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 Costs you no more for a well made garment. It insures you against Chinese and diseased sweat shop product.
 For list of manufacturers (Clothing, Overalls and Shirts) using label write to Henry White, General Secretary, Bible House, New York.



If you are opposed to Sweat Shop, Tenement House, or Child Labor

Smoke ONLY UNION LABEL Cigars

Don't Forget to See that this Label is on Every Box When Buying Cigars.

SEPT 1880

Issued by Authority of the Cigar Makers' International Union of America

Union-made Cigars.

This certifies that the Cigars contained in this box have been made by a First-Class Workman, a MEMBER OF THE CIGAR MAKERS' INTERNATIONAL UNION OF AMERICA, an organization devoted to the advancement of the MORAL, MATERIAL and INTELLECTUAL WELFARE OF THE CRAFT. Translations recommended these Cigars to all smokers throughout the world. All imposters upon this Label will be punished according to law.

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Price List of Supplies.

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Rituals.	1.00 each	Membership Cards05 each
Warrant Books	1.00 each	Cancelling Stamp65 each
Federation Emblems50 each	Seals	8.00 each
Constitution and By-Laws, per copy05 each	Delinquent Notices	1/4c each
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ERNEST MILLS, Secretary-Treasurer,
 Room 605, Railroad Building, Denver, Colo.

EDUCATION INDEPENDENCE ORGANIZATION

MINERS MAGAZINE



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 Communications not in conformity with this notice will not be published.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

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John M. O'Neill, Editor.

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

STRIKE NOTICES.

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

VETERAN MINE, Near
Ely, Nevada.

Douglas Island, Alaska.

"PROSPERITY" has come to Pennsylvania since the state constabulary received orders: "Shoot to kill."

WHEN THE STEEL TRUST came to the conclusion that the process of starving the strikers into obedient submission was rather slow, the state constabulary was used to murder them in the name of "law and order."

WALL STREET is prosperous and the sharks are cutting juicy melons, while the masses of the people are being "handed lemons." The profit-mongers are boasting of a prosperity that is swelling dividends and profits to the extent of \$100,000,000 per day and the Shylock is wearing a "smile that won't come off."

THE GAS AND ELECTRIC COMPANY of San Francisco has paid over to Walter H. Linforth \$13,904 for damages to his property through an explosion that was the result of defective gas pipes. This suit for damages has been in the courts for nearly five years, and when Orchard, the professional liar and perjurer, made the statement in court that he had damaged the property through a bomb placed at the door of apartments occupied by Bradley, and that the Western Federation of Miners had furnished him the money to perform such infamous work, the Gas company saw a chance to escape the penalty of faulty gas pipes. But Orchard has been branded as a liar, and the company has paid the bill. As Orchard has been baptized since he uttered his foul calumny against the Western Federation of Miners, it is presumed that he is an *angel* and can never again be guilty of the heinous crimes that made him a monster, peerless in the annals of criminal history.

PRESIDENT CHARLES MOYER returned to headquarters last week after visiting the local unions of the Black Hills mining district. President Moyer speaks very favorably of the work that is being accomplished in South Dakota and believes that in the very near future there will not be a miner or laboring man in the Black Hills who will not be able to show a union card.

A. SHILLAND, secretary of Sandon Miners' Union, No. 81, W. F. M., of Sandon, British Columbia, in a letter to headquarters has made inquiries as to the whereabouts of E. Levine, a former member of the Sandon Miners' Union, who has some money in one of the Canadian banks. Levine is thought to be in Arizona, and anyone knowing his present address by communicating with A. Shilland, Sandon, British Columbia, will aid Levine in getting the money that is credited to him in the bank.

FINED AND DECLARED UNFAIR.

Pioneer, Nevada, Aug. 20, 1909.

Editor Miners' Magazine:

At the last regular meeting of this local Bob Jermaine was fined \$25 and declared unfair for refusing to turn in his card to this local. Finding this locality uncongential for men of his kind, he has left for Utah.

Fraternally yours,

JAS. P. KELLY,
Secretary No. 218, W. F. M.

FINED AND DECLARED UNFAIR.

Douglas, Alaska, Aug. 16, 1909.

Editor Miners' Magazine:

At a regular meeting of the Douglas Island Miners' Union, No. 109, W. F. M., Nick Dabozinovich was fined \$50, and Aleksa Vukovich was fined \$25 for refusing to pay dues and assessments.

Please advertise them in the Miners' Magazine as unfair to organized labor until such fine is paid. Fraternaly yours,

(SEAL)

F. L. ALSTROM,
Secretary-Treasurer.

FINED AND DECLARED UNFAIR.

Lucky Boy, Nev., Aug. 21, 1909.

Editor Miners' Magazine:

At a regular meeting of Lucky Boy Miners' Union, No. 248, one Emanuel Parini, a former member of Goldfield Miners' Union, No. 220, was placed on the unfair list, and fined \$25 for refusing to deposit his card and pay back dues. And I was so instructed to have him advertised in the Miners' Magazine. Yours fraternally,

(SEAL)

JAS. T. SULLIVAN,
Secretary Lucky Boy Miners' Union, No. 248

DECLARED UNFAIR.

Jerome, Ariz., August 26, 1909.

Editor Miners' Magazine:

At a regular meeting of Jerome Miners' Union, No. 101, held on August 25, 1909, Charles Thomas, Sr., was declared unfair to organized labor on account of refusing to put himself in good standing with the union, and a fine of \$10 was imposed against him.

The secretary-treasurer was instructed to see that the matter is published in the Miners' Magazine. Fraternaly,

(SEAL)

JOHN OPMAN, Secretary-Treasurer.

THE SPELL-BINDER on the political rostrum has frequently told the laboring masses about the glorious protection that the tariff guaranteed to the working class and how the standard of living was upheld in this country through a tariff wall being built against the cheap products of European labor. The strikers of the steel mills are now reaping the glorious benefits of the tariff as their demands for justice are met by bullets, paid for by the State of Pennsylvania.

A SOUTH AMERICAN MONKEY is visiting this country. The monkey is the associate of Mme. Zeggio, an American lady who has come from Florence, Italy, and who is the daughter of Mrs. Charles T. Robinson of New York. The monkey, while honoring New York with his presence, will occupy sumptuous apartments in a fashionable hotel and will have a private dining room. Mme. Zeggio will likewise arrange a special monkey dinner where the exclusive circles of New York society will be permitted to pay homage to the royal aristocrat from South America. Hurrah for our glorious civilization!

CHICAGO IS MAKING a fight for pure milk, but regardless of the fact that nearly 2,000,000 of people are interested in the purity of the fluid that comes from the cow, it appears as though the milk trust will be permitted to carry on the old process of poisoning the milk consumed in order to prevent a shrinkage in profits. Some preacher in Chicago who believes in the power of Christianity to turn mercenary wolves from evil ways that result in murder for dividends should repeat that imperative mandate from the decalogue: "Thou shalt not kill," or beg the modern assassin in the realm of commercialism to "love thy neighbor as thyself." If the Word of God fails to halt the commercial Cains in human slaughter, then the doctrines of Christianity are helpless and are but delusive phantoms for feeble minds.

DECLARED UNFAIR.

Goldfield, Nev., Aug. 25, 1909.

Editor Miners' Magazine:

At our regular meeting held August 24th, of Goldfield Miners' Union, No. 220, W. F. M., the names of Bros. Thomas McKay, engineer, and John Carter, miner, formerly of Cripple Creek, Colorado, were declared unfair for refusing to pay their dues and assessments to this union, and their names ordered published in the Miners' Magazine as unfair to all labor organizations until such fine and all back dues and assessments are paid to Local No. 220, W. F. M.

(SEAL)

By order of Goldfield Miners' Union, No. 220, W. F. of M.
J. J. MANGAN, Secretary and Delegate, No. 220, W. F. M.

FATHER DUCEY, who gained national prominence as a reformer and who dared to lift his voice in behalf of the masses of the people, died in New York last week. Father Ducey was an unflinching defender of Father McGlynn and never faltered in his devotion to the man whose eloquence was dedicated to justice. Though Father Ducey brought upon himself the wrath of Archbishop Corrigan for espousing the cause of McGlynn, yet he never wavered in his fealty, and frequently referred to Corrigan as "Madison Avenue Mike." Ducey was brave and fearless and the Catholic church can ill afford to lose a man who has the courage of his convictions and dares to express them. Laboring men all over America will mourn the death of this priest, who stood firmly on his feet and braved the frowning brow of power in the battle for right.

DEMOCRATIC POLITICS and Republican politics are operated by the same clique who shout high tariff and free trade to deceive the people that there is a difference. To the practical man the difference is so slight as not to be noticed. But the vast majority of workingmen are so susceptible to the influence of the ruling class that they condone the crimes committed to keep the idle and worthless class at the switch, controlling the political and industrial destiny of the great mass of wage slaves. We have more than one problem in this country, the unemployed, of course, being the greatest, besides which most all other ills pale into insignificance. The working class,—every man, woman or child that labors—admits the rottenness of the existing political system and is frank in confessing that Socialism is the only hope. Yet they stagger in the stench of corruption, blindly obvious that every day they are becoming more deeply enslaved. The cries of the children, the pleadings of the mother, the cruelties of the task-master nor the exactions of the system are not powerful enough in object lesson to arouse the father—the voter—to the necessity of casting his ballot against a system that is making life on earth a living hell. Every day the workers' independence is becoming lessened and he enlists as a slave under the men who are made masters by power granted them through the ballot. The working class is not a victim of circumstances but creatures of its own acts. Their condition is indirectly their preference as expressed in the casting of a Republican or Democratic ballot. No intelligent man will today deny the existence of trusts, neither will he deny that they are the outgrowth of industry. But being the property of speculators and enjoying the protection of government, they compel the payment of enormous profits and reduce labor to the verge of starvation and forcing many into the ranks of the unemployed.

Then why vote for a condition which you do not want? Join the Socialist party and work to the end that you and yours may be freed from the horrible conditions of wage slavery, and removed from the fear of want.—Toilers' Defense.

THE DISTRICT LEDGER, published at Fernie, British Columbia, in its issue of August 21st, had the following brief editorial under the caption, "A Poorly Advised Move":

"The ill-advised move, conceived by certain individuals with ulterior motives, to formulate a Canadian Miners' Union, is not causing much uneasiness to the officials or members of the U. M. W. of A. A little summing up of the situation will convince any miner that his interests are all wrapped up with the big organization, and that by joining a body not yet large enough to command notice, he is simply making a missile of himself to be used at the instance of the operators to throw at the heads of his fellow workmen. Those who are watching the progress of the campaign of slander and misrepresentation being indulged in by the promoters, concluded long since that its obsequies will follow shortly in the track of its inspection."

The above, on the editorial page of the District Ledger, furnishes strong circumstantial evidence that the Judas, wearing the mask of unionism, is endeavoring to serve the interests of the master class.

The helplessness of the labor movement as at present constructed is due to the fact that we already have too many labor unions whose weakness is due to the lack of solidarity. This "Poorly Advised Move" in the coal mining camps of British Columbia is very probably being well paid for by the "captains of industry" who can always find degenerates in the ranks of organized labor who are willing to accept "the thirty pieces of silver" to crucify Labor on the cross of Capitalism.

THE STEEL TRUST, in proving that there was an "identity of interest" between employer and employe, had the commanding officer of the Pennsylvania Cossacks to proclaim the orders of a Goebel: "Shoot to kill!" It is but a few years ago since the daily press showered encomiums of praise upon the steel trust for its magnanimity in permitting its slaves to invest in the stock of the trust. The press elaborated at length upon the generosity of the modern pirates and attempted to prove that the trust in granting a license to its overworked and under-paid victims to invest their meager savings in stock, that it presaged a glimpse of the millennium, a consummation of the partnership between Labor and Capital. But many of the slaves who were let in on the ground floor in purchasing stock from the trust, have remained on the ground floor and are still yearning for the dawn of that predicted civilization, when Labor and Capital would be found with hands clasped in deathless fraternity.

Again, years ago, when the trust erected hovels upon its sacred domain to shelter the slaves, some of whom during the past few weeks have been killed and mangled by the brutality of uniformed desperadoes and outlaws, the press again wasted editorial space in lauding the generosity of the corporate vultures who fatten on the sweat and blood of ill-paid toil.

The trust in its latest assault upon "the dignity of labor" is teaching the slave that the class struggle must go on until the profit system is overthrown by the united power of labor coming together in the industrial and political arena.

THE LABOR PRESS of many parts of the country has made severe criticisms relative to President Taft shaking hands with President Diaz of Mexico. It is but natural that men like Taft and Diaz should have mutual admiration for each other. Both men are class-conscious and are loyal to the interests of the capitalist class. Wage-slavery in America and peonage in Mexico are about the same and the margin of difference could scarcely be detected by the most powerful magnifying glass.

Taft has a record as a public official that has won the most flowery tributes from the editorial page of subsidized journalism. His decisions from the bench have met with the unqualified approval of a class of privilege, and while wearing the ermine of the judiciary, never hesitated to send labor to jail.

His elevation to the Presidency of the United States was consummated through the power and influence of the "interests," and he has been loyal to the constituency that gave him a seat in the White House for four years.

Diaz, the despot, is likewise true and loyal to his constituency, and never falters in suppressing the victims of poverty when they rebel against the despotism of greed. Taft and Diaz have hearts that beat as one so far as the interests of the masses of the people are concerned, and when they meet will clasp hands as loyal supporters of a system that puts the few in palaces and the multitude in hovels.

AN END to all classes and class struggles! Have not the great leaders of labor, John Mitchell and Timothy Healy, basked in the light of the Japanese lanterns on the terrace of the summer home of Mrs. J. Borden Harriman? And has not that kind lady congratulated the great labor leaders "upon their deliberate adoption of the brotherhood standard?"

An end also to misery and poverty and ignorance and crime! Has not Mrs. Harriman, who has toiled all her life to help her parents and her husband maintain their homes in decency, has she not declared that "the making or marring of a man's career is primarily within himself and does not depend upon the conditions of society"? All of us may now become rich and prosperous, educated and refined without forcing others to give us the fruits of their labors, without hurling anyone into poverty and a life of crime and shame. The social problem has been solved through "sweetness and light."

There remains but one unimportant question: Does the husband of Mrs. Harriman, the great Wall Street banker and broker, in whose offices hundreds must have made and lost fortunes, accept the views of his wife? Does he also believe that "the making or marring of a man's career is primarily within himself, and does not depend upon the conditions of society"? Or to put it more concretely, so as to apply

it to his own business, does he believe that a man can make a fortune in his offices without being initiated into certain "conditions of society," for example the plans of Morgan, the Rockefellers, E. H. Harriman, Schiff, and others, including Mr. J. Borden Harriman himself who for aught one knows may be playing the game against some of his own customers? - New York Call.

