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# THE MINERS MAGAZINE

EDUCATION INDEPENDENCE ORGANIZATION

Published Weekly by the  
**WESTERN FEDERATION  
OF MINERS**



DENVER, COLORADO, SEPTEMBER 4, 1913  
VOLUME XIV. 24 NUMBER 532.

WEALTH BELONGS  
TO THE PRODUCER  
THEREOF.



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EDUCATION INDEPENDENCE ORGANIZATION

# MINERS MAGAZINE



Published Weekly by the WESTERN FEDERATION OF MINERS

Denver, Colorado,  
Thursday, September 4, 1913.

Volume XIV., Number 532  
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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 Communications not in conformity with this notice will not be published.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.

**SUBSCRIBE** for the Miners' Magazine, subscription \$1.00 per year.

**THE STRIKE AGAINST THE SCRANTON MINE IS STILL ON AT THE TINTIC MINING DISTRICT.**

**SUBSCRIBE** for the Miners' Magazine for the year 1913. The small sum of \$1.00 will insure you receiving 52 copies of the official organ of the Western Federation of Miners'.

**KEEP AWAY** from Bingham Canyon, Utah, the strike is still on.

**OUR** industrial system is built on the ignorance of the masses of the people. Our hellish profit system cannot survive in an atmosphere of intelligence.

**THE I. W. W.**, commonly known as the "freelunch brigade," "slander syndicate" and bummery" has lost its grip and the pastures are no longer green for the sweatless parasites.

**THE STRIKE** in the Platte river district, Missouri, was settled August 26th, the men receiving an increase of 25 cents per day in wages and protection against discrimination. There were 5,000 men involved.

**THE OPTIMISTIC PRESS** says that we must have no panic. With the railroad bonds commanding a lower price since the year 1907, with government bonds lower than since the Civil War and with city, county and state bonds begging for buyers, it looks to a man up a tree as though the crash was about to come.

**SENATOR TILLMAN**, in a late speech before the United States Senate, predicted the doom of the nation and the corruption of the gentler sex, when that sex is clothed with equal suffrage. Old Benjamin used his pitchfork on woman, but his eloquent insults merely provoked a grin from his auditors. Ben belongs to the dark ages.

**BOB MELDRUM**, the professional gunman and hired murderer was convicted at Bragg, Wyoming, and sentenced to twenty-one years in the penitentiary. Meldrum has been a salaried assassin for about twenty years, and was a close friend of that blood-thirsty monster, Tom Horn, who was executed in Wyoming several years ago.

Meldrum killed two men in Telluride, Colorado, at different times, but being on the payroll of a Mine Owners' Association his red-handed crimes were unpunished. His case in Wyoming has been appealed to the Supreme Court, but it is probable that the cold-blooded degenerate will get little relief from a higher court.

## WANTED.

Copies of The Miners' Magazine are wanted of the following dates of issue: Dec. 30, 1909; Jan. 6, 1910; Feb. 10, 1910; March 17, 1910; March 23, 1911; Apr. 20, 1911.

Any parties having copies of The Magazine of the above dates will do the Western Federation of Miners a favor by forwarding same to Ernest Mills, 605 Railroad Building, Denver, Colorado.

**THE POWERS** that be can't believe the awful exposure of corruption involving half of Congress and almost all ex-congressmen for the past ten years, and portrayed by Mulhall in the Congressional investigation, although Mulhall has "the goods" to prove it all in some twenty thousand letters, documents and telegrams, they are already trying to shut off further investigation and have commenced to yelp in unison, "liar," "scoundrel" and "fraud." But a few years ago when Harry Orchard, that prince of liars, self-confessed murderer, thug and all-round yegg and crook, without a particle of evidence to back his statements in the Moyer and Pettibone case, they were all shouting amen because he was as they termed it, "peaching" on labor. All the leading kept press that are new pointing out that Mulhall is a liar, were unanimous in praising so noble a witness as Harry Orchard.—The Clarion.

**AS GOING** to press we have just received the following telegram from President Charles H. Moyer:

Calumet, Mich., Sept. 1, 1913.

Ernest Mills,  
605 R. R. Bldg., Denver, Colo.

"While labor is celebrating, the hirelings in the employ of the copper magnates in Michigan are murdering innocent children. This morning these fiends fired into a crowd of helpless women and children, killing a girl of fourteen years."

CHAS H. MOYER.

President Western Federation of Miners.

**IN THE CONVENTION** of the Catholic Federated Societies held at Milwaukee it was claimed that Tom Watson's Magazine had lost all of its advertising patrons with the exception of two, and that this loss of patronage was due to the influence brought to bear upon the many advertisers that used the pages of Watson's Magazine. In other words, through the membership of the Catholic Federated Societies, a boycott was threatened against the advertising patrons of Watson's Magazine unless they withdrew their support. When labor uses the boycott against exploiters to bring them to a sense of justice, such action is branded as "un-American," but a religious organization presumed to be permeated with the spirit of Christ, can use the boycott and boast of it in a convention, and yet there is no denunciation for such action on the part of an organization whose members are supposed to yield obedience to the Golden Rule.

**FRED HEZLEWOOD**, who since the free speech fiasco in Spokane, Washington, has been editor and manager of the Industrial Worker, a sheet prostituted to slander and calumny, is now whining like a yellow dog, because some of his former pals have deserted him and are giving him a few doses of his own medicine.

Hezlewood, the revolutionist and advocate of "One Big Union," yelps like a saffron-tinted cur when some of his messmates of the soup-house conglomeration snatch a few dirty epithets from the garbage can of the bum-vocabulary and hurl them at the mongrel, who far years, has spewed his slime upon anybody and everybody who failed to gulp down the drivelling idiocy propagated by the "high brows" known as "spittoon philosophers."

The "doughnut" and "chickory" amalgamation is suffering from

that internal dissension and disruption which its loquacious apostles have tried on the bona-fide labor movement, and now, the "big stiff" of Spokane is whimpering like an abandoned outcast in a "red light" district.

THE following telegram from the executive council of the American Federation of Labor demonstrates that the entire labor movement of the American continent will assist, both morally and financially, the striking miners of the state of Michigan:

Washington, D. C., August 27, 1913.

Charles H. Moyer,  
Denver, Colorado.

The executive council of the American Federation of Labor has endorsed the strike of the copper miners in the state of Michigan and directed that a communication be sent to the officers of the national and international unions requesting them to urge their local unions to appropriate as much money as they can to assist the copper miners to remain on strike until a settlement is reached and that all central bodies be requested to appoint committees at their next meeting or a called meeting for the purpose of devising ways and means to raise additional funds. I will send communication tomorrow to secretaries of national and international unions and central bodies.

FRANK MORRISON,  
Secretary American Federation of Labor.

THE INSIDE of the Paterson strike is now getting to the outside. The long and short of it was that the great struggle was ridden to disaster by the irresponsibles of the I. W. who fastened upon it as a good chance for fame and power and free meals at labor's expense. It appears that these parasites kept the strike going by taking the stand that there should be no settlement until the manufacturers in a body requested it. Some of the concerns wanted to settle, but the larger ones did not, it being to their interests to have their competitors put on the rocks. The bigger fellows with mills, elsewhere, some even in Europe, could shut down and smile. In fact, it is now conceded by Alexander Scott and others that the big manufacturers were benefited by the strike. All this may seem like lunkhead tactics, but it was foxier than that. The longer the strike the longer the I. W. opportunity. Jacob Panken has thrown some light upon the affair. He reports that a day or two after the walkout a number of manufacturers applied for settlement, but as it was a sympathetic strike there were no demands to present, except that there should be no introduction of the three and four-loom system. Six weeks later the I. W.'s formulated some demands, but still persisted that they would not settle with individual mills. They said they would get a big hall and have the manufacturers on one side of the room and the workers on the other and stage a mammoth settlement scene. And so the twenty-two weeks of starving for the thousands of workers went on, with the Haywoods and Gurleys in the spotlight gloating over the power they exercised. The I. W. motto: "Trouble for Trouble's Sake," was well exemplified. A struggle of such magnitude should be managed by men of integrity and sense. Labor must learn.—Social-Democratic Herald.

WHEN the strike of copper miners in Michigan began several weeks ago and the state militia and scores of thugs were hastened into the district as though all plans had been carefully prearranged, the news agencies sent out sinister statements to the effect that the strike would be smashed in a few days, and since then almost daily reports have been issued in which it was claimed that the strike was broken and that men were returning to work. The truth of the matter is that the Michigan contest is settling down to a repetition of the West Virginia struggle. The recently-organized union miners are standing together almost solidly. A few hundred non-union miners returned to work and a large number of incompetent strike-breakers supplied by the Waddell and other agencies have been sent into the mines in the hope of bluffing the strikers and creating a stampede. As in West Virginia, the Governor of Michigan and nearly all state and local officials, including the militia and police, and many of the business people are displaying their class-consciousness and are siding with the mine operators and their armies of thugs in the hope of driving the strikers back to the mines; and, as in West Virginia, too, the militia and hired thugs have deliberately incited trouble and killed four or five miners and wounded many others, while large numbers of families are being evicted from the hovels in which they live and credit for groceries and other supplies is being shut off. Despite the fact that nearly every man's hand is against them the miners announce that they intend to battle to the bitter end for the right to organize, higher wages, shorter hours, etc. A strong effort will be made to secure the appointment of a committee at the hands of Congress to investigate the conditions on the Michigan peninsula and bring to the light of day the horrors under which the miners work, the millions that are exploited by the parasitical owners of Boston and New York and the power that the latter wield over the

Michigan officeholders. Mother Jones is now in Washington consulting with members of Congress to secure the appointment of such a committee and A. F. of L. officials are also working to gain that end. Meanwhile the Western Federation of Miners have sent out an appeal for funds to continue the contest to a successful conclusion, and every local union in the country ought to contribute its mite thereto.—Cleveland Citizen.

THE I. W. W. has for years bitterly assailed the A. F. of L. for keeping the workers out on long strikes. They had a whole series of fancy tactics as substitutes. Yet the four months' long Paterson strike is a typical "dime-against-dollars" strike. The much-boasted and theorized "intermittent" strike, as ridiculously proposed so often in I. W. W. theory, has been found to be inapplicable. "A. F. of L. tactics" had to be used, however inconsistent.

And, worse yet, many I. W. W.'s would be glad to see part of the Paterson strikers go back to work and help support the rest, even though for years this practice by the craft unions has been labeled the rankest treachery by the I. W. W. And it's the same with the absurd centralization theory of the I. W. W. Practice has shown it too, to be fallacious. The old fanatical cry of autonomy is being succeeded by an intelligent demand for decentralization. Two of the I. W. W. four English papers are edited by avowed decentralists.

The old "fundamental" cry of "no leaders" in the I. W. W. is falling into disrepute, as today the I. W. W. undoubtedly has more labor leaders than any union of its size in the country. Its progressive members are adopting the modern theory of the militant minority. The labor faker is also beginning to bloom in the I. W. W., though this was supposed to be solely native to the craft unions. And so goes the evolution of the I. W. W.

Nor is this evolution liable to cease. Now that William E. Trautmann, the king-pin I. W. W. theorist, has been jarred from the official pie counter and has characteristically bit the hand that fed him for years, it may be expected that many of his theories, including the ridiculous "one big union" chart, with its freak and arbitrary industries and departments will be repudiated.—W. Z. Foster, in Syndicalist.

WHENEVER any given set of men decide to organize and demand for themselves better conditions the employers immediately claim an amount of interest in the welfare of their employes a willingness to treat with them, but only as employes; will sometimes even agree that organization is not altogether bad, but (all such admissions always end with a "but") the particular organization that the men have allied themselves with is the one organization with which they decline to treat.

That is the position now taken by the operators in the copper regions.

And it is the most transparent of buncombe, as every one familiar with conditions in that field can testify.

The grievances of the men are real and more than urgent.

Without an organization to voice their demands, every protection that common humanity, mere decency, even good business sagacity should insure in the dangerous employment in which these miners were engaged was denied them. Not even sufficient air was forced into the mines to clear them of the deadly gases—the poisonous acids the copper ore gives forth.

How could individual employes demand the amelioration of these deadly conditions? We know, from years of experience before the miners' organization became a power for the betterment of working conditions of the coal mines, the brutal indifference displayed by the owners to the dangers that surrounded us.

And because the miners in the copper regions have at last taken the only possible step that might lead to their approximate safety; the preservation of their lives and health while engaged in their daily tasks, every force that the great state of Michigan can muster is eagerly forwarded to drive these men back, unprotected and helpless at the mercy of these callous money grabbers who so evidently have entrenched themselves by their power to control the officials of the state's government.

Thugs and murderers from the dark corners of the slums have been brought in to terrorize these honest workers, and a subservient sheriff, defying the laws of the state, has given these the power of his office to protect them in their work of rapine and murder.

Workingmen of America, how long will you, by your franchise, continue to place in the hands of your oppressors the club, the rifle, the bayonet, by which they force on you the unspeakable conditions under which you groan?

How many more such lessons are necessary before you at last recognize the necessity of using your political power for the safeguarding of your economic conditions?

In the meantime, let us, by our material aid, by our united protests, by our moral support, aid these, our brothers, to win this battle in spite of the forces of iniquity that are being mustered to defeat them.—United Mine Workers' Journal.

## Building the Army and Navy

**D**URING THE PAST FEW YEARS the federal government has resorted to questionable methods to swell the army and navy. The billboards of nearly every important city of the country have been covered with alluring pictures of the life of the soldier and sailor.

The following extracts are taken from the glowing circulars issued by the federal government to drug the young man into the belief that the life of the soldier opens the avenues through which he may reach the goal of his ambition:

"Young man, what wages are you working for? Why look for work every day when you know the United States army

"Offers you a good position for life with liberal pay, free education and an opportunity free of cost to travel and see the world?

"The Orient, Hawaii, the Philippine Islands, Alaska, Panama and all the United States; also an excellent opportunity to obtain a mechanical and technical education and a thorough training in electricity at government expense.

"If you are a young man with no special trade or profession, you can in three years' time prepare yourself for such first-class positions as engineers, firemen, electricians, mechanical draughtsmen, etc., and, in fact, with a little time and study devoted to your duty as required by the government, you can after your first enlistment of four years be able to secure most any position you may seek in civil life.

