

Labor Day Address

To the Working Men and Women of Montana who Are the Backbone of Civilization

The first Monday in September is set aside as Labor Day. On that day you have been in the habit of parading, romping about and in a general way making merry. But has the day had no other significance to you? Rightly interpreted, it should mean more than this. It should be a day set aside to commemorate a movement for the upbuilding of the working class.

Fellow workers, it behooves you to remember that you are the backbone of human life and civilization. Men and women, who have toiled to spin and weave the fabrics, the silks and satins, make the clothing and shoes and all the details of garb and fashion of the wealthy, who build their houses, their mansions, their castles; who till the fields, harvest the minerals from bowels of the earth, man the great trains and ships of our modern commerce, and, after deducting a small portion representing the bare necessities of life, lay the balance of the products at the feet of those who never spin, who never till, who never go down into the bowels of the earth to wield a pick, who never pull a throttle or, in short, who never utilize their brain or brawn in any useful avocation in life, men and women who do these things, I say, are much too apt to give themselves little credit for the fact that they alone have made it possible for other human creatures to shine.

God in his infinite goodness has lavished intelligence of the highest type among the workers; for labor must include those who work both with hand and brain. Compare a man who designs a great complicated modern industrial machine, and go down the scale of usefulness until you arrive at the man who performs the almost entirely physical operation of jiggling a ditch, compare a man like any of those with an effigy of a man like John D. Rockefeller who admits that for the last eight or ten years that the only useful thing he has done in the Standard Oil company was to pocket somewhere around twenty millions of dollars a year. And do you fondly imagine that Rockefeller, because he has had the courage or whatever you might call it to let the public know his graft in plain terms, is not representative of his class? Do you imagine that Carnegie sits up nights on his Scotch estates working out the mathematical problems in relation to steel (spelt steal)? Well, we wonder. And has not God in goodness given forms just as graceful, faces just as beautiful and dispositions just as lovely to many of his children who are not inheritors or accumulators of millions? Many and many a time the Cinderella of the kitchen would grace a household with far more becoming modesty, purity of spirit and a just appreciation of the bounties heaped in profusion by the sometimes lavish hand of fortune, than the misfit incumbent who affects the peacock stride and a vain-glorious self-evidence of a pseudo superiority. We often notice some poor maiden in calico, budding out of that cheap raiment, shining in all the beauty of a God-given glory—a queen indeed—a queen whose natural charms could never be duplicated by all the arts known to a French maid or a valet de chambre. As Gray says:
Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bare;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

And it is said that beauty is but skin deep. The mere physical beauty pictured by the painter and moulded by the sculptor may be but skin deep, but the beauty of innocence and modesty, the beauty of affectionate wifehood and motherhood, the beauty of true friendship, of a happy disposition, the beauty of truth, all are attributes that cast a halo deeper and more lasting around womanhood than the mere outward form of a Venus of Milo. Yet how often are these attributes dwarfed or swept away entirely in the sordid scramble for gold. To be clearly un-

derstood, I wish to say that I have no bitterness against individuals no matter what their position in life. The mere fact of possession of gold is no criterion of the character of its possessor. Thousands of honest men and women are rich and affluent. It is not logical to hate the wealthy. There is scarcely a soft snap in life that any one of us would refuse under present conditions, and we must realize that we would be very apt to do the very same as those who are lucky enough to be placed in those enviable positions. But, there is a better order of things ahead. To-day, on one side of us we have the millionaires, on the other, the tramp. The great bulk of humanity are tossed on the turbulent sea between these two products that they themselves have made. Once in a while one is tossed into the millionaire class where he is content to hoard what he cannot use; again and more frequently one is tossed into the hobo class an out-cast to all grades of society. And in the turbulent sea dwell every imaginable grade of human life. In the meantime the good old earth under the guidance of the workers produces bounteously of the good things of life, and seems to say, "Want not. As ye sow so shall ye reap."

On Labor Day you will find many friends of the employing class. A few are sincerely solicitous for your welfare but the vast majority are patting you on the back and saying to you, "Well done my good and faithful servant" and the only compensation they ask is to see you line up right on election day. They will foist on you that that old ambiguous phrase the identity of interests between capital and labor.

There is a community of interests between capital and labor. It is that interest commanded by the respect of one class for the rights of another—no more. In the time of peace nations have a community of interests on the high seas and on the land. A Japanese ship may meet one of our own and through international precedent and the courtesy of diplomacy they salute each other with a kind of international etiquette. But let some little international complication arise and the same ships stand ready to blow each other out of the water, because it is understood, in the nature of things, that each nation has a boundary set beyond which it offends the dignity of the other to step. Two boys may be reared together; they may have been chums at school and fought each others battles; they enter the throes of business life and adopt the same profession or the same line of business. One of them begins to reap the bulk of the business harvest in his community; the other soon finds there is no community of interests in the sharp competition of the business world. They are business rivals. And so it is with labor. You may meet on an equitable footing all your fellows in the commonplace of life, but when you are thrown into competition in the business world, the only community of interests that is recognized in the final analysis is that interest commanded by respect for the rights of others.

All successful business men have a secret wish to monopolize trade in their particular industry. If this were not so they could not have ambition to increase their business. They would simply endeavor to reach that point where they could obtain a fair living or an independent competence and then leave the field to their rivals. I did not coin the phrase. And, if merchants in business are rivals, are working men and women less so? No, brothers, the employer and the employee are rivals, each seeking to get all he can as his share, and the bigger the share of the one, logically the smaller the share of the other.

