor movement hot-headed emotionalism has got the better of cool-brained reasoning. The loud calls of "association libre" and "solidarite" of the anarchistic school of philosophy of Bakounine have drowned the appealing and warning voice of Marxian thought that asked for "organization" and "discipline." A collapse must needs follow the bursting of the thin-skinned, sensational bubble inflated by hot-air war cries for "la Revolution sociale." And there will be left in the end a good many sadder but wiser people willing to do the only work that really counts for anything, "organization," "discipline," "solidly-founded preparation."—Common Sense.

THE UNION CLUB, maintained by organized labor at Spokane, Washington, where members of the various unions spent their leisure hours, was closed through the order that was issued against gambling houses. When clubs established by labor organizations are classified as gambling joints, it is becoming evident that we are about to experience a resurrection of the "blue laws" period.

A FEW WEEKS AGO the nine-year-old boy of a wealthy Pennsylvania lawyer was kidnaped by a man and woman named Boyle who were paid a \$10,000 ransom, and since then all sorts of he-idiots holding legislative jobs in various states and pining for a little cheap newspaper notoriety, have been suggesting and advocating more severe punishment for kidnaping than the present law provides. A couple of years or so ago, a band of millionaire mine owners kidnaped three full-grown men in Denver, Colorado, and carried them all the way to Idaho and held them prisoners for eighteen months, and these frenzied legislative curs who are now snapping their teeth so threateningly over the abduction of the rich man's boy never murmured disapproval. The Denver victims, however, were not the sons of wealthy parents. That makes a great difference with the sycophantic toad-eaters. But the most sickening display of feminine coarseness was made by a bunch of bipeds wearing petticoats and passing for women at Mercer, Pa., the other day, during the progress of the trial of the Boyles. The man had already been convicted and Mrs. Boyle was being taken to the court house, when a mob of frenzied female freaks (probably half-drunk) attempted to mob her to emphasize their "indignation" at anybody who would kidnap a nabob's boy. "There she is! There she is! The dirty huzzy! Let's get her and hang her! We don't need any jury!" frantically screamed a big, greasy she-sot whose description would indicate that she might be sufficiently prolific to suckle a whole litter of Berkshire pigs. "Look out! Don't come near me or I'll make you climb a tree!" defiantly shouted Mrs. Boyle. "Why don't you go and wash your face!" she added as a parting shot. Hurrah for Mrs. Boyle! She was already in the clutches of the law, and her tormentors were nothing but a bunch of cowardly, truckling stomach-crawlers, seeking to curry favor with wealth. Had the kidnaped boy been the child of some penniless washerwoman, these same poor imitations of women would probably have been found carrying bouquets to Mrs. Boyle and trying to comfort her in her troubles.—Donham's Doings.

The Miners' Union Hospital at Silverton, Colo.

IN THIS ISSUE of the Miners' Magazine there appears an article taken from the Silverton Weekly Miner, which gives a very laudable write-up of the Miners' Union Hospital at Silverton, Colo., which has been erected by the membership of Silverton Miners' Union No. 26, W. F. M. The hospital has cost the membership of Silverton Miners' Union the sum of, \$35,000, exclusive of the furnishings and the necessary equipments for an institution for the care of the sick and injured.

The cost of this hospital has come from the sweat of the men in the mines. Its erection was born out of that fraternity that develops through association in a labor organization. The miners of Silverton have realized for years the want of such an institution, and the many men who have suffered untold agony from injuries in the mines for lack of care and attention made the building of an hospital at Silverton almost an absolute necessity.

When men in the Western Federation of Miners rear and maintain institutions that care for the unfortunate, it seems blasphemous for the hired writers of subsidized organs to prostitute themselves to such an extent as to hurl calumnies against an organization whose humane efforts are visible in every part of Western America.

At Telluride, Colo., Goldfield, Nev., Park City, Utah, Sandon, B. C., and other mining camps, the Western Federation of Miners has built institutions for the care of the afflicted and injured, and the men who have contributed their hard-earned money were not looking for any dividends from their investments. They were actuated by

a higher and nobler incentive than a greed for profit. A consciousness that they were rendering a service to their fellow-men was considered sufficient remuneration for the sacrifices they made.

The unsanitary conditions of mines, mills and smelters and the fact that "men are cheaper than timber" have made it almost compulsory upon the part of the membership of the Western Federation of Miners to build hospitals in order that human beings, exhausted, broken down and mangled in the mines might be spared from the cold-blooded brutality of a civilization that bears the brand of the dollar.

Regardless of the fact that the Western Federation of Miners has built a number of hospitals, cared for the sick and crippled and even made it possible for a number of orphans to obtain an education that would fit them for the battles of life, yet many a poor, weak, spineless creature, holding an uncertain job on a mortgaged sheet, has vented his spleen by proclaiming that "the Western Federation of Miners is a band of dynamiters, cutthroats, murderers and anarchists and should be exterminated."

The mental coward for a weekly pittance attempts to assassinate the character of an organization which has expended countless thousands of dollars for the relief of suffering humanity and dishonors himself in order that a heartless master may say to him: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

The Western Federation of Miners, however, has survived the verbal storms of all the most lurid writers, who have been shackled to the interests of capitalism and the organization will continue in its mission of uplifting humanity and making the world better, until the cause which makes a labor organization a necessity has been removed.

Orchard Almost Forgotten.

THERE WAS A TIME when the name of Harry Orchard was flaunted in the columns of the public press almost daily, and even men with saintly faces who harangued from pulpits made the self-confessed criminal the text for a sermon. For a time, the unrivaled Harry was in the public eye, and, like all degenerates, enjoyed with supreme satisfaction the glare of the limelight.

But regardless of the fact that Harry was at one time considered a valuable ally and tool of a mine owners' association, he has at last passed into an obscurity that is almost sorrowful to contemplate.

During the reign of Gooding as governor, Orchard was treated as a guest of the state, and did not suffer the humiliation of the ordinary convict.

The Gooding administration realized that Orchard had rendered heroic services in an effort to convict a labor organization of the red-handed crime of murder, and, for the service, he was looked upon as a

reformed sinner, worthy of being treated with a courtesy that is sometimes extended to the convicted banker who has plunged into the gambling hell with the funds of depositors.

But Harry is no longer enjoying life at the expense of the taxpayers of the state of Idaho. A new warden of the penitentiary at Boise, Idaho, has failed to see the sprouting wings of an angel on the former pal of James McParland, and has seen fit to wound the dignity of the once pampered pet of the conspirators by subjecting him to perform menial service behind the walls of the state's prison.

Harry is no longer the lauded idol of a Mine Owners' Association and a Citizens' Alliance. The combination that used this dupe to pollute his lips with perjury have deserted him and he now wears the hated livery of the common convict and is now training his stomach to assimilate the coarse food that must be masticated and digested by the hundreds of unfortunates who are yearning for the time when freedom unlocks the prison doors.

There are no more automobile rides for Harry, and the salaried

things of a detective agency are no longer extending invitations to the peerless reprobate to join them in a carnival of debauchery in a "red light palace" in the "bad lands."

Harry is practically forgotten by the paid bloodhounds who used him, and even the preachers, who once showered encomiums of praise

upon the deluded bigamist, wife deserter, thief, gambler, and self confessed murderer and bomb manufacturer, have ceased to remember the once patted darling and flattered fool, who raped his last remnant of manhood and honor, to shine as the star actor in a cold blooded conspiracy.

Notice to Delegates.

TO DELEGATES ATTENDING the seventeenth annual convention of the Western Federation of Miners at Denver, July 12, 1909 the following information has been secured:

Delegates from California, Nevada, Oregon and Washington, also from what are known as the Kootenay Common Points, namely, Nelson, Rossland, Sandon, Kaslo and Grand Forks, can secure nine months' rate tourist tickets approximating 2 cents per mile in each direction, or about one fare and one third for the round trip.

Should it happen that delegates apply at a station on the Pacific Coast from which the nine months' fare is not in effect, which may be the case at small stations, the agent will advise delegates of the nearest point to his station from which such fare does apply.

General excursion rates have been authorized from Montana points via the Oregon Short Line. Rates in effect on the El Paso & Southern System to Denver and return are as follows:

From El Paso and Deming.....\$35.00

From Bisbee..... 42.80
From Benson..... 42.05

Delegates from Michigan, Minnesota, South Dakota and Missouri can secure regular tourist tickets and delegates from these states should apply to local ticket agents for full particulars and make the best arrangements possible.

Delegates starting from California or Nevada points on or before July 6th can, however, secure the following rate; and proportionate rates from other Nevada and California points:

San Francisco, Sacramento, Los Angeles and Bakers
field to Denver and return via direct route.....\$55.00
Reno to Denver and return..... 50.00
Tonopah and Goldfield to Denver and return..... 68.00
Fallon, Nevada, to Denver and return..... 51.20
Hazen, Nevada, to Denver and return..... 50.00

Due notice will be given of any known change in rates.

ERNEST MILLS, Secretary-Treasurer, W. F. M.

Are We In Russia?

UNTIL VERY RECENTLY, the people of this country entertained the idea that the United States Secret Service Department was maintained for the purpose of uncovering counterfeiters and detecting criminals who might be employed in the federal service. But it was only a few months ago when the indignation of Congress became aroused, when it became known that "Teddy with the Teeth," had utilized the United States Secret Service Department as a private detective agency to uncover the frailties and infirmities of our national law-makers.

Teddy with a boldness unsurpassed by any predecessor in the White House, resolved the secret service into an aggregation of spies, to shadow congressmen and senators, whose sentiments on public measures were not in harmony with his advanced ideas of statesmanship.

But now it has been discovered that the secret service is commissioned to play the role of the bloodhound and trail every prominent Socialist, in the hope, that some evidence may be unearthed that will justify the administration at Washington to take steps towards crushing the Socialist party. A short time ago a few hysterical freaks in the state of Pennsylvania met in convention and called upon the government by petition, to take up arms against the political party

whose doctrines were repulsive to the cultured and refined tastes of experts in the art of modern piracy. Secretary Knox, who before his appointment as an official of the cabinet, was the high priced legal adviser of the steel trust, is now (it is said) using the secret service to obtain the necessary information to file complaints against a number of prominent Socialists, in order that the public mind may be poisoned against a party, that some day in the not far distant future, may threaten the reign of a class of privilege. It is only natural to presume that the master class has considered that the time is about ripe to begin operations for an assault upon the Socialist party, under forms of law. The exploiters in the realms of finance and commerce are realizing that Socialism is attracting the attention of the people of every nation on earth, and that unless something is done to arrest the agitation that is stripping the capitalist system and exposing that system in all its brutal nakedness, the heartless reign of legalized robbery must soon come to an end.

The powers of government used to halt the onward march of Socialism, may have a temporary effect upon the Socialist party, but it should be remembered, that persecutions only makes brave men and brave women more determined, to carry on a battle that can never end, until the human race enjoys the blessing of industrial liberty.

The Strike at Philadelphia.

THE STRIKE of the street car men in Philadelphia, should serve as a valuable lesson to the laboring people of this country. The men employed by the Rapid Transit Company have borne with patience the despotism of this merciless corporation, until forbearance ceased to be a virtue. The long hours and niggardly wages paid by the street car company, forced the employes to rise in their manhood and protest against starvation wages and unbearable conditions, and as a result, a strike was declared as a last resort.

No sooner had the employes been forced to strike, than the agents of the street car company commenced to gather the thugs for strike-breaking service.

The poor, miserable creatures, bereft of manhood and honor, who were pressed into the service of the haughty and arrogant corporation, lacked the ability and competency to fill the places of the union men, and as a consequence the street car service became demoralized.

