

## Coal Miners Quit Work

### General Walk out in the Northwest Territory—Railroads Crippled Through Lack of Fuel

Bellingham, Wash., April 19.—A special from Vancouver, B. C., says a serious condition of affairs exists on the Canadian Pacific railroad on account of the coal miners' strike in the Crow's Nest Pass mines and at Alberta. Orders were issued from the headquarters of the western division here today that nothing but passenger trains and perishable freight trains are to be run over the lines, and all freight steamers are to be taken off their runs. The supplies of coal on hand can not last more than two or three days. If the Vancouver island miners are called on to supply the railways, it is likely to precipitate a strike in these mines. The order covers the main line from Winnipeg to the coast, the Crow's Nest Pass line and all branch lines.

#### Alberta Strike Complete.

Winnipeg, April 19.—Reports of the coal strike of Alberta show that with a few exceptions every miner is out and the remaining few will likely come out tonight.

The situation throughout the west is most critical and already the Canadian Pacific railroad has confiscated a number cars of coal along its system to keep their locomotives running.

#### Strike Still on at Fernie.

Calgary, B. C., April 19.—The Fernie coal strike is still on, but another meeting between the miners and the operators has been arranged to take place in Fernie April 26. It is expected that all the miners will go to work again.

The Canadian Pacific railroad has about ten days' coal supply on hand.

Vancouver, B. C., April 19.—Practically all the coal mines in eastern British Columbia and Alberta are closed.

The men have quit work, but not definitely gone on a strike, so that they may not be prosecuted under a Dominion government law. Sherman and Patterson, his assistant, both state that the men are pressing them to issue a strike order, no doubt on account of the ambiguous position they occupy, thus quitting work without any definite arrangements.

#### May Be Strategical Move.

There is much doubt about the ac-

tion of quitting work without calling it a strike, secretly ordered, and all falling into line, being a strategic move to evade violation of the clause of the act.

Sherman says he will not pay strike allowance wages because he can get around that by paying a working allowance. It looks as though the operators had broken the law in posting notices of reduction pending the dispute. The Canadian Pacific railway at Fernie has only a hundred and ninety tons of coal on hand and that brought in from Frank, which worked yesterday.

#### Smelters' Supply Short.

The supply of slack for the coke ovens will not likely last longer than today, and the supply for the smelters will drop off, even if the Canadian Pacific has enough coal to warrant the moving of it, which is doubtful.

The Canadian Pacific railroad has issued notices that none but perishable freight will be handled in Kootenay until the situation is relieved.

The Winnipeg board of trade today passed a resolution advocating the bringing in of cheap Chinese labor to take the places of the men who have left. About 5,000 men have thrown down their tools.

#### Canadian Pacific Road Faces Tough Problem.

Bernie, B. C., April 20.—The coal strike situation is becoming acute throughout the new provinces and British Columbia. One thousand miners quit work at Bankhead, Carman, Lethbridge and other points today. They are resolute in the face of threatened arrest under the law for quitting work pending arbitration.

John Mitchell wired President Sherman Thursday night, advising him to keep the men at work. Sherman takes the position that the men are evading the law by quitting individually without a regular strike order. The new law makes no provision for imprisonment, but merely fines.

Transportation difficulties are increasing generally, and boards of trade from Regina to Vancouver are petitioning the government to take some action to prevent further trouble.

## Field Work in Idaho

### Graft on Government Work—Farmers Are Protesting and Great Meetings Being Held

April 16, 1907.

After leaving Scherrer on the Minidoka branch, Monday morning, my next stopping place was Rupert. Here I was met by a host of old comrades, well experienced in the movement. H. E. Woodruff, formerly of Stevensville, Mont., and his son Joe were there, Comrade Nelson and his wife of the San Francisco Local, who participated in the Lott fountain incident, Comrade Ericson of San Francisco and Los Angeles and a number of others. The hall had been engaged, but after sizing up the situation I concluded that a street meeting was preferable. Comrade Woodruff said my judgment was good at Stevensville on that subject, so the comrades fitted up a frame on which they hung four lanterns, in the square in front of the principal business part of the town.

#### Government Ownership.

The chief subject of grumbling and dissatisfaction in the new town is the postmaster, one Schilling. This modern Shylock has made a habit of running a cheap predatory business in almost every new town in southern Idaho, until pushed out by those who refused to pay his thievish prices. He is getting in his graft in good shape now in the new government town of Rupert. By some hook or crook he has got the postoffice in his talons. He is one of the tools of the Gooding machine, and has been appointed to some place of reward by the Chief High Kidnapper. His conduct of the office has been most nefarious, yet in spite of his unholy practices he has been recommended for the place again by Congressman French. Ninety per cent of the people are opposed to him, and look upon his reappointment as a public calamity. On account of the unsatisfactory service numbers have taken their mail to the adjoining offices of Scherrer and Heyburn. His pet object of aversion is socialism. He holds up the socialist papers, harangues people on the heinousness of getting such literature, treats socialists with the utmost rudeness and contempt, and puts every possible obstacle in the way of their getting their mail. Strangers can even reach around and open the United States money till, or get their own mail, but socialists can drive wearily into town and drive out again without their mail.