"Splendid chance for advancement.

"A favorable opportunity is afforded for active, intelligent young men of temperate habits, who may enlist as privates and develop the necessary qualifications, to secure promotion to be commissioned officers. \* \* \* Many of our presidents, senators, congressmen, representatives and a great many of our most successful business men have started their career in the service of the United States. Why can't you?

"There is no better recommendation than an excellent discharge certificate from the U. S. army.

"You may travel all over this country, to Hawaii, Alaska, the Philippines and Panama; in fact, many soldiers now in the army have traveled around the world. A trip which in itself gives wonderful education. There is a splendid chance for technical training in everything from mechanics, electricity and engineering to wireless telegraphy and aviation.

"The army, in its greatest service schools, will teach you, and while teaching you pay you for learning. And after making you a specialist

in the line you select, will promote you or you may go back to civil life and command a salary equal to that offered the graduates of the great technical colleges.

"The army offers travel, education, athletic training and a fine opportunity to save money.

"Live the man! Be the man!

"You have a certain position with assured health and pay.

"The education and training that you acquire depends upon yourself.

"The army will give it to you if you will take it.

"Many of the officers holding high rank in the army today started as recruits.

"Generals, who have been at the head of the army, have started in the same way.

"Your chance is just as good today."

The above word-painted extracts, taken from the circulars scattered throughout the country by the federal government for the purpose of building up the army and navy, are worthy of the most serious consideration.

As a matter of fact, the vast majority of men know that the army and navy have made wrecks of countless thousands of young men, who through delusive circulars or lack of employment, have enlisted under "Uncle Sam." Thousands of shattered wrecks are now walking the streets of our cities with no object in life, who have gone through the experience of a "good position," "free education" and *seeing the world* while getting "liberal pay" as a defender of "Old Glory."

The soldier is an absolute slave.

He must obey the orders of every official above him, and to refuse, means the guardhouse and a trial before a military court. The soldier as a slave is in a far worse condition than the menial who takes his orders from the captain of a private industry. The menial, or wage slave, can quit his master, but the soldier is confronted with the contract which he signed when he enlisted. He dare not quit, and to desert his job may mean a trial for treason. The circulars misrepresent facts, and young men are lured into the army and navy through glowing promises that are based upon palpable fraud.

No soldier who has served a term in the army or navy will give his O. K. to the glaring falsehoods contained in the circulars scattered broadcast by the agents of the federal government.

## "How the Mighty Have Fallen"

**T**HEODORE ROOSEVELT for a number of years flashed like a meteor in the political sky, but, alas! the only Teddy has almost dropped into oblivion. There were many thousands, and tens of thousands of people who entertained the conviction that the political gymnast of Oyster Bay was a wonderful man and thoroughly equipped with those qualities of peerless statesmanship that were unrivalled by any competitor in the arena of politics. There was a time when the "rough rider" was hailed as that dauntless Spartan whose teeth and growls against malefactors of great wealth caused giants of industry and finance to become weak and flatterer in their contemplated conspiracies to plunder the public. Teddy was the man to "bust" the trusts, but the trusts have "busted" Teddy politically.

Teddy was a barn-storming artist who played for the applause of the gallery, and when the gods in the gallery responded to the verbal thunder that broke from the fevered lips of the warrior who once strutted as a colonel in the San Juan, the howling trust-smasher entertained the opinion that the nations of the world were stamping their feet in

laudation of the *only man* who could "beard the lion in his den" and make the brute beg for mercy.

At the national Republican convention of 1908 the boisterous and irrepressible Theodore made "God knows" his political heir, and after he had placed his political crown on the brow of the mountain of beef of Ohio, he rushed to the jungles of Africa to demonstrate to the world that his masterful spirit could dominate the kingdom of the brute creation as easily as a convention where spoils had supplanted political principles.

"How the mighty has fallen!"

Teddy is a man of the past.

He has been stowed away in political obscurity by the combinations against which he thundered his meaningless condemnation. Teddy as a "trust-buster" now evokes nothing but a laugh, for even the numbskull in politics has reached the conclusion that the verbal dynamite hurled by Roosevelt against "predatory wealth" was as harmless as the mutterings of a gibbering idiot, who knew not why he was the guest of an institution built for mental cripples.

## Resolutions That Mean Something

**T**HE CENTRAL LABOR COUNCIL of Seattle, Washington, has shown by the following resolutions that the spirit of industrial unionism is permeating the working class of the Northwest.

The resolutions are as follows:

"Whereas, The great organizations of capital with which we are daily being brought into conflict, are ever concentrating into fewer hands, representing greater wealth and power; and,

"Whereas, The organizations of labor, in continuing their present craft form of organization are no longer in a position to effectively cope with the powers of organized capital to the extent of compelling recognition of the rights of the working class; and,

"Whereas, The craft form of organization allows one craft in a particular industry to go on strike, while the other affiliated crafts in the same industry continue at work—a process which is eminently satisfactory to those in control of modern industry, as it empties our treasuries, creates dissension in the ranks of organized labor and thus discredits us in the eyes of the unorganized workers, and makes the fight against us by our industrial masters more certain of success; and,

"Whereas, This condition arouses prejudices and arrays one union

against another, making their defeat more certain whenever they go on strike for better conditions; therefore, be it

"Resolved, That we, the Central Labor Council of Seattle and Vicinity, endorse the industrial form of organization, along the lines of that adopted by the United Mine Workers of America, which embraces all men employed in the mining industry, regardless of whether they mine coal, saw wood or work with iron in the machine shops; and, be it further

"Resolved, That our representative in the next convention of the American Federation of Labor is hereby instructed to introduce a similar resolution and work and vote for its adoption by the parent body of this organization, to the end that industrial organization may be substituted for the present craft form; and, be it further

"Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to every central labor council, chartered by the A. F. of L. with a request that they take similar action."

The above resolutions are to the point and are couched in such plain and simple language as to be easily understood. The resolutions are stripped of verbal embellishment and appeal to the intelligence of

men who, through observation and experience, have discovered the weakness of craft and trade organizations.

Labor divided and scattered into regiments through craft and trade autonomy cannot hope to measure steel with the giant combinations of the twentieth century. Industrial solidarity will be followed by political solidarity, and when the working class stand shoulder to shoulder on the economic field and at the ballot box, capitalism must give way before the invincible power of the producers of wealth. The many conflicts that have taken place during the past several years between

employers and employes prove conclusively that labor must be brought together by the ties of class interest, and labor fighting as an army instead of by craft battalions will be irresistible.

There are no craft or trade lines between employers. Their class interests know no division, and when fighting labor they stand together in a solid phalanx and use every weapon at their command to defeat the slaves who rebel against the conditions of economic slavery. Labor must get together to fight the great battles that must be fought ere *man* occupies a higher place than the *dollar*.

## Prosperity

By Robert Page Lincoln.

NEVER in the history of this great and glorious and free country, over which the stars and stripes wave with such inspiring glory, has there been such a crowning and triumphant prosperity. Never—we can look over those past years of overwhelming plenty, but even these fat years melt into pale insignificance as compared with the sun-kissed abundance at the present time greeting our eyes and softly twanging on the exuberant strings of our hearts!

Never—never have the poor workmen crowded such luxurious dinners under their belts, and never have their dinner pails been weighed down with so many slabs of bread—and so much jelly. It would seem that the covers will not stay put; always will those covers yawn at the corners as a pleasant reminder that prosperity walks the land with light and airy feet, in gardens of roses and perfume. And never has so much coffee swished in bottles and tomato cans—never!

Prosperity sits upon his throne and watches a glad and contented people smilingly going off to their toil, coming home at night to embrace happy, browbeaten wives and happy, starved children; then will he sit down to his sumptuous supper and as he gnaws on one of prosperity's greasy bones he will offer up thanks to his maker that on the morrow he may have a chance to go to his treadmill and be used for a mop! For does he not realize, this intelligent, broad-minded, conspicuous citizen, that he is rolling in abundance? Does he not realize that never has there been so much freedom and liberty?

Full well content is he. What more needs the humble cotter than one dollar and a quarter for his day's work? Indeed, who cannot feed and house and dress sixteen children on that sumptuous allowance? This he very readily does, spending much in riotous living, dividing his time between the golf links and the munificent churches, to which he very liberally donates!

Indeed, never has there been such prosperity. Behold the humble shop-girl. Ah, she will always be exhibiting her abundant wealth. Never before has she been clad in such beautiful silken gowns, of such elaborate weave and texture. See how she steps, lightly and languorously, from her taxi and proceeds home to her luxurious apartments after earning fifty pennies for her day of amusement. She must have some occupation to take her mind off the great monotony. And in the evening she will be seen gaily soliciting on the streets for indeed, forsooth and odds blood, must she not have her simple and delightful pastimes?

Indeed, never has there been such prosperity. *And so much to eat* And so many sandwiches. In the happy and contented slums the evening falls without a thud and the gentle breezes sift in through the cracks between the buildings, those beautiful examples of man's handicraft; contentment spreads its gentle veil over the happy. Now and then the universal stillness is separated as the limousines, taxis and roundabouts throb up before brownstone fronts and the fat, white-

vested sweatshop workers, just home from their amusement, are escorted into rich and luxurious cabbage-stinking kitchen holes, there to eat of the choicest of nature's belching abundance, waited upon by stately, crippled wives, upon whose faces glow the fireside comradeship misery. Full happy is he, for after his meal will he repair to his sumptuous library among the garbage cans and there read him from the gems of the prostituted newspapers.

And see! Round-him-will-gather-the-children! They-are-always-so-o-happy. Behold their contented, age-hardened faces. Full well do we see prosperity and freedom pictured therein; full well might they be happy after their patient reveling among the meadow grasses, wading the beautiful sunlight-silvered brooks and listening to the godly songs of the lark and the bob-o-link. They are so happy. See how they climb to the cheerful father's knee. See how he caresses them and with his gnarled, lily-white hand strokes back the luxuriant, stiff wisps of hair from their smooth, furrowed brows. And then—to bed.

So are the contented slum children put into their down brick feathered beds. They will soon be dreaming of the fields they trod so gaily in the bright daylight hours. And the happy sweatshop workers will lay them down and as they pull their imaginary blankets over their prosperous stomachs a gentle prayer will squirt through their teeth, thanking the dear Lord, the All-Powerful, that He, in His reigning state in the sky, surprises them every two weeks with provisions, coal, dresses and shoes; for without the help of the dear and considerate Lord, the All-Powerful, who immediately answers each and every prayer addressed to Him, the rich slumbers would never exist.

Indeed, never has there been so much prosperity. Never have there been so many unemployed, living off of the fat of the land, guzzling rarest of rare wines, bolting the juiciest of juicy round steaks and swilling the biggest gobs of prosperity's saw-dust and bran, Mocha and Java. Never have there been eaten so many fresh laid two-year-old storage eggs, for the land is overflowing with the precious fruit. Never have the cows yielded so much creamy, delicious, palate-tickling, adulterated milk and never have so many babies gone to heaven from sucking in this delightful beverage, soul-soothing and angel-making. Never have the preachers preached the kingdom of heaven so faithfully and with so little desire for remuneration. And never have the crowds surging around those haloed spots been so great. Never has more good accrued from those long-winded sermons. Never have the redlight district workers been happier after being so industriously helped out of their misery by the ever toiling and ever sweating pastors, who so cheerfully fill in their six days here, there and everywhere, putting into actual effect the kingdom of God.

Because why? Because Prosperity—that's why!

The harvest hoard is ready to burst.

Prosperity's here—just ask Bill Hearst.

Starvation's flown as if accurst.

That's why!

—California Social Democrat.

## The Future of Labor

TO ATTAIN HIS RIGHTS the wage-worker has to face conditions as they are. A wrong conception of them only leads him astray, makes him waste his energies on chimerical plans, and in the end intensifies his sufferings. The light of economic knowledge must illuminate the way upon which the forces of labor have to march. How often the latter are appealed to by the small manufacturers and shopkeepers in their hopeless struggle against trusts and monopolies everyone knows. The answer to the question whether the workingman should fight the battles of the middle class is contained in the following:

Combined capital is king; competition is almost dead. The old idea that it was the life of trade has gone the way of the tinder-box and the rush-light. Co-operation of brain and fortune gave it its death-blow. It is making a few feeble efforts to once more assert itself, but the spasmodic attempt, as soon as it shows life, is quickly and effectively stopped. Co-operation and competition cannot co-exist. One only can flourish; the other must wilt, wither and die. Co-operation is just born; competition's day has passed.

The flourishing business man of a decade ago believed so strongly in individual rights and the non-interference of the state with what he called "the right of capital to manage its own affairs" has almost passed away. He still lingers and fondly hopes that his night has not yet come; that his star will once more be in the ascendant. But he will awake without hope or aspiration, crushed with unutterable woe and the knowledge that his class is doomed and that there is nothing for him

but to drift into the vast army of the proletariat, among those whom he formerly despised.

Time was when he stigmatized as disturbers all those who endeavored to show how, unless he joined issues with the workers who were combined for mutual protection and against the encroachment of capitalism; he, too, would soon be crowded to the wall. But he paid no heed. He was conscious of his individual strength and had no sympathy with the movement that aimed at co-operative strength to meet combined capital. How different now! He endeavors to involve the very power he despised to assist him in his fight against capitalism! He has suddenly discovered that labor can be of use to him; that is, if he can control its vote or its purchasing power; but labor, intelligent and awake, will not be made use of. It realizes that capitalism is capitalism, whether it is in the form of a trust or a corner grocery.

A futile attempt is being made in several cities to enlist the aid of the workers to fight department stores. The small individual capitalist is trying to prolong his existence by inveigling labor into a fight against the co-operative principle as it is found in these great distributing agencies, but it is of no use. The department store is here to stay. The small capitalist with his competitive method is doomed. He is no friend—never has been—of labor, and it is well that his days are numbered. He and the system that gave him life have created more suffering and sacrificed more lives than all the wars of history. The competitive sys-

tem has created more starvation than famine, more sickness than the plague, more destruction than the earthquake, and more sorrow than death itself.