Immediately the mayor of the city of "Brotherly Love" decreed that the police and fire departments should serve as strike breakers, in order, that the corporation that had extended favors to the executive head of a great city, might feel that the mayor was not an ingrate nor forgetful of those appreciated "courtesies" that are usually accepted by candidates for office during a political campaign. The very night that the strike was declared, the mayor of the city of Philadelphia, was the invited guest of the board of directors of the Rapid Transit Company at a banquet, and after being "wined and dined," the honorable mayor felt that he was under more binding obligations to serve the interests of the street car company.

The vast majority of the people of the city of Philadelphia, were in sympathy with the down-trodden, over-worked and ill-paid slaves of the Rapid Transit Company, but "sympathy" had but little effect upon a mayor and a city administration, that were owned and controlled by financial princes whose coffers held the stock of a street railway company.

But a few months ago the daily press of Philadelphia howled against the extortions and despotic methods of the Rapid Transit Company, but as soon as the strike was declared, the same press howled against the slaves for declaring a strike that discommoded the public and disturbed business. The same press declared that the strike was "ill-advised and inopportune," as though there was ever a time, when a strike received the sanction and approbation of journals dedicated to the interests of a master class.

It is to be hoped that the working people of Philadelphia may profit from the strike of the slaves of the Rapid Transit Company, and if they do, when another city election rolls around, a labor administration will be substituted for the mortgaged chattels who are now allied with a street railway company in its war upon organized labor.

After Their Victim.

ACCORDING TO RECENT PRESS REPORTS, F. Augustus Heinze, who was once recognized as one of the mining potentates of the West, is nearing a hearing before a criminal court. Less than two years ago Heinze was looked upon as a pillar in the financial world and the man who would then predict that the beamy and brilliant mining magnate of Montana, would soon be facing the doors of a prison, would be laughed at as demented and a fit subject for the padded cell of the imbecile. But Heinze flushed with the brilliancy of his meteoric career in Montana, concluded that he could tame the bulls and bears of Wall Street, and the confidence in his ability to shear the national gamblers of the empire city of America, led to his downfall as a pirate among the pirates. Some twenty years ago Heinze invaded Montana, which was then a territory, and immediately gave his attention to mining. He was gifted with mental power and exhaustless energy, and in a few years, the pioneers in mining in Montana were forced to recog-

nize the prowess of the young giant, who was destined to wrest a fortune from the hills of the great copper camp of the Northwest. It was but a short time, when Heinze and the Amalgamated Copper Company locked horns in the courts, and for years, a judicial battle was waged over mining property that attracted the attention of the mining world. Heinze soon recognized the fact that he must enter the political domain if he was to win victories from the combination that was struggling to drive him from the mining districts of Montana. Heinze entered the political field and demonstrated that as a politician, he was a master, and in a few short years it was openly proclaimed that Heinze practically controlled the administration of Montana. In the legislature and before the courts Heinze became a power, and at last, the Amalgamated Copper Company surrendered to his terms of settlement. Heinze took his departure from Montana and took up his abode among the sharks of Wall Street. He was estimated to be worth at least \$20,000,-

000, and with this vast pile of wealth, he became a plunger in the mad scramble to add more millions to his corpulent bank account.

The wise men of the Amalgamated Copper Company concluded that Heinze would enter the stock market in New York, and accordingly, hatched their schemes to trap the man who had wrested millions from their coffers while a resident of Montana. Oily John, with his able lieutenant, Rogers, who but a few weeks ago passed into the Great Beyond, weaved the web that snared their once formidable enemy, and Heinze went down to his Waterloo, crushed by the cunning of a powerful combination that was only waiting to wreak vengeance upon a man, who while in Montana, could exclaim: "Veni, vidi, vici."

The Standard Oil aggregation is still after the scalp of F. Augustus Heinze, and it is probable that the most soulless octopus on earth will continue the fight until their crushed victim wears the garb of a convict behind the walls of a prison.

Organized Labor Must Give Battle.

IT IS BUT A FEW YEARS ago, when the Western Federation of Miners was the target for all the verbal shot and shell that were hurled from the editorial batteries of the capitalist press. There were no words in the English language too foul or epithets too vile to be used against the organization that stood erect against all the machinations of intriguing exploiters. The Federation through all the storms of battle relentlessly waged against it by corporate and commercial Napoleons, refused to abandon or desert its principles, and for its loyalty to the working class, brought upon itself the combined wrath of combinations that controlled courts and legislative bodies and could even command the use of armed might to awe and intimidate men, who were struggling against the tyranny and despotism of licensed piracy and legalized brigandage. The temerity of the membership of the Western Federation of Miners aroused the fiercest indignation on the part of Mine Owners' Associations and Citizens' Alliances, and these twin combinations backed and supported by bankers, railway magnates and the blustering braggart who is now chasing unarmed animals in Africa, made a conglomeration of opposition that tested the courage and stability of the militant labor organization of the West.

Servile chattels on daily journals, made the claim that the Western Federation of Miners was not a labor organization, but a band of desperate men who felt no reluctance in taking human life in accomplishing their ignoble ends. It was contended that if the Federation was based upon the "sane and safe" policy of the American Federation of Labor, that no particular antagonism would be felt by the employers of labor, but because the Federation was RADICAL, the labor organizations of America could not even afford to give recognition to a

body of men, who refused to hoist the white flag when industrial despots demanded absolute submission and obedience.

The Western Federation of Miners has lived through the storm of battle, and its membership instead of being looked upon as red-handed Cain, are being recognized by the labor movement throughout the world, as a body of men who were willing to stand upon the firing line and face the guns of exploiters, in order that the day of emancipation might be brought closer to men and women who wear the chains of wage slavery.

But while the American Federation of Labor but a few years ago was held up as an example to be followed by the Western Federation of Miners, yet now, this same American Federation of Labor, that was once lauded as an organization founded upon reason and common sense, is being fought with a belligerency that is rapidly approaching the malignancy and venom that was manifested against the miners of the West. Conditions that have been created in the industrial realm, have forced the American Federation of Labor to show some symptoms of rebellion against the tributes demanded by insatiable greed. The American Federation of Labor to preserve its honor and stability and to prove to the world that it is a labor organization, has been forced to put on the armor and give battle to save itself from destruction.

The labor organization of the present day can no longer be conducted as a mutual admiration society, but must equip itself with weapons to fight the battles of the oppressed, or go to ruin and ultimate death.

The time is here when the isolated regiments of labor must rally beneath the folds of one flag and present a solid front to the enemy, until economic freedom is wrested from the iron grasp of soulless Caesars, whose economic power has enslaved a world.

The Fruit of the System.

WHEN WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT, that rotund gentleman, took his seat in the White House, he immediately drafted a brief message convening Congress in extra session to pass a tariff bill, that would increase the revenues of the government at least one hundred millions per annum. The wise statesman who is recognized as the legal political heir of Teddy, intimated that such a tariff bill was necessary, in order that the hidden orb of prosperity might break through the gloom of adversity. It is somewhat strange and singular how a bill enacted into law, that places a heavier tax upon the people, can be expected to lure prosperity from its lair and chase away the shadows of misery and despair. But the vast majority of the American people are not statesmen and will not be credited with those rare gifts of acumen that can discern prosperity, through a law that imposes weightier burdens.

Our intellectual giants on the floor of Congress have wrestled with a tariff bill for nearly three months, and yet, the measure amended and repaired by the mechanics of the House and Senate, seems to be as unsatisfactory as the original bill that was introduced in its virgin purity. When the solons attempted to place a tax on fancy hose and long-armed gloves, there was a scream from the society darlings, that could be heard from Maine to California. When our patriots at Washington intimated a reduction on steel, the "infant industry" that is hoary with age and afflicted with the gout, became hysterical, and reduced wages in order that Congress might feel the weight of the club

that can be wielded by a trust that owns 200,000 slaves. The long drawn out battles between the orators at Washington on the tariff measure, has furnished the exploiters a pretext to slice the producers wages, as the claim is made, that the uncertainty as to the character of the measure that will be finally passed, makes it absolutely necessary for the master class to take such steps as will protect that class from a shrinkage in profits. But in the meantime, the people who are suffering for a lack of opportunity to earn the means of life seem to be helpless, and must bear with patience and fortitude the pangs of want and hunger, in order that they may be worthy of being classed as good, honest and law-abiding citizens. The man in the hovel with haggard face must look as pleasant as the Croesus in the mansion, and should the pale and emaciated wreck, with pallid lips and sunken eyes, raise his voice above a whisper against conditions that are hurrying him to the Potter's field, the salaried scribblers of trust and corporation-owned journals, brand him as an anarchist, and if he is a foreigner, the federal authorities are urgently requested to make an investigation as a preliminary to his deportation.

But the great mass of the people who feel the yoke getting heavier and behold less in the larder, have voted for the beautiful system that makes tramps and millionaires, that breed want for the multitude and luxury for the few.

When the working class becomes as class conscious as the capitalist class the hellish system that starves the bone and brawn of a nation will come to an end.

The Empire of the Trusts.

A CERTAIN SCHOOL of economic teachers—blind of the blind, and doubly blind in that they are of the sort who will not see, rather than of those who cannot—have for years been telling us that the process of trustification had nearly if not quite reached its limits. They treated with lofty academic scorn the predictions made by Socialist thinkers that this process was bound to go on until it had virtually put an end to competition and wiped out the independent middle class, until it had brought practically all the processes of production and distribution into one great centralized system, dominated by and serv-

ing for the enrichment of a very small fraction of the people—in a word, until it had prepared the way for the socialization of the productive and distributive plant and had at the same time drawn the lines between the small possessing class and the large producing class so clearly that there could be neither lack of will on the one side to take possession of the means of social life nor power on the other side to resist the necessary change.

These theorists admitted that the trustification of certain great industries—mining, railroading, steel and iron making, and a few other manufactures—might go much farther than it yet had. But even in

this field, they persistently claimed, the increased profits of the trusts would stimulate the rise of new competitors, so that trust control could never be anything like complete.

And then they pointed to other fields in which, they alleged, consolidation was quite impracticable, in which competition and the methods of small business must continue, and which would forever keep a large portion of the people in a position between the great capitalists on the one hand and the working class on the other.

We heard a great deal of this six or eight years ago—more than we do now, though it is not yet extinct. The formation of the United States Steel Corporation and of several other unprecedentedly large mergers in 1900 and 1901 had fixed public attention as never before upon the trust problem, and it was necessary to reassure the people and prevent them from taking the matter too seriously. At the same time, the rise of the Socialist movement in this country from a negligible sect into a considerable political power in 1900 and the following years made it highly desirable, from the capitalists' point of view, to discredit the predictions which Socialist thinkers had made long before and which the developments in the world of high finance and of great industry were so strikingly verifying.

The manner in which these would-be teachers sought to solve the trust problem by denying its existence reminded us of Mark Twain's argument against the practicability of the bicycle, in the days when that machine was yet a novelty. A man can't ride on two wheels, argued Mark; he can't keep his balance. "Yes, I know, I've seen it done. But I don't believe it. It doesn't stand to reason."

That sort of reason had to give way to fact. The bicycle proved its practicability by practice. And the trusts have proved and are still proving their practicability by just the same forcible logic.

Spite of all reassuring prophecies, the Steel Trust kept on growing, building or buying more furnaces and mills, acquiring more mines and railway and steamship lines, and absorbing or driving out of the field one after another of its competitors. The last really formidable independent company was forced into the fold since the present hard times began.

The other trusts whose failure was predicted or the limits of whose possible success were so confidently set by the old school economists have likewise gone on succeeding and overpassing those limits with a boldness quite disconcerting to the academic gentlemen, quite disturb-

ing to the peace of mind of the middle class and quite satisfactory to the Socialists who saw in trustification the necessary prelude to the building of the Co-operative Commonwealth.