"Get Wise."

SAMUEL GOMPERS' weekly letter appeared on industrial conditions in Germany. The letter is copyrighted by Gompers' agent and the precious literature that comes from the pen of Samuel Gompers will in all probability become a personal asset of the president of the American Federation of Labor, who has been sent abroad at the expense of the bone and brawn of the federation. Samuel in his letter takes a slap at the Socialists of Germany and refuses to give the Socialists any credit for the advancement of the working class under the reign of the Kaiser. Though more than 3,000,000 of the people of Germany stand beneath the flag of the Socialist party, and though the Socialist party has a strong representation of law-makers; yet Samuel, the sage and philosopher of the craft and trade-union movement of America can find no words in his vocabulary to do justice to the only political party in Germany that is struggling to break the chains of wage slavery and lift toiling humanity to that higher plane where man, woman and child shall enjoy the restored heritage of equal opportunity.

But it is not surprising that Samuel Gompers deprecates the work of the Socialist party in Germany in its struggle to bring the working class closer to the dawn of economic freedom. When Samuel was about to take his departure from America and set sail for foreign shores to study "labor conditions" in the nations of the Old World, there was a banquet in the City of New York at which presided some of the men who have fought organized labor with every weapon of modern warfare. At the close of the banquet, when stomachs were loaded with the good things that make life look pleasant, and when reason was struggling to escape from being drowned in the sparkling vintage that can only be purchased by the class that feeds upon labor, there broke from the throats of the aristocrats of the gathering, that drunken song, "For

He's a Jolly Good Fellow," in honor of the man who is supposed to have consecrated his life to the interests of the working class.

While Gompers and his aristocratic friends were enjoying a sumptuous banquet in a fashionable hostelry on the eve of his voyage to Europe, and while speeches and songs enlivened the last few hours ere Samuel and his family became inmates of a floating palace on the Atlantic, hundreds of the *common working people* gathered on the outside of the banquet room to watch the festivities and to wonder if a time would ever come in our civilization when the man with the horny fist and the shoddy clothes, who furnished the per capita tax that paid the salaries of "labor leaders," would be permitted to sit down at a table and enjoy a "square meal" washed down by high priced beverages. Samuel did not seem to feel much gratitude towards the labor movement that made it possible for him and his family to spend a vacation in Europe. Though the labor movement foots the bills of Mr. Gompers while enjoying life across the sea; yet Samuel concluded that his observations on "Labor Conditions" in Europe were his personal property and that if labor journals desired to inform the membership of organized labor concerning the impressions of Samuel committed to paper, such journals must put up the "long green" ere their columns would be licensed to publish the effusions that flowed from the pen of the executive head of the American Federation of Labor.

But it seems that Labor enjoys the experience of making life pleasant for a few and is willing to pay for the music, even though Labor is not permitted to dance. At the present time in the city of Washington arrangements are being made for the home-coming of Samuel Gompers and his family, and thousands of the members of organized labor will parade on the evening of October 15th and the bands will play, "See, the Conquering Hero Comes."

"What fools these mortals be!"

Slaughtering Human Beings in Pennsylvania.

THE GREAT STEEL STRIKE has been going on for a period of two months and nearly every day the press dispatches have contained reports of the modern brutalism that has been committed in the name of "law and order." The American people have frequently been horrified when there was wafted across the seas an electric flash that told of the soulless outrages that were perpetrated in the Old World against the pauperized thousands who dared to struggle against the divine-right rule of emperors and kings. The blood of American citizenship has chilled in horror as word-pictures were painted of the cruel and dastardly outrages that reddened the pages of Russia's history. When men and women on the soil of a continent that was supposed to be dedicated to human liberty read of the dehumanized atrocities committed by the Cossacks under Czar Nicholas, mass meetings were held in the great cities of America, and the most eloquent orators and brilliant statesmen raised their voices against the unholy sacrifice of human life, that blackened and disgraced Russian history. When the hired human bloodhounds of the Czar, wearing the uniforms of soldiers, obeyed the orders of the "little father" on that memorable "Red Sunday" and the snows were melted by the warm, red blood of impoverished men, women and children, there was a protest in America that could be heard from ocean to ocean; but now that a steel trust in its maddened frenzy for profits is using the state constabulary of the State of Pennsylvania to slaughter men and women, who are in rebellion against unbearable conditions and starvation wages, the orator is silent and the great daily journals of free America have but little to say in denunciation of the murders committed by an octopus, that seems to own the armed power of the Keystone state.

The Amalgamated Journal, the official organ of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers, in commenting on the state constabulary of Pennsylvania, had the following to say in its issue of August 19th:

"The American Sheet and Tin Plate Company is resorting to every artifice it can conceive to stampede the men who are standing so nobly against its tyranny. The state constabulary has drawn the lines tighter during the past week, and the locked-out men are being made to realize that that body of state Cossacks has been organized to help manufacturers to break strikes. There is no stronger proof that the powers of the government is allied against the workingmen in their effort to resist the despotism of capitalists than the existence of the state constabulary as it is constituted in the State of Pennsylvania. Is it any wonder that the spirit of discontent is growing in the face of such glaring discriminations as are being practiced at New Castle by the state constabulary? More and more it is becoming apparent that the common people have been blinded by the false cry of liberty when there was none. Wherein lies the difference between the Cossack of Russia and the constabulary of Pennsylvania? There is none. There has been so much class legislation in favor of the rich

corporate interests of this country until today they are firmly entrenched in the advantageous position of being protected by every department of government, executive, judicial and legislative in the nation, state county and municipality, and the corporate interests are using the powers for all they are worth to overthrow the workingmen who decently ask that their standard of living shall not be lowered and they and their families pushed down the ladder of degradation.

"The manifestation of discontent arising from the abuses governments are perpetrating upon the common people in this country as well as those abroad is summed up in the following editorial recently published in the Pittsburg Leader:

"A wave of discontent has swept over Europe. Americans are asking what is the matter with Europe.

"In the Pittsburg and other industrial districts of this country strikes have revealed a spirit of discontent and the miserable conditions surrounding a large body of workingmen. Europe is asking what is the matter with America.

"Possibly a careful diagnosis of the cases would disclose the fact that the spirit of discontent is rooted in the same soil.

"There has been too much legislation for the privileged classes. The masses have been neglected.

"Time and history prove that the masses suffer long without protest. But there comes the final straw which breaks the camel's back.

"When the masses seek relief they turn to their governments. That is what they have been doing in Europe and America. When their pleas and protests go unheeded there are uprisings and governments tremble and topple.

"Spanish workingmen refused to shed blood and contribute from their resources to fight the Moors because there was no national interest in the war. They say it was brought about by Spanish speculators in mining concessions. The Spanish workingmen appealed to their government in vain and the madness of Barcelona resulted.

"To the appropriation of government powers to the few is credited the gigantic strike in Sweden, the home of one of the most industrious nations in the world. The masses received no relief from their government. Their protest is in the form of a strike.

"The great strike of France is still fresh in the public memory. The French government trembled and ominous clouds overshadowed Paris.

"Abdul Hamid was removed from his throne after a reign of graft and the granting of special privileges to the favorite few.

"The Russian Czar found his throne a mine after he had sent thousands of his subjects to their death in Manchuria and spent the nation's millions to guard private interests. The protection of the autocracy and the neglect of the masses and their interests brought the anarchist and nihilist from their dark corners and resulted in strikes, riot and bloodshed.

"The Persian Shah fell from his shaking throne. In the South American countries one revolution follows another because the greedy few oppress the people and grow rich while the masses starve.

"In Great Britain statesmen have attempted to drown the spirit of discontent in national pride by placing the German bugaboo before the masses. The English commoners are struggling under a huge national debt and taxes which break the backs of the masses, while the five hundred peers, who own one-fourth the land, and the ten thousand persons, who own four-fifths of it, escape by a payment of a pittance to the government.

"Since this wave of discontent appeared in its incipiency, the people have been appealing in vain to their governments. Their pleadings reached ears of stone and hearts of adamant until the uprisings came and they were calmed with promises or starved into submission.

"But the favorite few continue to enjoy their special privileges. They will not believe that the seed of discontent has fallen upon fertile soil.

"And in America, in the Pittsburg district—well, he who will turn an ear and eye can hear and see and understand.

"This country is not without its special privilege class. The land of the free is rapidly becoming the country of special privileges. Washington hurriedly turns an ear to the few who hold the railroads and industries of the country within their grasp. When the appeal of the workingman reaches the seat of government a deaf ear is turned and the eye is closed.

"What was the reply from the government? There may be an investigation after Congress convenes in regular session.

"These workingmen have appealed to their government. They represent and are a part of the masses. Their appeals are not heeded.

In fiery letters the warning is written over the face of Europe. "The republic is too closely following the course of the tottering governments of Europe.

"The privilege class is feasting on the fat of the land.

"But the handwriting has appeared upon the wall."

The editorial in the Pittsburg leader shows that even a daily journal whose columns are not consecrated to the principles of organized labor has a conception of the world-wide struggle and realizes that governments built on the capitalist system have but little sympathy for the down-trodden victims of poverty who wear upon their limbs the chains of wage slavery. The Pittsburg Leader has, however, recognized the fact that the slaves of the world are coming together in an industrial brotherhood that will ultimately mean the downfall of the profit system that is barren of heart and soul.

The outrages already perpetrated in Pennsylvania, where strikers have been ruthlessly murdered by the uniformed Hessians of the steel trust and where women have been clubbed to death, have aroused the workers to the fact that organized labor as at present constructed, is unable to meet capitalism on the field of battle with any hope of achieving victory. The day is drawing nearer when the flag of industrial unionism will be unfurled by the working class of America, and when that day dawns the people of America will hear the dying groans of a system of exploitation that has wet the earth with tears and blood.

Labor Uniting in the Old World.

THERE CAME A REPORT from Sweden last week that forty factories involved in the strike had capitulated and conceded the terms demanded by the strikers. The surrender of the forty factories to the demands of the strikers has weakened the power of the employers and it is predicted that in ten days that the great strike will be over, with the employers suffering defeat. The strike in Sweden has shown an industrial solidarity that should command the serious consideration of the working class of America. The membership of organized labor of this country, where deluded "native sons" boast of human rights and liberty, should give some thought to the class loyalty of the working people of Sweden, who scorn to be guilty of the crime of craft scabbery. In the strike at Sweden, there was not noticeable that manifestation of aristocracy that is exhibited on our western continent, where the skilled mechanic curls his lips in sneering derision as he watches the unskilled worker battling against the oppression of industrial despotism and lifts his eyes towards the heavens with an expression on his face which seems to say: "Thank God I am not as other men are." But the skilled mechanic on the soil of a republic that is lauded as the land of freedom, seems to forget that if he fails to reach out a helping hand to his more unfortunate brother and fails to realize that the fight of the unskilled worker is *his* fight, that a time is

coming when the wage slave in the lower strata of manual labor will pull the skilled mechanic down to his level. The skilled mechanic on American soil is so bloated with his importance that his vision fails to grasp the fact that the inventive genius of man is working night and day, and that the skill and cunning of the hand are being gradually transferred to the machine, and that at no distant day the skilled mechanic will be awakened to the fact that the *machine* has become the *skilled mechanic* and that the machine can be successfully operated by the most menial slave of the working class, and that even a child can manipulate the *machine*, the product of inventive genius.

The workingman, in this day and age, whose eyes are closed to the evolution that is going on, that is so rapidly displacing the labor of the skilled mechanic, is mentally dead and should be placed in a kindergarten where his shriveled intellect may have the opportunity of being developed. The labor movement of America, with all the encomiums of praise that has been showered upon it by labor journals, can now look to the labor movement of the Old World that is breaking the shackles of conservatism, and leaping forth as a united army to give battle to the hosts of capitalism. Industrial unionism is now commanding the attention of intelligent men and women in all the advancing nations of the earth and craft and trade organizations, through conditions that are being created, will be relegated to the scrap pile of a dead past.

The Czar's Nightmare.

FOR THE PUBLICATION of the following article copies of London "Justice" were confiscated by the police at a protest meeting against the Czar's visit held in Trafalgar Square. To questions raised subsequently in the House of Commons no satisfactory answer was vouchsafed. Why should there have been? The confiscation may have been, "illegal," but what is to compel a ruling class to obey its own laws?

It was after one of the many pompous functions held at Tsarkoe Selo that Czar Nicholas had retired for the night to his bed-chamber. The laughter and music of the voluptuous scene he had just left still buzzed in his brain; the fumes of the wine and the perfumes of the women still titillated his senses; the gay and glistening throng—the lights—the color and blazonry—still stirred in the camera obscura of his vision. But he felt strangely hot, exhausted, depressed. A fit of morbid gloom had seized upon him.

His obsequious attendants—after putting him carefully to bed—had gently retired.

For a long, long time he lay in the vain endeavor to obtain sleep. The effects of the excitement and wine clung tenaciously. He became nervous and irritable; he turned restlessly from side to side; he grew afraid of the shadows in the corners of the room and the pale moonlight streaming in at the windows.

When, at last, the softness of the bed and physical weariness induced sleep, he became a prey to a fearful nightmare. Terrible dreams, let loose by a stifled conscience, arose out of the bosom of darkness.

The fantastic imagery of his brain conjured up the previous occupants of the bloody throne of Russia, they crowded on his fancy in acts of hideous horror. Ivan the Terrible taking delight in poisoning his guests; Peter—the brutal and bestial Peter—killing his brother Alexis; the harlot Catherine I, putting her discarded lovers living into tombs of ice; the drunken prostitute Elizabeth sticking pins into the breasts of her serving girls; Catherine II.—the dissolute—murdering the infant son John of the courtesan Anna Ivanovna; the half-witted Paul in his mad debaucheries; the murder of Paul by his son; the vile beast Nicholas I, knighting conscripts to death; Alexanders II. and III. committing monstrously cruel barbarities—all these ravenous tigers and

tigresses in the mad excesses of their blood passion, clothed in the habiliments of the past, came out of the night and committed their most atrocious crimes in his dreams.

He shivers in an agony of terror.

Then they gathered all together, and, pointing at him, cried: "You, Nicholas, last of the Czars, are the weakest, the most cowardly, the most cruel, the most bloodthirsty, the vilest of us all."

A cold sweat burst out upon him. A convulsive shudder shook him and nearly woke him up.

Then the Czars and Czarinas disappeared from his dreams, but in their place rose phantoms of his crimes.

They crowded thick and fast. They represented an epitome of his awful reign. Strange and wild and inexpressibly horrible, they, by their vivid reality, wrought within him fearful paroxysms of fear and terror.