Another circumstance that acts as a red flag to his bullship is the sending of orders to Chicago department stores. He runs a joint stocked with the most horrible goods at the most horrible prices. It's the store first and the public business last, and the spot allotted to the United States postal service makes a Chinese hop den look respectable.

#### Suitable Soap Box.

This hook-nosed village despot had not designed to hand out my bills till late, so we deemed it a suitable spot to camp in front of his domain, and regale his auditory nerves with a discourse upon constitutional and human rights and the pleasant experience of a government inspector rambling among his tin cans and oleomargarine.

#### Good Crowd.

My predictions were verified by the results. About 150 people gathered to the meeting. Collections and the sale of books and subs were most satisfactory. The Machine Politics goes like hot cakes. Where I sell the first meeting those who read it advertise it for the next.

Comrade Woodruff had wanted four nights in this vicinity, but certain changes in the dates had left only one available, and we were all delighted that this one was the success it proved to be.

After the meeting we adjourned to the parlor of the little hotel, where we held a most interesting talkfest till midnight.

A meeting of all socialists was called for the next Sunday afternoon at a building owned by the comrades, when it was the intention to organize a local.

#### Heyburn the Next.

Six miles below, still in the area of the government irrigation project, is Heyburn. Here Comrade Mrs. Rasmussen, secretary of the local, and Comrade Heller, an old soldier of

seventy years, met me, and I was taken out to the Rasmussen ranch, just outside the town.

The meeting that night was held in the church, which was packed. The next day a load of us were invited to dinner at Comrade Heller's, and in the afternoon I held a woman's meeting, which was attended by quite a number of women, who seemed glad to hear the doctrine of sex emancipation through economic freedom.

A street meeting had been arranged for the next night, thinking that numbers might be attracted who would not go to a church. The evening proved raw and the arrangements were poor, but quite a number gathered and the meeting was very satisfactory after all.

#### Milner and His Dam.

The next meeting was to have been at Burley, but small-pox was there and public gatherings prohibited, so Comrade George Rasmussen had arranged a meeting at Milner, where he was engaged doing carpenter work.

This is the place of the Twin Falls dam and irrigation project, owned by a private company. The company is doing an immense amount of work on the ditches and town now, and hundreds of men and teams were in from all the surrounding country.

It was an ideal time to hold a socialist meeting. These wanderers, who are separated from home and comfort by capitalism, and are living in tents, covered wagons, and the roughest of quarters, gathered to learn of the "incentive" in building a magnificent work worth millions of dollars, and giving it all away to a few rich men when it is done.

All reports that could be gathered say that this irrigation provision under a private company works infinitely better than the government works at point further up. The work has been carried through more expeditiously and the settlers have been able to depend more upon what they could do.

Government ownership in the hands of the gaffers of the nation is not a howling success.

The dam itself is a magnificent sight. As I walked over its mighty cement supports, and looked at the tremendous fall of white foam, the marvel of the works of man upon a huge scale, through combination was evident; and the beneficent results to the human race, possible in some dim future, flashed to the mind of the socialist interpreter of events.

And all down the great Snake or Shoshone river to Twin Falls the results of the great work are seen in the beautiful green and smiling farms, verily, this desert has been made to blossom like the rose. From sage brush to corn is a long stretch of civilization.

#### Farmers Aroused

But at Twin Falls I found a meeting of farmers in session, gathered to protest against the violation of contracts with them by the company. It seems the company wanted to turn the water over to them minus \$400,000 worth of work that it had agreed to do if the company prevails the farmers will have to do the work. That, of course, shows the "superior ability" of the brains of the capitalist class, think of the stockholders making \$400,000 at one fell swoop while the miserable farmer sweats to do the work. These farmers certainly ought to vote to keep things going just this way.

#### A Bunch of Revolutionists

Down here at Twin Falls, a city of several thousand, that has sprung up like magic in two years, is as fine a coterie of social protesters as one will find anywhere and all solidly based on the materialist conception of history. On a solid foundation like that no slush and sensation in economic thought can long thrive. These young men seemed eager to hear and to learn the truth about our movement. Lack of association and lack of knowledge of the positions the developing movement has taken, is responsible for most of the errors that confront us, especially in the western movement, and for the ease with which designing

## Heinze Hotel Fights Union

### Imports Colored Waiters to Scab on White Ones That Go on Strike For Shorter Hours

"Faug" Heinze is the man that Butte made famous. He came to the great mining camp an unknown quantity, and he left it a millionaire.

There was a time when his word was law, and there came a time when every word was answered with a rotten egg. For ten years he posed as the champion of organized labor, and for ten years he swore by a harem of goddesses that he would never employ or cause to be employed anybody but a member of organized labor. He flung the flag of organized labor in the breeze, and under its folds he grew rich and powerful. Men believed in him, and women chased after him. He strutted around the streets of Butte constantly swearing that he would swallow up the Amalgamated and liberate the union men of "the biggest camp on earth" from the satanic greed of the Standard Oil.

"There shall be no scabs in my employ" was his slogan of battle. When Tom Lawson of Boston said he was but a tool of Rogers working in disguise, his Butte worshippers swore Tom Lawson was a frenzied fool, and that "Faug" had the blood of many nations in his veins.

Compared to his Napoleon, Caesar and Alexander were but pigmies. In Butte it was a common saying that King Heinze could do no wrong. When the Standard Oil said "the people be damned," Faug Heinze said to the union men of Butte "Put your trust in me."