The establishment of the co-operative idea—even in the department stores—is an advanced step, a step away from competition, and will in time be appreciated by all. When the great stores compete against each other, when the big ones devour the small, another step will be taken. When all the railroads are under new management, how much easier it will be for the whole people to claim their own! Trusts and

combinations are of evolutionary growth, the logical climax of which will be—collective ownership.

When the people own the land they will own the fullness thereof; when they own the machine they will own all its products; when they own all the means of transportation they will distribute the necessities and luxuries of life without discrimination or favor. The farmer won't burn corn, the miner won't hunger. The factories will provide shoes and clothes for all. No want, no misery; happiness and joy when competition is dead and co-operation reigns!—The Bakers' Journal.

## An Appeal to the Labor Movement

COPPER DISTRICT UNION NO. 16,

WESTERN FEDERATION OF MINERS.

Hancock, Michigan, August 15, 1913.

To Organized Labor, Its Friends and Sympathizers:

Dear Sirs and Brothers—On the 23d of July, 1913, the greatest strike in the history of American metal miners began in the copper district of Michigan. Fifteen thousand men in and around the mines laid down their tools, demanding recognition of the union, an eight-hour day, a minimum wage of \$3 for all underground workers and engineers, with an increase of 35 cents per day for surface employes. Also that two men shall be engaged in the operation of all mining machines.

The copper district union, composed of the local unions of the Western Federation of Miners, addressed a letter to each of the operating companies on the 14th of July, requesting that a date for conference to adjust the grievances of employes be fixed, and reply returned by the 21st.

The copper barons treated the request of their employes with scorn, one of them stating that in forty years they had had no dealings with the W. F. of M. and saw no reason for doing so now. They had held men down so long through spies and the fear of discharge, that they thought they would do so forever.

They were mistaken. No strike call was responded to more enthusiastically and unanimously, none of equal magnitude or so peaceful and complete on the part of the miners, from its inception to the present time, notwithstanding the efforts of Waddell thugs and the strike-breaking militia to provoke riot.

The mine owners, through their creature, the sheriff, called for troops at the beginning of the strike. Governor Ferris outdid Peabody of Colorado in his eager response, has ignored the request of miners and of the influential citizens to remove troops and has steadily refused to make a personal investigation of conditions.

Investigators from the department of labor and the governor with offers of mediation or arbitration have been met with insolence by the haughty purse-proud copper barons. They will permit no resistance to their iron rule, and consider nothing but the unconditional surrender of their workers—take up their grievances upon their return to work—as they have done before—settle them with a time check and the blacklist.

More than one thousand dollars a day was appropriated by the board of supervisors for the payment of Waddell-Mahon gunners. This notorious bunch of thugs and strong-arm men have gone further in this district than in any other strike. They have arrested men without warrant or cause, thrown them into automobiles, pulled a cap down over their prisoner's face, mauled them into insensibility. They have fol-

lowed the same tactics in the jails, and to complete their hellish work foully murdered in cold-blood two of the strikers, seriously wounded two others, powder-burned a baby's face and shot a bullet through its clothes while it was being held in its terror-stricken mother's arms. One of the men was sitting at the table eating his supper when they shot him down. All were in their own homes.

The military commander has acted at all times as though he came to break the strike instead of to preserve order. Citizens have been beaten over the heads with pick handles, pedestrians driven from the sidewalks, babies thrown out of their carriages, parades on the county road stopped and broken up by the troops, and one striker shot through both legs on the county road.

The amount of work required here is in excess of that in any mining district of North America; the hours are the longest, between ten and twelve hours under ground, and the wages lower than that of any copper district. Saving was impossible. In a district that paid \$121,050,000 in dividends on investment of \$1,200,000, the workers could only increase their debts in the stores.

Now, we turn to you, the organized workers of this country, in our hour of need. We stand united, determined to win. We are fighting one of the richest mining corporations in the world. It is as heartless as it is rich.

We have nothing but empty hands, our wives and children. They are urging us on, helping in the struggle. A northern winter will soon be here. We must have food and fuel. We are fighting this battle for all. We are willing to endure any sacrifice. The copper barons hope to drive us back to the mines through the hunger of our wives and children. That is the only thing that can defeat us. Bayonets do not scare us, and thugs won't mine copper.

If the mine managers of this district knew that the American labor movement was behind us, that you would not see us defeated for the lack of bread, the fight would be won now.

Speak so that the copper kings and the world will know that you are behind us in this strike with your dollars as well as sympathies. *Act now.* Every dollar will be receipted for and carefully and judiciously used.

Send all contributions to Ernest Mills, secretary-treasurer, Western Federation of Miners, 605 Railroad Building, Denver, Colorado.

By Copper District Union No. 16.

DAN SULLIVAN, President.  
C. E. HIETALA, Secretary.

Endorsed by Executive Board, Western Federation of Miners.

J. H. WALKER,

Representative, Mining Department of the A. F. of L.

## The War Is On

THE EDITOR of The Miners' Magazine has frequently, during the past several years, commented on the methods and tactics of the I. W. W., more commonly known as the "Bummery." The comments of the editor on the freaks, fanatics, hoodlums, dead-beats, bilks and parasites who had fastened themselves on an organization that is called a labor union, to mask the perfidy and infamy of men who are more debased and filthier than the most debauched outcasts that ever moped on the streets of the "bad lands," brought forth many whines and howls from the soup-house stalwarts who yelled "revolution" and "one big union," while munching fodder that was obtained from Socialist locals and labor bodies that had even been reviled by the "slander syndicate."

The professional parasites who had launched free-speech fiascos and precipitated strikes as a means to raise revenue to feed the favored bums and voluntary tramps of the I. W. W. did not even manifest a particle of gratitude for the organizations that were deluded by pathetic circulars wet with tears, in appeals for funds, some of which clung to the itching palms of the "spittoon philosophers" and "chair-warmers."

They not only manifested no gratitude toward the organizations that were bunceod by misrepresentation, but the foul-mouthed loafers spewed their slime and vilification on the very bodies that generously donated to the workless vagrants, who branded everything as *scabby*, save the unblushing blood-suckers and leeches who spat upon the flag to get into jail to raise more money to satiate their fondness for strawberries in winter and club-house steaks smothered in mushrooms.

The editor of The Miners' Magazine made no mistake in his denunciation of these transient tramps who fastened their tentacles on the working class, and the following editorials taken from the dying rag

published in Spokane and known as the Industrial Worker, fortifies the position taken by us when we contended that this conglomeration of hoodlums, known as the "Bummery," was a fraud and a libel on the labor movement. The first editorial under the caption, "Our Position," is as follows, and is written by that ill-smelling pariah known as Hezlewood:

"We deplore the fact that we have been forced to take up so much space in order to answer our accusers. We hope that it will not be necessary to do so again. The last issue of 'Social War,' a paper printed in New York which is an advocate of de-centralization and claims to be a free and unmuzzled press, has given space to Smith and his friends to such an extent that there was little in the issue of July 26 except their attacks on the organization, 'machines,' etc. These papers were purchased by Spokane locals for sale in Spokane, as the following notice appearing in the 'Social War' will show:

"Triumph for Decentralization.

"As we go to press we are requested to state that Walker C. Smith, the deposed editor of the 'Industrial Worker' has been newly elected secretary of the joint locals of the I. W. W., Spokane, Wash.

"At a special mass meeting the sum of \$5 was also voted to the 'Social War,' and the members decided unanimously to use their efforts to extend the circulation of the two uncensored papers, 'The Lumberjack' and the 'Social War.'

"We congratulate the rank and file of the Spokane locals on their action in behalf of the principle of a free, unmuzzled press.—Editor Social War."

"The local in Vancouver, which owes the 'Worker' the sum of \$132, has also sent money to this 'Social War,' together with other

locals of the I. W. W., so it leaves us with no other alternative than to defend ourselves from the unjust attacks of our accusers.

"Up to date there is not a charge against the present business manager and editor of this paper. All the fire and smoke is not because of the presence of Hezlewood on the paper but the fact is that he is an I. W. W. member and is not in sympathy with the chair-warmers and spittoon philosophers that sit around the halls of the mixed locals from one month's end to another, talking philosophy and generally making themselves obnoxious to bona fide workers who come in to join the organization. We speak from experience. Spokane locals have had thousands of members, and it is but a few months ago when they had one of the largest halls in the city rented. Thousands of men have been driven out of the organization by this element that are now yapping about decentralization, referendums, etc. Where are the Spokane locals today? Did they not have an imported bunch of men from Seattle they could not hold a business meeting, as they had not to exceed eighteen members at the special meeting where Smith was elected and the 'Worker' boycotted. Where are all the other thousands? The preamble and constitution is the same and the speeches are the same as when we took in hundreds of men a week. Sift it down and analyze it thoroughly, you men who are anxious to see the movement grow, and you will find it is the sickening philosopher who believes he is beating the capitalist system by starving his stomach on a doughnut a day, little realizing himself that he is but starving his brain at the same time. A down-and-out is a coward every time. His strongest work is to create dissension around the halls and keep up a steady fire against someone whom he suspects of stealing because the individual has on a clean collar or polished shoes.

"All this fire against Hezlewood is but the result of this rasping, bickering and suspicion on the part of those who have really given up the fight against the boss, but have centered their attacks on all who are trying to accomplish anything."

The second editorial taken from the Spokane Mud Geyser is as follows, and is written under the head, "Where Do You Stand":

"Where do you stand, fellow worker, on the matter of keeping a lot of freaks and chair-warmers from month to month sitting around the halls of the mixed locals, legislating for the man on the job? The I. W. W. is correct and is the highest expression of unionism in the world today. To go to local autonomy, decentralization and referendums on everything that occurs in the organization will lead us nowhere but cannot help but destroy the organization. It's the philosophy of freaks and spittoon philosophers who couldn't be driven onto the picket line with a gatling gun. It's the frothings of the coward who will do anything but fight the boss. It's the yapping of 'de gink' that hates everyone who wears a clean collar or attempts to fight on the job. It's the work of the saboteur who wreaks his freak revenge on all who are on the firing line. This organization has got to be run by the men on the job or it will stand still or go backward. Thousands of loggers have stayed out of the union on account this element which keeps the chairs

from blowing out of the union hall. Give these professional pan-handlers to understand that the I. W. W. is a working class organization and takes in none but workers and that rags are not always the emblem of labor, but often the emblem of the freak revolutionist who talks but never acts.

"The 'Worker' will not continue to fill the columns of the paper fighting freaks. We have got to clean our own ranks before we can fight the boss. All labor fights in the past have mostly been among the workers and not against the masters, but we know that we cannot move ahead until this element is dislodged from the chairs.

"Attend to the business meetings. Take an interest in the union and see that freak legislation is not carried on at every business meeting to the disgust of the man who has to get up in the morning to go out and earn his bread for himself and family. Don't quit your union but see that the professional freak gets out.

"J. A. Stoltz, the champion sub hustler, the man who secured more subscriptions than all the organizers put together, quit active work as soon as he visited the Portland hall. He could not induce a one to help him and he wrote in here to the effect that one man could not do it all. He said that what he saw of the gang around the hall that they had little to say about lousy bunk houses or anything else, so long as they were dirty themselves. Stoltz quit in disgust. Don't you do the same thing. The 'Worker' cannot live unless you support it. Remember many bundle orders are cut off and we were not breaking even when they were on, and we have no source of revenue except the working class. It's now up to YOU. Get the subs. Buy songs. Send for some Prepaid cards. The 'Worker' is nearly \$1,000 in debt and it must again be put on its feet. If you stand for industrial unionism and the I. W. W., get busy now. Don't delay a minute. Donations will be welcome until we get on our feet again. It's a fight for a clean I. W. W. and down with the professional freak and philosopher. If the paper dies it will be our own fault. The office staff is cut down and every retrenchment that is possible is made at this end. We will cut out this wrangle with this issue and get down to business of building up working-class locals. Might be a good idea to make propaganda leagues, with neither vote nor voice in the affairs of the organization, of the present mixed locals. It's worth considering. If this paper dies it will die fighting for the I. W. W., and has nothing in common with the Johnstones, Douglasses or anyone else carrying syndicalist cards in their pockets while staying in the I. W. W. on purpose to disrupt it. It's all up to YOU."

The above editorial proves our contention. The machine that controlled the I. W. W. is shattered into pieces, through the wolves fighting with each other over the spoils that were gathered through fraud.

They have long ago recognized each other's treachery, dishonesty and duplicity, but have been successful to a great extent in keeping their perfidy concealed from the general membership of organized labor. The war is on between the factions, and the fact that "Social War" has been established in Portland to bombard this rag at Spokane is conclusive that "One Big Union" is a joke.

## Passing of Discontent

IT IS PASSING RAPIDLY, and we hope for good and all, the doctrine of discontent. It had a fine inning and a long one, and it made the most of it, or more likely the most was made of it. Still there was a cause for it, underlying and at times definable, for it gripped the country and the louder its exploiters shouted the fiercer was the satisfaction that broke out in big blobs in all sorts of unexpected places. The reign of the acerb word had a successful swing. The public mind seemed to hunger for it and for quite a time held a thriving friendship for it.

In concrete form the doctrine had a refuge in the Socialist party, which is builded upon protest, and little if anything else practical. Eugene Debs, honest and erratic, gained votes in his campaign for the presidency, a Socialist congressman was elected in Wisconsin, and here and there some Socialist mayors and councilmen got into office. That was two years ago and over. Last year there was a change and a very radical one. The Socialist congressman was relegated. The mayor of Milwaukee, the most important of the Socialist possessions, was retired to privacy. In cities like Los Angeles the Socialist vote, which the year before was almost a controlling force, dwindled substantially. In this last year the Socialist party lost 50,000 dues-paying members, and several publications devoted to the propagation of Socialist principles died for lack of support. The process of disintegration, once begun, was rapid. It is still in progress, carrying with it the doctrine of discontent, upon which it had been largely reared.