This week brings two important pieces of business news which still further confirm the Socialist view.

If there is any branch of trade in which the methods of small competitive business might be supposed to be secure, it is surely the retail candy trade. Yet we now learn that it is the intention of the Corn Products Refining Company—commonly called the Glucose Trust—a corporation largely dominated by Standard Oil interests—to establish a chain of factories to work up a part of its products into candy and a chain of stores all over the country to market the candy directly to the consumer. The experience of the Tobacco Trust with its United Cigar Stores Company gives us every reason to expect that the Glucose Trust will carry out its plan with great success.

It would be idle to try to conjecture just about how many hundreds of small manufacturers and how many thousands of small retail dealers it will put out of business. But no one who dares to face the facts can fail to see that it will greatly strengthen the large capitalists, lessen the numbers and the influence of the middle class, and increase the proportion of wage and salary workers.

At the same time comes the organization of the United Dry Goods Companies, a corporation with a capital of \$51,000,000, financed by J. P. Morgan, and to be owned by a combination of American and European capitalists, which, starting with a large wholesale house and ten great dry goods and department stores in six different cities, proposes to extend its operations and establish or acquire stores in all the principal centers of population.

Professor Jenks was right—though not very original, since Marx and Engels had pointed it out a generation earlier—when he laid down the rule: "Wherever combination becomes possible, competition becomes impossible."

Competition has produced its legitimate outcome and negation—trustification. The trust is here to stay. It is here to grow. It is here to wipe out the old order of competitive industry. It is here to prepare the conditions for a new order. It is for the producing masses to decide in the near future between the permanence of the Empire of the Trusts and the ushering in of the Socialist Republic. New York Call.

A Tribute to the Western Federation of Miners.

(Cleveland Citizen).

THE APPROPRIATION BILL passed by the Colorado Legislature and signed by the governor contains provisions granting partial financial relief to the victims of the famous (or rather infamous) Peabody war upon the miners. All the union men against whom charges were trumped up by the Pinkerton thugs in the employ of the Mine Operators' Association and their political hirelings having been pronounced guiltless, this tardy recompense for the sufferings many workers were compelled to undergo really rings down the last curtain on this memorable Western drama. A retrospective glance at the stirring events in Colorado and Idaho during the past seven years shows that the organized workers have been vindicated in every particular. Never in this country's history have working people been more mercilessly attacked by greedy capitalism and its cohorts than were the Western Federation of Miners and all who sympathized with them. From the lock-out in Colorado City in 1902 to the reluctant passage of bills by a hostile legislature a few days ago to pay part of the damages sustained by honest workmen and their families and friends, all the powers of plutocracy have been thrown against the sturdy, heroic and militant miners of the West. But their spirit of class consciousness and solidarity overcame every obstacle. They stood like a stone wall against the combined onslaughts of capitalism and its corrupt hirelings, and, although temporary breaches were made in the Federation's breastworks the organization as a whole maintained its position and emerges from the ordeal more powerful, more compact, better disciplined and in every way equipped to continue the struggle for the emancipation of the working class than when war was declared upon it. When it is considered that the Western Federation of Miners was attacked by every enemy of labor, from President Roosevelt down to the secret and cowardly spies

who wormed their way into the organization, by the Mine Operators' Association with its Standard Oil millions behind it, by the prostituted capitalistic press, by senators, congressmen, governors, courts and other purchased public officials, by the state militia and Pinkerton and Thiel detective agencies and even by certain sauntly clergymen who wear the livery of heaven to serve the devil—when all the facts connected with and brought out by this historic struggle are given due consideration the student of industrial conditions, enthusiastic and philosophical though he may be, will marvel at the wonderful vitality, strength of character and signal heroism displayed by this magnificent Western organization. The organized workers throughout the world may well feel proud of the achievements of the stalwart men who compose the Western Federation of Miners. Their brave fight for the right has been a splendid inspiration to the oppressed toilers of all countries. Poor in purse, unlearned in book lore, unsuspecting of the machinations of a crafty and unscrupulous foe, these plain, simple men of the mountains and canons of the West, imbued solely with the righteousness of their cause, met the enemy upon the battle ground of his own choosing and beat him to a complete standstill. Where are the poets and romancers and dramatists? Here is a realistic episode in our social life that will serve as an inspiration for song and story for a generation. And by the same token the workmen of the entire country can well profit by the example of unselfish devotion displayed for working class principles by their brethren of the Rocky Mountain district. In every respect the Western Federation of Miners has demonstrated its fitness for leadership, and the working people of Colorado and nearby states ought to feel proud of the opportunity to wheel behind the miners in solid phalanx and prepare to conquer the powers of the state and municipal governments and pay off a few old scores that cannot be recompensed in money.

A Great Friend of Labor.

DURING THE LAST CAMPAIGN, the Republican stump speakers, as well as William Howard Taft himself, screamed long and loud about his being a great friend of labor, and the average laboring man, as he always has done, sat around with his "eat machine" wide open and swallowed down this bald faced fable, and marched straightway to the polls and registered his ballot for the said "William Howard."

For his ignorance, the steel trust cut his wages, and the promised prosperity, instead of putting another slice of bread and meat in his dinner bucket, reached down and took almost the last slice out.

Things are as they should be, as no man with as much brains as a common "Yaller Dog," had any reason to expect the Taft administration to help the working man, as Mr. Taft has always been class con-

scious, and has always stood with his shoulder hard up against the wheel of masters. And we are not blaming Mr. Taft for this, as he knows where his bread and butter comes from, as he was brought up with this class of men, and he would be an ingrate to betray them, and he is not going to betray them, no matter if every man on earth goes to the poor house; and we admire him for sticking to his kind. But what bothers us is why the laboring world does not become class conscious, as is Bill Taft, as they'll never get anybody to stand up and defend their interests as does Taft, the master class's interests, until they learn to vote for men who are robustly in sympathy with their miseries, their hardships, and their slavery. But, apparently, you can't teach the laboring men that those who live off of their efforts are not their friends, and until they learn this perpendicular truth, and become class conscious, and understand what class they belong to, and cast their

votes for that class they will always be burden bearers for a workless, predatory ruling class.

Let's examine Mr. Taft's cabinet, and then if we have not lost all power of thought, we can readily see just how little hope the laboring man has of getting anything from the Taft administration that will be beneficial to him and his babies.

Secretary of State Mr. Knox, of Pennsylvania, is an ex-attorney of the steel trust, and once consulted with the steel trust magnate, Frick, and advised the killing of the only anti-trust bill, passed by Congress in recent years. Now, do you "yaps" think that a man of this kind gives a dam when Frick, his recent boss, stands with his foot upon the neck of toil, and cuts their wages down to a starvation point? If you believe that he will oppose Frick in his march of despotism, there is no hope for you, as you are too big a fool to ever learn to vote the Socialist ticket, and for your own interests.

Who is Dickinson, of Tennessee, the Secretary of War? Well, he has been, for years, attorney for the Illinois Central Railway, and has been claiming that he was a Democrat, and still claims that he is. But you know that since there is no difference between Democracy and Republicanism, that the Taft administration would as soon have a Democrat in his Cabinet as a Republican, so long as the individual is class conscious, and this Dickinson is.

Now, do you suppose that Dickinson would give a dam how rough shod the railroads of America ride over the prostrate form of those who have to support the railroads by their labor, and by their farm products, and by their sore muscles? Certainly he would not, as Dickinson is class conscious to the last degree, and realizes what class feeds

him; and further realizes that he will be well taken care of, so long as the railroad bosses, who have been his best friends, control the government, as Dickinson is well aware of the fact that he is one of their kind, and they have made it profitable to him to serve them.

Who is Nagel of Missouri, Secretary of Commerce and Labor? Well, he was, up to his appointment, attorney for the Standard Oil Trust. Now, do you believe that Charles Nagel, of Missouri, the hired tool of the Standard Oil Company, cares a "whistle" for the interest of labor, and gives a pewter dam about how deep the Standard Oil Company lays her burdens upon its back, when up to the moment that he became Secretary of Commerce and Labor, he was the hired tool of this Standard Oil Trust? If you do, you are too cussed ignorant to be permitted to graze with decrepit jackasses. The idea of Charles Nagel, the hired tool of the Standard Oil Trust, being Secretary of Commerce and Labor, is so ridiculous, that it is actually "funny"; but Nagel is class conscious, and knows who feeds him.

Now, when you boys, who do the work, and who create the wealth of the world, and who bear the burdens, have an inclination to believe that "Bill" Taft has your interest at heart, just sneak off behind the barn, and hold up three fingers and repeat the names Knox, Dickinson and Nagel, and keep repeating them until you feel a sour-picklelike grin start up your spinal column, and if you don't commence to have queer feelings in your head, then rush off for some "cow doctor," and get him to bore you, not for the hollow horn, but for the hollow head.

In this article, we have just named the worst of Taft's cabinet, but the best have long since become class conscious, and march hand in glove with the ruling class. Let's pray.—National Rip-Saw.



INFORMATION WANTED.

Information is wanted of the whereabouts of James Albert Shaw. His description is as follows: Age, forty-three; height about six feet; hair, brown and slightly gray; eyes, gray. Was one of Roosevelt's rough riders and fought in the battle of San Juan Hill, was last heard of in Rawhide, Nevada, about one year ago. Any one knowing his whereabouts will please write Globe Miners Union No. 60, Globe, Arizona.

DECLARED UNFAIR AND FINED.

Bingham Canyon, Utah, May 29, 1909.

Editor Miners Magazine:

At the regular meeting of this local William Martin, a former member of the local, was declared unfair and fined twenty-five (\$25) dollars for flatly refusing to place himself in standing.

(Seal.) BINGHAM MINERS' UNION NO. 67, W. F. M.

NOTICE TO ALL SECRETARIES OF THE W. F. M.

McCabe, Ariz., May 30, 1909.

Please take up cards of any person presenting them and issued by McCabe Miners' Union No. 118 to A. R. Graham, as they were stolen at Little Lake, California. The 1908 card shows reinstatement, two assessments and three months dues paid October 21st. The 1909 or five-year card, is stamped for the first five months of the year paid February 13, 1909. Both cards are signed by Joe Bechtel, financial secretary.

(Seal.) E. B. SIMANTON, Financial Secretary.

UNFAIR TO ORGANIZED LABOR.

Jackson, Calif., May 27, 1909.

Editor Miners' Magazine:

Enclosed you will please find a list of names that were ordered by this union to be published in the Miners' Magazine for having scabbed on this union and thereby defeated the eight-hour day in this county.

Unions elsewhere are requested to take notice of this list and if any one of those herein named happen to come their way, to treat them as scabs of the worst type. Secretaries are also requested to be on the alert for any man coming from Amador county without a paid-up card in this union. By order of

JACKSON MINERS' UNION,
WILLIAM LANGDON,
Financial Secretary.

REPORT FROM JOS. HUTCHINSON.

Jackson, Calif., May 24, 1909.

Editor Moners' Magazine:

For the past several days there has been considerable talk among the elite of this city, as to the advisability of running the "agitators" out of town; one among them, a vender of whisky, has made himself especially active along these lines, advocating and advertising a meeting of citizens, supposedly for that purpose. This retail parasite together with others, has frequently given expression to the sentiment, "Run the s— of b—s, out, and there will be no more trouble." Following is a copy of the hand-bill energetically distributed, calling this meeting:

Citizens' Meeting.

"A mass meeting of business men and citizens of Jackson generally will be held in the Superior Court room

TODAY, MONDAY, MAY 24TH,

at 1:30 p. m., for the purpose of taking steps toward a permanent organization for mutual protection and the promotion of the interests of Jackson and Amador county generally.