We are living under a system that has been, if not adopted, at least sanctioned by the majority. As long as we vote for it why not respect it? The working class have the power to vote for what they get and they are certainly getting what they voted for. Is it not folly to vote for a thing on election day and buck against the rest of the year? Why not go like

men worthy of the right of franchise and vote for what you want? Why not in reality be a part of your government? You find a community of interests on Labor Day why not find a community of interests on election day? Brothers on Labor Day, divided on election day. Why not be brothers all the year around? The past history of organized labor is replete with the tales of battles lost where one craft was left to fight alone until the combined forces of capitalism, reinforced unwillingly by organized labor itself, left that craft routed, delapidated and disorganized. It is gratifying to see that there is a strong movement against such an order of things in the future. The telegraphers' strike is an instance of this and whether they win or lose the strike it should be an eye-opener to the working class. Unity of action has made the trusts well nigh impreg-

able. The concern of one trust is the concern of all, and when the laboring class is fully awake to the fact that the concern of one union is just as much the concern of all as the concern of one member is the concern of all members in his union there will be such a powerful organization of the working class that the days of the injunction, lockout and all manner of discrimination against labor will be a thing of the past. Let it not simply mean a holiday but a day set aside out of respect for the dignity of labor. Let us realize what the labor movement means to the toilers and let each individual brother and sister think in the words of the immortal Longfellow:

In the world's broad field of battle
In the bivouac of life
Be not like dumb driven cattle,
Be a hero in the strife.
ADAM F. SKIRVING.

Unions in Convention

Coal Miners and State Federation In Annual Convention—Important Resolutions Passed

The Fourteenth Annual Convention of the Montana Federation of Labor met in Helena last week. The convention was the largest in the history of the Federation, nearly one hundred and fifty delegates being present. Ninety-two lady delegates were present representing unions in five different cities in the state. One of the delegates, Miss Levere of Livingston, was recently in the federal court and had an injunction fired at her by Judge Hunt in favor of the Bell Telephone company. The convention did considerable work while in session; among the subjects that took up the attention of the convention was the telephone war and it was decided to carry on the fight regardless of injunction. A. I. Fairgrieve was re-elected president and Howard Smith, secretary.

The Federation has grown considerably during the past year, over thirty local unions have been organized or become affiliated with it. Each session was marked with enthusiasm and good fellowship. The convention adjourned to meet in Billings next August.

The following who are scabbing on the telephone girls, were declared by the convention to be Prof. Elliot's American Heroines:

Edith Stughes, Libby Nelson, Mrs. Nason, Mrs. Aseborn, Mina Smith, Miss Eastman, Miss McElroy, Miss Wood, Laura Warrington, Miss Leslie, Miss Todd.

District 32 of the United Mine Workers of America—which includes the states of Montana and Wyoming—met in annual convention in Helena during the past week. The delegates were as fine a body of working men as ever assembled in the west. Every one of them were not only veterans in the labor movement but sons of veterans, who have fought the battles of the coal miners in two continents.

District 32 has increased over six thousand members in the last six months. The southern coal fields of Wyoming are now thoroughly organized, for the first time in the history of the state.

A wage scale and agreement have been signed between the unions of Wyoming and the operators which agreement is the best that was ever signed by the United Mine Workers in the country.

The Wyoming delegates have gone to their respective homes and the Montana delegates are now in conference with the Montana operators on the adoption of a new scale for the ensuing year.

The following resolutions were passed by the coal miners while in session:

Whereas, In our opinion the acquittal and release of W. D. Haywood and the evidence presented at his trial has convinced us beyond all reasonable doubt that the trial that has been and the cases to be tried, are a farce and a travesty on justice, and we believe gotten up for the evident pur-

pose of discrediting union labor; therefore,

Be it Resolved, That we the representatives of the U. M. W. of A., of District No. 22, comprising the states of Montana and Wyoming do most emphatically protest against any further persecution of Moyer and Pettibone, and be it

Further Resolved, That we consider it un-American and unfair to deprive a citizen of his liberty on the evidence of the nature presented at the Boise trial or that presented by the Pinkerton detectives, and be it

Further Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent Moyer and Pettibone and a copy furnished the press.

Whereas, The International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers of the states of Montana, Idaho, Utah and Colorado have made every effort through the proper channels to adjust their grievances with the Rocky Mountain Belle Telephone company, and

Whereas, Their worthy efforts have been patched up from time to time until they have been forced to strike, therefore,

Be it Resolved, That we, the United Mine Workers of America, comprising the state of Montana and Wyoming, in district No. 22 do hereby pledge our moral and financial support and co-operation to the end that the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers may win its battle with the Rocky Mountain Belle Telephone Co., and be it

Further Resolved, That this support be and is hereby extended to all the unions of the exchange offices that are now on strike to assist the line men to gain their just ends; and

Be it Further Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the local union No. 185 of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers of Helena and to the Helena Telephone Operators' Union No. 39, also to the State Federation of Labor, now assembled in convention at Helena, and a copy to the press.

(Signed)
Thos. Gibson, President.
Jas. Morgan, Sec. Treas.

Mrs. Laura Warrington, a telephone strike breaker at work in the Helena exchange, was a member of the Butte Telephone Operators' Union. On solicitation she received \$52 of strike benefit advanced to her by the Butte union, claiming that she was going to Seattle to work and needed the money to pay railroad fare. The union in Butte gave her the money which she was not entitled to; instead of going to Seattle after receiving the aid of the union she comes to Helena and scabs, and tried to get a number of girls to leave Butte to scab with her. This woman is what Prof. Elliot would call an American heroine.

Two strike breaking telegraphers arrived in Helena at the beginning of the week but only worked few hours and left town shortly after being interviewed by the pickets of the strikers.

Organizing In Idaho

Rousing Meetings Are Held All Over Idaho—Socialist Sentiment On the Increase

Southern Idaho.
On the 14th of August, I was dated for Silver City. The Payette meeting had been successful. I had a rest of one night in Nampa, and on the 14th took Dewey's train for Murphy where the Silver City stage meets the railroad.

Dewey is one of the grand moguls among the Idaho capitalists. His father was one of the early, ignorant and unscrupulous pioneers whose "enterprise" opened up Idaho. Karl Marx has well shown that the "success" of those that develop a country capitalistically is simply the success of the robber, the plunderer, the murderer, the man who tramples the rights of others under foot, who climbs to prominence on the rights of the labor he exploits. It would not have been possible to depict Dewey and his career more accurately than has been done in the description by the famous economist of the robber capitalist.