Scenes of the silent snows of Saghalien; of the damp dungeons below the icy Neva in the fortress of Peter and Paul; of the reeking cells of Schusselburg and the old Boutyrki; of the putrid typhus hells of Sevastopol, Lodz, Warsaw, and eastern Siberia; of the torture chambers of Riga; of the whole of Russia with the demon Famine stalking through the land—clear, awful and startling, came and went.

Fiendish murders, secret assassination, hanging with well-soaped ropes, rapings of young and tender girls, butchering of tiny children, wholesale massacres, knoutings, beatings with nagaikas and india-rubber sticks till the flesh hung in ribbons, pulling out of hairs one by one, breakings and twistings of limbs, so that all semblance of humanity was gone—such ghastly sights passed in slow, panoramic fashion. And the sounds of sobs and shrieks and awful imprecations filled his ears.

There was no end to them—young men and old men, girls and women—and little children. Of every rank, profession, creed and description.

Look! See the woman laughing, howling, praying, singing nursery rhymes as she rocks her dead baby in her arms in the fearful cold of Irkutsk—that is the poor, mad wife of Ivan Cherniavsky. See that man in the noisome cell, hacking at his throat with a pair of scissors—that is the genius Zapolsky. See that thin emaciated man walking as far as his chains will let him in the dungeon of Schlüsselburg—

that is the wonderful poet Polyvanoff. See that fine-looking man with the blood oozing from the pistol wound in his temples, lying in the snows of Siberia—that is the brilliant scientist Alex Kropotkin. See that man swinging from the gibbet—that is the noble minded Balmaschhoff. See those men tearing at their throats with pieces of glass—they are Leontovitch and Ogomoloff. See that poor dead thing bound in chains to the wall—that is the corpse of Zhutin. See that young woman just about to become a mother, being dragged to the police station—that is Martinova. See that madman throwing kerosene over himself and setting it alight—that is clever Gratchevsky. Look! Look again! See that beautiful girl being flogged—flogged until she drops down dead—that is Nagyethda Sigada. See that mangled corpse—that is the body of Marie Vetrova, who was raped and murdered. So they go on.

What a murderous procession! Men and women of genius, poets, philosophers, scientists, journalists, doctors, workers, peasants, noble-minded and great hearted, the soul of Russia; all of them the victims of the Czar. In prison, in torture-chamber, in exile, in death does Nicholas see them. Their pale faces startle him. Their looks of sorrow, of pain, of hate, make him tremble in afright. He cries aloud in his sleep.

The visions of his crimes fade away and Nicholas sees himself as he really is. A puny, second rate Hussar officer, as Tolstoy calls him, and a criminal lunatic. He sees the czardom—vile, horrible, wealthy, triumphant, gilded and stained. He realizes what a collection of spies, swindlers, butchers, hangmen and murderers are gathered around the throne, among whom are Dubrovin, the organizer of pogroms, his uncle Vladimir, Azeff and Trepoff. What a cesspool of shame, disgrace, opprobrium and dishonor is there! What a black pot of vice and treason! He conspires with Azeff to get rid of his uncle, the Grand Duke Sergius. He shakes the bloody paws of the human beasts that carry out his criminal behests. He heaps honors and wealth upon violators of laws and butchers of babes. On the throne, in the midst of all glitter and patoply, he is stifling the light, strangling the liberty, barring the progress of the Russian people. He and his crew laugh and mock and jeer over Russia. But suddenly there is a great blue flash and a terrible explosion.

The same obsequious attendants that put him to bed discovered him the following morning all shriveled and purple with cold, cowering in a corner of the room, trembling like one who had passed through hell.

TOM QUELCH

The Pittsburg Strike.

(Rocky Mountain News.)

IT ISN'T STEEL that is the chief product of Pittsburg manufacture these days. It isn't even tenderloin scandals. It is anarchy. Raw, savage, hopeless, desperate anarchy has long been an important by-product of the most protected city in the world; and now the by-product has won to first place. Six men were killed and a dozen more severely hurt in a riot night before last. Several others were killed a couple of days earlier. The constabulary of the sovereign protected state of Pennsylvania are being used as the constabulary of Ireland were once used—to evict helpless, penniless tenants from the hovels that they have hitherto been able to call "home." For the Pressed Steel Car Company takes no chances. It owns the raw material, it owns the market (thanks to the sacro sanet tariff), it owns the workmen, and, as a last measure of precaution, it owns the only homes in which the workmen can live. When MacBeth proposed to take a bond of fate and make assurance doubly sure, he was dimly forecasting the conduct which for some years past has characterized the steel industry of the Pittsburg region. One remembers, with a sense of dramatic fitness, that MacBeth also preferred his bonds written in blood.

The present strike is the blackest disgrace that has been brought home to any American commonwealth for a generation. And the responsibility for the strike, and for all the horrors which may go with the strike, rests absolutely on the Pressed Steel Car Company. It may be necessary to shoot down rioters, but it is quite as necessary to remember who caused the riot. The Pressed Steel Car Company has adopted the "pooling system" of paying for its work—or rather, of not paying for the same. The company determines arbitrarily the price it will pay for a car, and then apportion this price among the different gangs of men in the different departments. All spoiled material is charged up to the pool; that is, to the workmen who are lumped together in the group making a given car. All blunders of foremen, all the avoidable and unavoidable accidents of construction, are charged up against the pool. It is heads, the company wins; tails, the pool loses. No workman knows till he gets his pay check, how much he is going to get; and then it is usually so little as to be hardly worth wondering about. Here is a sworn statement of a series of pay checks received by these men who are being "protected against pauper labor":

June 15, 1909.

	Per Hour
Check No. 5,023 Received for 5 days' work, \$3.95.....	8c
Check No. 4,621—Received for 2 days' work, 40c.....	2c
Check No. 4,495 Received for 7 days' work, \$3.80.....	5 1/2c
June 30, 1909.	
Check No. 4,753—Received for 3 days' work, \$3.85.....	13c
Check No. 8,014 Received for 4 days' work, 90c.....	2 1/2c
Check No. 8,134—Received for 13 days' work, \$18.85.....	14 1/2c
Check No. 7,213—Received for 4 days' work, \$5.10.....	12 3/4c
Check No. 6,588 Received for 14 days' work, \$16.80.....	12c
Check No. 5,016—Received for 4 days' work, \$4.15.....	10 3/4c
Check No. 4,050 Received for 9 days' work, \$10.35.....	11 1/2c

Check No. 4,950 Received for 5 days' work, \$3.45.....	7c
Check No. 4,912 Received for 4 days' work, \$4.00.....	10c

Anarchy While You Wait.

And the company not only refused to abolish the pooling system and pay decent wages, but refused to even submit the matter to arbitration.

Is it any wonder that the men struck? Is it any wonder that the few women in their midst are out with paving stones to see what they can do for the cause? And when the state troops are brought into requisition, not only to maintain order, but to drive these wretchedly underpaid men from their homes, is it any wonder that some of them lose faith in all processes of law and turn anarchists? We think not. We think the only wonder is that more of them have not hoisted the flag of revolution. The subsidized press of Pittsburg for no monopoly feels itself completely equipped without a subsidized press—is calling the strikers "foreign anarchists." The term is just half true. The men are foreign born, else they wouldn't have jobs with the Pressed Steel Car Company. But their anarchy was made in Pittsburg.

We suppose the governor of the sovereign state of Pennsylvania is bound to suppress rioting. But we should like to find some tribunal that would suppress the devilment that breeds rioting. The steel manufacturers of Pittsburg have been absolute masters of the situation for seventeen years. They have in that time perfected the most complete organization for making steel and spoiling men that the world has ever seen. They have raked Europe for the lowest standard of living consistent with the physical strength needed to make a good steel worker. From southeastern Europe, where they found the combination they wished, they have imported laborers by hundreds of thousands, till today *not three per cent. of the steel workers speak English.* The steel barons have established a speeding process that makes a man past his prime at thirty-five, and worn out at forty. They have established and maintained the most indecent and unsanitary rookeries of lodging houses that the continent holds. They have made Pittsburg, until a year ago, the typhoid fever capital of the world. They have so beautifully adjusted things that a man is killed at work in the Pittsburg district every sixteen hours throughout the year. They have manipulated laws and courts till the average compensation a man gets for an arm is about \$87, for a leg \$100, for an eye a little less, and so on. They have put on the statute books of Pennsylvania a law which makes it impossible for a relative living in a foreign country to collect anything for a man killed in the steel business. Perhaps this helps to explain why the companies import so few women. They want, not citizens, but serfs. They have them.

Please remember that these statements are not taken from the laborer's side of the case. They are the sober data gathered by the eighteen trained sociological investigators who made the "Pittsburg Survey," a survey paid for by Mrs. Russell Sage. And, pondering these data thus gathered, The News repeats that the chief product of the Pittsburg mills just now is anarchy—anarchy for which the land at large must pay. For this, too, is one of the fruits of protectionism.

President Moyer's Visit to the Black Hills South Dakota.

SHORTLY AFTER THE ADJOURNMENT of the Seventeenth Annual Convention of the Western Federation of Miners, President Moyer took his departure for the mining district of the Black Hills, South Dakota, in which district President Moyer has spent many years of his life. The union men of the Black Hills, recognizing the sterling worth of Charles H. Moyer and knowing his honesty of purpose, made arrangements to make his stay in the Black Hills, while visiting, the local unions of the federation, as enjoyable and as pleasant as possible. The Black Hills Daily Register, in commenting on President Moyer's visit to the hills, had the following:

"Last night the members of Terry Peak Miners' Union gave a

smoker in honor of Charles H. Moyer, president of the Western Federation of Miners, who was their guest for the evening.

"To the uninitiated this may not mean much, but those of us who have heretofore enjoyed the hospitality of the members of Local No. 5 know, even those who were not in Terry last night, that the Terry opera house was packed and that every person present had a good time—they couldn't help it, unless they were sick.

The smoker followed the regular meeting of the union and was opened by an address of welcome to Mr. Moyer, delivered by President Jacob Boiler of No. 5.

"Mr. Moyer then briefly outlined the work of the Western Federation of Miners from the time of its inception, in 1893, until the

present time. The organization had had many ups and downs, and has been more bitterly assailed by the employing class than any other labor organization of the present day. This, Mr. Moyer believed, had been a good thing for the organization, even if it sometimes was severe on the individual members of the organization. While other labor organizations had been enjoying peace and tranquillity, they had also stagnated to that same extent. Not so with the Western Federation, for every battle fought, whether won or lost, had taught the employers that it was very unprofitable to fight men of the W. F. of M. make-up.

"The organization had been engaged in many strikes during the past seven years, but today two small strikes were demanding and receiving attention. About 200 men were out at Lane City, Nev., for a minimum wage scale of \$3.50 for miners. The struck property had been forced to close down and many of the strikers had secured work elsewhere in the Ely district, so that the strike benefits paid out at Lane City were not heavy.

"Another strike was on at Douglas Island, Alaska, against the Treadwell Mining Company. This strike was for the purpose of enforcing the right to organize and, while the Treadwell company had se-

ods. If there were any persons among the four hundred in attendance who came to the meeting with the idea that a change of presidents was desirable, they were very likely revised their opinions before Mr. Moyer closed.

"By the time President Moyer had concluded, the A. O. U. W. band had arrived from Deadwood, where it had been engaged during the day, and uncorked a large and highly-appreciated bunch of melody in the hall. Chairman Kirwan then introduced "The Bald Mountain Nightingale," which proved to be that veteran entertainer, John Hodgkin, who entertained and amused the audience with a vocal solo, "I'm An Honest Irish Lad." The song was a good one, well rendered, and fixed things in good shape for the other members on the program.

"Another selection by the band was followed by a fast boxing contest between Peter Dolan and young Otto Westland. Dolan had the advantage in science, but his opponent was the younger and stronger, so the bout was called a draw.

The vocal solo by Guy Coates, "Ola, You Hobo," was a smile-incubator and made a big hit.

"Floyd Cooley and Billy McKean then donned the mitts and put up three fast and furious rounds of punch and parry. While rough



SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL

DENVER, COL. JUN 1913

Delegates to the Seventeenth Annual Convention of the Western Federation of Miners

secured a number of strike breakers, they were green men, unused to mining, and the company was not gaining anything by the lockout. In this place men were working in some instances for \$2.50 per day. When it is understood that the cost of living at Douglas Island is much higher than in the Black Hills, it is quite apparent that the men were driven to organize.

"President Moyer was very optimistic as to the future prosperity of the Western federation and quoted a member and officer of the United Mine Workers as having admitted that the W. F. M. had done more to educate the working class of the United States and Canada than any other organization. He cited the fact that the federation was more than \$80,000 better off financially today than it was a year ago, and also that the membership had increased nearly 10,000 during the year. The address was one which should make every member of the federation proud of his membership, for in it President Moyer gave much unpublished information concerning the federation and its meth-

at times, the rounds were bloodless and McKean got the better of the game.

"Neil McDonough showed the audience that, in spite of the fact that he worked for a living, he was no novice in the art of clog dancing. Harry Edwards followed suit in the same line and it was hard to decide which of the two was the better at the game.

"Dick Kemp and Otto Westland gave a very exciting exhibition of scientific boxing, doing some heavy punching in the second round. The bout was declared a draw.

"Sammy Stemple is a good buck and wing dancer, and he gave a very meritorious exhibition of the art last night.

"Ed Morgan is not so stiff as he appeared, and his contortion act was a surprise to those who saw him perform for the first time. He also allowed a couple of men to tie him up tight with iron rings and ropes and worked his way out in plain sight of the audience. Some of the boys are accusing him of being a hypnotist.

"One of the big double numbers on the program was by the 'Bald Mountain Male Chorus,' composed of Messrs. John Hodgkin, Nick James, Tom Trethway, Jack Pearson, John Pearce, Jake May and Dick Kemp. This bunch of canaries sang, 'Found a Horseshoe,' and for an encore came back with 'Old Virginia.' Both numbers were well received, as they deserved.

"Guy Coates then put on a Hebrew recitation and song that brought down the house.