Every day there could be seen a great pillar of cloud, and every night a great pillar of fire, on which were engraved in great letters of promise "Heinze will never sell out," and the Butte miners said Amen. But one day the descendant of all nations sold out, and left Butte to the tender mercies of "The System."

After wandering to and fro, like Satan of old, over the face of the earth, Faug Heinze finally bought out the Broadwater Hotel near Helena. It was a great fall for the Napoleon of mining but it was better than hisses and rotten eggs in the city of his former greatness.

One day the employees of the Broadwater asked for union wages. Al-

ready they were getting scab wages. Like a raging lion the man who swore that nobody but a member of organized labor should be found in his employ, walked the quarter deck of his gunboat and swore that no damned union could ask any favors of him; and so in the greatness of his wrath he fired every white waiter at the Broadwater and imported a bunch of "scab coons" from the wilds of Arkansas to take their places.

A few years ago the idol of organized labor swore that none but a union man should help him to rob the products of the Butte mines; now nobody with a union card can work for him at his big scab institution known as the Broadwater Hotel.

Tom Lawson still lives, and his Frenzied Finance still holds true. "Faug" Heinze still lives—but, alas, how the mighty has fallen!

With the aid of Organized Labor Heinze made his millions, and now after his millions have been made, "Faug" Heinze, the traitor, the hypocrite, the multi-breed, says "the Union people be damned."

Nobody ever sized up "Faug" like Tom Lawson, and nobody ever spat upon organized labor so disgustingly as the once great "hero" (!) of Butte.

Will O'Farrell now come forward and claim that there is Irish blood in the veins of the man who loves a scab coon in preference to a white man. Even the Citizens' Alliance is sorry for old "Faug". Yes, there are people who say that since his fall he also has his sorrows, but the majority think that his sorrows are like "the sorrows of Satan." With Heinze it is a case of greed versus humanity, and a black slave is more profitable than a white slave.

Comrade John W. Brown has been assigned one month's work in the state of Connecticut, under the direction of state committee, for the particular purpose of agitating against the proposed primary election law, which provides for enormous filing fees for each political candidate, and thereby particularly assails the political opportunities of the working class.

## GOODING'S REPUTATION IS BAD

In traveling over the state of Idaho one hears much about the character of Gooding, the kidnapping governor, and I must say I have heard little to his credit. Indeed all the attributes of his character seem to be those of a low, sordid and venal mind that would do anything to make a dollar or be conspicuous as one of those who were running things. Have not heard of one single redeeming trait in his make-up since I have been here.

The common way of characterizing him is that he is "as ignorant as a pig." They say his speeches are a fright as to grammar, delivery and substance. There is nothing too low or unprincipled to be attributed to him in his business dealings. Tales are rife of his stealing turkeys, being a participant in dishonest sheep and land transactions, making the men in wood contracts saw the cords five feet long and indeed every contemptible little trick that characterizes the capitalist's "success."

His family and family relations are spoken of with the utmost contempt. His daughter was shot three times by her drunken husband, and such edifying and elevating episodes are the chief substance of the information one receives.

He and Steunenberg were deadly enemies, and it is certainly a strange fate that has made him the bull-pen governor's chief avenger. It is even said that he has greater personal interest in convicting the Western Federation men than simply to do the dirty work for the Mine Owners' Association for so much per—that he is finding means to escape the consequences of his own crimes.

He seems to be an all-around fool about talking. He declared here on the streets of Hailey that he knew the Federation men were guilty. Such

a little matter as law, justice, trial and evidence seem never to have entered his official mind.

This is a great game being fought out here in Idaho—a game of life and death with Property holding the stakes.

Did the working men but know the game there would be no question as to its issue.

The Rocky Mountain News received the following communication from W. D. Haywood, secretary of the Western Federation of Miners, whose trial for conspiracy in the Steunenberg assassination takes place next month:

"I do not desire to make an extended statement with regard to President Roosevelt's reference to me in his letter to Congressman Sherman. The president says that I am an 'undesirable citizen', the interference being that as such I should be put out of the way. His influence is all powerful and his statement, coming as it does on the eve of my trial for my life, will work me irreparable injury and do more to prevent a fair trial than everything that has been said and done against me in the past.

"President Roosevelt is the leading exponent of the doctrine of 'fair play and a square deal,' out his reference to me in his letter to Sherman demonstrates that he does not practice what he preaches."

In the municipal election in Oakland, Cal., last week, the socialists increased their vote 1,226 against 1,013 last year for Jack London for mayor. The Republicans and Democrats combined as a "citizens' party" and won with 7,300 votes. The percentage of socialist vote increased from 8 to 14.

## ORGANIZED LABOR AROUSED

The statement of President Roosevelt in a letter to James S. Sherman, regarding the Harriman controversy, to which he refers to Debs, Moyer, and Haywood as 'undesirable citizens' has raised a storm of protest among the labor unions and aroused to action those few that were hitherto lukewarm. The Executive Committee of the Moyer-Haywood Protest Conference of New York, representing over three hundred labor organizations, with a membership aggregating more than two hundred thousand men, addressed an open letter to the president protesting against the stand he has taken in this matter and asking him to "make such public amends as any true gentleman is bound to offer when inadvertently he has made a mistake and inflicted grievous wrongs upon men who have nothing to do with his personal quarrel."