The elder Dewey built a hotel at Nampa in form of an imposing public building. All his life he schemed to make Nampa the capitol of Idaho, and the hotel was built in such manner that it might be used as a capitol building.

The old man has departed from the activity of the living, and the son is attempting in a very weak way to live up to the reputation of the father. He is the brilliant genius that said Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone ought to be put naked in a pen with three boa constrictors. The Dewey railroad that meanders from Emmett to Nampa is a fright. It is a private enterprise imposing upon the public. It goes and comes according to its own sweet will and beautifully oblivious to all time and accommodation. Old broken down engines are bought to do the work, and the lives of the railroad crew and of the public are endangered to swell Dewey's profits. The engine died on us three times on the sixteen mile trip up to Murphy, the last time within half a mile of the station, and we waited three-quarters of an hour, anxious to begin the long stage ride to Silver City, till enough energy could be evolved to haul us the rest of the way.

The twenty-five miles of staging is over probably the worst and steepest stage route in the west. It takes seven hours to make the climb. The horses are obliged to walk most of the way. Six of them pull the big concord coach, and even the seat with the driver did not serve to ameliorate much of the tedium of the journey. Silver was reached at eleven o'clock at night, so there was no chance for a meeting that night.

Socialism is on the ebb in this camp, as is the case in so many of the western federation camps. The miners all seem afraid to touch the subject, and there is no real socialist life or vitality in the unions or the union men. Several middle-class men that I had been referred to as good socialists did not make themselves known at all; did nothing to help the meeting—I suppose were hiding in the shadows of somewhere enjoying the intellectual delights of imagining they were socialists. Such milk-hearted partisanship is disgusting. If people haven't any backbone, any nerve or any stamina let them not disgrace the socialist movement by pretending to be of it. The socialist impulse that is sweeping the world is composed not of mice, but of men, strong enough, brave enough, and intelligent enough to possess a conviction and battle for it.

The next night a street meeting was held. John Benbow was the chief support of the attempt we were making to give a little socialist education. He stayed down over night from the mine in which he was working, lost his shift, made all the preparations for the meeting, and assisted at it with books, collections and subs. Moreover he assisted most generously in a financial way and paid the fare on the stage to Delamar.

This comrade stands practically alone in this community. His attempt to put up a good campaign in the

county last fall cost him \$100. He feels discouraged over the apparent lack of results, but such wholehearted work in the line of a mighty truth that must be brought home to the ignorant and blundering toilers, that are exploited because of their ignorance, is never lost. Slowly, the tide of the world's activities is diverted into the channels that mean higher civilization and comfort for the human race.

Over on the barren hillside was the cottage where Haywood used to live, and from which he carried his helpless wife to get a breath of fresh air in the evening after his work was done. All the old friends speak of what a hard worker he was, and how, from all his sickness and expense on a workingman's wage and the consequent poverty, he did most of the housework also. The girls were small, the wife was disabled. But they said Haywood lived up to his misfortunes like a giant. He was always fearless and aggressive in union work, and was a member of Local Silver City when chosen as the secretary of the federation.

At Delamar.
On the 16th I took the stage again for Delamar. This is a mining camp 8 miles beyond Silver. Comrades Elwood and Riederquez made the meeting here a great success.

The next morning I took stage at 5 o'clock, rode through the clouds of dust to the railroad, and at midnight got in to Pocatella. Sunday, Monday and Tuesday night's most successful meetings were held at this point, the whole square about the corner where we were speaking being filled with a crowd of over 400 people. The local was reorganized with ten members. Comrade Mahoney said the undercurrent surging through the working class and now rising to the surface was most astonishing to him. Pocatella has been one of those dead places so far as any class spirit was concerned. This is all the more deplorable as it is a railroad center and the machine shops are here. But when the Haywood train came through the place was transformed. Five thousand people were at the train to receive the citizen distinguished for his sorrows and his wrongs. The machinists' union conducted the proceedings. As the train pulled in the band struck up its inspiring burst of welcome. Haywood was led from the train and roars of cheers. He had little Henrietta under his arm. Both were trembling as with an ague. The chairman mounted him upon a baggage truck, and he there addressed that thronging crowd, and then all those working men and women filed by and shook the hands of this working class brand snatched from the burning. Flowers were carried into the car where Mrs. Haywood was until the coach was a bower of beauty. And all this came from a place where the working class seem to have no more idea of their wrongs and exploitation than the mules that are battered about the streets. But "the throb of the undertow" is rising to the surface and will yet swell into the mighty revolution from the degradation that labor endures today.

Idaho Falls Alive.
Wednesday morning I reached Idaho Falls, and was most genially entertained in the comfortable and homelike domicile of Comrades Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Clark. This little home has been and is the Gibraltar of socialism in Idaho Falls. It has withstood the storms even of Civic League jingoism as led by the weathercock trimmer, Dr. Reesor. Dr. Reesor had started as a conspicuous socialist in Idaho Falls for many years till the office itch epidemic got hold of him, and he devoted his time to explaining to many well meaning but poorly posted socialists how much good he could do if he were only elected to the city council. So he worked up a Civic League, got himself and another misguided socialist, Bradley, by name, elected, and forthwith proceeded to be a shining example of government.

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Organizing In Idaho

Rousing Meetings Are Held All Over Idaho—Socialist Sentiment On the Increase

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On the 14th of August, I was dated for Silver City. The Payette meeting had been successful. I had a rest of one night in Nampa, and on the 14th took Dewey's train for Murphy where the Silver City stage meets the railroad.

Dewey is one of the grand moguls among the Idaho capitalists. His father was one of the early, ignorant and unscrupulous pioneers whose "enterprise" opened up Idaho. Karl Marx has well shown that the "success" of those that develop a country capitalistically is simply the success of the robber, the plunderer, the murderer, the man who tramples the rights of others under foot, who climbs to prominence on the rights of the labor he exploits. It would not have been possible to depict Dewey and his career more accurately than has been done in the description by the famous economist of the robber capitalist.

The elder Dewey built a hotel at Nampa in form of an imposing public building. All his life he schemed to make Nampa the capitol of Idaho, and the hotel was built in such manner that it might be used as a capitol building.