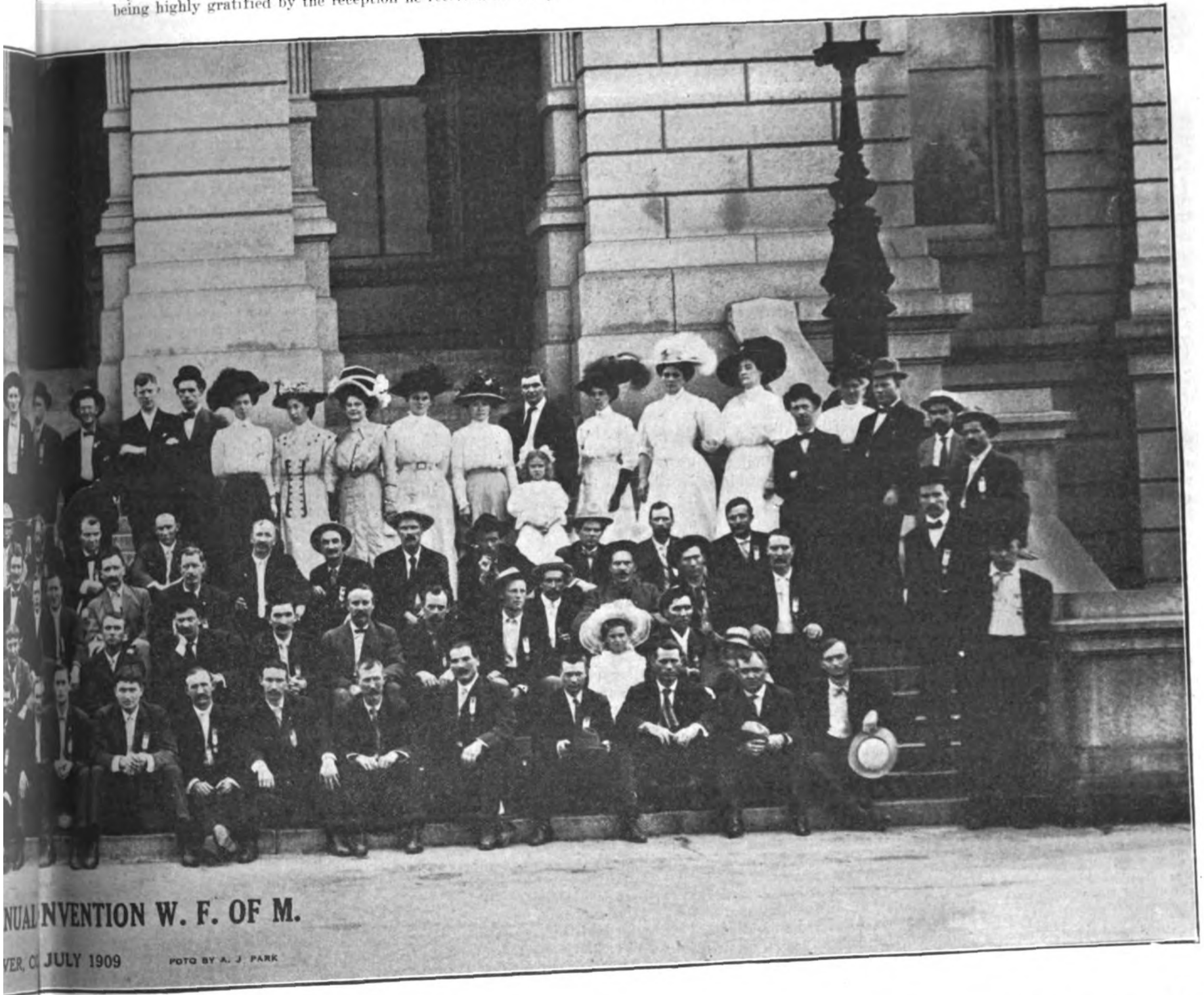
"Barring the eating, drink and smoking, which was continuous, the entertainment came to a close amid shrieks of laughter when Dick Kemp told a number of good stories at the expense of the Irish and Cornish people. Kemp is a dandy at the game and has the faculty of telling stories without making people sore—sometimes.

"The entertainment was a pleasure to every person present, and while it was necessarily quite expensive, it was worth all it cost, for it brought the members closer together, if such a thing is possible in a camp where every man works for wages and is a member of the same organization. President Moyer expressed himself to the writer as being highly gratified by the reception he received at Terry."

United States at that place. After the visit with Mr. Knowles President Moyer will return to this part of the hills and then leave for the West."

History Repeats Itself.

IN THIS ISSUE of the Miners' Magazine will be found a lengthy editorial taken from The Rocky Mountain News of last week, which is strong and vigorous in its character and denounces in no weak language the corporate anarchy that has reddened the soil of Pennsylvania with human blood. But while The Rocky Mountain News of Denver, Colorado, arraigns the brutal methods of the steel trust to lower the standard of living in the "land of liberty," yet the subsidized journals of Pennsylvania, owned and controlled by the Fricks, the Coreys and the Carnegies, are pouring out their venomous fury against the "foreign anarchist" who refuses to be driven into absolute peonage by the industrial pirates of the most corporation-cursed and trust-ridden state in the Union.



ANNUAL CONVENTION W. F. OF M.
DENVER, CO. JULY 1909
PHOTO BY A. J. PARK

Western Federation of Miners—July 12-August 3, 1909.

The Black Hills Register, in speaking of President Moyer's return to Lead, had the following to say:

"President Moyer, of the Western Federation of Miners, and James Kirwan, one of the members of the executive board of that organization, were in the city this morning and paid a visit to the Union laundry and made an examination of its equipment and methods of doing business, and were greatly pleased with the showing that is being made in the work of co-operation. This evening President Moyer will speak at Galena and will meet with the union of that place; so the stay of himself and Mr. Kirwan in the city was not a prolonged one. The meeting at Deadwood last evening was well attended and the remarks made by President Moyer were listened to with attention and interest. Tomorrow evening President Moyer will meet with the Central City Miners' Union and will have something more to say to its members. Sunday morning President Moyer and Mr. Kirwan will leave for Rapid City, where they will visit with Freeman Knowles, who is still in the custody of the

The Rocky Mountain News, looking across the expanse of America's bosom for a distance of more than fifteen hundred miles, can see the Cossacks of Pennsylvania committing brutal murders in obedience to a steel trust, but the daily journals of Pennsylvania, with but few exceptions, can see but lawlessness and riot among the "foreign anarchists." It is but a few years ago, comparatively, when this same steel trust sent their agents across the seas to canvass the congested districts of southern Europe, and with the aid of steamship corporations landed these "foreign anarchists" on American soil to take the places of men who found the despotic methods of the trust unbearable. The man who is now branded as a "foreign anarchist" when usurping the place of the striker of several years ago, was adorned with those traits of character that met with the endorsement and approbation of "the molders of public opinion," who hunger for the glittering coin that comes from the blood-stained coffers of a pitiless and soulless corporation.

It was but a few years ago when the sky of Colorado was dark

ened by the clouds of an industrial war. The bugle blast could be heard in the mining camps of Colorado, and the brass-buttoned uniform of the soldier became conspicuous, as capitalism demanded the armed power of the state to suppress labor in a battle for the maintenance of living conditions under the hated and heartless system of wage slavery. The miners of the Cripple Creek district, the miners of the San Juan, and the coal miners of the southern fields of the state were forced to rebel against the arrogance and greed of a master class and because they refused to yield in mute obedience to the dictums of corporations, an army maintained at the expense of the state was turned over to the corporations to commit murder, while broadcloth outlaws, bidding defiance to the constitution and trampling law under foot, yelled: "Law and order."

As the hired murderers, wearing the uniforms of soldiers, yelled: "To h—l with the constitution!" miners were bull-penned and deported, and their wives, sisters, daughters and even mothers, were insulted by the rented army, which a debauched and depraved governor handed over to a Mine Owners' association, to uphold with gatling gun and cannon the lawless reign of corporate and commercial despotism.

A few daily journals summoned sufficient courage to denounce the outrages that were perpetrated in the state of Colorado, but the vast majority of the daily publications heaped the vilest calumny on the victims of corporate greed, who were branded as murderers, anarchists and dynamiters. A few journals declared that nowhere be-

neath the canopy of an American sky could such outrages be committed against organized labor as were inflicted on the miners of Colorado, without breeding a revolution, but now in Pennsylvania, history is repeating itself and the millions of the American people are scarcely uttering even a feeble protest, as a state constabulary shoots down starving men and chains them to horses to be dragged through the streets like wild beasts. The clubs of the state constabulary have descended on the heads of women, and even a few of the gentler sex in the hell of the steel mills. So they struck.

Starving in idleness could not be worse than starving and working have been shot, because they demonstrated heroic loyalty to the fathers, husbands and sons, who have been fighting a brave battle against the merciless tyranny of that "infant industry" that has robbed and plundered a world to coin dividends.

The charges have been made that peonage exists in the plants of the steel trust, and a promise has been made that an investigation will be instituted to ascertain the truth of the charges. The investigation, as usual, will be a whitewash, as the creatures who will make such an investigation will be instructed to respect the interest of the "interests." Denunciation of the steel trust will have but little effect, and until the great mass of the people of this nation can focus their vision on the cause that breeds riot, lawlessness and bloodshed, plutocratic anarchy will remain seated upon the throne of power, using the executive, judicial and legislative departments of government to hold laboring humanity under the galling yoke of subjugation.

Labor Day:

THROUGHOUT AMERICA and Canada, bands of music will be heard and the brawny sons of toil will keep step to inspiring strains, as they march in parade in commemoration of a day that has been legalized as Labor Day. The orator will rave in a delirium of eloquence and rob the English language of the choicest phrases to tickle the auricular organs of the working class, but the majority of the dispensers of fulsome flattery will be careful about hurling verbal lightning against the cause that enslaves laboring humanity. The thunders of oratory will be belch against effects, but the system that breeds effects will escape with impunity.

The majority of the labor orators who will exercise their lungs on this occasion, will denounce child labor, the brutal acts of state militia, the debauchery of legislative bodies and the corruption of the judiciary, but they will be silent as to the cause that gives birth to all the outrages and infamies that cover the earth with misery and wretchedness.

Some of the speakers on Labor Day will pay glowing tributes to the glorious opportunities that present themselves to the citizenship of a republic, and will institute a comparison between Young Columbia and the crumbling monarchies across the seas. In pathetic language

they will paint the poverty of the "coolies" in the Orient and in words moistened with tears will portray the barbarism that banishes brave men and beautiful women to the dungeons in the mines of Siberia, and will then point with pride to the starry banner under whose fluttering folds on a western continent, men are kings and women are queens, basking in the sunlight of a glorious freedom, whose rays illuminate the hovel as well as the palace. The thoughtless working man will be deluded and carried off his feet by the flowers of rhetoric that are used to drug his mentality and cover with a mask the brutal slavery that is endured in a nation that is hailed as the land of liberty. The brain of the laboring man, however, is developing, and his mental vision is penetrating the hypocrisy and superstitions of a hoary past, and but little longer can the eloquence of the orator shackle him to traditions that have been venerated for centuries by infant minds. The system that has bred the millionaire and the tramp, that has built the hovel and the palace, and bred the master and the slave, is awakening the wealth-producers of the world from the stupor of centuries, and the distant horizon is now showing the faint hues of a coming civilization, when masters and slaves shall become men, and when the faculties of the mind will not be prostituted to serve the god of Mammon.

The Harvest at McKee's Rocks.

THE GREAT STEEL TRUST has been ransacking the dark places of the earth to find laborers that have not yet been touched and taught by capitalism. They long ago rejected the American and the west European because these had learned the lesson of solidarity and resistance to tyranny. They now refuse the Bohemian, the Hungarian and the Pole, whom they welcomed a few years ago, because it took but a short course in the terrible school of capitalism conducted by the steel trust, to teach the men of these nationalities the need of united resistance to exploitation.

Then the institution which is owned and controlled by those who also own and control the civic federation sought out the most distant nooks of southeastern Europe and dragged the men and women from the mountains and valleys where capitalism had never entered.

Then the founders of libraries and "welfare associations" and employers of anti-Socialist renegades who are in control at McKees Rocks, congratulated themselves that they had escaped from unionism and Socialism. But it was the old story of the man who fled from his shadow. These things are the shadow of capitalism, and where it goes they will follow.

When the masters of the steel mills gave over the bodies of the men to be the sport of the machines and took the bodies of the women to be the sport of the bosses, they opened up a terrible school. These are not wild charges. They are based on the statements of a Roman Catholic priest who saw these things and revolted from them, but whom no one can accuse of being a Socialist or a trade unionist. He told how the daughters and the wives of the workers were delivered up to the lust of the masters, and how, when piles of steel scrap were removed, human bodies were found beneath them.

Now the harvest is being reaped. Without a union, without any careful education of the methods of economic progress through a class struggle, these men and women, crushed until flesh and blood and human nerves could stand no more, burst forth in a literal social explosion.

Then the benevolent directors of the civic federation taught them another lesson. They packed their mills with the desperate dregs of the slums and patrolled the streets with the insolent coal and iron police.

When men scoop up a pile of powder and then throw firebrands into it there is apt to be trouble.

When we are told that men rush recklessly toward the rifles of the constabulary we think of those bones under the scrap pile, and are

not surprised that men who dared death daily in the steel mills do not fear the much milder terrors of rifle bullets. When we read of women hurling rudely constructed bombs that fail to explode we recall the stories of the priest, and wonder if these women may not be of those who have been forced to deliver themselves up to the brutish foremen.

Even the press of the enemy admit that the Socialists are doing their best to bring order and organization out of this hellish chaos. The Socialist speakers are pointing out the futility of violence within a class-ruled state. They are telling of the necessity of organization and are working with every energy to establish such an organization.

But the Socialists came too late to avert the letting of blood. To be sure, we can easily grow hysterical over this violence. As a matter of fact, it is probable that fewer persons have been killed and crippled in McKees Rocks since the strike than during any equal length of time when the mills were running.

Yet the lesson is still plain. McKees Rocks is the nation in miniature. If economic and political organization and education among the workers is stifled or defeated, while oppression and exploitation go on, then the story of labor's emancipation will be writ in blood. *For Labor will be emancipated.*

If the power of the capitalists and the indifference of the workers prevent that organization and education which is the basis of peaceful economic and political action, then the nation will tread the bloody road of McKees Rocks.

The mere fact that this explosion in the steel mills will be drowned in a few days in the blood of the workers dripping to the music of constabulary rifles and machine guns means little to the great onward surge of evolution. But it is a signpost that points a way and a warning.—Chicago Daily Socialist.



INFORMATION WANTED.

Information is wanted of the whereabouts of Winfield Scott Sweeny, who

is a miner in the West. Has an artificial hand; not sure, but think it is the right hand; was blown off by a blast in one of the mines near Cripple Creek, Colorado, some years ago. The last information had of him was that he was going into Arizona. Having lost trace of him his father in his declining age is anxious to know of him. Anyone knowing of his present address will please write to S. A. Sweeny, 2017 Woodberry avenue, Baltimore, Md.

WANTED.