With the passing of the doctrine goes the muckraker. He, too, has fallen upon evil days. While he was active he did valiant service. Mayhap he was redundant, but at least he helped to smoke out the wrongdoers who had taken possession of the citadels of the people and converted them into factories for the prosperity of their own selfish and unpatriotic purposes. As a destructive force he was for a time unique and commanding—as a scavenger in the asheans of corruption, bribery and political graft, a success. As a rule, he was largely tainted with Socialism, which bobbed up in chunks through his otherwise well-digested denunciations. Through all of his productions ran a spirit of protest, dissatisfaction—call it what you will—but ever it had the hallmark of rebellion against the iniquitous system vaguely veiled. Honest he was, beyond a doubt, but there was too many of him, until finally the public mind turned and now prefers, plainly, to look at the silver lining above rather than the murky ways below.

The cause for it? Some ascribe it to changed political conditions, and in this there may be a solid reason. Others credit it to the fact that

the old order that had its headquarters in the money temples of the land has, perforce, gone by the board, and that the extraordinary and oft-times unscrupulous power of high finance has been shorn of its strength for good. In this, too, a cause can be found, but it is probably more truthful to say that between the two can be discovered the soundest conclusion. Whatever it may be, it is clearly evident that discontent has been in large measure superseded by hope, and that a glowing light of optimism guides and governs where, heretofore, only a raucous roar of criticism was heard.

We find this spirit in the United States senate in connection with the Mexican embroglio. More than once—and distinctly so in the past forty-eight hours—the senate has wisely rebuked effort to introduce the croakings of pessimism. The new doctrine of hope and confidence and self-reliance is in the business marts of the country, where, notwithstanding the progress of a tariff bill, there is scarce a ripple of dissatisfaction. The farms are alive with it; the cities begin to feel its warming influence. The evolution is gaining force daily. The disposition is to look where the flowers are brightest in their wealth of color and to shun the recesses where clouds hang low and frowning. The doctrine of discontent has outrun its course. It is too dead to be resurrected. Requiescat in Pace.—Rocky Mountain News.

The above editorial in the Rocky Mountain News is nothing more nor less than a collection of words to give temporary hope to that exploited mass that are beginning to discover the breakers of destruction that threaten them in the not far distant future. There has been no change in our industrial system that could plant a ray of hope in the gloomy heart of despair. The greed of the exploiter is as ravenous as ever, and Shylock is demanding his "pound of flesh" in the same cold-blooded manner as ever.

The News has painted a delusion, and the very fact that a daily journal publishes this freakish rot of an optimistic imagination is conclusive evidence that the horizon is becoming shadowed with the storm clouds of industrial depression and financial disaster. When the people of a nation are prosperous it does not become necessary for a daily journal to give space to editorials to *inspire confidence*, but such editorials are necessary when prosperity's sky is shrouded in gloom and men are asking the question: "Whither are we drifting?"

The signs of the times indicate coming adversity, and editorials based on optimism cannot prevent the results that must follow from the hellish system of exploitation that enriches the few and impoverishes the many.



## Discontent and Unrest

THERE is a discontent and an unrest in the industrial world which should convince the man of average intelligence that the near future is pregnant with a storm that may leave disaster and devastation in its wake. Millions of people chained to bench of toil are suffering for the necessities of life. This great mass of people with the lines of care and hardship written on their brows, know no luxuries and feel but few thrills of joy as they look into the future, and fail to see the rosy dawn of that promised day when labor shall be no longer struggling under the burdens imposed by a soulless master class. They are realizing that there is no heart or soul in our murderous system of exploitation. They see the injunction of the court, the club of the policeman, the deputized thug of the sheriff, the rifles of the state militia and the gatling guns and cannon of federal soldiers confronting them whenever they revolt against the tyranny of an economic tyrant.

They see legislative bodies controlled by a class of privilege, and even behold temples of Gold prostituted to serve the interests of the modern god, known as the dollar.

They realize that all the functions of government are consolidated and utilized to maintain the supremacy of a profit system that has enslaved the producers of wealth, and that the beneficiaries of dividends mock the agony of the impoverished as they groan in abject wretchedness. It is claimed that 10,000,000 of human beings in this country do not get enough to eat. It is claimed that hundreds of thousands of children in this land are going hungry to school. It is a foregone conclusion that the victims of wrong and suffering will not always remain patient, but it is reasonable to presume that unbearable conditions will breed desperation, and if the wrath of the suffering millions ever leaps the bounds of patience, there is no one who can foretell the results of such desperation. Privilege is safe while labor is divided, but conditions are being created that must drive the workers together into a mighty army that will sweep capitalism from its fortified citadel and bequeath to labor that legacy which the conspiracy of the ages has stolen from humanity.

## Optimism

THE SCAVENGER'S TASK is not a pleasant one. He clears the atmosphere of all the odors that endanger life; he is a savior who risks his good health so a city full of human beings may be safeguarded. His work is "sane," though not "safe" for him. He is the enemy of the undertaker; the man who cancels the bills of doctors; a much abused fellow socially, yet his work kisses bloom into the cheeks of sickening babes and halts disease at the thresholds of a thousand homes. A preventative, he beats the physician's remedy. A humanitarian he, standing always in the shadow of martyrdom. The conventional nose vanishes at his coming, and yet returning after he is gone, praises the beneficial results his visit gave. As an individual the scavenger's prospects, disease, low wages, social ostracism, and so forth, lean toward the pessimistical, but as a unit of our civilization the purpose of his life is ablaze with true optimism, with health and joy. The world's great benefactors were all scavengers; they cleaned and clean away the malarial swamps, brush away the mildews and cobwebs from the brains of their kind, so they may climb to a higher condition of life. "Who will do the dirty work of the world?" cry the rank pessimists. Why, the giants of the race have always done it.

Ida Craddock endeavored to remove the cesspools that menace the sexual life. She placed danger posts at every point that led to perversion and death; she sought to guide the feet of youth past the pitfalls that lurked in its way. In knowledge laid salvation. A scavenger, she, who gave her life to her cause; a social outcast in her day whose disciples now in high places voice the merits of sexual rejuvenescence. She lived, the advocate of prevention among the suffering, in an environment not conducive to whole-souled joy (though one may smile to ease the patient's woes), and yet the torch of her reasoning casts the brightness of hope and happiness across the highway of life. The mother's love, though it blesses her, has the effect of filling her with care and persistent concern for her offspring; the loving share all the joys and feel all the sorrows that come to those they love; a tenfold reward or penalty are their, so far does their affections extend beyond self to others. The mortal who is always the same shows narrowness of human nature; he does not feel the beat of every pulse that throbs in the being of the complete human life. His sameness, if it is not the assumption of affectation, cannot produce the thoughts that cover the wide range of the humanitarian's mental vision; his sameness bespeaks limitation. Debs, with tears standing in his eyes as he looked at the children working in the mills, had a warmer heart (is warmness black pessimism?) than the dark soul that could crack its smile in the presence of such commercial debauchery. Debs' "pessimism" strengthened his purpose to help illuminate the lives of others with the stars of hope and ultimate liberty (optimism par excellent), the "optimism" of the other, that in its inception ignored the fact of wrongs perpetrated, tended to encourage the continuance of ills for others (pessimism infinite). Mother Jones, painting in dark colors the picture of mining in Michigan, is

the herald of the brighter dawn, the pioneer of a more cheerful generation. Not in a mere chuckle lurks the kernel of optimism—it lies in blessings that our lives, our thoughts may have for men. Is optimism so narrow that it springs to fruition in the gambols and mutual admiration sallies of a "bright side" club? Or is it the force that emanates from the actions and thoughts of the lovers of humanity to wrap in the fairy robes of a greater liberty the aspirations of mankind?

Our optimism, generally, is purely an instrument, a Punch and Judy affair, introduced to maintain the gayety at a social gathering or to give a sense of heartiness to the handshake of friends. Industrially (and it is there where we are most vitally concerned) it seldom parades its function, if in persistent and never ending struggles of men after gold we read their FEAR of the future. The merchant, though he possesses a wealth that he nor his children can ever hope to spend, still gathers toll from the darkened lives of others. What brand of optimism is this? Does he scheme for such a surplus wealth because he fears at some future time the cards may be stacked on him in some of the big games he plays and he will lose his pile if he is not banker and controller of the situation, or else is vicious greed his prompter? Is greed the child of optimism? Does optimism thrive on the hardships and blasted hopes that capitalism brings into the lives of others? If so, it is the ally of the masters and no friend of laborers. Pessimism may give a better guarantee for future joy. Or the worker may attach his faith to Meliorism, of which M. D. Conway in his "Lessons for the Day" says:

"This new hope and power does extinguish pessimism and substitute for it what George Eliot well called Meliorism, or the belief in the steady and necessary amelioration of the world."

The manager's "optimism" is suggested by the cold business calculation that causes his "superiors" to praise his efficiency; the clerk's arises from the intimacy generated by rubbing shoulders with his boss. "Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise," may be at the base of the worker's apology for the prevalence of the economic swill in which he wallows—his is a servility, born of ignorance, that occasionally wins a crumb of comfort by diplomatically winning a boss' chuckles. Such shrines, though they win a momentary mental ease, contribute to the postponement of the day when a true optimism comes to bless all men, an optimism world-wide. Unionism, Socialism, the greatest scavengers we have, clean up the environment and issue in the time of more wholesome, healthy and cheerful existence.

"He joined a 'bright side' club because his boss  
Preferred he hide his ills behind a grinning face.  
He prayed, and hugged the Bible and the Cross,  
But kissed his chains to make his measly job his joss.  
He lived to work; the slogan 'work to live'  
Had nothing to his wretched soul to give."

Salt Lake City.

JOSEPH ROGERS.

## Canon Indicts Ferris

GOVERNOR FERRIS! I call you now before that bar of higher public opinion, where dollars and cents are not the scales on which is weighed justice; where mere accumulation of wealth is not the standard by which is measured worth; where political preferment is not the conscience by which are actuated public officials, and where the industrial despots' call is not the force and power which the peoples' chosen rulers bow in acquiescence; and there indict you as an accessory before the fact of this lamentable double murder.

You cannot plead ignorance, for you were informed when these Waddell-Mahon thugs were brought here, what they are, and their purpose; you were told, when you permitted them to remain, why they were here and what would result, and instead of enforcing the statutory law of the state of Michigan, by removing these "gunmen," the militia of the state was used to protect them in their depredations.

Sheriff Cruse! I here voice the sentiment of this vast assemblage

by telling you that from your every finger tip is dripping the blood of these victims, our murdered brothers. You were warned, you were entreated not to turn the office with which the people intrusted you to those who murder for hire, but you gave heed, not to our prayer, the counsel of the mine managers determined your conduct, and the ways of Waddell-Mahon controlled your office, and our brothers are dead, and you are as guilty of their murder as if you sank a knife into the vitals of this man and this boy.

Governor Ferris! When this fearful crime was perpetrated by which two of our number, with no chance of defense, with no warning of their impending doom, with no opportunity to prepare to meet their God according to the tenets of their religious beliefs, and when the room containing the fifteen people, of whom these two were of the number, and these occupants, men, women and children, were made the object of the fiendish sport of the local and imported gunners, and the result-

ing dead and wounded strewed the floors, the militia came, not to arrest the invaders of the home and its destroyers, the murderers of our brothers, but to protect them in their nefarious work and to stand guard while they endeavored to manufacture evidence, the purpose of which was to place the responsibility, not on the murderers, but on their victims. Friends were forbidden entrance to the stricken ones while the marauding band ransacked the house, doing as they willed, boasting the meantime of the big game brought down in their pleasurable sport.

When the entire community was aware of the purpose of the authorities to permit the escape of those who committed this fiendish crime, the militia was too busy, as per the wishes of the copper barons, harassing innocent and inoffensive strikers and arresting law-abiding workers to concern themselves about the arrest of the imported for the purpose Waddell-Mahon murderers.

Not only is the power which is yours responsible for this double murder, but it is the more reprehensible in permitting the escape of the professional felons.

To the corporation controlled press, I say on behalf of a wronged and suffering community: You have assisted to bring these murders to pass, you have upon every occasion endeavored to influence the prejudices of the ignorant and servile and to incite them to violence, and now—now that some victims are provided, your falsification of the facts and your attempts to shield your loved guilty are the most contemptible expositions of newspaper perversion and depraved servility ever witnessed on the American continent, and could be produced only under the conditions of an industrial despotism such as this against which the workers of the district have revolted. But you love your chains so well, you relish so much the touch of the collar of copper by which you are bound, that you fear that the success of the workers in their efforts to gain some independence may make it possible for you to be freed from your beloved shackles of subserviency.

Since this ghastly murder has been committed by those from whom you get your "standard of gentlemanly conduct," your mirth seems unbounded, and now, figuratively speaking, you revel, dog-like, in lapping the blood of the hated victims.—Miners Bulletin.

## The Metal Market

New York, Aug. 20.—The metal markets generally have been rather strong and prices have been firm, with some inclination to advance in price.

Copper.—The market during the week of August 14-20 has been rather quiet so far as the volume of sales has been concerned. This was to be expected after the heavy business of the previous two weeks and a reaction was rather in order. Prices, however, have been firm and there was no disposition to make concessions. During the past two or three days there was an increase in demand and in inquiries from domestic consumers, which was readily met by the principal sellers, although at a very slight advance. The quotations most usual were 15¾ @ 15⅞c. usual terms. Producers are now well sold ahead and are having difficulty in making deliveries on time.

The quotation for lake copper is nominal at 16c. At the close electrolytic copper in cakes, wirebars and ingots is quoted at 15.60 @ 15.65c, while casting copper is quoted at 15¼ @ 14¼c as an average for the week.