The old man has departed from the activity of the living, and the son is attempting in a very weak way to live up to the reputation of the father. He is the brilliant genius that said Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone ought to be put naked in a pen with three boa constrictors. The Dewey railroad that meanders from Emmett to Nampa is a fright. It is a private enterprise imposing upon the public. It goes and comes according to its own sweet will and beautifully oblivious to all time and accommodation. Old broken down engines are bought to do the work, and the lives of the railroad crew and of the public are endangered to swell Dewey's profits. The engine died on us three times on the sixteen mile trip up to Murphy, the last time within half a mile of the station, and we waited three-quarters of an hour, anxious to begin the long stage ride to Silver City, till enough energy could be evolved to haul us the rest of the way.

The twenty-five miles of staging is over probably the worst and steepest stage route in the west. It takes seven hours to make the climb. The horses are obliged to walk most of the way. Six of them pull the big concord coach, and even the seat with the driver did not serve to ameliorate much of the tedium of the journey. Silver was reached at eleven o'clock at night, so there was no chance for a meeting that night.

Socialism is on the ebb in this camp, as is the case in so many of the western federation camps. The miners all seem afraid to touch the subject, and there is no real socialist life or vitality in the unions or the union men. Several middle-class men that I had been referred to as good socialists did not make themselves known at all; did nothing to help the meeting—I suppose were hiding in the shadows of somewhere enjoying the intellectual delights of imagining they were socialists. Such milk-hearted partisanship is disgusting. If people haven't any backbone, any nerve or any stamina let them not disgrace the socialist movement by pretending to be of it. The socialist impulse that is sweeping the world is composed not of mice, but of men, strong enough, brave enough, and intelligent enough to possess a conviction and battle for it.

The next night a street meeting was held. John Benbow was the chief support of the attempt we were making to give a little socialist education. He stayed down over night from the mine in which he was working, lost his shift, made all the preparations for the meeting, and assisted at it with books, collections and subs. Moreover he assisted most generously in a financial way and paid the fare on the stage to Delamar.

This comrade stands practically alone in this community. His attempt to put up a good campaign in the

county last fall cost him \$100. He feels discouraged over the apparent lack of results, but such wholehearted work in the line of a mighty truth that must be brought home to the ignorant and blundering toilers, that are exploited because of their ignorance, is never lost. Slowly, the tide of the world's activities is diverted into the channels that mean higher civilization and comfort for the human race.

Over on the barren hillside was the cottage where Haywood used to live, and from which he carried his helpless wife to get a breath of fresh air in the evening after his work was done. All the old friends speak of what a hard worker he was, and how, from all his sickness and expense on a workingman's wage and the consequent poverty, he did most of the housework also. The girls were small, the wife was disabled. But they said Haywood lived up to his misfortunes like a giant. He was always fearless and aggressive in union work, and was a member of Local Silver City when chosen as the secretary of the federation.

At Delamar.
On the 16th I took the stage again for Delamar. This is a mining camp 8 miles beyond Silver. Comrades Elwood and Riederquez made the meeting here a great success.

The next morning I took stage at 5 o'clock, rode through the clouds of dust to the railroad, and at midnight got in to Pocatella. Sunday, Monday and Tuesday night's most successful meetings were held at this point, the whole square about the corner where we were speaking being filled with a crowd of over 400 people. The local was reorganized with ten members. Comrade Mahoney said the undercurrent surging through the working class and now rising to the surface was most astonishing to him. Pocatella has been one of those dead places so far as any class spirit was concerned. This is all the more deplorable as it is a railroad center and the machine shops are here. But when the Haywood train came through the place was transformed. Five thousand people were at the train to receive the citizen distinguished for his sorrows and his wrongs. The machinists' union conducted the proceedings. As the train pulled in the band struck up its inspiring burst of welcome. Haywood was led from the train and roars of cheers. He had little Henrietta under his arm. Both were trembling as with an ague. The chairman mounted him upon a baggage truck, and he there addressed that thronging crowd, and then all those working men and women filed by and shook the hands of this working class brand snatched from the burning. Flowers were carried into the car where Mrs. Haywood was until the coach was a bower of beauty. And all this came from a place where the working class seem to have no more idea of their wrongs and exploitation than the mules that are battered about the streets. But "the throb of the undertow" is rising to the surface and will yet swell into the mighty revolution from the degradation that labor endures today.

Idaho Falls Alive.
Wednesday morning I reached Idaho Falls, and was most genially entertained in the comfortable and homelike domicile of Comrades Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Clark. This little home has been and is the Gibraltar of socialism in Idaho Falls. It has withstood the storms even of Civic League jingoism as led by the weathercock trimmer, Dr. Reesor. Dr. Reesor had started as a conspicuous socialist in Idaho Falls for many years till the office itch epidemic got hold of him, and he devoted his time to explaining to many well meaning but poorly posted socialists how much good he could do if he were only elected to the city council. So he worked up a Civic League, got himself and another misguided socialist, Bradley, by name, elected, and forthwith proceeded to be a shining example of government.

Labor Day Address

To the Working Men and Women of Montana who Are the Backbone of Civilization

The first Monday in September is set aside as Labor Day. On that day you have been in the habit of parading, romping about and in a general way making merry. But has the day had no other significance to you? Rightly interpreted, it should mean more than this. It should be a day set aside to commemorate a movement for the upbuilding of the working class.

Fellow workers, it behooves you to remember that you are the backbone of human life and civilization. Men and women, who have toiled to spin and weave the fabrics, the silks and satins, make the clothing and shoes and all the details of garb and fashion of the wealthy, who build their houses, their mansions, their castles; who till the fields, harvest the minerals from bowels of the earth, man the great trains and ships of our modern commerce, and, after deducting a small portion representing the bare necessities of life, lay the balance of the products at the feet of those who never spin, who never till, who never go down into the bowels of the earth to wield a pick, who never pull a throttle or, in short, who never utilize their brain or brawn in any useful avocation in life, men and women who do these things, I say, are much too apt to give themselves little credit for the fact that they alone have made it possible for other human creatures to shine.