"BY ORDER OF CITIZENS' COMMITTEE."

Mid the blare of trumpets, beat of drum to the airs of the "Star Spangled Banner," "Marching Through Georgia" and other patriotic war songs the citizens and agitators of Jackson were ushered into the place of assembly and following a rendition by the Jackson military band, it was announced that the first order of business would be the election of a permanent chairman, the district attorney's name being proposed. The nominations were closed and he made permanent chairman, responding with alacrity and expressing appreciation of the honor conferred. The purposes of the meeting were stated by talking of county roads, automobiles, etc., and the speaker laid particular stress upon the idea that this was not to be an organization in behalf of any particular class, thereby suggesting the query: Who has lied? The rumors about town, the hand bill, or the speaker. Following the remarks of the chairman, nominations for permanent secretary were declared in order and one elected. At this point objection was raised, that those elected at this meeting could not be made permanent officers, but the objection received no support. Like at old party primaries and conventions, the slate was fixed and the business went serenely on. A treasurer was elected, a committee of three on constitution and by-laws appointed by the chair, as also a committee of five to look after the interests of the organization, first among which, we presume will be the looking after the agitators. At this juncture the initiation fee was placed at one dollar and the meeting adjourned subject to the call of the chairman.

Who could be so base as to intimate ulterior motives to this newly born institution? There are some, however, who will have to be shown, as this institution will neglect the roads proposition, the automobile bunk, and do collectively to the slaves what some are doing individually, since the recent excitement to every individual who works and refuses to bow in meek submission to the mandates of the "boss" in the mine, the boarding boss and profit-mongering parasites, commercial cowards, who draw their sustenance from the sweat and blood of the worker, caring not what the condition of they or their children is, so long as the God "profit" is not molested.

This new institution has not as yet been christened. It is intimated that it will be "The Jackson Board of Trade" but what is in a name? It would, however, be very appropriate, as all its trade will be at the expense and degradation of the working class. A citizens' alliance has been organized in Jackson.

But lest we forget: What precipitated the recent trouble in this locality? Did the agitators do it? Not so that you could notice it. All the agitators this side of heaven could not have prevailed upon the majority of men in here to come out in support of anything, had not the conditions forced them to, and now, the influences which prevailed upon them to go back to their slavery and scab upon themselves, are organizing to prevent them from doing anything in the future but working and paying tribute to those who organize citizens' alliances for the purpose of holding them in subjection and weeding out the agitator, keeping them in economic ignorance and hopelessly divided through racial prejudice that prompts such epithets as "dog-eater," "Dago," foreigner, etc. Where the shoe pinches with that element that is instrumental in organizing "The Jackson Board of Trade," is not in the fact that the agitators stirred up trouble, but in the fact that they were successful in lining up the Latin-speaking men, who walked out, not as they, "the citizens say," like a bunch of sheep, but because they recognized the right.

which was theirs under the law and certainly had the opportunity of their life to enforce the law, at least get some recognition under the law had not Professor Elliot "heroes" scabbed upon them and thereby hopelessly breaking a strike before it became known outside the city limits and forcing all workers back to their dungeons at the mandate of the master, regardless of, and in contravention of the law. But what is the use? When a Citizens' Alliance, a board of trade or the civil authority cannot break a strike instituted for the enforcement of the law, the judicial dagger will be thrown into it. Every working man and woman in this state should be out and clamoring for the enforcement of the eight hour day, and were even those who are within the ranks of our present day labor organizations organized in accord with present day production and distribution, they would be the law.

The "board of trade" aggregation is diligently agitating to have the workers here withdraw from the federation, asking them why they continue to pay money into an institution which has officers receiving same, who are not under bonds, and why do you want to pay money into the union to be sent back to Denver or some state outside California, all this kind of bunk is being pushed to the limit and carries weight with the "citizen slave," at least the majority of them, the majority of the non-citizens, or dog-eaters, as they call them here, know where they are at.

When the walk-out took place there was not an agitator; that is an official agitator in this camp. Organizer Corra was in Campo Seco and the writer was en route to the meeting of the California State Union at Angels Camp, but upon arriving here, it soon became evident to the companies and their stool pigeons, that the refusal of the operators to grant any concessions under the law, was going to organize the workers, and at the second meeting, their faithful slave, the secretary of this union, gave notice of his resignation, no doubt with the idea that everything would immediately become confusion and result in failure. The resignation was accepted with pleasure and Datson went scabbing with the rest of his ilk, when it became evident to them that they could not defeat the despised dog-eater in no other way. What a sight and why is it possible? Because one seldom sees any working class literature and all the court decisions and literature sent into this locality by the federation, for the past few years, has been consigned to the flames or found its way into the waste basket.

When Datson resigned, Corra was made acting secretary, and as soon as circumstances would permit, a permanent successor to Datson was chosen, and it fell to the lot of "Tom Langdon," one of the four English speaking men who took part in the attempt to gain the eight hour day in this camp. Langdon was not born yesterday nor was he raised in Jackson otherwise the chances are more than even that he would be scabbing on himself.

We are going to stick around Jackson for awhile and listen to this running out talk and other talks. It is really quite entertaining and when we go out of here, contrary to our wishes, the federation will be at no expense for transportation. Yours for industrial organization,

JOE F. HUTCHINSON.

STRAY PARAGRAPHS.

By Wilby Heard.

Detective Ploggio Puccio the friend of the assassinated Petrosina, has been slain, and now there's more work for the legislature. For surely the state will treat the widow of the former defender of capitalist interests no less patriotically than it has the widow of the latter, who was given a pension of two thousand a year. But as this may mean a drain on the state treasury, the legislature might find it an easy matter to invest some scheme for pumping it out of the wages of the common herd, the working class, at say from fifty cents to a dollar per week. The country would also learn by such plan that it would not only not decrease the treasury fund, but would rather find quite a trifle left for other political purposes.

It is stated that this year's peach-basket hats will be in vogue next spring-season as well, but will be worn turned the other way so as to catch and hold the falling fruits of Taft's prosperity.

This is the fools prayer, soon to be adopted in all churches: James Patten, who plucked our heaven, hallowed is thy game, thy kingdom came, thy will is done on earth for thou art our master. Give us this day our daily bread, and we will forgive thee for thy oppression even as we forgive all those who oppress us. Lead us not into temptation (by letting us keep any money), but deliver us of all cash, we rebel not, and thine is surely the U. S. Kingdom, and power and the glory till labor awakens. AMEN.

Every truth-loving citizen should now wake up his neighbor and together rise against baseball. "It makes everybody shiftless, lazy and breaks up the home, besides!" Proof—was not Mrs. Hiller H. Upson granted a decree of divorce from her husband because he is a baseball "fan." What's that "both prominent in society circles?" O, yes, and baseball isn't Socialism anyway.

There is a good capitalist Patten,
Who on wage-earners' pennies does fatten,
He cornered the grain;
Some day him and his train
We'll corner, and then let the cat in.

BIG SMOKE FROM BURKE.

L. W. Callahan.

In a recent issue of the magazine one Hutchinson, board member District No. 2, has mixed up in a hotchpotch he calls a "report" some rather pointed remarks concerning myself on account of a letter he received from Quinn Bohannon; he apparently thinks Bohannon is a fictitious character and believes I wrote the letter and am the sole author. In this he is wrong. Quinn Bohannon is a very real character and the author of the letter referred to.

Quinn Bohannon was born amid the bogs of Ireland and was unfortunate enough to receive but a meager education, as a result, although a man of bright intellect he is but a poor scribe and as he asked me to write this letter I did so, for which I have no apology to offer.

Hutchinson says the letter was "venomous;" as I remember it was a true letter and very fitting. The man from Burke might have published it, as it was only a short one. All could then have judged as to its merits.

The epithets the "big smoke" from Burke hurls at me do not affect me and only that I desire as a member of the W. F. M. to make a few remarks upon this last report of his—appearing in the issue of May 13, 1909—I would not bother with him—although presumably he expects an answer and as Bohannon is at this time somewhere in Alaska and may not see the magazine I will answer some of the "hard words" I suppose were thrown at me.

This board member opens his report by telling us of conditions at Atlanta, Ida., that demanded his attention but says the snow was too bad on April 30 to get in there without taking desperate chances on his life. I organized Atlanta Miners' Union about the middle of September, 1907, and the only range of mountains where there could be any snow is between Rocky Bar and Atlanta, a distance of about eleven miles with only part of this distance snow; there is no twenty-six miles of dangerous snow to cross on that road at this time of year, of that I am positive. This excuse advanced as a reason for not visiting a union that so badly needed his great executive ability and powerful personality (?) is a very flimsy pretense. All unions in his district should be along railroads with all snow conveniently melted before he pays them a visit.

This individual has called me cowardly and challenged me to carry my criticism to the Magazine so I say to him, that anyone who side-steps his plain duty, as he admits he did in the Atlanta case, with no better excuse than he advanced is a shirk, with as little nerve as the average rambler.

The board member from Burke goes on to tell us that there are several places in Oregon and Idaho where he could charter unions but will not do so on account of the "expense" to the W. F. M. and the fear that they would not be permanent.

This is the most extraordinary statement that I presume, was ever enunciated by any individual supposed to possess any knowledge of the labor movement. I do not think the man from Burke need have any fears of any one attempting to wrest the "glory" of this new departure in the labor movement from him; the laurels are his such as they are.

What a vast amount of "expense" could have been saved had the Federation always pursued this brainy policy and we never thought of it before—refrain from organizing locals, save our charters and supplies, great! We all know that any union may go defunct, any camp close down, but it never occurred to me before that the Federation was losing money by organizing and chartering locals. George A. Pettibone once said to me, while I was on the board: "Boy, wherever you can find twenty mines together put them under our banner." I thought so too then but it remained for the Crusader from the Coeur d'Alenes to show me that I had really wasted my time organizing the wage slaves.

He says that I am a "dictionary philosopher." Well I am absolutely unable to return the compliment on account of that "atmosphere that was humid and also full of moisture" (in one of his first reports) and that "skin full of evidence" (spoken on the floor of the sixteenth convention) and fifteen or sixteen other errors I have not time to mention.

This source to capitalism in the Coeur d'Alenes also says my brain is "water soaked." This term has long since become hackneyed and stale. If he had said my brain was ossified or "gangrened" he would have made me awfully mad, and again I have to regret my inability to return the compliment. The gentleman has so far furnished me with no evidence that he is the proud possessor of this important organ, I must await some future indication of its existence.

He says I lack courage: "Well, we will not argue the point, but I have never 'laid down' to an opponent on the floor of the sixteenth annual convention and raised the key that he was 'too great an orator' for me to face, after I had opened the conflict, or neglected my duty on account of a little snow; however, the "Burke Whirlwind" may happen over this way later on and be able to apply a few of these choice epithets at close range, he can then satisfy himself absolutely on that point.

Before concluding I wish to say that I believe the Burke Pretender to be one of the rankest four flushers and most complete all around false alarm it has ever been my misfortune to know and I now gladly take leave of the "gentleman" and quit the subject without one lingering memory.

P. S. Though "disgruntled," it is not my intention to circulate a lot of laudicrous lies at the coming convention in order to get this fellow's job.

SITUATION AT GREENWOOD, B. C.

Greenwood, B. C., May 13, 1909.

Editor Miners' Magazine:

I have been instructed by the members of Greenwood Miners' Union to insert an advertisement in the Miners' Magazine notifying laboring men to stay away from Greenwood as the mines and smelter of the B. C. Copper Co. are closed down. We are in a rather peculiar position at the present time, as we are going to call a strike against the B. C. Copper Co., but according to the laws of Canada we had to apply to the government for a conciliation and investigation board and it is against the laws to take any action till we hear the report of the board, but the company was able to close down claiming they could not get coke owing to the coal miners being on strike in Alberta. Greenwood Miners' Union intends to call a strike as soon as we hear from the board, but in the meantime we would like to warn men from coming to Greenwood, so I would like if you would insert an ad to that effect, and as soon as we call the strike I will notify you by telegraph.