The Central Federated Union of New York adopted a motion calling upon Roosevelt to retract his statement that Moyer and Haywood are "undesirable citizens."

The Boston Central Labor Union adopted a resolution condemning Roosevelt for "usurping prerogatives which neither the laws nor the constitution of the United States gave him."

At the last meeting of the Brooklyn Moyer-Haywood Conference "Roosevelt's attack upon Moyer, Haywood and Debs in the Harriman controversy was warmly discussed, and a committee was appointed to draft resolutions of protest for the president's enlightenment."

In Cincinnati, Cleveland, Chicago, Denver and other cities similar action has been taken and it seems as if this last snarl from the president has done more to clear the fog away from the

class struggle than a year's agitation by our socialist speakers could have done.

Now, while we agree with the sentiments of these labor organizations and rejoice to see this epidemic of class-consciousness, we cannot see but what Roosevelt has acted sincerely and consistently in this matter. Debs, Moyer and Haywood are undesirable citizens—to Roosevelt and his class. There never was yet a man who sought to stir up discontent and rebellion among the slaves but who was "undesirable" to the masters. From Jesus Christ to Gene Debs there never was a man who championed the cause of the down-trodden workers but who was persecuted by the rulers and denounced as "undesirable" and "dangerous." In this class struggle which is now convulsing the world the working class is becoming dangerously conscious of its interests and its power. The working class in Russia is dangerous, to the Czar and the bureau.

The working class in Germany is dangerous to Emperor William. The working class in England is dangerous to King Edward and the royal family, and the working class in the United States is dangerous to the industrial despots who hold the power of life and death over millions of their fellow men. Any class of people, in any country, at any time determined on gaining their freedom are dangerous to a tyrant. Freedom always was and always will be dangerous to tyranny in every form.

Those who are in the front of the working class army in this struggle can expect nothing else than to be singled out for the shafts of hatred hurled by the henchmen of the capitalist class.

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Will O'Farrell now come forward and claim that there is Irish blood in the veins of the man who loves a scab coon in preference to a white man. Even the Citizens' Alliance is sorry for old "Faug". Yes, there are people who say that since his fall he also has his sorrows, but the majority think that his sorrows are like "the sorrows of Satan." With Heinze it is a case of greed versus humanity, and a black slave is more profitable than a white slave.

## GOODING'S REPUTATION IS BAD

In traveling over the state of Idaho one hears much about the character of Gooding, the kidnapping governor, and I must say I have heard little to his credit. Indeed all the attributes of his character seem to be those of a low, sordid and venal mind that would do anything to make a dollar or be conspicuous as one of those who were running things. Have not heard of one single redeeming trait in his make-up since I have been here.

The common way of characterizing him is that he is "as ignorant as a pig." They say his speeches are a fright as to grammar, delivery and substance. There is nothing too low or unprincipled to be attributed to him in his business dealings. Tales are rife of his stealing turkeys, being a participant in dishonest sheep and land transactions, making the men in wood contracts saw the cords five feet long and indeed every contemptible little trick that characterizes the capitalist's "success."

His family and family relations are spoken of with the utmost contempt. His daughter was shot three times by her drunken husband, and such edifying and elevating episodes are the chief substance of the information one receives.

He and Steunenberg were deadly enemies, and it is certainly a strange fate that has made him the bull-pen governor's chief avenger. It is even said that he has greater personal interest in convicting the Western Federation men than simply to do the dirty work for the Mine Owners' Association for so much per—that he is finding means to escape the consequences of his own crimes.

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Those who are in the front of the working class army in this struggle can expect nothing else than to be singled out for the shafts of hatred hurled by the henchmen of the capitalist class.



## Coal Miners Quit Work

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**Alberta Strike Complete.**  
Winnipeg, April 19.—Reports of the coal strike of Alberta show that with a few exceptions every miner is out and the remaining few will likely come out tonight.

The situation throughout the west is most critical and already the Canadian Pacific railroad has confiscated a number cars of coal along its system to keep their locomotives running.

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The men have quit work, but not definitely gone on a strike, so that they may not be prosecuted under a Dominion government law. Sherman and Patterson, his assistant, both state that the men are pressing them to issue a strike order, no doubt on account of the ambiguous position they occupy, thus quitting work without any definite arrangements.

**May Be Strategical Move.**  
There is much doubt about the ac-

tion of quitting work without calling it a strike, secretly ordered, and all falling into line, being a strategic move to evade violation of the clause of the act.

Sherman says he will not pay strike allowance wages because he can get around that by paying a working allowance. It looks as though the operators had broken the law in posting notices of reduction pending the dispute. The Canadian Pacific railway at Fernie has only a hundred and ninety tons of coal on hand and that brought in from Frank, which worked yesterday.

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The supply of slack for the coke ovens will not likely last longer than today, and the supply for the smelters will drop off, even if the Canadian Pacific has enough coal to warrant the moving of it, which is doubtful.

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John Mitchell wired President Sherman Thursday night, advising him to keep the men at work. Sherman takes the position that the men are evading the law by quitting individually without a regular strike order. The new law makes no provision for imprisonment, but merely fines.

Transportation difficulties are increasing generally, and boards of trade from Regina to Vancouver are petitioning the government to take some action to prevent further trouble.