### DAILY PRICES OF METALS.

		NEW YORK.							
July-Aug.	Sterling Exchange	Silver	Copper.		Tin.	Lead.	Zinc.		
			Lake, Cts. per lb.	Electrolytic, Cts. per lb.	Cts. per lb.	New York, Cts. per lb.	New York, Cts. per lb.	St. Louis, Cts. per lb.	St. Louis, Cts. per lb.
14	4.8635	59	16 @ 15.60	41¾	4.50	@ 4.45	@ 5.65	@ 5.50	
15	4.8640	59¼	16 @ 15.60	41¾	4.50	@ 4.75	@ 5.65	@ 5.50	
16	4.8645	59¼	16 @ 15.60	41¾	4.75	@ 4.70	@ 5.65	@ 5.50	
18	4.8640	59¾	16 @ 15.65	41¾	4.75	@ 4.70	@ 5.70	@ 5.55	
19	4.8640	59¾	16 @ 15.65	41¾	4.75	@ 4.70	@ 5.70	@ 5.55	
20	4.8645	59¼	16 @ 15.65	41½	4.75	@ 4.70	@ 5.75	@ 5.60	

The quotations herein given are our appraisal of the market for copper, lead, spelter and tin based on wholesale contracts with consumers without distinction as to deliveries; and represent, to the best of our judgment, the bulk of the transactions, reduced to basis of New York, cash, except where St. Louis is specified as the basing point. The quotations for electrolytic copper, are for cakes, ingots and wirebars. The price of electrolytic cathodes is usually 0.05 to 0.10c. below that of electrolytic. We quote casting copper at 0.15c. below the price for electrolytic. The quotations for lead represent wholesale transactions in open market for good ordinary brands, both desilverized and non-desilverized; the specially refined corroding lead commands a premium. The quotations on spelter are for ordinary Western brands; special brands command a premium. Silver quotations are in cents per troy ounce of fine silver.—Engineering and Mining Journal.

### MONTHLY AVERAGE PRICES OF METALS.

(New York—The Engineering & Mining Journal.)

	COPPER		SILVER		LEAD		SPELTER	
	1912.	1913.	1912.	1913.	1912.	1913.	1912.	1913.
January . . .	14.094	16.488	56.260	62.938	4.435	4.321	6.442	6.931
February . . .	14.084	14.971	59.043	61.642	4.026	4.325	6.499	6.239
March . . . . .	14.698	14.713	58.375	57.870	4.073	4.327	6.626	6.078
April . . . . .	15.741	15.291	59.207	59.490	4.200	4.381	6.693	5.641
May . . . . .	16.031	15.436	60.880	60.361	4.194	4.342	6.679	5.406
June . . . . .	17.234	14.672	61.290	58.990	4.392	4.325	6.877	5.124
July . . . . .	17.190	14.190	60.654	58.721	4.720	4.353	7.116	5.278
August . . . . .	17.498	.....	61.606	.....	4.569	.....	7.028	.....
September . . .	17.508	.....	63.078	.....	5.048	.....	7.454	.....
October . . . . .	17.314	.....	63.471	.....	5.071	.....	7.426	.....
November . . .	17.326	.....	62.792	.....	4.615	.....	7.371	.....
December . . .	17.376	.....	63.365	.....	4.303	.....	7.162	.....
Year . . . . .	16.341	.....	60.835	.....	4.471	.....	6.943	.....



#### NOTICE.

The membership cards of D. O'Lary and Phil Douglas can be had by them if they will communicate with Tom Corra, Box N, Kennett, California.

#### INFORMATION WANTED.

Information wanted as to the whereabouts of Eugene V. Smith, age thirty; member of K. P. Redmen, member of the Western Federation of Miners. Been in west for several years. Anyone knowing his address will kindly communicate with Effa Crawford Smith, 439 North C street, Muskogee, Okla.

#### INFORMATION WANTED.

Information wanted as to the present address of G. Curtis, twenty-seven years old; member of Masonic Order, been in west several years. Also member of Western Federation of Miners. Anyone knowing his present address will kindly communicate with Effa Crawford Smith, 439 North C street, Muskogee, Okla.

#### INFORMATION WANTED.

A reward of \$25.00 is offered for information leading to the whereabouts of James Leishman, age 31 years; height, 5 ft. 6 inches; blue eyes and weighs about 150 lbs. He belonged to the Goldfield Miners' Union two years ago and the last heard of him was in Tampico, Mexico. Anyone knowing his present address will please write to Mary O'Neill, Tonopah, Nevada.

#### DETERMINED TO ASSIST THE MICHIGAN STRIKERS.

Editor Miners' Magazine:  
Please publish a notice that the miners in Ontario are determined to stand by their brothers in Michigan. They realize that if the miners in Michigan lose it is their loss. In ten or fifteen different meetings the miners of Ontario have promised to divide the last piece of bread with the fighting brothers in Michigan and fight to the finish.

Yours for industrial victory in Michigan.  
Local Unions No. 182 and No. 183.

Denver, Colorado, August 25, 1913.

Mr. Ernest Mills,  
Sec'y W. F. M., Denver, Colorado.

Dear Sir and Brother:

Please find enclosed draft for \$150.00. This money was raised at the benefit dance for the striking miners of Michigan. We will have about \$100.00 more within the next few days, that will be forwarded as soon as collected. The dance was the largest ever held in this district and the sympathy for the Michigan miners is strong.

With best wishes, I remain

Fraternally yours,

W. E. HOLM, Sec'y.  
Bisbee Miners' Union, No. 106.

#### NO IMMEDIATE DIVIDEND.

Boston, Mass., Aug. 23.—A positive statement is made here today that no immediate dividend increase is contemplated by the Utah Copper Company management, despite the effort being made in New York to create such an impression. No official consideration will be given to this matter until the company has so improved its cash position as to make it absolutely independent of the selling and refining interests now called upon to make advances against the millions of pounds of copper in process and in transit. The Bingham strike last fall cost the company the equivalent of \$3,000,000 in deferred profits.

The company is determined to make up this \$3,000,000 at once and place its finances in such shape that it can carry \$5,000,000 worth of stock in process without calling upon the selling interests to advance a dollar. At present Utah Copper is earning at the rate of \$6 per share against dividend requirements of \$3.

#### EXTENDED A VOTE OF THANKS.

Bisbee, Arizona, August 19th, 1913.

Editor Miners Magazine:

Some time ago this local had four slides made to be displayed in the various play houses in the city. I interviewed all of them, and they are now displaying the Miners' Magazines and the W. F. M. emblem every night free

of charge. This, we thought, was pretty good of them, as they are charging from \$10 to \$15 per month for all other advertising, and I promised that we would give them a little write up in the Magazine about it. The local extended them a vote of thanks, that we would be pleased to have it published in the magazine, and if you see fit to give them a little write up besides. They are "Orpheum Theater," "Royal Theater" "Lyric Theater" and "Lowell Theater." This is one effective means of making known the fact that we are here, and doing business. The future of the organization here is looking better, and the more advertising we get the better.

(Seal)

W. E. HOLM.

**COLORADO FEDERATION OF LABOR FALLS IN LINE.**

Whereas, The members of the Western Federation of Miners numbering about 25,000 employed in the Copper Mines in Michigan and the lead mines of Missouri, are engaged in a struggle for an increase of wages and improved working conditions, and

Whereas, In the State of Michigan a condition of affairs prevail similar to that of Colorado in the days of Peabodyism. A reign of terror is being inaugurated to intimidate men and women and the entire military power of that state placed at the disposal of the mine operators in their efforts to subjugate and overawe employes who had the manhood and the independence to assert their rights and demand a larger share of the wealth they are producing. Therefore, be it

Resolved, That should this struggle continue for some time and it becomes necessary for the organization to request financial assistance that the incoming officers and Executive Board of the State Federation of Labor be instructed to co-operate with the officials of the W. F. of M. in issuing an appeal to the locals affiliated with this organization in order that the people involved in this controversy shall be able to carry the fight to a successful termination.

EMMA F. LANGDON, C. C. T. & L. Assembly.  
ADOLPH GERMER, Local 2372, U. M. W. of A.  
JAMES KIRWIN, Silverton Miners' Union, No. 26, W. F. of M.  
Adopted unanimously, August 21, 1913.

**DONATIONS RECEIVED FOR MICHIGAN STRIKERS.**

August 22, 1913—International Union of Shingle Weavers, Sawmill Workers and Woodmen, Ft. Bragg, California.....	\$ 5.00
August 25, 1913—Boot and Shoe Workers' Union No. 170, Milwaukee..	5.00
August 25, 1913—National Finnish Socialist organization, Chicago....	600.00
August 25, 1913—Houghton Typographical Union, Hancock, Mich.....	25.00
August 25, 1913—Bessemer Miners' Union, No. 204, Bessemer, Mich....	104.50
August 25, 1913—International Union of Steam Engineers, Local No. 476, Miami, Arizona .....	50.00
August 25, 1913—Ernest Mills, secretary-treasurer W. F. M.....	10.00
August 26, 1913—Bakery and Confectionery Workers' Local No. 218, Kansas City, Missouri .....	25.00
August 27, 1913—Local No. 2485, U. M. W. of A., Des Moines, Iowa....	8.50
August 27, 1913—Amalgamated Meat Cutters and Butcher Workmen, Local No. 158, Chicago, Illinois .....	5.00
August 27, 1913—Matt Alfievich, Salt Lake City, Utah.....	5.00
August 28, 1913—Malsters' Local Union No. 89, U. B. W., Milwaukee..	25.00
August 28, 1913—Brewery Engineers and Firemen, Local No. 25, Milwaukee .....	25.00
August 28, 1913—Beer Drivers, Chauffeurs and Stabliemen, Local No. 72, Milwaukee Wis. ....	50.00
August 28, 1139—Carpenters and Joiners of America, No. 181, Milwaukee .....	50.00
August 28, 1913—Sign, Scene and Pictorial Painters' Union, No. 830, Chicago, Illinois .....	3.00
August 28, 1913—Beer Bottlers' Local No. 213, Milwaukee.....	50.00
August 28, 1193—Carpenters and Joiners' Local No. 1786, Chicago.....	25.00
August 28, 1913—Millwrights' Union, No. 1519, Milwaukee, Wis.....	5.00
August 28, 1193—Finnish Socialist Organization of Canada, Toronto, Canada .....	189.16
August 28, 1193—Painters, Decorators and Paperhangers, No. 194, Chicago .....	100.00
August 30, 1913—National Finnish Socialist organization, Chicago....	400.00

**ISLAND UNION MINERS SECURE THEIR FIRST AGREEMENT.**

After many weeks of desperate strife, during which time the mine workers of Vancouver island have experienced all the abuses and sufferings incident to modern industrial disturbances everywhere, the United Mine Workers of America have finally succeeded in negotiating a working agreement with the Vancouver-Nanaimo Coal Mining Company, applicable to their mine at Nanaimo.

The important sections of the agreement follow:

"The company agrees to re-employ in their former positions all men employed when strike was called.

"They agree to employ none but members of the U. M. W. of A. at the classes of labor for which a scale is made.

"They agree to deduct union dues, assessments, fines and initiation fees from the earnings of the men.

"The old docking system, whereunder coal was confiscated, is substituted by the docking system prevailing in Washington.

"The men are to receive their powder, caps, fuse, house, coal and all mine supplies at the prices prevailing previous to the strike.

"Prices for narrow work and all dead work are advanced 10 per cent.

"A minimum wage of \$3.63 per day is to be paid miners where deficiencies in their working place prevents them averaging the miners scale of wages.

"The inside day wage scale is based on an eight-hour bank-to-bank workday.

"The men are to be paid semi-monthly."

While this agreement has been negotiated, it must not be understood that the strike on Vancouver island has been settled. It has not.

At this writing all the camps on the island are under military control, and 128 of our men, including District Vice President Taylor and International Organizers Pattison and Angelo have been seized and jailed, and up to now we have been unable to ascertain the nature of the charges against them, or to make any arrangement for their trial or release.

Consequently all workers should disregard newspaper reports and stay away from Vancouver island until notice of a complete settlement appears in the labor press.

Resolutions passed unanimously by the thirty-fifth annual convention of the State Federation of New Jersey:

Whereas, During the recent strike of silk workers at Paterson, N. J., the silk manufacturers of that district employed private detectives from the O'Brien Detective Agency of Newark, N. J., said detectives being used to club and shoot down the workers in the name of law and order; and

Whereas, During the recent strike of Wharton Miners' Union No. 267 of the Western Federation of Miners against the Empire Steel and Iron Company at their Mount Hope mine, Wharton, N. J., Sheriff Gillen of Morris

county employed some 250 of those O'Brien detectives, who were deputized and sworn in by him and Judge Saloman of that county; and

Whereas, Said deputized O'Brien detectives were shipped to Wharton, and on arriving there clubbed, abused and shot citizens of that city, said citizens being traveling to and from their homes in the town of Wharton; and

Whereas, Said deputized O'Brien detectives clubbed and abused working girls going to and coming from their places of employment at the silk mills of Wharton; and

Whereas, Said deputized O'Brien detectives broke and trampled on the very law and order they were sworn to uphold, by assaulting, intimidating, shooting at and arresting innocent citizens of that district, in this state of New Jersey, and thereby creating such a reign of terror at the town of Wharton that the citizens of that town were compelled to arm and defend themselves the best way they could; and

Whereas, The sheriff of Morris county, the prosecuting attorney of Morris county and Adjutant General Sadler, the representative of the governor of this state, were in the town of Wharton at the time and made no attempt to protect the citizens of that town, although requested to do so by various reputable citizens; and

Whereas, Those private detectives from the O'Brien Detective Agency were not citizens of Morris county, nor of the state of New Jersey, a large number of them being citizens of New York, and in one or two cases not even being citizens of the United States; therefore, be it

Resolved, That the State Federation of Labor of the state of New Jersey demand an investigation by the state of the acts of the sheriff and other officials of Morris county in deputizing these men; and be it further

Resolved, That the incoming executive board of this organization be instructed by this convention to use every means in their power to have a law enacted at the next session of the legislature of this state prohibiting private detective and strike-breaking agencies from supplying gunmen and strike-breakers to the employers in times of strife between the employers and the employes and the deputizing of said gunmen and strike-breakers by the sheriffs of the various counties of this state.

PASSED BY UNANIMOUS VOTE OF CONVENTION.

Soldiers were engaged in unloading lumber for the Ahmeek Mining Company at Ahmeek, Mich., Thursday. Such men are scabbing, even though they wear the uniform of the militia. Such assignments are worthy of Strike-breaker Abbey.

**MINE OPERATORS SCORED BY JUDGE MURPHY.**

Judge Alfred J. Murphy's report on the copper miners' strike, made public Wednesday, finds against the copper mining companies on the general proposition of their attitude.

Judge Murphy approaches severity in his reference to the action of the operators in refusing to treat with the men as long as they are connected with the Federation of Miners, and it is apparent that he regards the demand for recognition to be legitimate.