The B. C. Copper Co. refused to recognize Greenwood Miners' Union, but I believe that the chairman of the board will decide in our favor; at least, he will recommend to the government that the B. C. Copper Co. should recognize the Greenwood Miners' Union, I remain, fraternally yours,

GEORGE HEATHERTON,
Secretary, Greenwood Miners' Union No. 22

Wallace, Idaho, May 31, 1909.

To the Editor of the Idaho Press:

The Miners' Union yields to its friends who are desirous that we should make answer to the scurrilous editorial attack of the Daily Press of two weeks ago. It is a departure from our mapped course. In future we will not notice them. Our doing so now causes us to descend to the level of the hired man who imagines himself a capitalist, and who in after years will be shunned alike by his own class and by those who he now tries to serve.

At the outset we may say that when our resolutions were given to the press the Daily Press was furnished with a copy, with the request that they be published in full or not published; result, they were garbled. This amounts to a half truth and a half truth is often worse than a whole lie. He says that the cause of the federation is lost intimating thereby that there is no miners' union; yet, in the next paragraph occurs this: "There are many federation men employed in the mines. Both statements are untrue. There may be a few expert miners employed—not jawbone experts, mind—whose places cannot well be filled. The cause of the miners is not lost. The wish fathers the thought. They have been going to the Federation's funeral for ten years. Sorry, Mr. Editor, but we cannot furnish the corpse, and it looks a good deal like wasting raw material to be singing a requiem. The Federation is indirectly responsible for the eight-hour day. It caused laws to be passed in other states which made it impossible to get competent miners here and the owners' association agreed to it. Certainly. No law was passed of late years without their agreeing to it. Magnanimous owners! It is doubtful if the unions would be organized were it not to cut down hours. The first strike of the Gem union was when they undertook to make them work ten hours night shift. They were successful.

That the miners who formed the unions and later merged into the Federation are the ones who excluded the Chinese from this district hardly needs proving. It was always the placer mine owners who wanted to bring in the Celestials so that they could sell them the ground. It was always the miners who said no. Will the Press editor attempt to deny this? At the meeting in Murray in the year 1885 when the hills rang with cheers for the keen wit and homely logic of Phil O'Rourke the miners and prospectors voted to exclude.

The college men, lawyers and those of the stripe of him who wrote that defamatory leader, voted otherwise. The miners and prospectors always in the majority, meant business. We have no desire to call the dead from their graves for witnesses and we are charitable enough to believe that the surviving ones some of whom hold important public office, have long ago seen the error of their action. The charters of the older unions had many of the names of these pioneers and we have some amongst us yet, but they may as well try to get into the United States Senate as to try to get a job at the employment office. We know them and love them. The second invasion when Dutch Jake actually had Chinamen working on Pritchard Creek found Murray organized. This was nine years later in 1894. No argument is required to show that the members of organization were the ones to plan the

assault. It could hardly have been done without them. They it was who formed the arrangements for the mass meeting and of the committee of ten who were sent down to bring up the responsible parties. Eight of them were members of L. A. 605, Knights of Labor. The other two were ineligible to membership in that order. This we think is sufficient contradiction of the specious interloper of the Daily Press.

That the Federation is responsible for the upholding of the wage rate can be seen by their anxiety to go to the Federation's funeral. Were it not for them the thankless editor would not be able to get one or two dollars a day more here than elsewhere—would have continued in the small wage and big work as city editor of the Review. The leopard does not change his spots. Ever since that memorable Fourth of July canyon massacre of which the Spokane paper wrote with disgusting attention to details, men were disemboweled while yet alive, their bodies sunk in the lake and their remains burned, etc., ad nauseam. (Not a particle of these things happened and the Spokane daily liar never apologized to its readers) to the present. The vilification and denunciation, both from Spokane and its impudent protegee in Wallace, have been hurled at us with the tireless persistency of a parrot, with the shameless disregard for truth and inecency of a harlot.

The Federation will continue its course, will care for the sick and injured miner, will bury its dead and do what it can to console the widow and educate the orphan. This part of our fair young state, and, indeed, the entire west owes much to the miner and prospector, and with a firm conviction in the justice of our cause will appeal to the public for that justice, will appeal to the inherent sense of justice of the agriculturist of our state to the end that the permit office be abolished or that at least they be compelled to no longer discriminate against members of the Western Federation of Miners.

The above answer to the editorial comments of the Daily Press of May 20, 1909, was unanimously adopted by Wallace Miners' Union No. 17, W. F. M., and that it should be given as wide a publicity as possible.

SAM KILBURN, Secretary.

SCAB LIST COMPILED BY JACKSON MINERS' UNION.

Boitano, Joe, ex-member 115, W. F. M.
 Bancaro, Emil, ex-member 115, W. F. M.
 Bancaro, C., ex-member 115, W. F. M.
 Benedetti, Frank, ex-member 115, W. F. M.
 Bray, Wm., ex-member 115, W. F. M.
 Coombs, Thos., ex-member 115, W. F. M.
 Caddy, John
 Carazza, Joe.
 Cook, Jim, ex-member of No. 115, W. F. M.
 Datson, Ernest, ex-secretary-treasurer, No. 115, W. F. M.
 Devecchio, Joe, ex-member of No. 115, W. F. M.
 Dallama, Angelo, ex-member of No. 115, W. F. M.
 Frogula, Frank.
 Fuller, Ben, temporary chairman of the strike when first walked out.
 Giovanetti, Ernesto.
 Homel, G.
 Harry, Jas.
 Horking, John, ex-vice president No. 115, W. F. M.
 Iacopetti, Giulio, ex-member of No. 115, W. F. M.; acted as guard.
 Jewell, Wm. H., ex-member of No. 115, W. F. M.
 Jewell, Fred.
 Jewell, Ed., ex-member of Grass Valley No. 90, W. F. M.
 Kurtet, W.
 Moyle, John.
 Mara, Frank, ex-member of No. 115, W. F. M.
 Murphy, Doe.
 Moore, C.
 Martencei, Dazio.
 Mitchell, Frank, ex-member of No. 115, W. F. M.
 Martovino, Cap.
 Nencioni, Eugenio.
 Magio, B.
 Nennis, John.
 Ross, George, ex-member of No. 115, W. F. M.
 Rowe, J.
 Raffanti, G., ex-member No. 115, W. F. M.
 Rule, Jack, ex-member No. 115, W. F. M.
 Rogers, Tom, ex-member No. 115, W. F. M.
 Radanovich, John, ex-member No. 115, W. F. M.
 Skrova, Nick.
 Skrova, Carlo.
 Simoncini, E.
 Simoncini, Mike.
 Scalatini, Atiglio.
 Simon, Leui.
 Traverso, Joe, ex-member of No. 115, W. F. M.
 Traverso, J. B.
 Turner, Robert.
 Tyack, Purse.
 Vinciguerra, Frank.
 Vinciguerra, Ben.
 Vaselerich, Pete.
 White, William, ex-member of No. 115, W. F. M.
 Williams, Jack.
 A. Gigantelli.
 Angelo Carboni.
 G. Giomitti.
 G. Simi.
 Robert Ousby, guard.
 Frank Gonella, guard.
 Bel.
 Wm. Tyack, ex-member 115 and delegate at Salt Lake convention 1905.



DON'T ASK DAMFOOL QUESTIONS.

The boss in a brickyard tells one of the men to hurry. A bystander asks the boss why he tells the man to hurry. "Why, I pay him to hurry." "How much do you pay him?" "Two dollars a day." "Where do you get the money to pay him?" "I sell bricks and get it." "How many bricks does this man make a day?" "On an average, a thousand." "How much a thousand do you get for the bricks?" "Ten dollars." "So, instead of you paying him, he pays

you eight dollars a day to stand around and tell him to hurry?" "Well, I furnish the machinery to make the bricks." "Where did you get the money to buy the machinery?" "I sold bricks and got it, but don't ask any more damfool questions, or the men will hear you and go to making bricks for themselves."—EX.

THE GEORGIA FIREMEN'S STRIKE.

The present strike on the Georgia railroad is a pitiful example of the evil effect of race prejudice on the labor movement.

The railroad company undertook to put on negroes along with white men as firemen on its road. The white firemen objected and at last went out on strike.

Public opinion along the line—that is, white public opinion, for no other sort is recognized down there—is strongly on the side of the strikers. This is unusual in the South. Labor organizations are not looked on with favor in that region. Many a union organizer has had to leave town in a hurry to avoid getting a coat of tar and feathers at the hands of the "best citizens." Bourbon conservatism can stand for cold-blooded feud murders and can applaud an occasional burning at the stake. But it draws the line at labor strikes. Those are crimes it will not tolerate.

That is, it will not tolerate a strike of laborers against capitalists. But a strike of white laborers against black laborers is a different thing. Bourbon conservatism can swallow the indignity of a body of workmen going on strike in consideration of the fact that they are actuated by race hatred, which is a sacred institution in the eyes of the rulers of the South and of those who take their opinions from the ruling class.

Probably the strikers have better reason for objecting to the introduction of negroes than they care to tell. It is safe to say that the company is not putting in colored firemen just out of devotion to the principle of racial equality. Corporations do not do business that way.

The railroad company would like to reduce wages. It would like to render its employes helpless and docile. It wants to introduce negroes side by side with white men, first as firemen, later as engineers because it knows that the negroes are likely to accept lower pay, are likely to remain unorganized for a time, and are pretty sure to hate the white workers as much as the white workers hate them. If it can only break in a force of colored men and make competent railroad workers of them, the company figures that it will be safe from labor troubles for a good time to come. It can play off blacks against whites and whites against blacks and individual against individual, and have no effective opposition to its will.

The strikers may keep negroes out of the firemen's trade for a while, thanks to the sympathy of the nigger-hating populace.

But they cannot win permanently along that line. They have got to learn to bring the colored workers into their organizations, just as they have already learned to bring immigrant whites into their organizations, and treat them as equals in the labor movement.

They may and should follow their own choice in the matter of social intercourse. That has nothing to do with the question. But in industrial affairs, their only choice will be either to have their organizations smashed by the competition of negro labor mobilized against them by the capitalists or else to give them the hand of brotherhood and enlist them in the fight for labor against capital.—New York Call.

START NATIONAL CRUSADE FOR ABOLITION OF CAPITAL PUNISHMENT AND RADICAL PRISON REFORM.

By William C. Owen.

"The only attack we are making is on savagery," said Col. Griffith J. Griffith, secretary of the California branch of the Prison Reform League. "We are simply assailing brutal, Dark Age methods of treating crime and criminals, and trying to introduce something akin to civilization. No really social interests are threatened by our movement. On the contrary, they are vitally concerned in our success. This nation is spending, according to such excellent authority as Prof. Charles J. Bushnell of Washington, D. C., no less than \$6,000,000,000 annually for the suppression of crime and is finding it more and more irrepressible. All over the country, with my own state of California in the lead, crime is increasing, because of the dogged obstinacy with which we are manufacturing criminals. The situation is absurd."

The Prison Reform League, which is the movement of the hour in California, is busily engaged in furthering a national agitation for the abolition of capital punishment and the adoption of radical changes in the treatment of crime and criminals. Incidentally it is bringing more conspicuously to the front a remarkable character in the person of Col. Griffith J. Griffith, who, on his release from San Quentin two and a half years ago, announced emphatically that he intended thenceforth to devote his life and fortune to the cause that has now crystallized in the Prison Reform League. To all appearances he is keeping stubbornly to his word, for during that period he has traveled all over this country and in Mexico, investigating prisons and interviewing prison authorities; he has written most voluminously for the press and he has addressed scores of public meetings, at universities and elsewhere, on this particular theme.