## Field Work in Idaho

### Graft on Government Work—Farmers Are Protesting and Great Meetings Being Held

April 16, 1907.  
After leaving Scherrer on the Minidoka branch, Monday morning, my next stopping place was Rupert. Here I was met by a host of old comrades, well experienced in the movement. H. E. Woodruff, formerly of Stevensville, Mont., and his son Joe were there, Comrade Nelson and his wife of the San Francisco Local, who participated in the Lott fountain incident, Comrade Ericson of San Francisco and Los Angeles and a number of others. The hall had been engaged, but after sizing up the situation I concluded that a street meeting was preferable. Comrade Woodruff said my judgment was good at Stevensville on that subject, so the comrades fitted up a frame on which they hung four lanterns, in the square in front of the principal business part of the town.

**Government Ownership.**  
The chief subject of grumbling and dissatisfaction in the new town is the postmaster, one Schilling. This modern Shylock has made a habit of running a cheap predatory business in almost every new town in southern Idaho, until pushed out by those who refused to pay his thievish prices. He is getting in his graft in good shape now in the new government town of Rupert. By some hook or crook he has got the postoffice in his talons. He is one of the tools of the Gooding machine, and has been appointed to some place of reward by the Chief High Kidnapper. His conduct of the office has been most nefarious, yet in spite of his unholy practices he has been recommended for the place again by Congressman French. Ninety per cent of the people are opposed to him, and look upon his reappointment as a public calamity. On account of the unsatisfactory service numbers have taken their mail to the adjoining offices of Scherrer and Heyburn. His pet object of aversion is socialism. He holds up the socialist papers, harangues people on the heinousness of getting such literature, treats socialists with the utmost rudeness and contempt, and puts every possible obstacle in the way of their getting their mail. Strangers can even reach around and open the United States money till, or get their own mail, but socialists can drive wearily into town and drive out again without their mail.

Another circumstance that acts as a red flag to his bullship is the sending of orders to Chicago department stores. He runs a joint stocked with the most horrible goods at the most horrible prices. It's the store first and the public business last, and the spot allotted to the United States postal service makes a Chinese hop den look respectable.

**Suitable Soap Box.**  
This hook-nosed village despot had not designed to hand out my bills till late, so we deemed it a suitable spot to camp in front of his domain, and regale his auditory nerves with a discourse upon constitutional and human rights and the pleasant experience of a government inspector rambling among his tin cans and oleomargarine.

**Good Crowd.**  
My predictions were verified by the results. About 150 people gathered to the meeting. Collections and the sale of books and subs were most satisfactory. The Machine Politics goes like hot cakes. Where I sell the first meeting those who read it advertise it for the next.

Comrade Woodruff had wanted four nights in this vicinity, but certain changes in the dates had left only one available, and we were all delighted that this one was the success it proved to be.

After the meeting we adjourned to the parlor of the little hotel, where we held a most interesting talkfest till midnight.

A meeting of all socialists was called for the next Sunday afternoon at a building owned by the comrades, when it was the intention to organize a local.

**Heyburn the Next.**  
Six miles below, still in the area of the government irrigation project, is Heyburn. Here Comrade Mrs. Rasmussen, secretary of the local, and Comrade Heller, an old soldier of

seventy years, met me, and I was taken out to the Rasmussen ranch, just outside the town.

The meeting that night was held in the church, which was packed. The next day a load of us were invited to dinner at Comrade Heller's, and in the afternoon I held a woman's meeting, which was attended by quite a number of women, who seemed glad to hear the doctrine of sex emancipation through economic freedom.

A street meeting had been arranged for the next night, thinking that numbers might be attracted who would not go to a church. The evening proved raw and the arrangements were poor, but quite a number gathered and the meeting was very satisfactory after all.

**Milner and its Dam.**  
The next meeting was to have been at Burley, but small-pox was there and public gatherings prohibited, so Comrade George Rasmussen had arranged a meeting at Milner, where he was engaged doing carpenter work.

This is the place of the Twin Falls dam and irrigation project, owned by a private company. The company is doing an immense amount of work on the ditches and town now, and hundreds of men and teams were in from all the surrounding country.

It was an ideal time to hold a socialist meeting. These wanderers, who are separated from home and comfort by capitalism, and are living in tents, covered wagons, and the roughest of quarters, gathered to learn of the "incentive" in building a magnificent work worth millions of dollars, and giving it all away to a few rich men when it is done.

All reports that could be gathered say that this irrigation provision under a private company works infinitely better than the government works at point further up. The work has been carried through more expeditiously and the settlers have been able to depend more upon what they could do.

Government ownership in the hands of the gaffers of the nation is not a howling success.

The dam itself is a magnificent sight. As I walked over its mighty cement supports, and looked at the tremendous fall of white foam, the marvel of the works of man upon a huge scale, through combination was evident; and the beneficent results to the human race, possible in some dim future, flashed to the mind of the socialist interpreter of events.

And all down the great Snake or Shoshone river to Twin Falls the results of the great work are seen in the beautiful green and smiling farms, verily, this desert has been made to blossom like the rose. From sage brush to corn is a long stretch of civilization.