God in his infinite goodness has lavished intelligence of the highest type among the workers; for labor must include those who work both with hand and brain. Compare a man who designs a great complicated modern industrial machine, and go down the scale of usefulness until you arrive at the man who performs the almost entirely physical operation of jiggling a ditch, compare a man like any of those with an effigy of a man like John D. Rockefeller who admits that for the last eight or ten years that the only useful thing he has done in the Standard Oil company was to pocket somewhere around twenty millions of dollars a year. And do you fondly imagine that Rockefeller, because he has had the courage or whatever you might call it to let the public know his graft in plain terms, is not representative of his class? Do you imagine that Carnegie sits up nights on his Scotch estates working out the mathematical problems in relation to steel (spelt steal)? Well, we wonder. And has not God in goodness given forms just as graceful, faces just as beautiful and dispositions just as lovely to many of his children who are not inheritors or accumulators of millions? Many and many a time the Cinderella of the kitchen would grace a household with far more becoming modesty, purity of spirit and a just appreciation of the bounties heaped in profusion by the sometimes lavish hand of fortune, than the misfit incumbent who affects the peacock stride and a vain-glorious self-evidence of a pseudo superiority. We often notice some poor maiden in calico, budding out of that cheap raiment, shining in all the beauty of a God-given glory—a queen indeed—a queen whose natural charms could never be duplicated by all the arts known to a French maid or a valet de chambre. As Gray says:
Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bare;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

And it is said that beauty is but skin deep. The mere physical beauty pictured by the painter and moulded by the sculptor may be but skin deep, but the beauty of innocence and modesty, the beauty of affectionate wifehood and motherhood, the beauty of true friendship, of a happy disposition, the beauty of truth, all are attributes that cast a halo deeper and more lasting around womanhood than the mere outward form of a Venus of Milo. Yet how often are these attributes dwarfed or swept away entirely in the sordid scramble for gold. To be clearly un-

derstood, I wish to say that I have no bitterness against individuals no matter what their position in life. The mere fact of possession of gold is no criterion of the character of its possessor. Thousands of honest men and women are rich and affluent. It is not logical to hate the wealthy. There is scarcely a soft snap in life that any one of us would refuse under present conditions, and we must realize that we would be very apt to do the very same as those who are lucky enough to be placed in those enviable positions. But, there is a better order of things ahead. To-day, on one side of us we have the millionaires, on the other, the tramp. The great bulk of humanity are tossed on the turbulent sea between these two products that they themselves have made. Once in a while one is tossed into the millionaire class where he is content to hoard what he cannot use; again and more frequently one is tossed into the hobo class an out-cast to all grades of society. And in the turbulent sea dwell every imaginable grade of human life. In the meantime the good old earth under the guidance of the workers produces bounteously of the good things of life, and seems to say, "Want not. As ye sow so shall ye reap."

On Labor Day you will find many friends of the employing class. A few are sincerely solicitous for your welfare but the vast majority are patting you on the back and saying to you, "Well done my good and faithful servant" and the only compensation they ask is to see you line up right on election day. They will foist on you that that old ambiguous phrase the identity of interests between capital and labor.

There is a community of interests between capital and labor. It is that interest commanded by the respect of one class for the rights of another—no more. In the time of peace nations have a community of interests on the high seas and on the land. A Japanese ship may meet one of our own and through international precedent and the courtesy of diplomacy they salute each other with a kind of international etiquette. But let some little international complication arise and the same ships stand ready to blow each other out of the water, because it is understood, in the nature of things, that each nation has a boundary set beyond which it offends the dignity of the other to step. Two boys may be reared together; they may have been chums at school and fought each others battles; they enter the throes of business life and adopt the same profession or the same line of business. One of them begins to reap the bulk of the business harvest in his community; the other soon finds there is no community of interests in the sharp competition of the business world. They are business rivals. And so it is with labor. You may meet on an equitable footing all your fellows in the commonplace of life, but when you are thrown into competition in the business world, the only community of interests that is recognized in the final analysis is that interest commanded by respect for the rights of others.

All successful business men have a secret wish to monopolize trade in their particular industry. If this were not so they could not have ambition to increase their business. They would simply endeavor to reach that point where they could obtain a fair living or an independent competence and then leave the field to their rivals. I did not coin the phrase. And, if merchants in business are rivals, are working men and women less so? No, brothers, the employer and the employee are rivals, each seeking to get all he can as his share, and the bigger the share of the one, logically the smaller the share of the other.

We are living under a system that has been, if not adopted, at least sanctioned by the majority. As long as we vote for it why not respect it? The working class have the power to vote for what they get and they are certainly getting what they voted for. Is it not folly to vote for a thing on election day and buck against the rest of the year? Why not go like

men worthy of the right of franchise and vote for what you want? Why not in reality be a part of your government? You find a community of interests on Labor Day why not find a community of interests on election day? Brothers on Labor Day, divided on election day. Why not be brothers all the year around? The past history of organized labor is replete with the tales of battles lost where one craft was left to fight alone until the combined forces of capitalism, reinforced unwillingly by organized labor itself, left that craft routed, delapidated and disorganized. It is gratifying to see that there is a strong movement against such an order of things in the future. The telegraphers' strike is an instance of this and whether they win or lose the strike it should be an eye-opener to the working class. Unity of action has made the trusts well nigh impreg-

nable. The concern of one trust is the concern of all, and when the laboring class is fully awake to the fact that the concern of one union is just as much the concern of all as the concern of one member is the concern of all members in his union there will be such a powerful organization of the working class that the days of the injunction, lockout and all manner of discrimination against labor will be a thing of the past. Let it not simply mean a holiday but a day set aside out of respect for the dignity of labor. Let us realize what the labor movement means to the toilers and let each individual brother and sister think in the words of the immortal Longfellow:
In the world's broad field of battle
In the bivouac of life
Be not like dumb driven cattle,
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Unions in Convention

Coal Miners and State Federation In Annual Convention—Important Resolutions Passed

The Fourteenth Annual Convention of the Montana Federation of Labor met in Helena last week. The convention was the largest in the history of the Federation, nearly one hundred and fifty delegates being present. Ninety-two lady delegates were present representing unions in five different cities in the state. One of the delegates, Miss Levere of Livingston, was recently in the federal court and had an injunction fired at her by Judge Hunt in favor of the Bell Telephone company. The convention did considerable work while in session; among the subjects that took up the attention of the convention was the telephone war and it was decided to carry on the fight regardless of injunction. A. J. Fairgrieve was re-elected president and Howard Smith, secretary.