Operators are held to be "unreasonable and arbitrary" in their determination to exercise individual choice as to re-employment of men, rejecting all those who have "agitated."

His report follows:

"One of the duties given me by the governor was to offer my services in mediation. In an effort to learn what concessions, if any, the employers would make, I put to them a question which eliminated the employes' demand for recognition of the Western Federation of Miners. It did so, because I am satisfied that the employers will not recognize the federation, whatever be the cost to themselves, their employes and the whole community. With the obstacle of recognition removed, I wanted to see what the employers were willing to do. With that I learned it could then be ascertained what concessions the employes would make. The controversy would thus be narrowed to its smallest compass. Eliminating recognition of the federation, the question was asked upon what terms the strikers would be re-employed.

"The answer of the employers has now been made public. There are two outstanding features in it which, in my judgment, are unreasonable and arbitrary. A conference with the mine managers was had after the receipt of this answer. They adhere unalterably to it. I could not, with self-respect, propose those terms to the employes, for no self-respecting striker could submit to the conditions I refer to.

**Employers Arbitrary.**

"The employers insist on refusing in their individual discretion re-employment to any striker who has engaged 'in acts of agitation,' or who has 'incited thereto.' To agitate for improved conditions, to agitate for the right of employes to organize, to agitate for any legitimate end is the right of every citizen. To penalize the exercise of that right by refusing employment throughout the copper country to any striker is to put him and his family upon that community practically without employment. It is wrong, fundamentally, and wholly wrong in principle. In policy nothing so much reminds me of it as the obtuse course of the Bourbons. It would put the strikers who return to work in the position of sacrificing their fellows who had been loyal in a common cause.

"The position of the employers that withdrawal from membership in the federation must be a condition precedent to re-employment is equally arbitrary and untenable. In principle, if an employer can do this, he can, with like propriety, compel withdrawal from any political, religious or social body as a condition to employment. It is basically un-American. In this tense situation, where power should be used generously and gently, it is a policy which will set men's teeth, evoke in the strikers the spirit of loyalty and sacrifice and make them ready to suffer desperate hardships before acknowledging any such right in the employer."

**LAW AS IT OUGHT TO BE.**

The law is a rule of action prescribed by the supreme power of the state commanding what is right and prohibiting what is wrong. That is law in theory. In practice law is the will of the stronger executed by their chosen officials. In theory there is no wrong without a remedy, no injury without redress.

If that theory were true, does anyone suppose that a peaceable community would be called on to endure the presence of an organized band of thugs? Nor would the sheriff be permitted by an evasion to break the plain intent of the law.

Note how it works out: The sheriff can only deputize citizens of the state to aid in the enforcement of law, but there are not enough citizens who will beat up and kill peaceable strikers to suit the mining companies—and the will of the C. & H. rules in Houghton county. Accordingly Waddell and his murderous band are brought in—not as deputies, mind you, O, no, but to aid and train deputies in enforcing the law. They are not content to murder themselves, they must initiate and train others in the noble art of shooting down defenseless strikers. And a learned judge with warm human sympathies seems to see no way in which he can restrain their murderous proclivities. A sheriff whose malfeasance in office should have cost him his office and his collusion with murderers and conniving at their escape should have cost him his liberty—he is to be permitted to go his way unrestrained and human life must remain unprotected.

A corporation has broken the net of the law, human life has been taken

at its instance, an emergency has arisen and as yet Judge O'Brien hasn't risen to meet it.

This is the question that is to be met: Can a sheriff by calling a deputy sheriff by another name use as deputies men that would be forbidden if a subterfuge had not been resorted to? Can such transparent methods as that defeat the great purposes of the law?

If a sheriff is sufficiently base to turn murderers loose against a community, is that community without recourse? Must men be prepared to forfeit their own lives or act upon the law of self-defense? Has corporate barbarism driven us to such lengths as this?

Is civilization at bay before Sheriff Cruse and Waddell's thugs?

Such a problem would not perplex any man whose mind was not enmeshed in legal technicalities.

But this is not a technicality; it does not rise to that dignity; it is a subterfuge and an evasion worthy a man who would use such tools.

What if a technicality stood in the way? All intelligent men realize that the presence of the thugs constitutes a menace to human life, to many lives. How long and how much should technicalities weigh against human life? Which comes first as a primal function of society, the protection of life, or legal technicalities?

In the spinning of legal technicalities for the undoing of justice and the enslavement of man, Taney's Dred Scott decision was a masterpiece—but the sword of Grant cut through it and humanity marched on.—Miners' Bulletin.

#### THE MITCHELL MEETINGS.

The Mitchell meetings held at the Palestra in Laurium and the Amphidrome in Houghton were record-breaking from the standpoint of numbers, interest and enthusiasm. A large number of women and children were in the parade at each place.

A banner borne by the little folks called forth a great deal of attention: "Papa is striking for us." Two other banners were a decided contrast, and had reference to the numerous attacks against alien agitators made by the copper-collared press of this district. On one, "Calumet & Hecla Headquarters, Boston;" the other, "W. F. M. Headquarters, Denver. Waddell Thugs' Headquarters, Sing Sing." Still another was an indictment of existing conditions and a prayer for better ones: "Toiling 6,000 feet below. We want more light, more money."

The vast rink was crowded—was packed—the seats filled. Addresses were delivered in various languages. Two addresses in English by John W. Walker of the United Mine Workers and Joseph D. Cannon of the Federation preceded the address of the day by Mr. Mitchell at the Palestra.

Though the day was hot and thousands packed together, no one moved except to give vent to their emotions when the speakers scored a telling point.—Miners' Bulletin.

Monday morning, August 25.

Nobody showed up for work but the militia and the thug gunmen. Of course the Mining Gazette will also still continue to break ore in its columns, as usual, but all the copper this combination mines will not seriously disturb the market.

The Calumet & Hecla officials are desperate. Every scheme of intimidation, bribery and deception has failed utterly. Not a man has been bluffed, bribed or deceived by them except a few of their sucks and lickspittles.

The militia, the thugs and gunmen and their cheap press will not break copper ore. They are about at their rope's end, for a number of the different companies who wanted to recognize the men are getting restless. They are getting tired of the promises from the Calumet & Hecla that the strike is broken. The lies of the kept press are not mining ore in their mines; there stockholders are threatening to revolt. They say the men are right.

Anyway, the situation from the strikers point of view is, to say the least, mighty encouraging. Something is going to drop mighty soon, and it is going to drop hard for McNaughton.

Everybody turned out Monday morning to see the great turn-out of scabs that the Calumet & Hecla had advertised so widely through their subsidized press, that were going to work. But, lo and behold! There was no one showed up at the mines but the thug gunmen and the militia, the two presents that the sheriff and governor presented us with.

Don't forget, boys, that it was our votes that elected those things to office, and that if we had elected real men instead of corporation tools, that our brothers would not have been beaten up, our families would not have been outraged, abused and insulted. Don't forget this; our strike would also have been settled by this time, and the justice of our demands recognized. Don't forget it, and don't do it again.—Miners' Bulletin.

#### AN APPEAL TO THE MINERS ON STRIKE IN MICHIGAN.

Brothers:

We are calling to you from this industrial hell of Utah to stand shoulder to shoulder like men and fight to the bitter end, every opposing element that stands between you and complete victory, as your cause is eminently a just one, you are bound to win if you only refuse to listen to the capitalistic jaw-smiths who try to buy you with the money they have stolen from you and a part of which you are now trying to recover, in the way of an increase in wages, and for the need of which you and your family are compelled to live in misery and want.

We further appeal to you as true and loyal opponents of this present pernicious and disgraceful system of wage slavery that robs the child of the present, and curses the man of the future, to refuse absolutely to follow in the footsteps of the weak-kneed disciples who have massacred their manhood and made mincemeat of their sacred word of honor, and utterly collapse when called upon to champion the cause that stands for the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.

We have men here who not only violated every obligation of a manly and sacred nature, by turning traitor to the organization they had sworn to protect, but by also assisting their former employes in driving the men back to work.

But the way of the transgressor is hard. These moral perverts, who so ably performed this important duty for their masters, have since been discharged, their former bosses realizing that inasmuch as this band of scabs had betrayed their own class, that it would be only a matter of a short time (if given the opportunity) until they (the bosses) would be called upon to share the same fate.

A few of these industrial murderers, who have since ventured out of this district in search of employment, were compelled to return here, having discovered that the helping hand was not in evidence wherever they applied for assistance.

There is hardly a day passes that some of these guttersnipes are not at the union headquarters offering all kinds of money for a card, and promising (if only given one more chance) to remain loyal to the union and true to their obligation.

They would like very much to be cleansed of that moral stigma (scab) a single application of which is sufficient to last a lifetime.

Brothers:

In concluding we ask you in the name of a calumniated, accused and despised working class, who for centuries have been murdered and robbed by

the sanguinary Hessians of capital whose dollars are dripping with the heart's blood of the wives and children of the toilers of the earth, don't stand idly by while your beautiful daughters (the sunshine of your homes) have been forced by this heartless, cruel and murderous system to place on sale that priceless pearl of purity so that the Diggs, Caminettis and Thaws of a putrid, degenerate capitalistic society might nail another butchered and bleeding human beauty on the cross of shame, a helpless victim of a heartless humanity.

BINGHAM MINERS' UNION NO. 67, W. F. M.

Signed:

J. R. NEWTON,  
P. J. MCKENNA,  
E. G. LOCKE,  
Committee.

#### THE STRIKE OF THE COPPER MINERS.

By J. L. Engdahl.

Calumet, Mich., Aug. 30.—Into the ears of the nation the kept and corrupted capitalist press has dinned the story of how the backbone of the revolt of 18,000 copper miners in northern Michigan has been broken.

Here in this northern peninsula, where they can sometimes dig copper 100 per cent pure, there is a different story. The mines still remain the tombs that they became when the men quit them three weeks ago.

Not a pound of ore-bearing rock has been raised from the depths. Here and there only over the vast copper range is there an occasional engine still alive to keep the pumps going for fire protection.

Behind the strikers stands the entire strength of the Western Federation of Miners which is only adding another to its already long list of brilliant struggles against the forces of the mine barons of the continent. In the present combat also stand the 420,000 members of the United Mine Workers of America, the coal miners, enthused by their recent thrilling victory achieved among the mountains of West Virginia.

The strike of the Michigan copper miners is in some respects similar to the struggle of the West Virginia coal miners. The copper mine owners say there is nothing to arbitrate and refuse to recognize even the existence of the Western Federation of Miners. That is what the West Virginia coal mine owners said.

The militia was brought into the strike zone. Notorious gunmen and thugs were imported. But martial law has not yet been declared, the miners have not yet been evicted from their company-owned homes, they have not yet been denied the right to hold meetings or march in their parades. That may all come when the mine owners see that measures harsher than any they have yet adopted will be necessary to force the workers back into the slavery against which they have revolted.

The hope of the mine owners just now is in what they term a "back-to-work" movement. This movement is mostly on paper. The official organs of the mine owners announce the 2,000 or 3,000 men are going back to work, a meeting is held, a committee appointed to confer with the mine owners, and on the face of things all is supposed to be well if only the workers will ignore the Western Federation of Miners.

But the workers have been too well trained to obey or believe anything appearing in the sheets owned and controlled by men who once thought they were the masters of the miners. So these strike-breaking movements have failed. The strike has given birth to the Miners' Bulletin, published by the authority of the Western Federation of Miners, "to tell the truth regarding the strike of the copper miners." Then there is "The Tyomies," meaning "The Workman," the Finnish daily Socialist paper published at Hancock, which reaches about 50 per cent of the miners.

So with their own meetings, their own press, their own parades and men doing continually picket duty, the strikers are just as well aware of what is going on, and perhaps better informed, than the mine owners themselves. When the mine owners say that the strikers are going back to work the miners know that the mine owners lie, and soon the mine owners will know that the miners know that they lie.

The strike area is sixty-eight miles long and is contiguous to the iron-mining district of Michigan, all of which is located in the northern Michigan peninsula. The miners have been held not only in economic but political slavery, being compelled to vote for the candidates of their employers.

This was quickly seen when Sheriff James Cruse of Houghton county immediately after the strike was declared, at the behest of the mine owners, petitioned Governor Ferris for troops with which to drive the men back to work. Governor Ferris, without even investigating the situation, sent every available militiaman in the state, 2,500 in number, to the affected district.

It was the arrival of the militia with their bayonets and shooting irons, infantry, cavalry and artillery, followed by the Waddell assassins, that gave the capitalist press its opportunity to print stories of violence.

But instead of blaming the militia and the gunmen for the violence, the strikers were held up as "lawless foreigners."

The strikers were enthused in their battles by the arrival of "Mother" Jones from West Virginia and Mrs. Laura G. Cannon, who arrived with her husband, Joseph D. Cannon, one of the organizers of the Western Federation of Miners. This is a strike where the women and children are being given just as much, if not more, attention than the men.

If it is to be a strike of hunger against millions, the miners are prepared for it. The feeling is, however, that once the mine owners become convinced that they cannot break the ranks of the strikers, that they will then bend before the inevitable just as the West Virginia mine owners were forced to sue for peace.—Socialist Party Press.

#### THE BOSS AND THE POLICEMAN'S CLUB.

How long, oh, Lord, how long, are workingmen going to trample upon their manhood? Are they going to plough under forever every vestige of the old time revolutionary spirit that has meant so much to suffering humanity in their effort to break the chains of chattel slavery in the past, and without which it will be impossible to forever banish from this earth the present damnable system of wage slavery that causes men, women and children to starve to death in a world of plenty?

This is the burning question of the industrial age.

The blackest page in labor's history is that plainly written in the cowardly hearts and stony souls of workingmen, whose claim of freedom, has long since become part of ancient history, and whose budweiser intelligence has led them to crucify every spark of manhood, self-respect, honor and decency, in order that they might betray their most sacred obligations to their fellowmen, whenever called upon to do so by the master class. In this so-called free land of ours we are told that all men are equal before the law, and that a full supply of justice for all mankind, is carefully stored under the lids of our venerable lawmakers, who are selected from the ranks of the master class, and believe me, they seldom miss the mark wherever it comes to shooting this justice of theirs into the ranks of the workers when they are out on strike.