**Farmers Aroused**  
But at Twin Falls I found a meeting of farmers in session, gathered to protest against the violation of contracts with them by the company. It seems the company wanted to turn the water over to them minus \$400,000 worth of work that it had agreed to do if the company prevails the farmers will have to do the work. That, of course, shows the "superior ability" of the brains of the capitalist class, think of the stockholders making \$400,000 at one fell swoop while the miserable farmer sweats to do the work. These farmers certainly ought to vote to keep things going just this way.

**A Bunch of Revolutionists**  
Down here at Twin Falls, a city of several thousand, that has sprung up like magic in two years, is as fine a coterie of social protesters as one will find anywhere and all solidly based on the materialist conception of history. On a solid foundation like that no slush and sensation in economic thought can long thrive. These young men seemed eager to hear and to learn the truth about our movement. Lack of association and lack of knowledge of the positions the developing movement has taken, is responsible for most of the errors that confront us, especially in the western movement, and for the ease with which designing

## Heinze Hotel Fights Union

### Imports Colored Waiters to Scab on White Ones That Go on Strike For Shorter Hours

"Faug" Heinze is the man that Butte made famous. He came to the great mining camp an unknown quantity, and he left it a millionaire.

There was a time when his word was law, and there came a time when every word was answered with a rotten egg. For ten years he posed as the champion of organized labor, and for ten years he swore by a harem of goddesses that he would never employ or cause to be employed anybody but a member of organized labor. He flung the flag of organized labor in the breeze, and under its folds he grew rich and powerful. Men believed in him, and women chased after him. He strutted around the streets of Butte constantly swearing that he would swallow up the Amalgamated and liberate the union men of "the biggest camp on earth" from the satanic greed of the Standard Oil.

"There shall be no scabs in my employ" was his slogan of battle. When Tom Lawson of Boston said he was but a tool of Rogers working in disguise, his Butte worshippers swore Tom Lawson was a frenzied fool, and that "Faug" had the blood of many nations in his veins.

Compared to his Napoleon, Caesar and Alexander were but pigmies. In Butte it was a common saying that King Heinze could do no wrong. When the Standard Oil said "the people be damned," Faug Heinze said to the union men of Butte "Put your trust in me."

Every day there could be seen a great pillar of cloud, and every night a great pillar of fire, on which were engraven in great letters of promise "Heinze will never sell out," and the Butte miners said Amen. But one day the descendant of all nations sold out, and left Butte to the tender mercies of "The System."

After wandering to and fro, like Satan of old, over the face of the earth, Faug Heinze finally bought out the Broadwater Hotel near Helena. It was a great fall for the Napoleon of mining but it was better than hisses and rotten eggs in the city of his former greatness.

One day the employees of the Broadwater asked for union wages. Al-

ready they were getting scab wages. Like a raging lion the man who swore that nobody but a member of organized labor should be found in his employ, walked the quarter deck of his gunboat and swore that no damned union could ask any favors of him; and so in the greatness of his wrath he fired every white waiter at the Broadwater and imported a bunch of "scab coons" from the wilds of Arkansas to take their places.

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Comrade John W. Brown has been assigned one month's work in the state of Connecticut, under the direction of state committee, for the particular purpose of agitating against the proposed primary election law, which provides for enormous filing fees for each political candidate, and thereby particularly assails the political opportunities of the working class.

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Another circumstance that acts as a red flag to his bullship is the sending of orders to Chicago department stores. He runs a joint stocked with the most horrible goods at the most horrible prices. It's the store first and the public business last, and the spot allotted to the United States postal service makes a Chinese hop den look respectable.

**Suitable Soap Box.**  
This hook-nosed village despot had not designed to hand out my bills till late, so we deemed it a suitable spot to camp in front of his domain, and regale his auditory nerves with a discourse upon constitutional and human rights and the pleasant experience of a government inspector rambling among his tin cans and oleomargarine.

**Good Crowd.**  
My predictions were verified by the results. About 150 people gathered to the meeting. Collections and the sale of books and subs were most satisfactory. The Machine Politics goes like hot cakes. Where I sell the first meeting those who read it advertise it for the next.

Comrade Woodruff had wanted four nights in this vicinity, but certain changes in the dates had left only one available, and we were all delighted that this one was the success it proved to be.

After the meeting we adjourned to the parlor of the little hotel, where we held a most interesting talkfest till midnight.

A meeting of all socialists was called for the next Sunday afternoon at a building owned by the comrades, when it was the intention to organize a local.

**Heyburn the Next.**  
Six miles below, still in the area of the government irrigation project, is Heyburn. Here Comrade Mrs. Rasmussen, secretary of the local, and Comrade Heller, an old soldier of

seventy years, met me, and I was taken out to the Rasmussen ranch, just outside the town.

The meeting that night was held in the church, which was packed. The next day a load of us were invited to dinner at Comrade Heller's, and in the afternoon I held a woman's meeting, which was attended by quite a number of women, who seemed glad to hear the doctrine of sex emancipation through economic freedom.

A street meeting had been arranged for the next night, thinking that numbers might be attracted who would not go to a church. The evening proved raw and the arrangements were poor, but quite a number gathered and the meeting was very satisfactory after all.

**Milner and its Dam.**  
The next meeting was to have been at Burley, but small-pox was there and public gatherings prohibited, so Comrade George Rasmussen had arranged a meeting at Milner, where he was engaged doing carpenter work.