The Federation has grown considerably during the past year, over thirty local unions have been organized or become affiliated with it. Each session was marked with enthusiasm and good fellowship. The convention adjourned to meet in Billings next August.

The following who are scabbing on the telephone girls, were declared by the convention to be Prof. Elliot's American Heroines:

Edith Stughes, Libby Nelson, Mrs. Nason, Mrs. Aseborn, Mina Smith, Miss Eastman, Miss McElroy, Miss Wood, Laura Warrington, Miss Leslie, Miss Todd.

District 32 of the United Mine Workers of America—which includes the states of Montana and Wyoming—met in annual convention in Helena during the past week. The delegates were as fine a body of working men as ever assembled in the west. Every one of them were not only veterans in the labor movement but sons of veterans, who have fought the battles of the coal miners in two continents.

District 32 has increased over six thousand members in the last six months. The southern coal fields of Wyoming are now thoroughly organized, for the first time in the history of the state.

A wage scale and agreement have been signed between the unions of Wyoming and the operators which agreement is the best that was ever signed by the United Mine Workers in the country.

The Wyoming delegates have gone to their respective homes and the Montana delegates are now in conference with the Montana operators on the adoption of a new scale for the ensuing year.

The following resolutions were passed by the coal miners while in session:

Whereas, In our opinion the acquittal and release of W. D. Haywood and the evidence presented at his trial has convinced us beyond all reasonable doubt that the trial that has been and the cases to be tried, are a farce and a travesty on justice, and we believe gotten up for the evident pur-

pose of discrediting union labor; therefore,
Be it Resolved, That we the representatives of the U. M. W. of A., of District No. 22, comprising the states of Montana and Wyoming do most emphatically protest against any further persecution of Moyer and Pettibone, and be it
Further Resolved, That we consider it un-American and unfair to deprive a citizen of his liberty on the evidence of the nature presented at the Boise trial or that presented by the Pinkerton detectives, and be it
Further Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent Moyer and Pettibone and a copy furnished the press.

Whereas, The International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers of the states of Montana, Idaho, Utah and Colorado have made every effort through the proper channels to adjust their grievances with the Rocky Mountain Belle Telephone company, and
Whereas, Their worthy efforts have been patched up from time to time until they have been forced to strike, therefore,
Be it Resolved, That we, the United Mine Workers of America, comprising the state of Montana and Wyoming, in district No. 22 do hereby pledge our moral and financial support and co-operation to the end that the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers may win its battle with the Rocky Mountain Belle Telephone Co., and be it
Further Resolved, That this support be and is hereby extended to all the unions of the exchange offices that are now on strike to assist the line men to gain their just ends; and
Be it Further Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the local union No. 185 of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers of Helena and to the Helena Telephone Operators' Union No. 39, also to the State Federation of Labor, now assembled in convention at Helena, and a copy to the press.

(Signed)
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And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

And it is said that beauty is but skin deep. The mere physical beauty pictured by the painter and moulded by the sculptor may be but skin deep, but the beauty of innocence and modesty, the beauty of affectionate wifehood and motherhood, the beauty of true friendship, of a happy disposition, the beauty of truth, all are attributes that cast a halo deeper and more lasting around womanhood than the mere outward form of a Venus of Milo. Yet how often are these attributes dwarfed or swept away entirely in the sordid scramble for gold. To be clearly un-

derstood, I wish to say that I have no bitterness against individuals no matter what their position in life. The mere fact of possession of gold is no criterion of the character of its possessor. Thousands of honest men and women are rich and affluent. It is not logical to hate the wealthy. There is scarcely a soft snap in life that any one of us would refuse under present conditions, and we must realize that we would be very apt to do the very same as those who are lucky enough to be placed in those enviable positions. But, there is a better order of things ahead. To-day, on one side of us we have the millionaires, on the other, the tramp. The great bulk of humanity are tossed on the turbulent sea between these two products that they themselves have made. Once in a while one is tossed into the millionaire class where he is content to hoard what he cannot use; again and more frequently one is tossed into the hobo class an out-cast to all grades of society. And in the turbulent sea dwell every imaginable grade of human life. In the meantime the good old earth under the guidance of the workers produces bounteously of the good things of life, and seems to say, "Want not. As ye sow so shall ye reap."

On Labor Day you will find many friends of the employing class. A few are sincerely solicitous for your welfare but the vast majority are patting you on the back and saying to you, "Well done my good and faithful servant" and the only compensation they ask is to see you line up right on election day. They will foist on you that that old ambiguous phrase the identity of interests between capital and labor.

There is a community of interests between capital and labor. It is that interest commanded by the respect of one class for the rights of another—no more. In the time of peace nations have a community of interests on the high seas and on the land. A Japanese ship may meet one of our own and through international precedent and the courtesy of diplomacy they salute each other with a kind of international etiquette. But let some little international complication arise and the same ships stand ready to blow each other out of the water, because it is understood, in the nature of things, that each nation has a boundary set beyond which it offends the dignity of the other to step. Two boys may be reared together; they may have been chums at school and fought each others battles; they enter the throes of business life and adopt the same profession or the same line of business. One of them begins to reap the bulk of the business harvest in his community; the other soon finds there is no community of interests in the sharp competition of the business world. They are business rivals. And so it is with labor. You may meet on an equitable footing all your fellows in the commonplace of life, but when you are thrown into competition in the business world, the only community of interests that is recognized in the final analysis is that interest commanded by respect for the rights of others.