The graveyards of this as well as every other civilized country are filled to overflowing with the bones of wage slaves who died from an overdose of this capitalistic justice.

Mr. Workingman, why is it, that whenever you want to talk to your boss about a raise in wages, that he invariably calls for the soldiers to shoot you down? Why does he draw a line across the public highway (as was done

in here, in Bingham, during the fore part of the strike) and forbid you to cross it by threatening to shoot you? Why does this justice that we hear so much about not apply in your case as it does in that of your master?

It is simply because you do not swing the policeman's club; you only stop it when it is brought down by your master on your dome of intellect in case you so far forget yourself as to even imagine that you have any rights that your boss is bound to respect.

Let me tell you something the bosses have done for the boys who were out on strike in this cursed place.

For about three weeks after the walkout there had been no attempt on the part of the mining companies involved, to resume operations. At the end of that time, however, it became quite apparent that an attempt to start the mines would soon be made, there having arrived in the meantime about seven hundred deputies who had been carefully selected from the slums and cesspools of the earth. The strikers did not have long to wait until their industrial battlefield was completely decorated with this collection of lawless murderers, with positive orders from the powers that be to kill, if necessary, every striker that dared to picket his fellow worker against going back to work in the unfair infernos that had already been vacated as a result of a starvation wage.

Working in conjunction with those guttersnipes, were quite a number of horny-handed nobility or former mine superintendents, shift bosses, foremen and a few other leeches of minor importance, also a sprinkling of those so-called intellectuals who merely go around with their sleeves rolled up and uncovered heads in order to give the sun a chance to keep their grey-matter from freezing, and who were also loaded down with guns furnished by their respective companies. Soon the fun began, and our former bosses immediately started to carry out their part of the program by breaking into the shacks of the miners, beating up the women and children, yelling and hollering and carrying on such a reign of terror that it almost caused the entire population to flee for their lives. Two of those women who were in a delicate condition at the time have since died as a result of the brutal treatment received at the hands of those nefarious cut-throats, who further continued to enjoy themselves by pursuing the strikers and threatening to kill or drive out of the district those of them who refused to go back to work.

In answer to an appeal from a union miner who had received a severe beating from this same band of murderers, our American justice appeared and the result was an indefinite period in the county jail was prescribed for our worthy brother in order that he might have a chance to recover from his wounds as well as otherwise prepare himself to face a criminal charge of inciting to riot of which he was absolutely innocent.

Just a few days ago I happened to meet a gentleman who was soliciting orders for underwear, and during the conversation which followed, I was surprised to learn that out of over forty men whom he just finished measuring for garments nearly all of them were packing a gun.

Needless to say that this same band of outlaws were still swinging the policeman's club on the picket line of their masters, while you, Mr. Worker, who was long since driven from his home and family is still tramping the broad land in search of that glorious Eden where constitutional right of free speech and free assemblage is in working order and where he will not be shot down like a dog for asking his boss for a little more wages in order that his wife and babies may be kept from starvation.

Mr. Workingman: You had better get possession of the policeman's club.

P. J. McKENNA, 67.

#### THE I. W. W. AND OWNERSHIP.

(By Emanuel Julius.)

Of late, William D. Haywood, high mogul of I. W. W.ism, has been delivering himself of some pretty opinions. The railroads should belong to the railroaders, he says. The textile mills should belong to the mill hands; the mines should belong to the miners; the saloons should belong to the bartenders; the peanut stands should belong to the peanutists; the cheese factories should be long to the chesarians—so goes the argument.

Walter Lippman, the brilliant author of "A Preface to Politics," in an article in the current number of The New Review, tears this argument to shreds, and then puts the shreds in his pipe and smokes them with much gusto. The big point of his argument, at first thought, seems almost paradoxical, but the truth of it soon dawns upon one. Haywood, Giovannitti and their anarchistic cohorts, stands for private property, Lippman avers. Of course, when I first read this statement, I wasn't much impressed. I actually thought he was slandering the sensitive I. W. W.ites. All the I. W. W.'s stand for private ownership "when they are not thorough-going Socialists," says the writer. "I don't for a moment think they mean to stand for private property in the means of production; their intention is to abolish it root and branch."

Lippman says that when Haywood and others declare they stand for the textile workers owning the textile mills and the railroaders owning the railroads, "they are simply urging the creation of a large number of workmen-capitalists."

In other words, our Haywoods and Ettors—seemingly ignorant of Socialist economics—would bring about a condition that would enable a group of workmen-capitalists to become profit-takers, a condition of affairs which true Socialists could never countenance. A profit-taking workman is just as dangerous and objectionable as a profit-mad capitalist—worse, for where one capitalist lives off the labor of others ten thousand workmen would take toll from society.

"Let those actually in an industry own it and operate it to suit themselves, they will exploit the consumer with high prices just as any other group of private capitalists would," says Lippman.

If only those engaged in the technical work of production are to be allowed to have any say in the conduct of an industry, we are told, if "Railways for the railwaymen" is to be the slogan, how are the rest of us to prevent the railwaymen from using the power of this monopoly to charge all the traffic will bear?" This is a striking question. This question practically leaves the I. W. W.ites without legs to stand on. The I. W. W. confesses that it wants nothing more than a new form of capitalism.

The Socialist party does not desire to place the railways in the exclusive control of the railroad men. Instead, it aims for the social ownership and democratic management of railroads, factories, mines, telegraphs, telephones, etc.—the Socialists want all the people to own what all the people must have. This, of course, means that there must be a democratic state to administer the affairs of society.

The state is something more than a police force. Lippman ably points out that the state, which I. W. W. anarchistically aims to abolish, has highly useful functions. At one time, the state was nothing more than a club to protect the property of the owning class. But the state has been evolving, great changes have come into being, and now it has become a tool instead of a weapon, a means of conserving human life through health departments, educating the masses through public schools, attending to the ills of mankind through social hospitals, paving the streets, digging sewers, irrigating the deserts, draining the swamps, extinguishing the great forest fires, watching over the ships that plow through the seas. The state is more than a policeman's club. The state is the modern expression of social man. The state has only commenced to do its work. In the near future, the state will be far mightier, performing a thousand services where but one is done at present. The state is becoming the one means that will enable the workers to peacefully bring about desired changes. The state—the social state—is

not a curse—it is a blessing, I. W. W.ites to the contrary notwithstanding. The people's state must inspect food in Chicago for the consumers in Pomona; the people's state must regulate conditions in the mines so that workers will not be needlessly slaughtered; the people's state must disinfect disease-laden sections so that the health of the community shall not be endangered; the people's state must maintain an efficient fire department so that life and property shall not be destroyed. These things can only be done by a state. We must have a state. Our only salvation lies in building a greater, more powerful state. The state of the future will be a social institution instead of a class weapon.

Criticizing the tactics of the I. W. W., Lippman says: "Nothing is gained by teaching the people to ignore the state. Without it we shall be helpless. All the labor organizations in the world, all the strikes and class struggles will be of no use, if we have no instrument for administering the industries we hope to socialize. The I. W. W. in turning its back upon political democracy, in urging working men to ignore the state, is miseducating its followers. It is telling them to throw away the instrument essential to any co-operative commonwealth."

The Socialist party is the political expression of the economic interests of the workers, says the 1912 platform. In conserving the interests of the workers, the Socialist party cannot be other than revolutionary. A party that sincerely tries to live up to the 1912 party is revolutionary. There we get the true meaning of political democracy, the true significance of the state's new functions. Nowhere in the platform do we find, as I. W. W.'s charge the Socialist party merely desires low taxes, petty reforms and capitalistic palliatives.

I wish our I. W. W. critics would do something startling for once in their lives—I wish they would read the Socialist party platform. I know this is a staggering request, but I always was somewhat facetious.

From the first paragraph to the close, the platform is revolutionary. The movement sees the goal—the taking over of all the means of wealth production and distribution by society. It sees the need of immediate betterment of the conditions of the workers. It sees that by gaining immediate concessions, the movement is laying the foundation of the commonwealth, supplanting the worn-out capitalist system. The industrial demands of the Socialist party aim for the conservation of human resources, particularly of the lives and well-being of the workers and their families:

1. By shortening the workday in keeping with the increased productivity of machinery.
2. By securing to every worker a rest period of not less than a day and a half in each week.
3. By securing a more effective inspection of workshops, factories and mines.
4. By forbidding the employment of children under 16 years of age.
5. By the co-operative organization of industries and federal penitentiaries and workshops for the benefit of convicts and their dependents.
6. By forbidding the interstate transportation of the products of child labor, of convict labor and of all uninspected factories and mines.
7. By abolishing the profit system in government work and substituting either the direct hire of labor or the awarding of contracts to co-operative groups of workers.
8. By establishing minimum wage scales.
9. By abolishing official charity and substituting a non-contributory system of old-age pensions, a general system of insurance by the state of all its members against unemployment and invalidism and a system of compulsory insurance by employers of their workers, without cost to the latter, against industrial diseases, accidents and death.

Such measures of relief as we may be able to force from capitalism, says the platform, are but a preparation of the workers to seize the whole power of government, in order that they may thereby lay hold of the whole system of socialized industry and thus come to their rightful inheritance.

How can the I. W. W. consistently denounce the Socialist party for wanting immediate relief for the workers when the I. W. W.ites are the first to say "We want the goods now?"

Victor L. Berger, interviewed while he was here some days ago, rightly charged the I. W. W. with being anti-social. Said he:

"The great fault I have to find with the I. W. W. is the absolute lack of organization or sense of organization. They seem drawn together like sand by a storm and to be blown apart the same way, and like the French Syndicalists, who are their prototype, the I. W. W. has an absolute contempt for political action. It wants direct action, as the anarchists propose.

"The I. W. W.ites preach sabotage; injure the employers' machinery, destroy the product, endanger the lives of co-employers—in short, substitute savage and barbaric warfare for the civilized warfare of the twentieth century.

"In all this the I. W. W. is entirely anti-social, and that is the reason why the Socialists of the world, not only America, want to have nothing to do with the I. W. W. in America, the Syndicalists in France, or the so-called anarcho-socialists of the Latin countries.

"The only safe road to social progress for the working class and for the people at large is the one mapped out by the history of the past and the common sense of today. It is to make use of our political democracy in order to shape conditions in such a manner as to make possible an industrial democracy.

"The working man must make use both of his political rights and of his industrial organization for that purpose. War is hell. Therefore, let's not have more war than is absolutely unavoidable.

"I believe in a two-armed labor movement—a labor movement with a political arm, which is the Socialist party, and an economic arm, which is the industrial organization. But I want each arm to fulfill its own mission. I don't want the two arms to interfere with each other. I want them to help each other, as they do in the human body.

"I don't want the political organization to try to do the work of the industrial organization or trades union, and I don't want the trade union to go into politics and do something for which it was not intended. I want each to stay in its own sphere, but to be close allied and help each other.

"Therefore, I opposed the Socialist party taking up the squabbles and differences of trade unions. I opposed the Socialist party as a party mixing in the industrial field and trying to tell the workman on the industrial field what structure he was to have, whether trade autonomy or industrial union. I thought the workers ought to attend to that for themselves."

#### OUR CLEVER YOUNG MEN.

By William Robinson, M. D.

We have a lot of clever young men. I meet many of them in New York. I met one of them on the steamer, and during the fourteen days that it took us to cross the Atlantic and the Mediterranean we had a number of long talks. They constitute an interesting species and are worth a little study.

They have three chief characteristics. The first one is, of course, cleverness. Just cleverness. Neither depth, nor erudition, nor much knowledge, but just cleverness. They can talk cleverly, flippantly and superficially on almost anything. They generally have the literary bee in their bonnet. They have written a poem or two, some essays or criticisms; they may be the authors of two or three short stories, and, more likely than not, they have written or are writing a play, which is going to prove a marvelous dramatic and financial success.

They call themselves radicals and freethinkers, but what characterizes them—and this is their second characteristic—is their utter lack of definite,

settled convictions on any subject—religious, political or moral. This thinking apparatus operates in a peculiar hazy manner. One of them will declare himself an out and out atheist; at the same time he will declare his belief in spirit-rapping, in slate writing, in theosophy, in personal immortality, in the possibility of communicating with the spirit of his dead great-grandmother. One announces himself a Socialist, and is even, perhaps, a dues-paying member of the Socialist party; but when you talk with him on the subject you find that his ideas of Socialism are of the haziest character and that he is not really a Socialist, but an individual anarchist; or else he is a mixture of more reactionary conservatism with irresponsible propaganda-of-the-deed anarchism. He may write for the Socialist press, may contribute articles to *The Call* (such as he cannot dispose of elsewhere), but he is really happy and proud only when an article of his is accepted by a capitalistic magazine, in spite of the fact that he never ceases to scold the capitalist press, characterizing it as venal and corrupt, and using even stronger epithets, a favorite being the one applied to a certain class of women.

He calls himself a Democrat, and he would feel quite offended if his democracy were questioned or suspected, but he secretly despises the poor and the poorly dressed, and feels tickled to death when he can hobnob with one of the great magnates or world's rulers. Oh, yes, he believes in woman suffrage and equal rights, but in his intercourse with the female sex he will pass by without notice the brainy, radical woman, and will devote all his time to the dainty, aristocratic doll with false hair, rouged cheeks and powdered nose.

Another characteristic of our good friend, the clever young man, is his superficiality. He is superficial in everything he does. He never goes to the root of anything. Whether it be literature, philosophy or political economy—he just grazes the surface, he just nibbles enough to know what the thing is about, so as to be able to chat or prattle about it. For instance, though claiming to be literateurs, our friends, the clever young men, are often unfamiliar with the world's greatest literary masterpieces; but they are sure to have read the latest decadent or futuristic trash.

In some of our young men the lack of convictions, of what we, the somewhat old-fashioned, are used to call a conscience, is apt to go to painful, to astounding extremes. For instance, a young man who calls himself an anarchist and a friend of freedom, may one nice morning surprise you with an article on an ode in favor of a bloodthirsty tyrant and crusher of liberty.

In all of their writings the clever young men of whom I speak pay more attention to form than to substance. Sound is more important to them than sense. The epigram is their ideal, the paradox their paradise, and they will sacrifice the truth without any hesitation to a pretty alliteration. Style is their god, even if behind the style there is but an empty void and a finely-turned falsehood is ever dearer to them than the plain, robust truth.