This is the place of the Twin Falls dam and irrigation project, owned by a private company. The company is doing an immense amount of work on the ditches and town now, and hundreds of men and teams were in from all the surrounding country.

It was an ideal time to hold a socialist meeting. These wanderers, who are separated from home and comfort by capitalism, and are living in tents, covered wagons, and the roughest of quarters, gathered to learn of the "incentive" in building a magnificent work worth millions of dollars, and giving it all away to a few rich men when it is done.

All reports that could be gathered say that this irrigation provision under a private company works infinitely better than the government works at point further up. The work has been carried through more expeditiously and the settlers have been able to depend more upon what they could do.

Government ownership in the hands of the gaffers of the nation is not a howling success.

The dam itself is a magnificent sight. As I walked over its mighty cement supports, and looked at the tremendous fall of white foam, the marvel of the works of man upon a huge scale, through combination was evident; and the beneficent results to the human race, possible in some dim future, flashed to the mind of the socialist interpreter of events.

And all down the great Snake or Shoshone river to Twin Falls the results of the great work are seen in the beautiful green and smiling farms, verily, this desert has been made to blossom like the rose. From sage brush to corn is a long stretch of civilization.

**Farmers Aroused**  
But at Twin Falls I found a meeting of farmers in session, gathered to protest against the violation of contracts with them by the company. It seems the company wanted to turn the water over to them minus \$400,000 worth of work that it had agreed to do if the company prevails the farmers will have to do the work. That, of course, shows the "superior ability" of the brains of the capitalist class, think of the stockholders making \$400,000 at one fell swoop while the miserable farmer sweats to do the work. These farmers certainly ought to vote to keep things going just this way.

**A Bunch of Revolutionists**  
Down here at Twin Falls, a city of several thousand, that has sprung up like magic in two years, is as fine a coterie of social protesters as one will find anywhere and all solidly based on the materialist conception of history. On a solid foundation like that no slush and sensation in economic thought can long thrive. These young men seemed eager to hear and to learn the truth about our movement. Lack of association and lack of knowledge of the positions the developing movement has taken, is responsible for most of the errors that confront us, especially in the western movement, and for the ease with which designing

## Heinze Hotel Fights Union

### Imports Colored Waiters to Scab on White Ones That Go on Strike For Shorter Hours

"Faug" Heinze is the man that Butte made famous. He came to the great mining camp an unknown quantity, and he left it a millionaire. There was a time when his word was law, and there came a time when every word was answered with a rotten egg. For ten years he posed as the champion of organized labor, and for ten years he swore by a harem of goddesses that he would never employ or cause to be employed anybody but a member of organized labor. He flung the flag of organized labor in the breeze, and under its folds he grew rich and powerful. Men believed in him, and women chased after him. He strutted around the streets of Butte constantly swearing that he would swallow up the Amalgamated and liberate the union men of "the biggest camp on earth" from the satanic greed of the Standard Oil.

"There shall be no scabs in my employ" was his slogan of battle. When Tom Lawson of Boston said he was but a tool of Rogers working in disguise, his Butte worshippers swore Tom Lawson was a frenzied fool, and that "Faug" had the blood of many nations in his veins.

Compared to his Napoleon, Caesar and Alexander were but pigmies. In Butte it was a common saying that King Heinze could do no wrong. When the Standard Oil said "the people be damned," Faug Heinze said to the union men of Butte "Put your trust in me."

Every day there could be seen a great pillar of cloud, and every night a great pillar of fire, on which were engraved in great letters of promise "Heinze will never sell out," and the Butte miners said Amen. But one day the descendant of all nations sold out, and left Butte to the tender mercies of "The System."

After wandering to and fro, like Satan of old, over the face of the earth, Faug Heinze finally bought out the Broadwater Hotel near Helena. It was a great fall for the Napoleon of mining but it was better than hisses and rotten eggs in the city of his former greatness.

One day the employees of the Broadwater asked for union wages. Al-

ready they were getting scab wages. Like a raging lion the man who swore that nobody but a member of organized labor should be found in his employ, walked the quarter deck of his gunboat and swore that no damned union could ask any favors of him; and so in the greatness of his wrath he fired every white waiter at the Broadwater and imported a bunch of "scab coons" from the wilds of Arkansas to take their places.

A few years ago the idol of organized labor swore that none but a union man should help him to rob the products of the Butte mines; now nobody with a union card can work for him at his big scab institution known as the Broadwater Hotel.

Tom Lawson still lives, and his Frenzied Finance still holds true. "Faug" Heinze still lives—but, alas, how the mighty has fallen!

With the aid of Organized Labor Heinze made his millions, and now after his millions have been made, "Faug" Heinze, the traitor, the hypocrite, the multi-breed, says "the Union people be damned."

Nobody ever sized up "Faug" like Tom Lawson, and nobody ever spat upon organized labor so disgustingly as the once great "hero" (!) of Butte.

Will O'Farrell now come forward and claim that there is Irish blood in the veins of the man who loves a scab coon in preference to a white man. Even the Citizens' Alliance is sorry for old "Faug". Yes, there are people who say that since his fall he also has his sorrows, but the majority think that his sorrows are like "the sorrows of Satan." With Heinze it is a case of greed versus humanity, and a black slave is more profitable than a white slave.