Wanted the address of Ed McNeil. Please communicate with Royal Courtright, Cerbat, Arizona.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Information wanted of the whereabouts of Joseph F. Poynton, who was secretary of the Coeur d'Alene Central Executive Miners' Union in 1892, and who served part of a term in Boise, Idaho, jail until released by order of the Supreme Court of the United States. He left the Coeur d'Alene district about 1894 for Johannesburg, South Africa. He was heard from in South Africa seven or eight years ago, since which time nothing has been heard of him. It is believed he returned to the United States. An estate valued at between \$1,500 and \$2,000 has been left to him, but will go to others if he is not heard from soon. Any information concerning him, dead or alive, will be thankfully received by either T. P. Procell, Mullan, Idaho, or Denis Walsh, Cathedral street, Thurles, County Tipperary, Ireland, the latter executor under the will of Joseph F. Poynton's mother.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Wanted—To find at once, John (Jack) Sheridan formerly of Newton, Kansas, and when last heard of was in Globe, Arizona. The death of Mr. Sheridan's father and sickness of his mother make it necessary to reach him at once, and any one knowing of his whereabouts notify Thomas Sheridan, Newton, Kansas. 2t

AN APPEAL FOR AID.

To All Sympathizers of the Suffering Workers in Sweden—Greeting:

You have heard about the great struggle now going on in Sweden. You know that Sweden, like all other civilized countries, has passed through an industrial crisis, forcing a great number of workers out of employment, leaving them, their wives and children destitute. But in spite of this fact, every honest, thinking man, who has had an opportunity to study economic conditions in Sweden, must admit that the employing class—the class who own and control the means upon which the people are dependent for a living—has instead of trying to soften the suffering thus caused by this crisis, done everything to bring the workers into greater distress. During the last two years lockout upon lockout has been called on the workers, until at last on the 2nd day of August over 80,000 workmen were locked out, denied the opportunity to support themselves by their labor.

As a protest against this inhuman and brutal treatment, and as an attempt to force the Manufacturers' Association to recognize the rights of the workers, Sweden's labor unions called a general strike August 4th, completely tying up every industry in the land and affecting over 300,000 men. It is the hope of the Swedish workmen that this great struggle, which they have been forced to take up, will result in an agreement which will guarantee enduring conditions for themselves and those dependent upon them.

The outcome of this struggle we do not know but we do know that while this industrial war is going on and long after it is over there will be suffering and destitution in many a home in Sweden.

In the name of humanity, in the name of justice and progress do we appeal to you to do all you can to aid those suffering the most—the wives and children of the Swedish workers.

NIELS J. LINDSKOOG, Grand Secretary Independent Order of Vikings, 171 Washington Street.

CONRAD HOLMQUIST, 640 West Sixtieth Street.

J. O. BENTALL, 180 Washington Street.

OTTO DAMM, President Scandinavian Local Union No. 194, Painters, Decorators and Paperhangers of America.

JOHN SANDGREEN, Grand Secretary Independent Order of Svithiod.

C. E. ODELL, 45 La Salle Street.

M. HALL, 310 Orleans Street.

LAURITZ OLESEN, 104 East North Avenue.

JOHN DANIELSON, "Svenska Socialisten," Rockford, Illinois.

Chicago, Ill., August 22, 1909.

A committee consisting of delegates from various Scandinavian organizations in Chicago have been organized to collect from every available source.

If your organization should desire representation your delegates will be welcome.

But by all means donate collectively and individually all you possibly can. Contributions will be received by MR. JOHN DAWN, 2382 North Sacramento Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, or HERMAN LINDQUIST, "Folkets Hus," Barnhusgatan, Stockholm, Sweden.

CHAS. SAND, Chairman,

N. F. HOLM, Treasurer,

ARVID G. ERLANDO,

A. W. MALMQUIST,

N. JUUL CHRISTENSEN, Secretary,

JOHN DAWN, Financial Secretary,

A. LUNDIN,

1691 N. Rockwell St., Chicago, Ill.

Committee.

F. W. W.'S PAGE.

It must be that an unusual amount of fancy or some other intoxicant had possession of F. W. W.'s brain when he penned the page which appeared in the News-Times Sunday, August 22nd. The page was devoted to a "plea for the Liltng Lyric" which might with equal propriety be a plea for the chirping cricket, the pattering rain or the roar of canon, and say that this is "desirable art" because it "carries joy into the mind of the listener." Or again, because people prefer the "lilt" to the high art of the masters might be compared to the preference of some people of a cock fight to a lesson in astronomy. The "lilt" may be "desirable" and may have "quality" and all that, but it don't amount to much. The purring of a cat and the lilt of man are in the same class. The lilt of the nursery is to be enjoyed by the child mind and the fact that a lot of foolish, jingling rhymes can entertain people, is but an indication of the quality of the minds of such people. They are children and must be entertained with little fool imitations, vagaries and nonsense, because they can't comprehend anything higher.

However, all this is to be expected. The people are foolish, fun-loving and thoughtless automatons. They run in the ruts of long ages of usage and

live in the past, shunning present opportunities and mock at future possibilities. But it is a shock to some of us to read what F. W. W. says about the great achievements of "high art" and which achievements are the crown and high-water mark of human endeavor, while that which he defends and praises, are but the stammerings of infants as compared to the finished orations of Webster and Lincoln.

Not to be misunderstood, I will quote but a single paragraph and then analyze it in the light of facts as they really are. After making out that what "carries joy to the mind of the listener" must be "graceful and comprehensive art" and that because it pleases it must, therefore, be the most "desirable" he makes the following astounding statement: "If all the grand paintings, the wonderful sculpture, the glorious operas, the famous compositions, the splendid books, the entire artistic results of all the dead and gone centuries, were suddenly eliminated and we should know them no more forever it wouldn't make any difference."

The angle from which such a conclusion can be arrived at or entertained is unknown to me. Eliminate the "artistic results" of a single hour and the race would have lost just that much of its achievement.

Of course "the beautiful sky, the rainbow, the mountains, etc.," would remain, but what would we know about painting them, or what could we write about them?

There is just this difference from the possession and non-possession of "high art" that with possession we can use the experience and knowledge of untold ages as our guide and as a foundation for buildings still higher, whereas, if it were eliminated, we would, like those of the savage and artless state in the carnage of ignorance and war, strive to again become possessed of the same "pictures" and same "books" and the same "artistic results" which high art represents and in which is contained all that which goes to make civilization better than savagery knowledge better than ignorance.

Eliminate "high art" and humanity would fall in achievements just to the extent of the elimination no more, no less. That a lot of Denver people would prefer "Mary had a little lamb" to the productions of "high art" may all be true, though it would not in my estimation place any particular credit upon such people. I suppose the shrieks of burning victims often "carried joy to the mind of the listener," but who would say that this was a mark of "graceful and comprehensive art."

Art! High art! Higher art!

Higher art will only be because of the high art already achieved. Whether the gaping audience of a Denver theater or the writer of a "page" holds high art in contempt is of little consequence. The most that can be said of such a state of things is that it is to be regretted that such people live and move and have their being.

It would be immensely more desirable if they knew the value of high art and would lend their efforts to press on to still higher and higher planes of "artistic results."

The snake and fire dance carry joy to the mind of the savage. Robin Hoods and Merry Widows may please the half civilized, and while grand opera may be understood by but a small number of people these few however who do understand, are the gods and masters whose skill and knowledge we all want to inherit and preserve. What do men care for the toys of an infant or the jingle of Peter Pan? Give us the "high art" of the grandest opera, of the loftiest poetry, of the most sublime science. These may be of little "importance" to the writer of a "page," but they are the crown of glory to all those who know the laws of progress and understand "high art."

Sterling, Colorado.

J. G. SCHWALM.

FICTION.

Prince Rupert, British Columbia.

(Associated Press Dispatch, Paris, France.)

Samuel Gompers, the president of the American Federation of Labor, the labor leader of the U. S. A., who is opposed to any measures which he terms radical on a Socialistic scale for the uplifting of the working class, arrived in Paris a few days ago traveling incog. He was dressed in common working clothes and had worked his way over to this country in the stoke-hole of a steamboat. He is at present fleeing from governmental oppression on account of his active work in the labor movement and a large reward is offered for his capture dead or alive. During his visit here he will be the guest at one of the homes of one of our labor leaders. Gompers in appearance is a typical labor leader aggressive in speech and full of the conflict with the cut of a man who had spent a certain amount of his life in wage slavery.

FACT.

(News Item, Paris, France.)

President Samuel Gompers, the American labor leader, arrived here several days ago in a flourishing condition. He is occupying an expensive suite of rooms at one of the first-class hotels. Local labor leaders who called upon him to find out where he made connections were required to furnish visiting cards with a coat of arms which were shipped up to Sammy on silver trays by liveried wages slaves. After Sammy has chewed with the president and the French nobility and has taken in all the grand operas and pink tea parties he will be at home for a few hours to some of our union officials before continuing his tour of introduction to crowned heads throughout Europe. Gompers has the appearance of a labor aristocrat of the first water. He has the dignified manners of a sky pilot who has done more preaching than practicing. His clothes are of the most expensive and fashionable cut and his wife and daughter, who accompany him, are clothed in raiment that must make some of our aristocrats in the duke line blush with envy. His automobiles and race horses have not arrived yet, but are expected on every boat. When in action they will flash the colors of the A. F. of L., a labor organization to which we believe he is in some manner attached, and judging from appearance, it must be somewhere in the treasury department. On a reporter inquiring if he was in any way related to any of the millionaire families in the states the "grand old man" of the finance department replied in a dignified manner stating he counted amongst his friends presidents and millionaires who were engaged in any manner exploiting labor and desired a state of industrial peace with a maximum of long hours and low wages. Gompers has created a favorable impression on American labor. Students here will now study for the profession of labor leaders in the U. S. A.

JAMES ALLAN McKECHNIE

REPLY TO CHARGES MADE BY EXECUTIVE BOARD MEMBER HUTCHINSON, W. F. M.

To the Editor of the Miners' Magazine:

Two of the delegates that attended the seventeenth annual convention of the Western Federation of Miners, held in Denver in July—John Temby and W. J. Martin by name—reported to their locals after returning from said convention, that Executive Board Member Hutchinson made a statement on the floor of the convention to the effect that the officers of the California State Union had framed up an eight-hour work day for miners in the state of California to the satisfaction and dictates of the Mine Operators' Association of Grass Valley mining district and presented said frame-up to the state convention held at Angels Camp last May. Now, as I was president of the California State Union at the time I would consider myself a coward if I did not take this matter up. When a man like Hutchinson attempts to assassinate

ate my character as a union man, also the characters of the other officers of the State Union, and had I been on the floor of the convention when he, Hutchinson, tried to defame my character I would have denounced him as a premeditated and malicious falsifier, and would have taken steps to defend my honor, physically if need be. The true facts about the so-called eight-hour law for mines in the state of California as are follows: In the month of December, 1906, I introduced a resolution into Local No. 90, of Grass Valley, demanding an eight-hour day for miners in that district. We went on strike on account of that resolution and won out. This, mind you, was before there was a Mine Operators' Association in this district and before Hutchinson came to California as a member of the executive board of the W. F. M. This same resolution was the foundation of the law for an eight-hour work day for miners in California that was made by the late legislature. I am ready to admit that there could be a better eight-hour law, but I also take the stand that nowhere in this country as far as I can find out is there an eight-hour law for miners that reads from collar to collar, including meal hours. Furthermore, if there was any framing-up of the law all the framing was done by myself in December, 1906, as every member that was in Local No. 90 at that time can testify that they voted on the resolution, which was carried by a good majority. Ex-Vice President of the W. F. M. J. C. Williams and myself presented the conditions at Grass Valley to the late legislature of California as a foundation for an eight-hour law for miners in this state and I would like at this time to ask Brother Hutchinson to tell me in what state of the union there is a better eight-hour law for miners than the one we have in force in Grass Valley mining district. Hutchinson also stated that the State Union was of no use. I want to tell him right here that the State Union of California has done more in organizing for the W. F. M. in one year than has been done for the last five years by the members of the executive board from headquarters who have been in this district except Brother Moyer, and I will say President Moyer did more good in one night than twenty Hutchinsons could do in as many years. Hutchinson must change in his opinions about state unions, as I have in my possession a letter written by him to me congratulating me on my work as an organizer of the California State Union on organizing a local in Washington, this county—membership forty-eight—and a new local in Graniteville, this county—membership fifty—also adding sixty-eight new and old members to Local No. 93 of Nevada City, all inside of three months, and I think the record of the California State Union for one year in the business will be hard to beat. I think I can give some reasons why Hutchinson don't like the California State Union. First, because he found out that he could not run the State Union officers and make himself the high and mighty ruler of all things pertaining to the W. F. M. in California. If Hutchinson was in possession of any evidence that the State Union officials had done as he charged them with why did he not do his work manfully and bring charges against them, but no, that is not the manner in which Hutchinson does his work. What suits him better is going around the country putting the stiletto into the back of the man that don't do as he says. Another reason, why he doesn't like California is because the miners of California want workers, not windbags that stand at the end of a bar giving out hot air to a few whisky dazed ten-day miners who are able to stand the sulphurated hydrogen that escapes from their tongues. Returning to the charges of Hutchinson against the state officers. This is not the first time he, Hutchinson, has tried to disrupt the State Union of California. He has tried to poison the minds of the membership of the State Union once before in this state to the effect that the State Union would repudiate the Western Federation in California and undertake to withdraw, but I am glad to state he did not succeed in his dirty work for the election returns of the State Union can show how the membership stand with the State Union, as the principal officers were returned to office again by an overwhelming majority. Furthermore, I am in receipt of a letter from Jackson, Amador county, where Hutchinson went to take charge of the late strike, asking me not to send such men as Hutchinson to help them out, as such men do more harm than good to the cause of the W. F. M., and I am of the opinion, as well as the large majority of the membership of Jackson, that if Hutchinson had stayed away from Jackson during the late strike and let the State Union handle affairs the strike would have ended in favor of the miners. He also states that the Cousin Jacks, or Cornishmen, and the native sons were the cause of the strike being lost. This charge I think will be answered later by the parties charged. Not having been at Jackson during the strike I am not in a position to judge, but I will say that I am not a native son or yet a Cornishman, but if I was a Cousin Jack or native son I would be proud of it and I can give proofs that there are better union men in both parties than ever Hutchinson knew how to be. And why they are better men is easily answered, because they don't go around sewing the seed of desolation and decrying everything that has or is being done by the officers of the W. F. M. that he, Hutchinson, has not done the lion's share of. What right have you, Hutchinson, to bring in nationality. A man cannot help his nativity and a man that will bring up such things in our ranks has no right on the executive board of the W. F. M. and the sooner he is requested to step down and out the better it will be for the ranks of organized labor. A man that misrepresents, abuses and slanders will degrade himself for personal ambition at any time and I am of the opinion Hutchinson is of such a class. No one knows better than Hutchinson himself that he intentionally falsified when he made the statements that he did on the floor of the convention and he was simply using his official position to distort the facts about the eight-hour law for miners in California. There is no one in the Western Federation more willing or ready to demand an eight-hour law that would read from collar to collar, including meal hours than the officers of the California State Union if the time was ripe to do so, and in my opinion the time will never be ripe to make such a demand as long as the conditions remain as they are at present in California, with not one-half of the miners, mill and smeltermen organized and were such conditions left to such a man as Hutchinson, who is inebriated in the exuberance of his own verbosity. God help the chances of bettering said conditions in California, and I wish to state at this time that California has never had a member on the executive board of the Western Federation of Miners that ever has tried to help California on said board since the time that Ex-Vice President J. C. Williams was on the board. Brother Williams did good work in this state when he was on the job. He did organize new unions and build up old ones, on the other hand all Hutchinson has done was to tear down what other good men built up. I wish to give you an instance right here. When Hutchinson visited Grass Valley some time back he was requested to visit Nevada City Local No. 93. Said local seemed to be on its last legs and although only four miles from Grass Valley, with an up-to-date electric car service at his hand, costing 20 cents the round trip, he refused to go. I would ask the membership was this doing the work he was paid for doing? No, and to think that the very men that he, Hutchinson, made his dastardly attack on, the State Union officers, took up the work that he refused to do, and myself as organizer, built up said union to the extent of getting them fifty-eight members and I am glad to state that they are on the right road today. There are good men and good workers in labor's ranks in California of all nationalities, as well as in all other states of the Union and I think I am in a position to judge, as I have been in this state twenty years, and I don't intend to stand idly by and let a man like Hutchinson assassinate the character of the officers of the California State Union, myself included, who have done more to benefit the cause of organized labor in one year than he has done in all his life and on behalf of the officers and members of the California State Union No. 2, Western Federation of Miners. I demand that you, Hutchinson, prove your statements made on the floor of the seventeenth annual convention, and if you can not, and I know you cannot, that you be made to take them back to the filthy pool of corruption that they originated from.