Such are many of our young men; clever, but superficial and without settled convictions. Socially often delightful, their contributions to the intellectual treasury of mankind will be represented by zero. Unless we can succeed in convincing them that they are on the wrong road, unless we can persuade them to free themselves from the curse of cleverness and run, run, run from the plague of a paradox and get away from the infection of the epidemic of epigrams.

The truth in homely dress is at the present time of more importance to humanity than falsehood or emptiness in the finest raiment.

Interlaken, Switzerland, July 27, 1913.

#### THE DICTAGRAPH.

A familiar face of boyish mien and a thatch of touseled hair picked his way slouchily through the crowded accounting apartment of a New York insurance company. That boy bore an envelope and he slackened his shuffle long enough to toss an envelope in front of his industrious hands. Mr. Certain Individual indifferently reached for a paper knife and slit it open. The metal opener fell with ever so soft a thud on his desk. He read. It was from the boss. He was discharged. "Pernicious activity!" "Trouble maker!" "Good of the department!" Those were some of the phrases.

How did the boss find out? Somebody had snitched! Mr. Certain Individual went to the cashier for his pay check and then "went gunning" for a suspect, some cronie who had blabbed. He didn't know the dictagraph had gotten him.

Certain individual didn't know that in the adjoining wash room at the rear of that massive mirror reposed snugly and insignificantly that little metal contrivance that has sent men to the penitentiary without number, shattered homes and sent "loose tongues" about their business. But it was the dictagraph that has turned Mr. Certain Individual into the street.

Big Business has found a use for the dictagraph. Its mightily pleased with this little appliance that places the boss right at your side when you can't see him.

In half a dozen offices, those of managers of big industries in manufacturing or hotel lines, if you take the trouble to look closely you probably would notice an inconspicuous box, protruding from which are a dozen or more little pegs. They look like messenger call buttons, and they generally pass for that.

If the boss isn't busy during the afternoon and his sanctum is empty, he takes fiendish delight in reaching over and pressing one of those buttons. You may not discern the little disk at a convenient point on his desk and within proximity to his ear as he leans forward in disinterested attitude. But that little disk sometimes repeats a world of interesting things.

He presses another button and another and another. He is "trying out" the boys in that many departments, perhaps several sections of one department. If John or George or Harry are covertly cussing the boss, he's apt to hear it; he finds it highly ingenious in tipping him off on trouble-makers, perhaps detecting strike fomenters in his manufacturing shops. About all the strike agitator learns of it is that he gets his notice and his pay.

One of the latest stunts of the dictagraph is that of scotching the germ of an incipient strike. The germ is usually a man with a good deal of intelligence, a considerable amount of discontent and more or less personality. Working with his fellows, he airs his views about the inequality of things in general and the toilers in particular. And in a very little while he has convinced by logic or by mesmerism the majority of his listeners.

But this germ's lease of life is now limited. In the office of the manager or the employer are switches to probably a dozen dictagraphs. He can "investigate" the conversation in almost any section of his office or factory. The transmitter may be under a desk; it may be in a chandelier; it surely is somewhere not to be suspected or inadvertently discovered. And what the germ says in whispers is very plain to the ears of the man at the receiving end.

At the end of the week the instigator of strikes is called to the office and receives his envelope and also his discharge. He may suspect, but he can't be certain. At any rate, there won't be a strike just yet.

The same mechanism has been installed in several of New York's largest hotels, and not only is it breaking up alliances offensive and defensive between those who know how to work the "squeeze game," but it is a very great aid in stopping leaks in the wine cellars and stock rooms. If there is an unaccountable diminution of bottles of rare vintage, or a peculiar dwindling of linens and silver, the dictagraph will make it possible to hear what is going on in those rooms. And the conspirators, for there are usually two of them, will unwittingly divulge their secrets.

Such are about the general uses of the dictagraph, and as for its abuses well, the manufacturers would say that no honest man need fear it. Nevertheless, the machine can not be purchased by everyone. Aside from the large

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We don't like to sell them indiscriminately, because we don't know how they will be used. For example, we do not care to employ them in divorce cases to obtain evidence. They have been so used, however, but the machines were obtained from a detective agency.

The general public has not the faintest idea how extensive their use has become. They are everywhere and where least expected.—New York Press.

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LOST IN THE HEART OF CHICAGO.

So much has been written about the women of the "underworld." "Lost" woman, once a tabooed subject in polite society, is almost as familiar a figure (mentally) as any other woman. Preachers, lecturers, writers, social saviours of various types, have all concentrated on the woman of the underworld for the past few years.

The "lost" woman, the white slave, has a commercial value. Twenty million dollars a year is spent in Chicago alone on her. This is only her physical value. What she has netted those who have exploited her in literature and on the platform has never been estimated. It is generally conceded, however, that the commercial value of the "lost" woman is very, very great.

Perhaps that is why her fame has so greatly overshadowed that of the "lost" man. For the underworld has its lost men, also.

In the heart of Chicago 32,000 of these men are living. Every big city has its percentage of them. Men without homes, without names, or, at least, bearing assumed names; men without work, without hope, even lacking in many cases any semblance to manhood.

They are the denizens of the cheap lodging houses, or "flops," as they are commonly called, and the great bulk of them live in about 123 of the most notorious 10c-15c-25c lodging houses on four or five streets in the heart of the business district of Chicago, according to figures recently compiled by the Illinois board of health.

If you have lost your father, your son, your brother, he may be among these men. Perhaps he has failed in finding work; he may have lost his health, or have been crippled, or it may be he has passed the "old-age" limit (which is 45) and he may have gone into one of these 10c-15c lodging houses until he could "get on his feet," find work, and make himself respectable again. And, failing, he may have decided to become a "regular" of the place, and just live there, doing odd jobs from day to day, and paying his small fee for the right to stay on.

Most of the lodging house population has been called the human wreckage of industry. They come from the ranks of the unskilled, the floating laborers. Hundreds and thousands of men in the United States don't know any longer what a permanent job and home means. Even among skilled laborers the machines have taken their places until they find themselves out looking for anything they can find, and soon become members of the ranks of the unskilled. They go to the forests in the fall, to the ice fields in the winter, to the harvest fields in the summer.

This kind of labor, with a homeless life, cripples the best of men after awhile; they suffer from exposure, become physically disabled and drift to the city lodging houses.

One man who had been the foreman in a country printing office for fifteen years was suddenly displaced by a machine, and finally drifted into a lodging house, where he lived, "half soured" most of the time, and covered with vermin. Another, a one-time successful business man, had become infatuated with his stenographer; this was followed by a divorce, his children ranging themselves with their mother against him, the whole thing resulting in disgrace and business ruin. He drifted about, trying to re-establish himself, and in the cheap lodging house, at the age of 55, was still figuring on business schemes.

"There is one thing you ought not to say about these 'flops,'" said one ex-nomadic laborer to a newspaper reporter. "They are not filled with robbers, murderers, criminals, as people often imagine. The criminals of the day live in better places than these 'flops.'" They hang out in more comfortable 'joints' than the cheap saloons of this district. The lodging houses are festering places of vice and disease, and through this also of crime. There are in them many hundreds and possibly thousands of men who have jail records, many ex-criminals. But it is not as ex-criminals they are here, but as ex-men, ex-workers. We are the odds and ends, the wastes that are swept out of our national industrial shop.

"The lodging house 'flop' is becoming essentially the last refuge of the old and disabled worker for whom industry has no use. The great majority of us are like myself, who worked as long as they could, men who are still willing to work, but for whom industry has no use, because there are younger men to take our places at the same money."

It comes high, our present industrial system! It eats up the best years of thousands of men and then casts them, still in middle age, on the refuse heap. The "lost" men of society, they are. Our brothers, fathers, sons, traveling the road to a pauper's grave, along with the "lost" woman. Less expensive to society, perhaps, than the lost woman, less of a problem. Certainly less written about, but still one of the great, living cancers of the present ill-adjusted industrial system. In Chicago alone there are 32,000 of them, homeless, and thus counting so many broken families.

And yet there are those who would not disturb the present order of things!—The Progressive Woman.

NEW DEPOSITS OF IRON ORE.

Magnetite Beds Found by Geological Survey in Blackfeet Indian Reservation.

While making a geologic examination of the Blackfeet Indian reservation in northwestern Montana in 1912, Eugene Stebinger of the United States Geological Survey found a number of magnetite beds carrying a notable percentage of iron. The beds occur in a prominent sandstone formation which can be traced for many miles, entirely across the reservation. Although they are of considerable economic interest, especially because of the opening of the reservation to settlement in the near future, as provided by congress, there are apparently no published descriptions or even mention of them extant. They have not been prospected because of regulations restricting such operations on the reservation.

The magnetite beds are widely distributed over the west half of the reservation, the principal beds being found on the South Fork of Milk river. The largest towns in the region are Cut Bunk, a small agricultural center and railroad point situated on the east edge of the area, and Browning, at present the Indian agency for the reservation.

The thickest beds found on the reservation occur at the mouth of Kennedy Coulee, near the Croff ranch. According to analysis made the beds average 27.3 per cent of iron and 8.3 per cent of titanium oxide. In the same township, on the opposite side of Milk river, the magnetite-bearing sandstone is well exposed in steep cliffs averaging about 100 feet in height. The cliffs are capped by iron-stained sandstones from ten to twenty feet in total thickness. The greater part of these sandstones can not be classed as high-grade rock, although a few thin beds, in no place reaching an aggregate thickness of more than four feet, are rich in magnetite. A sample from this locality showed on analysis 33.2 per cent of iron and 10.6 per cent of titanium oxide. Samples taken from other deposits in the vicinity indicate that a considerable tonnage of ore which would average about 50 per cent of iron could be hand-sorted from these deposits, although the average of the material available would probably not run more than 30 to 40 per cent. The proportion of titanium oxide in the ores is considerable, averaging over 12 per cent in one sample. This high titanium content renders these ores unfit for use, according to present metallurgical practice, although it is believed that ores of this type may eventually be successfully smelted.

A copy of the report may be had free upon application to the director of the United States Geological Survey.

In Memoriam.

Wallace, Idaho, August 18, 1913.

Whereas, Through the sad death of W. H. Bragg the Wallace local and the world at large has lost another faithful advocate of our just cause; and Whereas, Through his untimely end we have another gap in the ranks of the true; therefore be it

Resolved; That the Wallace Local, No. 14, shall drape their charter for thirty days and a copy of this resolution of condolence be printed in the Miners' Magazine and copies sent to his relatives.

LESLIE TURNER and W. R. REID.  
Committee.

(Seal)

IN MEMORIAM.

Bisbee, Ariz., Aug. 3, 1913.

To the Officers and Members of Bisbee Miners' Union No. 106, W. F. of M.:

Whereas, Death has again invaded our ranks and taken from our midst Brother James Miggins; and

Whereas, In the death of Brother Miggins this local has lost a loyal union man and brother; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we extend to the relatives of the deceased our heartfelt sympathy; and be it further

Resolved, That our charter be draped for a period of thirty days, that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the relatives of the deceased, a copy to The Miners' Magazine for publication, and a copy be placed on file.

G. S. ROUTH,  
W. F. BURLISON,  
N. E. HOLM,  
Committee.

IN MEMORIAM.

To the Officers and Members of Tonopah Miners' Union, No. 121, W. F. M.

Whereas, Death has again invaded our ranks and removed from our midst Brother Walter Kemont, and

Whereas, In the death of Brother Kemont, Tonopah Miners' Union has lost a true and faithful member, and the community a loyal and respected citizen, therefore be it

Resolved, That we, the members of Tonopah Miners' Union No. 121, W. F. M., extend to his friends our heartfelt sympathy in their hour of sorrow and bereavement, and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to his family, a copy be spread on our minutes and a copy sent to the Miners' Magazine for publication, and as a mark of respect for our departed brother, that our Charter be draped in mourning for a period of thirty days.

JERRY DONOVAN,  
NICK SKOLL.

IN MEMORIAM.

Douglas, Alaska, August 21, 1913.

To the Officers and Members of Douglas Island Miners' Union No. 109, Western Federation of Miners:

Whereas, Death has again invaded our ranks and removed from our midst Brother Olof Swanson; and,

Whereas, In the death of Brother Olof Swanson, Douglas Island Miners' Union has lost a true and faithful member and the community a useful citizen; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we extend our sincere sympathy to the relatives of our deceased brother in their sad bereavement; and, be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to his relatives, a copy be spread on our minutes and a copy be sent to The Miners' Magazine for publication and that our charter be draped for a period of thirty days.

E. O. WALLSTROM,  
F. L. ALSTROM,  
JOE SPINKS,

Committee.

(Seal)

IN MEMORIAM.

Douglas, Alaska, August 21, 1913.

To the Officers and Members of Douglas Island Miners' Union No. 109, Western Federation of Miners:

Whereas, Brother Mato Samardich met an untimely death while working in the Perseverance mine; and,

Whereas, In the death of Brother Mato Samardich, Douglas Island Miners' Union has lost a true and loyal member, who was always faithful to his obligations; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we extend our sympathy to his relatives in their hour of sorrow and affliction; and, be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to his relatives, a copy spread on the minutes and a copy sent to The Miners' Magazine for publication, and that our charter be draped for a period of thirty days.

E. O. WALLSTROM,  
F. L. ALSTROM,  
JOE SPINKS,

Committee.

(Seal)

IN MEMORIAM.

Cobalt, Ontario, Canada, Aug. 17th, 1913.

Resolutions of condolence re death of Brother Gordon Montgomery, who met death by electrocution:

Whereas, Death has once more invaded our ranks and removed from our midst our beloved brother, Gordon Montgomery; and

Whereas, in the death of Bro. Montgomery, Cobalt Miners Union has lost a valued member; therefore be it

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

Resolved; That we drape our charter for a period of thirty days, that a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of this local, a copy sent to the deceased's relatives and a copy to the Miners' Magazine for publication.

THOS. LINDSAY,  
JESSE BARKER,  
W. E. JOYCE,

Committee.

(Seal)

Cobalt Miners' Union, No. 146, W. F. M.

Drink  
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