Comrade John W. Brown has been assigned one month's work in the state of Connecticut, under the direction of state committee, for the particular purpose of agitating against the proposed primary election law, which provides for enormous filing fees for each political candidate, and thereby particularly assails the political opportunities of the working class.

## ORGANIZED LABOR AROUSED

The statement of President Roosevelt in a letter to James S. Sherman, regarding the Harriman controversy, to which he refers to Debs, Moyer, and Haywood as 'undesirable citizens' has raised a storm of protest among the labor unions and aroused to action those few that were hitherto lukewarm. The Executive Committee of the Moyer-Haywood Protest Conference of New York, representing over three hundred labor organizations, with a membership aggregating more than two hundred thousand men, addressed an open letter to the president protesting against the stand he has taken in this matter and asking him to "make such public amends as any true gentleman is bound to offer when inadvertently he has made a mistake and inflicted grievous wrongs upon men who have nothing to do with his personal quarrel."

The Central Federated Union of New York adopted a motion calling upon Roosevelt to retract his statement that Moyer and Haywood are "undesirable citizens."

The Boston Central Labor Union adopted a resolution condemning Roosevelt for "usurping prerogatives which neither the laws nor the constitution of the United States gave him."

At the last meeting of the Brooklyn Moyer-Haywood Conference "Roosevelt's attack upon Moyer, Haywood and Debs in the Harriman controversy was warmly discussed, and a committee was appointed to draft resolutions of protest for the president's enlightenment."

In Cincinnati, Cleveland, Chicago, Denver and other cities similar action has been taken and it seems as if this last snarl from the president has done more to clear the fog away from the

class struggle than a year's agitation by our socialist speakers could have done.

Now, while we agree with the sentiments of these labor organizations and rejoice to see this epidemic of class-consciousness, we cannot see but what Roosevelt has acted sincerely and consistently in this matter. Debs, Moyer and Haywood are undesirable citizens—to Roosevelt and his class. There never was yet a man who sought to stir up discontent and rebellion among the slaves but who was "undesirable" to the masters. From Jesus Christ to Gene Debs there never was a man who championed the cause of the down trodden workers but who was persecuted by the rulers and denounced as 'undesirable' and "dangerous." In this class struggle which is now convulsing the world the working class is becoming dangerously conscious of its interests and its power. The working class in Russia is dangerous, to the Czar and the bureau.

The working class in Germany is dangerous to Emperor William. The working class in England is dangerous to King Edward and the royal family, and the working class in the United States is dangerous to the industrial despots who hold the power of life and death over millions of their fellow men. Any class of people, in any country, at any time determined on gaining their freedom are dangerous to a tyrant. Freedom always was and always will be dangerous to tyranny in every form.

Those who are in the front of the working class army in this struggle can expect nothing else than to be singled out for the shafts of hatred hurled by the henchmen of the capitalist class.

(Continued on page two.)

## GOODING'S REPUTATION IS BAD

In traveling over the state of Idaho one hears much about the character of Gooding, the kidnapping governor, and I must say I have heard little to his credit. Indeed all the attributes of his character seem to be those of a low, sordid and venal mind that would do anything to make a dollar or be conspicuous as one of those who were running things. Have not heard of one single redeeming trait in his make-up since I have been here.

The common way of characterizing him is that he is "as ignorant as a pig." They say his speeches are a fright as to grammar, delivery and substance. There is nothing too low or unprincipled to be attributed to him in his business dealings. Tales are rife of his stealing turkeys, being a participant in dishonest sheep and land transactions, making the men in wood contracts saw the cords five feet long and indeed every contemptible little trick that characterizes the capitalist's "success."

His family and family relations are spoken of with the utmost contempt. His daughter was shot three times by her drunken husband, and such edifying and elevating episodes are the chief substance of the information one receives.

He and Steunenberg were deadly enemies, and it is certainly a strange fate that has made him the bull-pen governor's chief avenger. It is even said that he has greater personal interest in convicting the Western Federation men than simply to do the dirty work for the Mine Owners' Association for so much per—that he is finding means to escape the consequences of his own crimes.

He seems to be an all-around fool about talking. He declared here on the streets of Hailey that he knew the Federation men were guilty. Such

a little matter as law, justice, trial and evidence seem never to have entered his official mind.

This is a great game being fought out here in Idaho—a game of life and death with Property holding the stakes.

Did the working men but know the game there would be no question as to its issue.

The Rocky Mountain News received the following communication from W. D. Haywood, secretary of the Western Federation of Miners, whose trial for conspiracy in the Steunenberg assassination takes place next month: "I do not desire to make an extended statement with regard to President Roosevelt's reference to me in his letter to Congressman Sherman. The president says that I am an 'undesirable citizen', the interference being that as such I should be put out of the way. His influence is all powerful and his statement, coming as it does on the eve of my trial for my life, will work me irreparable injury and do more to prevent a fair trial than everything that has been said and done against me in the past.

"President Roosevelt is the leading exponent of the doctrine of 'fair play and a square deal,' out his reference to me in his letter to Sherman demonstrates that he does not practice what he preaches."

In the municipal election in Oakland, Cal., last week, the socialists increased their vote 1,226 against 1,013 last year for Jack London for mayor. The Republicans and Democrats combined as a "citizens' party" and won with 7,300 votes. The percentage of socialist vote increased from 8 to 14.

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