Los Angeles enjoyed a genuine sensation when Col. Griffith was arrested September 3, 1903, on the charge of assault with a deadly weapon, for he was one of the leading figures in the city's social and public life. Having made a fortune as a mining expert he came to the city prior to the boom, settled down on a large ranch and devoted himself to the raising of fine live stock, for which he became noted. Subsequently he assisted in the formation of the Civic League, presented Griffith Park, a magnificent domain, containing over 3,000 acres, to the city, and was prominent in many public-spirited enterprises. A long and costly trial followed his arrest, Col. Griffith stoutly maintaining that the shooting with which he was charged had been accidental, but finally he was sent to San Quentin for two years and ordered to pay a fine of \$5,000. It was in San Quentin that he formed the resolution and gathered the experiences that have brought him to the front as a reformer.

For his present role Griffith has unquestionably a number of advantages that make an unusual combination. As a former newspaper man he can write and write well. He has always had a knack for public speaking; he has means; he is able to talk from bitter personal suffering, and he is in deadly earnest. Such a man, and any movement he is vitally interested in, may go far.

San Quentin, in particular, has been the subject of much comment recently by reason of the publication of "No. 9009," which, running in the Saturday Evening Post, and professing to be a realistic picture of life within the penitentiary's walls, stirred public indignation deeply. Col. Griffith insists that the picture, far from being overdrawn, omits many of the most revolting features, and that he is making it his special task to drag to light. He tells a tale of torture deliberately and continuously applied; of brutal degradation systematically cultivated, and of degenerate conditions that it is difficult to express in print. All this he backs up with a wealth of detail, giving dates and not hesitating to furnish the names of guilty authorities, in public addresses and in articles that, with the cooperation of the Prison Reform League, are obtaining large circulation. Recently, for example, he spoke at much length before the state convention of the W. C. T. U. and minced no words, dwelling in particular on penitentiaries as schools for degeneracy, and urging this as a subject that women must take up and handle without gloves. The address was reported verbatim in three daily papers of large circulation, was noticed extensively throughout the state and has been made a special

order of business for the branch W C T U organizations of California. All of which is naturally giving the Prison Reform League a veritable boom, and bringing many recruits to its standard.

"While I was in San Quentin," said Col Griffith "half a dozen executions took place. With some forty others I was locked in the laundry, all convicts being on such occasions shut up in their cells or in the various workshops. The thud of the falling body was in each case distinctly audible jarring the entire building. There is a silence that is far more eloquent than any speech and in the long hush that preceded the actual deed the thought that was busy in the minds of my fellow prisoners was to be read easily on their faces.

"I can bear more direct testimony to the universal comment that succeeded, whenever opportunity came for discussion. It ran invariably on the strain that the state had committed another murder, with the constant corollary: 'If the state may kill, why not we?'

"That such sentiments engendered you must remember under circumstances in which they necessarily leave the profoundest and most lasting mark - can be other than poisonous to our public thought is, to me, at least, in credible.

"I may add, in connection with the entire subject of prison reform, that for fourteen months I slept nightly with forty-eight others, in the rooms immediately above the dungeon in which the straight laces and other forms of torture, that are a blot on our civilization and give the lie to our professed Christianity and the Sermon on the Mount, were constantly in use. I know what I heard, wrung from the lips of anguish, during those wakeful nights."

Whatever he may say to the contrary such statements, printed broadcast and discussed in all parts of the state, constitute a serious attack on whoever is responsible for the conditions charged, and it is evident that the Prison Reform League will be heard from further.

It was launched only with the beginning of the month as the result of a series of conferences with Eugene W. Chafin, late candidate for president on the Prohibition ticket, who was visiting Los Angeles, Col. John Zoblieski, widely known as an oldtime prison reformer, and others. A most vigorous campaign of education was mapped out, and thus far has been prosecuted with extraordinary energy.

Chafin, who has opened a special office in Chicago, is relied on to enlist the sympathies of the entire reform element with which he has been so prominently affiliated - he having written and spoken much on prison reform for many years past - and this will include the Good Templar lodges throughout the country. Others closely identified with national organizations have been detailed to operate through them and the offices of a large number of those intimately connected with the labor movement have been engaged for the purpose of bringing before the unions the entire matter of the treatment of criminals, who come principally from the ranks of the working class.

The plan of organization adopted is extremely simple. As soon as 1,000 signatures have been obtained to the declaration of principles in any particular state, that state proceeds to organize itself autonomously, the idea that the success of the movement will depend entirely on the activity and intelligence of individual workers being basic with its originators. Where ten states have been so organized, a national league will be formed and the work conducted on the largest lines. As a matter of fact the agitation already bids fair to be more than national, since a number of letters have been written by California residents to English papers with which they happen to be connected.

All over sixteen years of age, both male and female, are invited to sign the declaration of principles, which states that the objects of the league are: (1) The abolition of capital punishment, that the state may no longer swell the list of murders by becoming itself a murderer; (2) Reform of the administration of criminal law, a task that the United States has not undertaken since it became a nation; (3) Restraint to be for the sole purpose of protecting society and reforming the offender.

Probably the meat of the movement is to be found in the third declaration, Chafin having asserted vigorously at the meetings preceding the launching of this movement that, if he had the power, he would expunge the word "punishment" from the statute books. His view received unanimous indorsement.

In short the league proposes to give the entire philosophy of criminology a thorough overhauling, and it is instructing its members in the most businesslike manner as to the best methods of gaining the public ear. Assuredly it has no reason for complaining that the papers of California are not helping it to notoriety.

BOTH ARE SOCIALISTS.

"Battling" Nelson and "Kid" Herman, the two famous pugilists, are Socialists, according to the Chicago Daily Socialist, which paper interviewed both of the fighters. Herman is not a dues-paying member, but four of his brothers are, and his father was before his death recently. However, the "Kid" chips into the campaign funds. "Battling" Nelson declared that the hard struggle of the working class caused him to think his way into the Socialist movement. "I have not got much time to philosophize," said Nelson to a reporter, "but the labor platform of the Socialist party is just what the doctor ordered, and that I practice what I preach is evidenced by the stand I took in the London theatrical strike." This strike that Nelson refers to occurred last year. The theatrical managers combined to destroy the vaudeville actors' union. Nelson was billed as the star attraction at the Holburn theater, it being his first sparring exhibition when he arrived in England. He was not a member of the union, but when he learned of the strike he went on the stage, announced that he was not in the scab class and gave the audience a few minutes of Socialistic philosophy. His little talk created a big sensation and virtually won the strike, and he became a bigger card than ever with the London people. The incident was reported at the time in a little Associated Press squib, as though it was a bit of freak news, and the American people really never understood that "Battling" Nelson aided materially in preventing profit-mongering managers from forcing hundreds of actors and actresses who work hard to amuse the public and bring money into the box offices into a condition of want and misery. Since the London victory the actors' organization has become a power.—Social-Democratic Herald.

THE PRAYER OF THE TENEMENT.

By Ernest Poole.

"Breath—breath—give me breath!" A Yiddish whisper, on a night in April, 1903, from the heart of the New York Ghetto.

At eighteen Clinton street, back in the rear tenement, a young Roumanian Jew lay dying of consumption. I had come in with a Jewish doctor. With every breath I felt the heavy, foul odor from poverty, ignorance, filth, disease. In this room ten feet square six people lay on the floor packed closely, rubbing the heavy sleep from tired eyes, and staring at us dumbly. Two small windows gave them air, from a noisome court—a pit twenty feet across and five inches wide. And in that closet more were sleeping, three on a bed, one in a cradle.

"Breath—breath—give me breath!" The man's disease was infectious, and yet for two long weeks he had lain there dying. From his soiled bed he could touch the one table where the two families ate; the cooking stove was but six feet from him; the cupboard, over his pillow, he could even reach one of the cradles, where his baby girl lay staring at his strange position. For his wasted body was too feeble to rise; too choked, too tortured, to lie down. His young wife held him up while the sleepers stared silently

on, and that Yiddish whisper came over and over again, but now with a new and more frightful meaning: "Breath—breath—breath! Or kill me, oh, kill me!"

Two years ago this man had come to America, one of the four hundred and eighty-eight thousand in 1901. He came young and well and hopeful with his wife and their baby son. Two more had been born since then. It was to be a new country, a new home, a fresh start, a land to breathe in. "Breath—breath—give me breath!" He had breathed no air here but the close, heavy air of the sweatshop from six in the morning until ten at night. Sometimes he whispered, he worked on until eleven. He was not alone. In New York today and tonight are over fifty thousand like him working. And late in the night when he left the feverish labor at the hour when other homes are sleeping, he had come in through the foul court and had sunk into restless sleep in the dark closet six feet by seven. There are three hundred and sixty-one thousand such closets in the city. And this was his home.

"Luft geht mir luft!" He spoke only Yiddish. The new country had given the plague before the language. For the sweatshop and the closet had made him weak, his weakened body could make no fight, the plague came in and fed swiftly. Still on through the winter he had worked over the machine in the sweatshop, infecting the garments he sewed feverish, tired, fearful, to buy food and coal, to keep his "home" alive. And now on this last day of life, ten times he had whispered to his brother, begging him to care for the wife and the three little children.

The struggle now is ended. The home is scattered. The smothered whisper is forever hushed. "Breath—breath—give me breath!" It speaks the appeal of thousands. New York Call.

MINERS' UNION HOSPITAL.—AN INSTITUTION BUILT FOR THE BENEFIT OF HUMANITY.—EVERY ONE SHOULD BE INTERESTED IN MAKING THE HOSPITAL AN ABSOLUTELY COMPLETE SUCCESS.

Those who have not visited the new Miners' Union hospital, which is rapidly approaching completion, can have no idea of the completeness of detail and elegance in finish of this splendid new building. When ready for occupancy early in June, it is safe to say that no town in Colorado will have a more complete and up-to-date hospital than Silverton.

The building, which stands at the corner of Snowden and Thirteenth on the lots which for so many years contained the home of Col. F. M. Snowden, one of the locators of the town, is built of red pressed brick, with a basement of gray stone. The basement is largely above the ground and has splendid light and ventilation. Here are located the kitchen and dining room, bed rooms for help, laundry bath and store room. In the northwest corner is the sub-basement containing the furnace and coal bins, the latter holding three carloads of coal. From the kitchen runs a dummy elevator, on which food and other necessary articles can be raised to the floors above. In the center of the basement is the lower end of the elevator shaft, opposite the Thirteenth street entrance. This elevator is amply large for placing a cot so that any patient needing to be thus carried can be taken to the upper floors, without inconvenience or pain.

On the first floor to the right of the Snowden avenue entrance is the sitting room. Next to it comes the physicians' office, following this the drug room. On this floor are also six private rooms and a nice ward large enough to hold eight single beds, if necessary. Each floor also contains two bath rooms and laboratories; one for general use and one opening out of the wards.

The second floor in arrangement is much like the first, except the operating room, which is a marvel of completeness and arrangement. For daylight work it has a window to the north extending the entire width of the room and also an immense skylight. For night work it has a tremendous cluster of tungsten lamps, in the center of the ceiling, which floods the entire room with light. The floor of the operating room is of cement and every arrangement is scientifically sanitary and of the latest and best pattern. The ventilation plans for the operating room are perfect.

The second floor contains the same number of private rooms and wards as the first floor.