Yours for the cause of the Western Federation of Miners,
MARTIN WALLACE,
(Seal.) Ex-President California State Union No. 2, W. F. M.



THEN AND NOW.

The great struggle half a century ago was between the abolitionists and the slave holders. Those who attempted to occupy a neutral position were forced to the one side or the other, or sank into oblivion. The struggle today is between the wage slaves who are fighting for freedom and their capitalist masters who are fighting to keep them in subjection. There is no half way ground.

Lincoln said fifty years ago that the country could not exist half slave and half free, that it must become wholly slave or wholly free; and the same incontrovertible fact confronts the nation today. The Socialist movement, expressing the material interests, the intellectual convictions and moral aspirations of the working class, is the abolition movement of the present day, infinitely greater than its prototype of two score and a half years ago.

The capitalist administration is mortgaged body and soul to the industrial slave masters, as was that of its predecessor to the chattel slave owners in the middle of the last century.

The agitators and revolutionists were hated and hounded then as they are now, and as they will be until slavery in every form is free.

The despotism reared by capital must grapple with and overthrow by means of industrial organization. In the coming battle we will have the opportunity to strike the enemy the first decisive blow. The past has been preliminary; it has furnished the present with the equipment with which to conquer the future.

Revolution is in the air!

Pity the poor wretch who does not feel it throb in his heart, burn in his bosom, grow in his eyes and leap in his veins!

He is a dead soul in living fetters.

Pity the human vassal who is proud of his master and boasts his own degeneracy, but smite without mercy the system that debases him.

How glorious to hear the trumpet call of the industrial revolution! To ears attuned its notes are vibrant enthusiasm and is a message fresh from the fountain of inspiration.

Every liberty loving being should welcome the issue, eager for the fray. Eager to strike the blow at capitalist misrule and wage slavery.

Waste no time on the one question, the tariff and other weather beaten and moth eaten adjuncts of capitalism. Get down to bedrock.

Deal with causes and leave effects to take care of themselves.

Wheel into line under the banner of the industrial revolution. It alone symbolizes a living issue; it alone is worth a decent man's fighting for.

Long enough have you listened to the stuffed prophets of profit. They have put you where you are.

Listen now to the call of your own class; to the voice of revolution.

They will put you where you ought to be.

Stop your bickering and back biting; your quibbling and petty contentions. The battlefield is before us. The enemy is upon it.

Let us unite and fight.

"Divide the thunder into single tunes and it becomes a lullaby for children; but pour it forth in one quick peal, and the royal sound shall shake the heavens."

What incentive is there to join us, do you ask? Magnificent! we can assure you—as Garibaldi said in answering the same question: "We can assure you, poverty, hardship, battles, wounds and—victory."—Industrial Union Advocate.

"WHITE SLAVERY."

Poverty and misery, exploitation and oppression are not peculiar products of modern society. They have existed ever since the establishment of private property. Capitalism did not introduce them, although it has intensified them, magnified them, given them gigantic proportions, and immensely increased the contrast between rich and poor.

That which is peculiar to modern society is its hypocrisy. The Greek or Roman frankly acknowledged the fact that his slaves were being exploited by him. What other use than that of exploitation was there for slaves? The feudal baron acknowledged with equal frankness that the only use he had for his serfs was to exploit them. What else were serfs for? But the modern capitalist will never admit that his workmen are being exploited by him; or that they are his slaves. Are they not free to work for whom they please? Do they not get the full market price of their labor?

The workers of ancient times had to be found by the master, who bought them once for all, for the rest of their natural lives. The modern wage-worker must seek his master and find him from day to day, or week to week, or whatever the stated period of his employment is. This reversal of conditions, together with the fact that the individual wage-worker is not bound to the individual capitalist, but the whole working class is the collective slave of the whole capitalist class, enables the capitalist to assume the hypocritical mien of social benefactor and philanthropist, to play the role of provider of employment and bread to the great majority of the people.

The hypocrisy that has thus become an inherent characteristic of capitalist society finds an excellent expression in the current slang of professional philanthropy.

Are there any evils in existing society? Why, bless your heart, no, none whatever. Or if there are any they are merely temporary and accidental, due in nine cases out of ten to individual incompetence laziness, or shiftlessness. There is but one evil that modern philanthropy recognizes—prostitution, which it has dubbed the social evil.

Is there any slavery in existing society? Why, no, good friend. Don't you know that we spilt rivers of blood and expended many millions of treasure to uproot slavery, even that of the black man? Don't you know that this is the land of the free? If there is any slavery today it exists only in brothels. Let us agree to call it white slavery, frighten rich old maids with it, and extract money from them for rescue purposes.

White slavery? Ask the strikers at McKees Rocks and a thousand other places and you will learn something about wage slavery and also about slaughter slavery.

But, indeed, you don't even have to ask strikers, who are social rebels—at least as long as the strike lasts. Ask the strike breakers at McKees Rocks and you will learn not merely about white, wage, and slaughter slavery, but also how this modern slavery is being maintained and replenished.

You will learn about methods of slave catching that rival the deeds of our psalm singing, slave-catching forefathers.
Ask the strike breakers New York Call.

IN THE FIRE OF CONFLICT.

By Robert Hunter.

The other day a railway worker was terribly scalded. From the hospital the word came that his life might be saved if some volunteers would allow some of their skin to be taken and grafted onto the sick man's body.

Instantly several of his fellow workmen offered themselves up as a sacrifice.

There was something wonderfully beautiful in this brief news item.

It was an example of comradeship, of brotherhood, of solidarity, of class consciousness. It was his fellow workmen who hastened to respond to the call.

In this selfish, brutal, profit-seeking world, this example of heroic fellowship came as drink to the thirsty soul. Rockefeller would have had to buy skin; Morgan wouldn't have come to help him.

No profit seeker in this wide world would ever have thought to offer himself for such a sacrifice.

That kind of grafting they know not and of no other kind of grafting are they ignorant.

Greater than books and sermons, greater than theories and creeds, stands forth this fact of working class ethics.

Today countless thousands of workers in Sweden have gladly accepted starvation to fight the battle of a few textile workers. The French, German, Belgian and English workers have sent them help.

The most miserable, poverty stricken workers, almost in the modern world, the dockers of London, have sent to Sweden their pennies.

If every docker had to cut off a piece of his skin for the sake of his Swedish brothers he would have no less gladly made his contribution.

Indeed all strikes are won by heroism not less wonderful than this grafting of human skin.

Sometimes the mind flags, despair casts a pall over the heart. So few of the workers think.

There is talk and talk and talk and so few understand. Our papers go unread, our books unopened.

And yet how heroic men really are. Let the fight commence and how quickly the multitude rush to battle. No sacrifice is too great, no heroism too exacting.

They seem to understand unconsciously the meaning of it all. It is the workers for the workers.

And then how the blood leaps. We taste life on its highest plane. Books may be cast aside for in the fire of conflict men see and understand.

VIEWS CRIME AS SOCIAL DISEASE.

Modern Science Occupies Advanced Ground.—Prison Reform League Writer Gives List of Works and Associations Easily Accessible by Students.

Organizations, editors and others are writing the Prison Reform League with increasing frequency, inquiring as to the best works on the subjects considered in these letters. There seems to be an impression that the literature on this particular branch of the social question is comparatively scarce and hard to obtain.

This was true in the immediate past, but is not true today. An immense literature is coming into existence with great rapidity, and it is of the highest quality. It could not be otherwise. On every hand existing institutions are being submitted to the keenest criticism, and by no possibility could criminology escape. On the contrary, it is being recognized more and more clearly that there is not an objectionable feature of our social life that does not find its sharpest reflection in our treatment of the most helpless of all living creatures—the man or woman under lock and key.

To this the scientific trend of modern thought has lent a great impetus, for scientific thought is not satisfied with effects but insists on hunting for the causes. Its whole inclination today is to regard crime as a disease, an abnormality due to diseased and abnormal conditions.

A most excellent work is W. D. Morrison's "Crime and Its Causes." The opening sentence is as follows: "It is only within the present century (the book was written in 1891), and in some countries within the present generation, that the possibility has arisen of conducting the study of crime problems on anything approaching an exact and scientific basis." He then points out that this depended on the previous development of statistics as a science. Mr. Morrison was connected for many years with one of England's leading prisons, and a study of his work will go far toward a clear comprehension of the multifarious causes of crime. He is too enlightened to ascribe it solely to poverty, as so many radicals glibly do.

"Criminal Sociology," by Enrico Ferri, and "The Criminal," by Havelock Ellis, give in clear, readable form the view that modern science takes of crime and criminals. These are all comparatively small works and can be mastered in a short time. A larger volume is "The Diseases of Society," by Dr. G. Frank Lydston. It is written to a great extent from the medical standpoint, and gives much space to sexual pathology, but also contains valuable information on capital punishment, probation, the indeterminate sentence and other practical reforms that are being forced to the front by the modern school.

Great Advance Made.

To get a view of the distance traversed since the days of Howard, Romilly, Elizabeth Fry and the early school of reformers read such a work as "Punishment and Reformation," by Frederick A. Wines, or perhaps better still, "Prisons, Police and Punishment," by Edward Carpenter, a well known and charming English author. It gives in a nutshell the historical proof of the failure of the vengeance policy, and, incidentally, information concerning such supposedly backward countries as Japan and Russia that will force you to draw comparisons by no means favorable to the United States.

Recent fiction has given us some strong realistic pictures of prison life as it actually is, written by men who knew their subject thoroughly and were ablaze with indignation. We have taken constant occasion to refer to "No. 9009," by James Hopper and Fred R. Becholdt, and "The Turn of the Balance," by Brand Whitlock.

Both are well worth reading, and we would add "Life in Sing Sing," by No. 1500. (Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis). The author started and edited during his term of imprisonment the well known prison journal "The Star of Hope," and writes like an educated, reflective man. As a sample of his style we quote the following passage in which he deals with the breaking of the individual will, which is one of the worst features of prison life.

"I have observed," he says, "that life inside the prison is made as little like life outside the prison as it is possible. There are food and clothing, work and rest, but all the moving impulses of society that work for good are taken away. A mockery on a code of morals is set up as a standard of good behavior, and the ordinary ways of advancement and livelihood to which the released convict must revert if he seeks an honest life, are closed. He gets about all he can get whether he deserves it or not. I should suggest that the man on entering prison should be made to earn the very shelter that covers him. He should be made to earn his food, his clothing, his bed, his soap and every article he uses, not as he may be said to do now, but in the same way a man in any community must earn the means by which he lives."

No review of the literature on this question would be complete that omitted to take notice of Col. Ingersoll's celebrated speech on "Crimes Against Criminals," delivered in 1890, at Albany, before the New York Bar Association. It is doubtful if the scientific and humanitarian standpoint was ever presented in more eloquent language. The speech is published in cheap form and is easily obtainable.

The infamous conditions existing in the convict camps of the south were made the subject of a special letter recently issued by the Prison Reform League. Poole's Index to periodical literature will give the visitor to any public library the ready opportunity of confirming all we said, with infinitely more than lack of space prevented our saying. We have found books on this particular subject hard to get, and doubt if "The American Siberia," by J. C. Powell, captain of the Florida convict camp, published in 1893 by the W. B. Conkey company, can be procured easily. It drips with horrors and is curious as an apparently straightforward account by a professional header and hunter of his fellow men who was desirous of showing that the leasing system was not as bad as it had been painted.

Both for details of reforms in operation and proposed, and for a bird's-eye-view of the extent to which modern thought is supplanting antiquated prejudice, there is probably nothing better than the reports of the various prison congresses, in this country and abroad, and the publications of the leading societies that make a specialty of this question. They largely represent the views of the clearest headed experts, and are supported by a wealth of statistics carefully compiled. For example, the public should not take the "ipse dixit" of chiefs of police, who are personally interested in assuring it that, under their able management, crime is being crushed out, but should turn to such a document as "Statistics of Crime, Suicide, Insanity and Other Forms of Abnormality," being a report rendered to congress in 1902.

Take Advanced Stand.

The ordinary reader will be surprised at the advanced views expressed at congresses whose delegates might have been expected to have exhibited the most conservative bias. Take for instance the report of the proceedings at the seventh international prison congress, held in Budapest, Hungary, a gathering composed mainly of noted diplomats and high state officials. It opened with an address by the Hungarian minister of justice, who in his second sentence told his audience that "Punishment is a double-edged weapon. Every blow dealt by the state upon enemies of internal peace leaves wounds upon the body of society. Recognizing this the state is under an obligation to mitigate with humanitarian sentiments the harsh coercive measures of the criminal law." And he immediately called the attention of the congress to the fact that the most marked tendency of the recent development of criminal law is seen in the consideration that is being paid nowadays to "the preventive measures which tend to the suppressing of the social causes of criminality."