All successful business men have a secret wish to monopolize trade in their particular industry. If this were not so they could not have ambition to increase their business. They would simply endeavor to reach that point where they could obtain a fair living or an independent competence and then leave the field to their rivals. I did not coin the phrase. And, if merchants in business are rivals, are working men and women less so? No, brothers, the employer and the employee are rivals, each seeking to get all he can as his share, and the bigger the share of the one, logically the smaller the share of the other.

We are living under a system that has been, if not adopted, at least sanctioned by the majority. As long as we vote for it why not respect it? The working class have the power to vote for what they get and they are certainly getting what they voted for. Is it not folly to vote for a thing on election day and buck against the rest of the year? Why not go like

men worthy of the right of franchise and vote for what you want? Why not in reality be a part of your government? You find a community of interests on Labor Day why not find a community of interests on election day? Brothers on Labor Day, divided on election day. Why not be brothers all the year around? The past history of organized labor is replete with the tales of battles lost where one craft was left to fight alone until the combined forces of capitalism, reinforced unwillingly by organized labor itself, left that craft routed, delapidated and disorganized. It is gratifying to see that there is a strong movement against such an order of things in the future. The telegraphers' strike is an instance of this and whether they win or lose the strike it should be an eye-opener to the working class. Unity of action has made the trusts well nigh impreg-

nable. The concern of one trust is the concern of all, and when the laboring class is fully awake to the fact that the concern of one union is just as much the concern of all as the concern of one member is the concern of all members in his union there will be such a powerful organization of the working class that the days of the injunction, lockout and all manner of discrimination against labor will be a thing of the past. Let it not simply mean a holiday but a day set aside out of respect for the dignity of labor. Let us realize what the labor movement means to the toilers and let each individual brother and sister think in the words of the immortal Longfellow:
In the world's broad field of battle
In the bivouac of life
Be not like dumb driven cattle,
Be a hero in the strife.
ADAM F. SKIRVING.

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Unions in Convention

Coal Miners and State Federation In Annual Convention—Important Resolutions Passed

The Fourteenth Annual Convention of the Montana Federation of Labor met in Helena last week. The convention was the largest in the history of the Federation, nearly one hundred and fifty delegates being present. Ninety-two lady delegates were present representing unions in five different cities in the state. One of the delegates, Miss Levere of Livingston, was recently in the federal court and had an injunction fired at her by Judge Hunt in favor of the Bell Telephone company. The convention did considerable work while in session; among the subjects that took up the attention of the convention was the telephone war and it was decided to carry on the fight regardless of injunction. A. I. Fairgrieve was re-elected president and Howard Smith, secretary.

The Federation has grown considerably during the past year, over thirty local unions have been organized or become affiliated with it. Each session was marked with enthusiasm and good fellowship. The convention adjourned to meet in Billings next August.

The following who are scabbing on the telephone girls, were declared by the convention to be Prof. Elliot's American Heroines:

Edith Stughes, Libby Nelson, Mrs. Nason, Mrs. Aseborn, Mina Smith, Miss Eastman, Miss McElroy, Miss Wood, Laura Warrington, Miss Leslie, Miss Todd.

District 32 of the United Mine Workers of America—which includes the states of Montana and Wyoming—met in annual convention in Helena during the past week. The delegates were as fine a body of working men as ever assembled in the west. Every one of them were not only veterans in the labor movement but sons of veterans, who have fought the battles of the coal miners in two continents.

District 32 has increased over six thousand members in the last six months. The southern coal fields of Wyoming are now thoroughly organized, for the first time in the history of the state.

A wage scale and agreement have been signed between the unions of Wyoming and the operators which agreement is the best that was ever signed by the United Mine Workers in the country.

The Wyoming delegates have gone to their respective homes and the Montana delegates are now in conference with the Montana operators on the adoption of a new scale for the ensuing year.

The following resolutions were passed by the coal miners while in session:

Whereas, In our opinion the acquittal and release of W. D. Haywood and the evidence presented at his trial has convinced us beyond all reasonable doubt that the trial that has been and the cases to be tried, are a farce and a travesty on justice, and we believe gotten up for the evident pur-

pose of discrediting union labor; therefore,
Be it Resolved, That we the representatives of the U. M. W. of A., of District No. 22, comprising the states of Montana and Wyoming do most emphatically protest against any further persecution of Moyer and Pettibone, and be it
Further Resolved, That we consider it un-American and unfair to deprive a citizen of his liberty on the evidence of the nature presented at the Boise trial or that presented by the Pinkerton detectives, and be it
Further Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent Moyer and Pettibone and a copy furnished the press.

Whereas, The International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers of the states of Montana, Idaho, Utah and Colorado have made every effort through the proper channels to adjust their grievances with the Rocky Mountain Belle Telephone company, and
Whereas, Their worthy efforts have been patched up from time to time until they have been forced to strike, therefore,
Be it Resolved, That we, the United Mine Workers of America, comprising the state of Montana and Wyoming, in district No. 22 do hereby pledge our moral and financial support and co-operation to the end that the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers may win its battle with the Rocky Mountain Belle Telephone Co., and be it
Further Resolved, That this support be and is hereby extended to all the unions of the exchange offices that are now on strike to assist the line men to gain their just ends; and
Be it Further Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the local union No. 185 of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers of Helena and to the Helena Telephone Operators' Union No. 39, also to the State Federation of Labor, now assembled in convention at Helena, and a copy to the press.

(Signed)
Thos. Gibson, President.
Jas. Morgan, Sec. Treas.

Mrs. Laura Warrington, a telephone strike breaker at work in the Helena exchange, was a member of the Butte Telephone Operators' Union. On solicitation she received \$52 of strike benefit advanced to her by the Butte union, claiming that she was going to Seattle to work and needed the money to pay railroad fare. The union in Butte gave her the money which she was not entitled to; instead of going to Seattle after receiving the aid of the union she comes to Helena and scabs, and tried to get a number of girls to leave Butte to scab with her. This woman is what Prof. Elliot would call an American heroine.

Two strike breaking telegraphers arrived in Helena at the beginning of the week but only worked few hours and left town shortly after being interviewed by the pickets of the strikers.