All of the decorations in the building are in subdued and harmonious tints and are very neat and restful. The corner room on the second floor has been contracted for permanently by the Fraternal Order of Eagles Lodge of Silverton, which has also purchased the furniture and this is the most elegant style and pattern.

The total cost of the building will be \$35,000. Mr. Castonguay had the contract and his work has certainly been commendable. The masonry work and plastering was done by Thomas G. Edwards of Durango. Fraser Brothers installed the steam heating plant and the plumbing. John Molony has done the painting; Harding & Meyers the electric wiring and lighting. The Prosser furniture store has the contract for the furniture. The building committee from the Miners' Union, which has had charge of the work consisted of Charles R. Waters, Hugh A. Allen, F. J. Bawden, P. J. Clifford and N. B. Cameron. To all who have been in any way connected with the building, the community certainly owes a debt of thanks for the excellence of the work performed.

Dr. A. I. Burnett has been elected by the board as physician in charge and he will select his staff of nurses and assistants. It is the hope of the committee to open the hospital early in June.

Although this institution has been erected under the direction of the Miners' Union, it is a public hospital, one of the very best, and which the town and county has long needed. It is doubtful if in a town of this size such an institution can be self-supporting and hence it is hoped that charitable people and persons of means will be liberal in contributions. No more worthy cause could appeal to the masses than a well conducted hospital and it should be the pleasure of people with money to give bountifully to its support and maintenance. Silverton has long needed a hospital and has wanted one and it remained for the Miners' Union to take the initiative and erect this building, which is a credit to their organization and an ornament to the town. Now that it is about completed and ready for occupancy it remains for the public to do their share and see that it is given proper and ample maintenance.—Silverton Weekly Miner.

POVERTY THE ROOT OF WHITE SLAVERY.

It almost invariably is the daughters of the poor who make up the army of underworld women. The Socialist maintains that this fact alone proves that economic necessity is back of the degradation of women. That were all women economically free there would be no underworld, no army of ruined, exploited womanhood. The old fallacy that women and girls enter here through choice, is being destroyed with every new investigation into the subject. Maud E. Miner, probation officer of city magistrates' courts, New York City, gives in a recent issue of The Survey a report gathered direct from the women of the streets, which shows more plainly than any theorizing can do, the causes of their fall. Following is an extract from Miss Miner's report.

A Spanish girl tells me, in sweet, rhythmical accents, "I run away with my sweetheart from my father when I was that way. From Spain he took me to England and then we sailed for America. What could I do when he left me? I got no money to live and they told me about the life but I didn't think it would be like this. But then I didn't care what came."

An Irish girl had been working in a boarding house in the city until three weeks before her arrest: "I met her one night and didn't think she meant

bad for me when I promised to go with her. We got to drinking and then I lost myself. I know it was awful wrong."

"I was broke and had no work to get money to live," said one girl as she told her story. "I had nobody here and I didn't know what to do. He offered a room and I took it."

"I was out with a show," said another, "and that's what started me in the life. The girls told me there's more good in it than there really is. All the girls really hate it."

"I thought I'd get style like the other girls do," said one girl who did not look at all like a prostitute. "I saw them dress swell and make nice money."

Two girls, seventeen and nineteen years of age, came from their home in Pennsylvania three weeks before their arrest. They had worked in the mills until they came away and had intended to come to Newark, where the brother of one of them lived, and go to work. A man whom they met on the train told them it was easier to get work in New York and directed them to a furnished rooming house in Harlem. They did not have much money and he offered to pay the rent. The woman who occupied the basement was friendly to them, invited them to eat with her, and introduced friends who came to drink and to play cards at night. In the court a young woman told how she had been sold into a disorderly house in Albany for \$25 and how she had tried to get away from it. . . . The "cadets" who live on the proceeds of prostitution are responsible for much of the tremendous wreckage of human life that we learn of in the courts. These are the men whom we must convict if we are to help the girls and prevent others from entering a life of shame. A girl, nineteen years of age, told me her story: "My father beat my mother and I was sent to a home. I heard mother was dead, but I never knew. They left me out to work from the home when I was fifteen, and I never seen her since. There was ten in the family and the work was hard. Then I took care of the children and helped the lady with the janitress work. They gave me four dollars a month. I thought I'd rather go to a factory and went to packing cigarettes. Yes, he married me. I run away with him when I was sixteen, and I have been on the streets for him ever since. I didn't know nothing about the life till he showed me. He beat me so I used to leave him and go to my aunt. Then he'd beg me and promise to do the right thing by me if I'd try him again. The last night I was out for him I gave him \$25 and even then he's not satisfied. I don't care what happens now I'm glad I told you the truth."

When Bertha was arraigned in court she claimed she was twenty-one years of age, had never been arrested before or in any institution—that her parents were dead and she had no relatives or friends. Later when she decided to tell the truth, and her story was investigated, I learned she was eighteen years of age, had a father, mother, four sisters and a brother in New York; that she had been arrested before and sent to an institution. After leaving the institution, a "cadet" had sent her to the streets and for six weeks before her arrest she had been soliciting. She told how he had followed her in the streets and refused to admit her to the room unless she slipped ten dollars under the door each night. "Even us girls in the restaurant said how mean he treated Bertha, and felt sorry for her," said another girl who had taken pity on her. "I couldn't see her go that way and I gave her some of my clothes to wear. The coat and skirt she has on now belong to me."

"He threatened to put a bullet through me, or to cut my face if I told, and I didn't dare to tell," said Bertha as she confided in me.

It is most difficult to induce a girl to make a statement against the man, and not until she feels that we are willing to stand by her and protect her will she do this. She fears also the consequences if the man is discharged and declares that her life will not be safe if he finds where she is working.

Much is being done to help the unfortunate girls and women who offend against the law, but not nearly enough.

These few extracts from Miss Miner's interviews with New York street girls give the average reasons for their condition. The old idea of man's chivalry toward woman is thoroughly exploded as one comes more to understand his treatment of the unprotected woman of the large cities. Not only is the individual who commits the crime of "cadetting" at fault, but the laws are nowhere adequate to woman's protection, while they are in many instances directly against her. And when we have added to this a public sentiment which is actually vicious toward the unfortunate sister, we find that her lot is the hardest of all human beings, for she has the least chance of escaping from it.

Because of these unfavorable circumstances in which the unprotected working girl so often finds herself, there has been organized The National Vigilance committee, which has for its purpose the "safe guarding of unprotected girls and women and the suppression of the white slave traffic." Its office is at 207 East Fifteenth street, New York City. Literature on the subject will be furnished those applying at this address. On the committee are the names of prominent men and women of all callings, Cardinal Gibbons being among them. It is to be hoped that all right loving men and women will assist this organization in its work of suppressing the traffic in womanhood in this and all lands.—The Progressive Woman.

MEXICAN WORKERS PLEAD FOR LIBERTY.

Rockefeller and Harriman Own Strip of Land as Long as California and as Wide as Humboldt County.

President Diaz has been pictured in the American press and American magazines as a model ruler and has been pronounced by these same authorities as one of the most popular rulers in the world. These effusions of praise have evidently had the same source of inspiration as the numerous columns of paid matter that is daily foisted upon the American public through the medium of the subsidized press for the purpose of moulding public opinion. As a matter of fact the Diaz rule in Mexico is one of the most tyrannical and despotic on the face of the earth, that of Russia not excepted. For years Diaz has retained control through armed force and intimidation and in direct and open violation of the constitution of Mexico. His reign has been a bloody one and the workers of Mexico have been persecuted, imprisoned and killed in cold blood whenever they made an attempt to free themselves through the peaceful means of the ballot. Elections have been a farce. The government officials have organized themselves into a band of plunderers. Justice in the courts has been out of the question. So desperate has the situation become that Mexico is today boiling and seething on the brink of a fearful revolution.

Hounded in United States.

Those who have fled to the United States have been hounded here by the hired spies of the Mexican government, and to the shame of American courts they have been imprisoned and sentenced in some cases. E. F. Magon and P. G. Guerrero are among those who have taken an active part in the struggle for the emancipation of the Mexican people from the tyranny that holds sway today. They are members of the so-called Mexican Liberal party and have issued a signed manifesto in which they set forth the conditions that prevail in Mexico as well as the aims of the Mexican workers. It is merely another plea for human liberty and one that should find a ready response in the heart of every American. For the information and instruction of our readers and for the benefit of the workers of Mexico we publish it in full as follows:

"The publicity which in the last two years has been given to the cause of the Mexican revolution has aroused much sympathy among the workers of all countries, a sympathy that is growing less and less a matter of mere resolutions and words and is becoming more and more practical in its desire to aid. But as there still seems to exist some doubts as to the real aims and objects of the Mexican working-class movement, we, members of the Junta of the Mexican Liberal party, issue this manifesto:

"The capitalist press in general, as well as those papers directly sub-

sidized by the dictator of Mexico, Porfirio Diaz, has ceaselessly been forging public opinion in favor of the employers. Their printed lies have raised barriers which keep the wage slaves of Mexico from coming to a fraternal understanding with their brothers in other lands. It is to remove these doubts, to tear down these barriers, to make clear the solidarity of the international labor movement, that this manifesto is written. This cry from the shadow of the Mexican slave huts is not for mercy or pity, it is a cry of protest against the executioners of the working class. You, our brothers, must not sleep while the common enemy continues its ruthless extermination of the people of our unfortunate country. The shackles which are being bound upon our limbs are binding yours as well.

Deals With Foreign Capital.

"The conditions of the working class in Mexico are different from those in other countries, different because Porfirio Diaz has for years been conspiring with foreign capitalists to build up a system which will create dissension between the Mexican workers and the workers of other lands. He has given vast grants of lands, mineral claims and railroad franchises to foreign capitalists, who on their part have hired foreign managers and foremen for their works, in which the foreign workmen were paid often double the wages allowed the Mexicans for the same class of labor. This crafty system of breeding discord among the workers has made it impossible for the Mexicans in the shops, factories and railroads to organize powerful unions as is done in other lands. The result of this great capitalist conspiracy has been to keep the standard of living in Mexico down to a point of starvation and to make great riches for the foreign friends of Diaz at the expense of the entire Mexican working class.

"To create dissension and hate between the Mexican and foreign workers has been the plan of the capitalists in order to safeguard their riches. To isolate the Mexican workers and drown his efforts for freedom in rivers of blood is the purpose of Mexico's despoilers. For these things, and for the cause of the Mexican working class, we come to you, workers of all countries, to inform you of what is going on in Mexico. Because, with the knowledge of the truth you can assist in the struggle which has no hate against any one except the executioners of the working class. We desire only to break our chains, to work shoulder to shoulder with you for future progress. The cause which we are defending is yours as well as ours.

Harriman and Rockefeller.

"To show with what a lavish hand the Diaz government has enriched the American capitalists, it is only necessary to point out that E. H. Harriman owns 2,500,000 acres of oil land west of Tampico, that of the Hearst interests control in the neighborhood of 3,000,000 acres near the city of Chihuahua, and that the total area of territory now cornered, on the gulf coast alone, by the joint interests of the Standard Oil and Harriman is over one thousand miles long by an average of seventy miles in width, running through the richest lands of Mexico. These are but a fragment of the concessions granted by Diaz to American capitalists.

Diaz's Bloody Rule.

"A bloody saturnalia has followed the career of Porfirio Diaz, whose record of killings among his own people is popularly estimated to be over thirty thousand lives.

"It was at Monterey, in the elections of 1902, that the troops fired into a peaceful body of marching citizens, strewing the streets with piles of dead and dying!

"It was in front of the Rio Blanco mills, during the strike of 1906, that sixty-four men, six women and four children were shot down by the soldiery of Diaz!

"It was at Cananea, in 1906, that the rurales under Kosterlitzky, and the cowboys under Greene, massacred the striking miners and drove them back to work!