The next speaker was the minister of foreign affairs from Greece who, reviewing the past, said: "At that time a different idea existed of prisons and penalties from that which exists today. The object of the penalty was that society might revenge itself on the criminal. He who built a prison only aimed to raise thicker and higher walls, to render escape more difficult. He who pronounced penalties merely aimed to render the life of the prisoner so hard, the punishment so terrible, that he who had been through it once would have no desire to undergo it again, and that he who might hear of or witness these tortures might be forever after intimidated. It was thought that society was thus protected against elements of disorder and against criminals who transgressed the laws. The results obtained by this manner of repressing crime did not cause it to disappear or even diminish."

No one who has followed our letters could read the description of the past without recognizing in it an only too accurate photograph of prison conditions as they exist in the United States in this year of grace.

In the report of this congress is to be found an admirable paper on the Elmira, N. Y., reformatory by Z. R. Brockway, for many years its superintendent. The congress is further remarkable for the full discussion the question of "limited responsibility" received—a doctrine that is essentially the legitimate child of modern, scientific thought, more particularly perhaps in the field of psychology. Thus Dr. Aug. Forel of Zurich said: "The traditional penal law starts from a false point of view—that of the absolute free will of man and the religious idea of expiation. The judge, also a man, poses as a divine instrument to force the criminal to expiate his crime, looking upon him as responsible in the absolute sense of the term." And he continued: "Is it not a shame for the twentieth century to condemn and send to the penitentiary a number, more or less considerable, of irresponsible wretches, victims of heredity, simply through judicial errors?" The report states that nine out of the ten detailed to consider this special phase of institutions for defectives endorsed these views, and the proceedings of the congress seem to us a remarkable testimony to the growth of scientific thought as applied to criminology. It will not be possible for this nation much longer to ignore tendencies without convicting itself of invincible ignorance and barbarism.

All government and state reports can be obtained by application to a representative, and the publications of such bodies as the American Prison Association, Randall's Island, N. Y.; the Massachusetts Prison Association, 56 Pemberton Square, Boston; the Central Howard Association, 160 Adams street, Chicago; the National Probation League, 323 Dearborn street, Chicago, and the Board of State Charities, Indiana, are very generally furnished gratis.

On the subject of probation, which is constantly forging to the front, the journal of the National Probation League always has matter that is carefully compiled and ably presented. None can write on this with more authority than has Judge Cleland McKenzie of the municipal court of Chicago, and his colleague, Judge Stephen A. Foster, delivered an admirable address on that particular topic at the Illinois State Conference of Charities, in October, 1907. Judge Arthur N. Sager of St. Louis is much quoted and Warren F. Spalding, secretary of the Massachusetts Prison Association, has written clearly and forcibly.

Hand in hand with probation goes the indeterminate sentence, the latter being, indeed, necessary, to the scientific use of the former. Amos W. Butler, secretary of the Indiana Board of State Charities, and Gov. J. Frank Hanly of Indiana have delivered admirable addresses on this subject, which are printed in pamphlet form. The writers and associations named in the preceding paragraph can also be consulted with much profit, the statistics of results achieved being exceptionally full and convincing.

In a word, the prison question is a Banquo's ghost. Wherever sociologists hold festival it bobs up, and it is today regarded as a guest worthy of most serious attention.

IN THE BASTILLE OF ST. PETERSBURG.

In the recent issue of Free Russia, an organ of the Russian revolutionary forces, published in London, appears an article entitled "The Schlussburg at Present." This famous, or infamous, prison castle stands as a type of the autocracy which has so long oppressed the Russian people, which seemed tottering to its fall three or four years ago, but which has been able to crush its enemies for the time and to continue its non-stop oppression. The rise of the revolutionary wave in the year following Bloody Sunday and its recession since the winter of 1905 and 1906 have been reflected in the closing of the state prison about which so many hideous memories had clustered and then in its return to the old use as a place of confinement and of torture for political offenders.

One of the results of the temporary triumph of the Russian revolution in

1905 was the "abolition" of the Czar's Bastille—the Schlüsselburg state prison. It was evacuated and the government announced that it would no longer be used as a place of incarceration. The gloomy place was thrown open to visitors, photographed, described in the press and became a kind of morbid relic, a striking monument of past barbarity.

But with the return of reaction the Tzar's government broke its word in this case as it did in so many others. Schlüsselburg has once more become a hell upon earth. The regime introduced was from the first meant to be brutal and inhuman. The political prisoners incarcerated there have had recourse of the traditional method of passive resistance—to self-starvation. Six times they have started "hunger strikes." Each time the protest was suppressed with ruthless savagery. The prisoners were beaten so mercilessly that several of them had their collarbones broken. Yet in the end the prison authorities gave way, and a certain relaxation of the regime took place. Not for long, however. The relaxation was considered by the higher officials to the Prison Department to be a sign of weakness and special measures were taken to enforce the old regime.

On January 15th, last year, the fortress of Schlüsselburg was proclaimed under martial law. In other words—what law existed there was now replaced by the personal whim of the administrator, and the crusade had begun. Under the relaxed regime the prisoners were not molested if they sang. But in January, 1908, Zimberg, the director of the prison, came to the cells with a suite of gaolers and armed soldiers and arrested six of the politicals on the pretext that they had committed a breach of discipline by singing. They were locked up separately and subjected to the "penitentiary" regime. Not content with that, the gaolers were given a free hand to do what they liked with the six prisoners. These worthies took the hint, and henceforth their attitude toward the prisoners became not one of officials toward subordinates, but of people who had at last got the upper hand over their enemies and were resolved to make them feel their misery. No gibe, no brutality was spared for this purpose. Here is an illustration: The prisoners in the penitentiary cells are not let out at night for natural necessities; for this purpose an ordinary wooden tub with a lid (sometimes without any) is placed in the cell itself and is removed only once in the morning. Now the gaolers intentionally did not remove it till the time when the prisoners were at their meals. The stench produced by the presence and the subsequent moving of the tub was such as to produce sickness and to make eating impossible. The six unfortunate prisoners in this plight, after many remonstrances and warnings, finally removed the tub from their cell and placed it in the corridor. For this one of the six politicals, Maklakov by name, was flogged by order of the director and received twenty-five strokes of the plet, a heavy whip made of plaited leather, which cuts the skin like a knife.

The feeling of comradeship and solidarity is very strong among Russian "politicals." As a rule they stand and fall by one another. The absolutely unjust and ignoble treatment of their six fellow prisoners could not but exasperate them, inasmuch as it broke all traditions and was aimed at their humiliation. It must be remembered that in olden times the government themselves spared the sense of self-respect of the political prisoners; they were subjected to every kind of physical hardship connected with penal servitude, but the personal intercourse of the authorities and gaolers with them was such as not to hurt their susceptibility. Although, according to the letter of the law, they were liable to corporal punishment, the government always gave secret instructions to the prison authorities—not to apply it to political prisoners. Thus the government themselves created certain traditions, which have now been deliberately broken in a most provoking manner. The tension thus created was still more intensified by the gibes and everyday brutalities of the warders who now felt that by insulting prisoners they were pleasing their superiors. Thus an atmosphere of exasperation was created which made every appearance of higher authorities, responsible for the regime, produce the effect of a red flag waved before an infuriated bull. And just such a time Mr. Koorlov, the head of the prison department (formerly a provincial governor famous for the pogroms he organized) chose to visit the prison cells of Schlüsselburg. One of the prisoners, Speransky, a former student, greeted him with the shout: "Away with you, you scoundrel!" For this offence Speransky and another prisoner, Anrovich by name, were sentenced (administratively) to fifty strokes of the plet each. Before the flogging both prisoners' hair was to be cut. The gaolers profited by this to pull them by the hair and to beat them. The Director Zimberg, who was present, looked on and said nothing.

Speransky swooned at about the twenty-fifth stroke of the plet. In Anrovich's case such wounds and bloodshed were produced that the flogging had to be stopped. After that both victims, as well as two other prisoners from the common cell, were removed and put in the same premises as the six originally separated from the rest. Here all ten spent four months and a half, mostly under the "penitentiary regime."

"All this time," says the private letter from which we borrow all these particulars and which we have every reason to believe, "we, the ten political prisoners, were so much jeered at, and made sport of that we almost became mad. There were moments—and they occurred very often—when, driven to despair, we threw at the gaolers tools, bowls, in a word—anything that came within reach." Among other impossible rules the prison authorities requested that the prisoners should not visit the w. c. more than twice a day. As, however, some of them were ill, this was impossible to fulfill and, of necessity, the corridor was turned into a w. c. On the 26th of March, 1908 (o. s.), all the ten prisoners were attacked, overpowered, tied up with ropes and dragged, face downwards, over the filth of the corridor. Then all ten were ranged in a row on the floor (still tied) and the "teaching" began. The gaolers jumped on the victims' stomachs, kicked their sides, heads, etc., till most of them lost consciousness. One of the torturers was not satisfied even with this. He took the filth from the corridor on a shovel and, nearing each of the defenceless prisoners in turn forced it into each martyr's mouth and smeared it on his face, exclaiming according to who was his victim: "This for the Jew!" "This for the student," and so on. One of the unfortunates, who was not in a swoon and yet able to speak, exclaimed: "And you call yourselves Christians!" To which the torturers replied: "O, yes, so we are! Christ said one should not kill; well, we are not going to kill you; we will only break your ribs."

Aronovich was then tied to an iron grating and each gaoler came in turn to insult and abuse him. The first said: "He wanted to escape and struck one of us" with the words he beat the defenceless prisoner on his back and stomach, etc. So did the next, exclaiming: "He asked to be treated courteously!" The third remarked: "He threw bowls at us," and spat in Aronovich's face, tore his ears, and administered blows! The martyr became unconscious.

Having satisfied their wrath, the gaolers took the prisoners to solitary penitentiary cells. For four months they had neither outdoor exercise, nor any bath, nor was their linen changed even once.

This was by no means the end of the infamies perpetrated on the helpless sufferers. But it is too sickening to give all the details. Suffice it to say that one of the victims lost the power of speech, as a result of all he went through! One wonders how these unfortunates could remain alive at all, and how it was that they were not driven altogether and hopelessly mad.

ORIENTAL IMMIGRATION.

George Eisler, Denver, Colorado.

On the question of the Japanese immigration there were already some of those who claim to know something about the economic forces that govern the life of the wage workers of the world, suggestions, theoretical argu-

ments, sentimental appeals, a few thoughts, race prejudice and other things expressed, but the majority of those who had the courage to express their views forgot to give the workers of America some enlightening facts about the "burning" question.

An immigrated foreigner will try to give with the following some facts which may bring to reason some of those who are presuming to have the general level of intelligence, but have not courage enough to do something for Socialism by putting away their ignorance, confusion, hatred, opposition, prejudice and antagonism and so help to show to the opponents of our world-wide movement which is for the betterment of the existence of the human family that we understand solidarity and the brotherhood of men.

Let us go right to the facts and so determine what the real Japanese question is: In America, especially among the toilers, the great national problem is nearly the same which is confronting the Japanese people at large. And this is a most serious problem, the problem of population. The fact that the rate of increase of the Japanese people is very large I am going to show by the following figures taken from the government statistics: The registered population of the whole of Japan numbered about 36,000,000 in 1880, and in 1899—nearly twenty years later—it had increased to 45,000,000 souls. This clearly shows us that their numbers are increasing at an annual rate of 500,000 or more. Americans must not forget that Japan is as small as the two Dakotas (North and South Dakota) and that there are at present over 50,000,000 people living in that small island empire, while the United States has only a little over 80,000,000 population on this enormous continent.

The most pressing question arises here: Where shall they send this ever-growing population to? The small area in Japan as shown above is not large enough for their sustenance. It is already too densely inhabited. Here comes the burning question of the Japanese people and the problem of the wage slaves of American "free" trade in human flesh for capitalist exploiters; the problem of immigration, the problem of overcrowding, the problem of the unemployed; the problem of poverty—of bread.

About one-fourth of their annual increase of population, about 90,000, are living at present in America. In Japan the agricultural products are not enough to support the fast-growing population. Japan is importing today Chinese rice. Only the consumption of wheat and rice is estimated at 3,500,000 bushels annually, while the production of same commodities in Japan is only 1,500,000 bushels annually. While the production of same commodities in Japan are only 1,500,000 bushels annually. In this question it must apply to Americans' attention also that the importation of raw materials for food-stuffs, cotton, wool rice, beans and oil, etc., into Japan from abroad are of great importance. These figures tell us distinctly that Japan is changing from an agricultural country to an industrial one.

Of course it is remembered that the Japanese government has secured by bloodshed of their people, for the capitalists of their lands, new territories in Manchuria through severe strife. And it may have helped to soften the problem of over-population. But the ever-increasing population of Japan at the rate of 500,000 annually must have some other place to which to emigrate, since Manchuria is not an attractive country as is, for instance, the Pacific Coast of the United States. Especially for those emigrants who want to settle down permanently, Manchuria is too barren and too wild. It is, therefore, natural that most of the Japanese emigrants direct their attention to the United States. It is certainly not natural to refuse their coming. If Americans will refuse the coolies, the educated ones will rush here. If you reject them at all they will naturally resist. There will be a war. They will settle this matter by fighting.

The natural stream of immigration cannot be stopped by artificial restrictions. They will come some way and somehow.

The people of the Pacific Coast are spreading the FALSE NEWS that the Japanese workers are lowering the standard of living of their American brethren. But the real facts are that the Japanese laborers are getting just as high wages as the Americans, and often do they get a higher wage, as in the case of the Japanese domestics. It is also an absolutely unfounded statement to say that the Japanese are the most difficult people to assimilate by the Americans. I can prove that there are no other people on earth who are so quick to learn and to adopt foreign civilization as the Japanese. The twenty-five-hundred-year-long history of Japan is simply a history of adaptations, borrowing the civilization of the West from era to era. The Japanese people are the most adaptable in the world. Knowing from my personal observations, the majority of the Japs here in this country can read, write and speak English fairly well. And in many cases they have learned a third language. And I know, too, that there are a great many laborers among the Japs who have enlisted into the army of the intellectuals and become students and are showing intelligence above the average American students in various schools, colleges and universities. And there are a great many Jap physicians graduated from American colleges, also a great number of Jap professors who are teaching in the great American universities. And still more strange will it appear to American race prejudiced people that there is even a Japanese Christian minister who is preaching to the American congregation in a church in the state of Tennessee.

In Memoriam.

Silver City, Nev., August 22, 1909.