Organizing In Idaho

Rousing Meetings Are Held All Over Idaho—Socialist Sentiment On the Increase

Southern Idaho.
On the 14th of August, I was dated for Silver City. The Payette meeting had been successful. I had a rest of one night in Nampa, and on the 14th took Dewey's train for Murphy where the Silver City stage meets the railroad.

Dewey is one of the grand moguls among the Idaho capitalists. His father was one of the early, ignorant and unscrupulous pioneers whose "enterprise" opened up Idaho. Karl Marx has well shown that the "success" of those that develop a country capitalistically is simply the success of the robber, the plunderer, the murderer, the man who tramples the rights of others under foot, who climbs to prominence on the rights of the labor he exploits. It would not have been possible to depict Dewey and his career more accurately than has been done in the description by the famous economist of the robber capitalist.

The elder Dewey built a hotel at Nampa in form of an imposing public building. All his life he schemed to make Nampa the capitol of Idaho, and the hotel was built in such manner that it might be used as a capitol building.

The old man has departed from the activity of the living, and the son is attempting in a very weak way to live up to the reputation of the father. He is the brilliant genius that said Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone ought to be put naked in a pen with three boa constrictors. The Dewey railroad that meanders from Emmett to Nampa is a fright. It is a private enterprise imposing upon the public. It goes and comes according to its own sweet will and beautifully oblivious to all time and accommodation. Old broken down engines are bought to do the work, and the lives of the railroad crew and of the public are endangered to swell Dewey's profits. The engine died on us three times on the sixteen mile trip up to Murphy, the last time within half a mile of the station, and we waited three-quarters of an hour, anxious to begin the long stage ride to Silver City, till enough energy could be evolved to haul us the rest of the way.

The twenty-five miles of staging is over probably the worst and steepest stage route in the west. It takes seven hours to make the climb. The horses are obliged to walk most of the way. Six of them pull the big concord coach, and even the seat with the driver did not serve to ameliorate much of the tedium of the journey. Silver was reached at eleven o'clock at night, so there was no chance for a meeting that night.

Socialism is on the ebb in this camp, as is the case in so many of the western federation camps. The miners all seem afraid to touch the subject, and there is no real socialist life or vitality in the unions or the union men. Several middle-class men that I had been referred to as good socialists did not make themselves known at all; did nothing to help the meeting—I suppose were hiding in the shadows of somewhere enjoying the intellectual delights of imagining they were socialists. Such milk-hearted partisanship is disgusting. If people haven't any backbone, any nerve or any stamina let them not disgrace the socialist movement by pretending to be of it. The socialist impulse that is sweeping the world is composed not of mice, but of men, strong enough, brave enough, and intelligent enough to possess a conviction and battle for it.

The next night a street meeting was held. John Benbow was the chief support of the attempt we were making to give a little socialist education. He stayed down over night from the mine in which he was working, lost his shift, made all the preparations for the meeting, and assisted at it with books, collections and subs. Moreover he assisted most generously in a financial way and paid the fare on the stage to Delamar.

This comrade stands practically alone in this community. His attempt to put up a good campaign in the

county last fall cost him \$100. He feels discouraged over the apparent lack of results, but such wholehearted work in the line of a mighty truth that must be brought home to the ignorant and blundering toilers, that are exploited because of their ignorance, is never lost. Slowly, the tide of the world's activities is diverted into the channels that mean higher civilization and comfort for the human race.

Over on the barren hillside was the cottage where Haywood used to live, and from which he carried his helpless wife to get a breath of fresh air in the evening after his work was done. All the old friends speak of what a hard worker he was, and how, from all his sickness and expense on a workingman's wage and the consequent poverty, he did most of the housework also. The girls were small, the wife was disabled. But they said Haywood lived up to his misfortunes like a giant. He was always fearless and aggressive in union work, and was a member of Local Silver City when chosen as the secretary of the federation.

At Delamar.
On the 16th I took the stage again for Delamar. This is a mining camp 8 miles beyond Silver. Comrades Elwood and Riederquez made the meeting here a great success.

The next morning I took stage at 5 o'clock, rode through the clouds of dust to the railroad, and at midnight got in to Pocatella. Sunday, Monday and Tuesday night's most successful meetings were held at this point, the whole square about the corner where we were speaking being filled with a crowd of over 400 people. The local was reorganized with ten members. Comrade Mahoney said the undercurrent surging through the working class and now rising to the surface was most astonishing to him. Pocatella has been one of those dead places so far as any class spirit was concerned. This is all the more deplorable as it is a railroad center and the machine shops are here. But when the Haywood train came through the place was transformed. Five thousand people were at the train to receive the citizen distinguished for his sorrows and his wrongs. The machinists' union conducted the proceedings. As the train pulled in the band struck up its inspiring burst of welcome. Haywood was led from the train and roars of cheers. He had little Henrietta under his arm. Both were trembling as with an ague. The chairman mounted him upon a baggage truck, and he there addressed that thronging crowd, and then all those working men and women filed by and shook the hands of this working class brand snatched from the burning. Flowers were carried into the car where Mrs. Haywood was until the coach was a bower of beauty. And all this came from a place where the working class seem to have no more idea of their wrongs and exploitation than the mules that are battered about the streets. But "the throb of the undertow" is rising to the surface and will yet swell into the mighty revolution from the degradation that labor endures today.

Idaho Falls Alive.
Wednesday morning I reached Idaho Falls, and was most genially entertained in the comfortable and homelike domicile of Comrades Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Clark. This little home has been and is the Gibraltar of socialism in Idaho Falls. It has withstood the storms even of Civic League jingoism as led by the weathercock trimmer, Dr. Reesor. Dr. Reesor had started as a conspicuous socialist in Idaho Falls for many years till the office itch epidemic got hold of him, and he devoted his time to explaining to many well meaning but poorly posted socialists how much good he could do if he were only elected to the city council. So he worked up a Civic League, got himself and another misguided socialist, Bradley, by name, elected, and forthwith proceeded to be a shining example of government.