"These are but a few of the bloody incidents in the career of the butcher of Mexico.

"Mexico's revolution is not purely a political revolution—it is a social problem which relates to us directly. We are compelled to meet force with force, for so the tyrant Diaz has decided. We did not seek strife, we were driven to it. We have learned the lesson so ably expressed by a great thinker—"Better a handful of force than a bag of rights."

"Our program is simple: we do not attempt to realize everything in a day, and so we will begin with the untying of the rope which binds, in order that we may go on to progress. Freedom of the press, speech and education, the right of public assemblage and the turning back to the people of all the great holdings of uncultivated lands; the abolition of capital punishment and the present brutal system of prisons; the abolition of debts which the people have carried upon their shoulders for many generations, binding them to their masters in practical slavery from birth to death. These reforms are all in the program of the Liberal party. The eight-hour day, a minimum scale of wages, and the right of the people of the republic to participate in all public questions, is also part of our program. In this fashion the Mexican revolution will open a trench in which will be built a social organism more just, more harmonious with the sentiments of solidarity and love such as will some day rule the world. It is axiomatic that those who work for the individual work for the mass, and that the emancipation of one people shortens the days of the whole world's slavery.

"Those nations which have attained comparative freedom should not close their eyes to the miseries of the less fortunate; nor should they turn their backs upon a struggle which is for the benefit of all.

"The armed mercenaries of the Mexican despot drive our countrymen into prisons of torture where life is prolonged merely to make the agony more cruel, and it must be remembered by you that the power to commit these atrocities has been obtained by Diaz, in large part, from his friends, the foreign investors, of whom many come from the United States.

"But not only in Mexico are we tracked by the police agents; in the United States we are also hunted like wild animals. Mexican homes in this country are entered without warrant, the patriots manacled and hurried to United States jails, while others are secretly taken to the border and delivered into the hands of the waiting rurales. Our comrades, Ricardo Flores Magon, Antonio I. Villarreal and Librado Rivera, are in Arizona awaiting trial upon the charge of violating the United States neutrality laws. If patriotism is a crime in this country, they are guilty. But if the American right of asylum is to be preserved they will be freed. Among the most vindictive persecutors of these political prisoners is the former United States attorney for Los Angeles, Oscar Lawler, who went so far as to vilify the prisoners in the public press at the same time that he had ordered the jailer to hold them 'incommunicado.' Lawler's reward, for thus cowardly attacking prisoners unable to reply, has been an appointment in the office of the attorney general at Washington.

"In the federal prison at Leavenworth, Kansas, are our comrades, Antonio de P. Araujo, A. D. Guerra, P. G. Silva and L. Trevino, all made convicts because of their love for their country and determination to fight for the liberties of Mexico. In Texas jails are still other Mexican political prisoners, Basilio Ramirez and Calixto Guerra, who have been held since last July and are still awaiting trial.

"The power of Diaz in the United States is shown in various ways: In January last, in Tucson, Arizona, a young workingman by the name of Cenaído Reyes was arrested because of his resemblance to a well-known member of the Mexican Liberal party. This young Mexican was not a revolutionist, but because the authorities thought they had captured a man that Diaz wanted he was hurried to the border and, without trial, passed over into the hands of the rurales. From that moment to this he has disappeared from the face of the earth, his sorrowing family being unable to ascertain whether he is alive or dead. Such are the secret workings of the Diaz government in this country.

"The friends of Diaz in the United States are ever ready to assist him in crushing the attempts of the Mexican people to free themselves. Here is an example of their work. Many of the large coal mine owners in Oklahoma and Northern Texas also own valuable concessions in the coal fields in Coahuila; at the time of the uprising in June, 1908, these employers cut wages and reduced the number of days' work in their American mines in order to prevent their Mexican miners from sending financial aid to the revolutionists.

"But in spite of all the massacres in Mexico and the imprisonment in the United States we continue our struggle for liberty. We, the Mexican proletariat, must be free, and there is no price that we will not pay to attain this end.

"Here ends our manifesto, for our task would be endless if we attempted to make a complete list of the exploitations, deportations, imprisonments and killings perpetrated upon the Mexican people by Porfirio Diaz—acts, in many instances in which the government of the United States assisted.

"Comrades of the world, read carefully our manifesto and then take such action as will best help the cause of freedom.

"Yours for human emancipation,
 "ENRIQUE FLORES MAGON,
 "PRAXEDIS G. GUERRERO,

"For the Organizing Junta of the Mexican Liberal Party
 "San Antonio, Texas, May 10, 1909."

A WOMAN'S TRIBUTE TO "UNCLE SAM."

Emma Goldman in Mother Earth has the following to say editorially relative to the persecutions that have been inflicted upon her by the powers of government:

"The United States government in a mad chase after Emma Goldman—What a significant title for a funny story. What rich material for a cartoon!

"By the decision of the federal government, Emma Goldman, the terrible, may now be deported. Well, serves her right. What on earth made her select our dear country, anyway? It is different with us Americans. We are here through no fault of ours. But for her to come voluntarily, to live here twenty-five years, and to go on as if she were at home—that is strong, indeed!

"What did our government do to get rid of her? For seventeen years the police have camped on her trail; her meetings were broken up; her audiences clubbed innumerable times, but that didn't seem to help. Then she was arrested again and again—not for what she said, but for what she was going to say. Why, she was actually sentenced to Blackwell's Island penitentiary once, for inciting to riot which didn't take place, but which might have taken place. Well, what happened? When she came out, she was worse than ever. In 1901 she was held under \$20,000 bail, while our poor government spent \$30,000 to connect her with McKinley's death. In short, every conceivable method was used to relieve the anxiety of the United States government. But that woman simply sticks and sticks. However, if there is anything Uncle Sam cannot do, we should like to know it. Hasn't he men in the secret service patriotic enough to do any kind of a dirty job for money? Well, we sent some of them to a city called Rochester, where, many years ago, a man had the misfortune to marry that there Emma Goldman. He was a good man, you know; for no American citizen can be a very bad man. But that marriage was a blotch on his citizenship. So out of Christian kindness and American loyalty, his naturalization papers were annulled. Wasn't that a clever idea? Of course, it cost him a lot. Some people in Rochester had to be cajoled, intimidated, threatened, frightened, and possibly bribed. But it was done all right, and the country might now breathe easy if—but there is Emma Goldman, still enjoying our air, looking at our sky, counting our stars, basking in our sun, and dreaming un-American dreams—can there be a greater indictment against any human being? Not enough of that, she actually disbelieves in our or any government, and insists that they are only here to divide human interests. She attacks the entire system; she will have it that it is a life-and-soul-destroying mechanism, and that it strips man of the finest and best in him.

"Did anyone ever hear of such treason?

"Were she an American citizen, we might some day hang or electrocute her. But an alien—what's left for us to do but deport her. The trouble is, where, oh where, can we send her?

"Poor poor United States government! Yours is, indeed, a difficult task. True, your hard, persistent labors have been crowned with some success. You have Emma Goldman's citizenship. But she has the world, and her heritage is the kinship of brave spirits—not a bad bargain."

IT CAN'T LAST.

In the March issue of a well-known magazine, Professor John D. Commons of Wisconsin university, in discussing the condition of Pittsburg non-union mill men, quotes an employer as follows:

"The present situation can only be temporary."

"Temporary" is the word. Workers will be compelled to go back to the unions in droves. They will be compelled to go onto the political field in solid phalanx.

They will be compelled to grapple with problems undreamed of ten years ago.

The cost of living, the invention of machinery, the man-killing speed, the introduction of piece work, the decreasing age limit, and the growing army of unemployed are menaces to this nation.

Men will not always act the grasshopper part and be crunched under the engine of greed and gold. They will decline to longer tramp the highways of this earth's Eden, with legislators screeching for man-killing implements, as they strut and shout on the dangers of war.

This country is rapidly abandoning name-worshipping. At last the old political parties stand in their true light—one, the agent of plutocracy and the other an office-seeking, purchasable, discredited old harlot who will trim, trade, barter and beg for the pie counter's crumbs.

We seem more interested in sycophants and self-seekers, as a prostituted press tells us of the "upper circles'" doings, with grim woe and want abroad in a land teeming with wealth.

Truly, the steel magnate speaks. Present conditions can't continue and an arrogant and blind plutocracy will count itself lucky if the hordes of unorganized flock to the unions, there to be disciplined and assimilated, in preparation for changing orders, as the Pittsburg capitalist forecasts.—Toledo Union Leader.



POETICAL



MEDITATION OF A DESERTED WIFE.

Alone tonight I sit deserted
 Thinking, thinking of the past,
 Disappointed hopes and failures,
 And the love that didn't last.

Who's to blame, I wonder, for it?
 Was it the man who weakly fled
 When poverty and distress engulfed him
 And left his babes to cry for bread

Or is it the laws made only for rich men,
 Made to protect their greed and gold,
 Made to enslave the weak and helpless,
 Causing miseries untold

What's the future of my babies—
 Sweat shop, factory, or worse?
 With no laws made to protect them,
 Life to them is but a curse.

Won't the good Lord take my babies,
 Safe within His sheltering arms
 Take my babies from a future
 Fraught with danger, misery, crime.
 —Mrs George Hughes, Toledo, O

In Memoriam.

Globe, Ariz., May 27, 1909.

Whereas, Death has again invaded our ranks and removed from our midst our dearly beloved brother, Charles E. Larsen; and

Whereas, In the death of Brother Larsen Globe Miners' Union has lost a true and faithful member, therefore be it

Resolved, That we extend to the family and relatives our heartfelt sympathy in this their hour of sorrow and bereavement; and be it further

Resolved, That Globe Miners' Union drape its charter in mourning for a period of thirty days, that a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the family of our deceased brother, a copy sent to the Miners' Magazine for publication, and a copy be spread on the minutes of this union.

THOS. W. IBBITSON,
 S. COTTEN,
 A. N. JONES,

Committee

(Seal.)

Globe, Ariz., May 28, 1909.

Whereas, The Supreme Ruler has invaded our ranks and taken from our councils our beloved comrade and brother, William H. Garside who was a true and faithful member; be it

Resolved, That we, the members of Globe Miners' Union No. 60, extend our heartfelt sympathy to the friends and relatives of our departed brother in this their hour of bereavement; and furthermore be it

Resolved, That our charter be draped in mourning for a period of thirty days, that a copy of these resolutions be spread on our minutes, a copy sent to Mrs. Samuel Oldfield, beloved mother of our departed brother, and a copy sent to the Miners' Magazine for publication.

M. H. PAGE,
 JOHN MITCHELL,
 M. J. O'CONNOR,

Committee.

(Seal.)

Rico, Colo., May 27, 1909.

Whereas, It was the will of God, in his infinite wisdom, to remove from among us our worthy brother, Joseph Rabbit; therefore be it

Resolved, That we, the members of Rico Miners' Union No. 36, W. F. of M., do hereby extend to the relatives and friends our sincere sympathy and condolence in their affliction; and be it further

Resolved, That in respect for our departed brother, our charter be draped for thirty days. Also that a copy of these resolutions be published in the Miners' Magazine and in the Rico Item.

F. E. CUSTIS,
 JOHN C. PETERSON,
 ADOLPH LAUBE,

Committee

Yours fraternally,

ADOLPH LAUBE.

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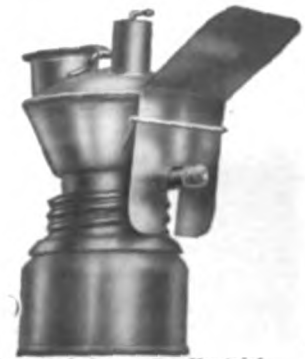
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