Whereas, By the death of Brother Amiel Ehler, Silver City Miners' Union No. 92, W. F. M., has lost a faithful member and friend; be it

Resolved, That this union extend to the bereaved relatives our heartfelt sympathy, and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Brother Ehler's relatives, a copy sent to the Miners' Magazine for publication and copied on the minutes.

W. G. BOYCE,
C. F. WEBB,
J. L. HARDWICK,
Committee.

(Seal.)

Cobalt, Ont., August 15, 1909.

Resolutions re death of Brother J. A. Welsh:

Whereas, Fate has decreed to remove from our ranks Brother J. A. Welsh, and that organized labor is losing one of the staunchest defenders of its principles, and

Whereas, The members of this local mournfully feel the absence of one of its veteran soldiers; therefore be it

Resolved, That the members of Local No. 146 of the Western Federation of Miners offer the bereaved relatives their heartfelt sympathies in the irreparable loss sustained by the death of our beloved brother.

COBALT MINERS, UNION NO. 146, W. F. M.

DAVE LOGAN,
JOHN FRASER,
ALBERT NAP GAUTHIE,
Committee.

(Seal.)

Directory of Local Unions and Officers--Western Federation of Miners.

No.	NAME	Meeting Night	PRESIDENT	SECRETARY	P. O. BOX	ADDRESS	No.	NAME	Meeting Night	PRESIDENT	SECRETARY	P. O. BOX	ADDRESS
ALASKA							MINNESOTA						
106	Douglas Island	Wed	A. Liljestrund	F. L. Alstrom	188	Douglas	230	Aurora	Sun	Matt Jacisko	Otto Kuimpala	234	Aurora
152	Ketchikan	Wed	Hugh McConnell	John P. Bristol		Ketchikan	219	Ely	Sun	Matt Kero	John Neopponen	287	Ely
240	Nome	Sat	Jacob Peterson	Phil Corrigan		Nome	47	Eveleth	Sun	John McNair	John Moberg	371	Eveleth
18	Imana M. W.		W. F. Burns	Robert Burns		Fairbanks	155	Hibbing	Sun	Garnet Rusey	Elias Huttunen	297	Hibbing
188	Vaizez F. L. U.	Tues	J. P. Finnegan	W. C. Uphoff	252	Vaizez	MISSOURI						
ARIZONA							231	Bonne Terre	Sun	Ralph Stottler	Chas. Floyd	36	Bonne Terre
106	Bisbee	Wed	Joe D. Cannon	W. E. Stewart	2178	Bisbee	229	Desloge	Wed	Joe Adams	R. D. Beagle	285	Desloge
77	Chloride	Wed	R. C. Ferguson	C. A. Purison		Chloride	230	Dow Run	Mon	L. U. Dickson	W. E. Williams		Dow Run
80	Crown King	Sat	Edgar Guild	A. R. Braushaw		Crown King	235	Flat River	Mon	J. S. Larned	R. Lee Lashley	316	Flat River
170	Douglas M & S			Ed. Crough	145	Douglas	232	Fredericktown M & S	Fri	Thos. Ferguson	F. Z. Gattar		Fredericktown
60	Globe	Tues	Robert Elliott	M. H. Page	967	Globe	232	Leadwood		Wm. Lackey	Robert C. McHenry	153	Leadwood
116	Humboldt		H. M. Hoover	W. R. Carter		Kelvin	192	Mine La Motte	Fri	Jeff Counts	J. T. Cameron	14	Mine La Motte
117	Humboldt M & S	Mon	A. J. E. Marshall	R. E. Corley	59	Humboldt	MONTANA						
101	Jerome	Wed	H. C. Kennedy	John Opatun	120	Jerome	117	Anaconda M & S	Fri	James J. Devlin	Ned Collins	473	Anaconda
38	Kofa	Tues	Alex Jorganson	J. Kitchen		Kofa	57	Aldridge	Sat	Anton Stoppur Jr	Thos. Brockman	144	Aldridge
118	McCabe	Sat	A. E. Comer	E. B. Sumanton	39	McCabe	21	Basin	Wed	George Hess	Henry Berg	156	Basin
119	Metz			Carmon Acosta	A27	Clifton	7	Belt Mountain	Sat	Fred Maxwell	Edward Larson	25	Belt
228	Pinto Creek	Wed	H. H. Huffer	Oscar Taylor		Bellevue	1	Butte	Tues	P. W. Flynn	John Cronin	1407	Butte
137	Ray		J. B. Berger	Chas. Devine		Butte	74	Butte M & S	Thur	Chas. Whiteley	A. M. Flouat	5	Butte
124	Snowball	Thur	W. T. Luke	Ulrich Grill		Goldron	83	Butte Engineers	Wed	Alex Mungler	Chas. C. Mitchell	1075	Butte
103	Star	Wed	Al Hofner	Hugh DeBerry		Polaris	24	Clinton	Tues	J. C. McCaug	L. W. Straight		Clinton
176	Swansea	Thur	D. Dammiller	F. A. Puddy	60	Swansea	167	Cooke	Tues	Al Stutthger	L. W. Straight	350	Cooke
110	Tiger	Thur	J. W. Mahoney	E. J. Blackwell	13	Harrington	191	Corbin M & M	Wed	Fred Newhouse	Frank Halliday		Corbin
102	Troy	Sun	J. A. Fezzaglia	J. A. Rice		Troy	129	E. Helena M & S	Wed	U. G. White	James Williams	11	East Helena
65	Walker	Wed	Robert E. Morgan	R. McCormick	18	Poland	17	Helena	Tues	Geo. Gammell	J. F. McMaster		Helena
BRIT. COLUMBIA							82	Garnet	Tues	Fred Tallon	Samuel Phillips		Garnet
194	Camborne	Wed	Wm. Winlow	James Tobin	12	Camborne	49	Granite	Tues	O. E. Shorde	Chas. H. Austin	AA	Granite Falls
180	Grand Forks	Wed	Patrick O'Connor	Walter E. Hadden	M	Grand Forks	169	Great Falls M & S	Sat	S. O. Shaw	J. P. Boyd		Superior
22	Greenwood	Sat	Geo. Bree	Geo. Hentherton	124	Greenwood	175	Iron Mountain	Wed	Geo. Waiglenda	F. G. Musgrove	143	Gilt Edge
161	Hedley M & M	Wed	C. Bennett	T. H. Rotherham	42	Hedley	238	Iron Mountain	Sat	S. G. Walker	Geo. Sotherland	45	Helena
49	Kaslo	Sat	Mike McAndrews	H. T. Rainbow	391	Kaslo	111	North Massena	Sat	J. H. Lane	Michael Kolben	98	Kenauk
100	Kimberly	Fri	Joe Armstrong	A. E. Carter	C	Kimberly	131	Pony M & M	Sat	Berry Knutson	J. F. Milligan	235	Pony
119	Lardeau	Sat	Fred Mellette	Otto Olson	12	Lardeau	208	Radersburg	Mon	Louis Miller	O. O. Sweeney		Radersburg
227	Marysville M & S	Sat	B. Lundin	J. Hays		Marysville	129	Ruby L & DW	Mon	Jas. Whitehead	G. H. Donaldson		Ruby
71	Moyie	Sat	McLcolm McNeill	James Roberts	35	Moyie	129	Winston	Sat	Richard Pool	H. J. Kramer	96	Virginia City
96	Nelson	Sat	Paul Phillips	Frank Phillips	106	Nelson	129	Virginia City	Sat	E. Boyle	F. E. Forbes	80	Zortman
8	Phoenix	Sat	R. Silverthorn	W. A. Pickard	294	Phoenix	NEVADA						
38	Rosslund	Wed	J. A. McKinnon	Geo. Cusey	421	Rosslund	30	Austin	Sat	John White	Wm. A. Gallagher		Austin
81	Sandon	Sat	Levi R. McInnis	A. Shilland	K	Sandon	225	Bonanza	Sat	E. J. Lloyd	J. E. Garrett	11	Rhyolite
95	Silverton	Sat	Robert Mulroy	Fred Lietzcher	85	Silverton	240	Backskin	Fri	Thos. W. Mollart	W. H. Burton	7	Backskin
92	Slocan	Sat	Blair Carter	D. B. O'Neal	90	Slocan City	246	Bullion	Tues	Wm. Berragy	Chas. Grue		Hiltop
113	Tevada	Sat	G. B. McIntosh	T. T. Rutherford	888	Van Anda	259	Chafey	Sat	Jno. F. Shattery	M. McGrath		Chafey
105	Trail M & S	Mon	Wm. Hesketh	F. D. Hardy	377	Trail	171	Edgemont	Sat	J. G. Nelson	John Mohr	2	Edgemont
85	Ymir	Wed	A. Burgess	W. B. McIsaac	506	Ymir	265	Eureka	Thur	John Martin	J. H. Jury	18	Eureka
CALIFORNIA							243	Fairview	Wed	Wm. H. Bacon	A. Bennett	26	Fairview
210	Ballarat	Wed	J. W. Sweet	J. L. Poesie		Ballarat	54	Gold Hill	Mon	J. G. Foote	F. L. Clark	115	Gold Hill
61	Bodie	Tues	J. A. Holmes	J. M. Donohue	6	Bodie	220	Goldfield	Tues	Owen Barnes	J. J. Mangum	243	Goldfield
55	Calaveras	Wed	W. E. Thompson	W. S. Reid	1092	Angels Camp	221	Horn Silver	Wed	Hugh Mc-Nerny	W. H. Wiley	155	Horn Silver
141	French Gulch	Sat	Alex McSween	Jerry Ford	83	French Gulch	251	Lane	Thur	Alex Cumming	Frank J. Cox	38	Lane City
90	Grass Valley	Fri	Abe Clemo	C. W. Jenkins	199	Grass Valley	72	Lincoln	Wed	Jos. R. Viotte	D. L. Wertheimer	91	De Lamar
91	Grass Valley						261	Lyon & Ormsby Co	Wed	Arthur Todd	John Crowe		Empire
	Surfaces Workers	Fri	T. H. Brockington	W. J. Martin	497	Grass Valley	248	Lucky Boy	Wed	J. J. McDonald	Jas. T. Sullivan	87	Lucky Boy
169	Graniteville	Sat	Chris Hanson	A. C. Travis		Graniteville	241	Manhattan	Tues	James Boyd	F. L. Colburn	178	Manhattan
207	Greenwater	Tues	S. D. Whipple	Chas. Brown		Death Valley	264	Millers M & M	Wed	E. C. Richards	J. C. Perry	32	Millers
99	Hart	Tues	W. T. Porterfield	Charles Gluz		Hart	263	Pioche	Mon	Chas. Bithell	E. K. Watson	356	Pioche
115	Jackson	Wed	Willie Lyne	W. T. Langdon	212	Jackson	218	Pioneer	Wed	John Cannon	James P. Kelly		Pioneer
149	Johnsville	Sat	Geo. S. Dunn	W. H. Dunn	11	Johnsville	179	Olinghouse Canon	Thur	Joe B. Goodwin	Ed. Rodgers		Olinghouse
174	Kenett	Sat	C. C. McHenry	H. C. Evans	271	Kenett	252	Ramsey	Sat	P. A. Holtz	H. S. Taylor		Ramsey
201	Masonie	Sat	A. C. Klopproth	E. L. Wegman	1	Mojave	244	Rawhide	Fri	B. D. Boden	Neil McGee	44	Rawhide
51	Mojave	Sat	A. C. Klopproth	E. L. Wegman	1	Mojave	247	Round Mountain	Fri	John D. Gabbert	D. L. O'Meara	141	Round Mtn
93	Nevada City	Wed	Wm. Angwin	Fred Nicholls	76	Nevada City	164	Sarelight	Thur	Al Morrison	O. E. Andrews	71	Sarelight
44	Randsburg	Sat	Wm. B. Reese	E. M. Arndall	248	Randsburg	92	Silver City	Tues	J. W. Hickey	D. N. Nolan	75	Silver City
160	Sierra City	Wed	Peter Kieffer	John G. Rose	135	Sierra City	233	Silver Peak	Tues	John Redpath	Chas. C. Schure	383	Silver Peak
39	Sierra Gorda	Thur	James Harris	A. McLaughlin	41	Big Oak Flat	257	Steeple M & S	Tues	Joe Bracken	James Reagin		Virginia City
211	Skidoo	Thur	C. A. Case	S. R. Frostrikson	355	Skidoo	257	Storey Co. L. U.	Tues	David Ryan	R. McHenry	7	Topopah
87	Summersville	Sat	E. A. McDow	A. W. Rozier	217	Thoumne	121	Topopah	Tues	M. J. Scanlon	R. H. Dalzell	67	Tuscarora
73	Toulumne	Thur	F. J. Young	Ed. Climo	101	Stent	31	Tuscarora	Wed	A. S. Carey	W. I. Plumb		Mazonia
104	Washington	Thur	Wm. Hamilton	F. Raub		Washington	256	Vernon	Wed	W. E. C. Little	P. H. Lynch	1	Virginia City
167	Winthrop M & S	Mon	John Cronin	H. H. Hurlbert	73	Winthrop	46	Virginia	Fri	John R. Bruce	Wm. O'Leary	172	Wander
127	Wood's Creek	Sat	Fred Daniels	A. J. Pasco	16	Chinese Camp	259	Wonder	Fri	J. K. Henderson	Geo. Williams		Mason
COLORADO							262	Yerrington	Fri	Patrick Shorlin	Jas. H. Pringle		Mason
64	Bryan	Sat	Henry Truby	James Spurrier	82	Ophir	ONTARIO						
31	Cloud City	Thur	Chas. M. Larson	Ray Woodbury	132	Leadville	146	Cobalt	Sun	H. B. Duke	A. Nap Gauthier	446	Cobalt
20	Creede	Fri	C. E. Powers	B. Birdsey	543	Amethyst	149	Elk Lake	Sun	H. A. Smith	C. H. Lowthian	348	Elk Lake
24	Cripple Creek DU	Thur	T. M. Hamill	John Turney		Victor	154	Gowganda			David La Frenie	619	Gowganda
56	Central City	Thur	J. W. Driscoll	John Gorman	537	Central City	OREGON						
130	Dunton	Sat	Chas. A. Goble	W. H. Rambo	9	Dunton	42	Bourne	Mon	L. R. Harris	J. D. McDonald	59	Bourne
58	Dunsmuir M & S		J. A. Dunham V.P			Durango	186	Cornucopia	Sat	G. R. Land	O. A. Kessel		Cornucopia
187	Frisco	Fri	Walter Thomas	B. E. Young	13	Frisco	SOUTH DAKOTA						
86	Garfield	Sat	M. F. Gallagher	M. H. Crosby		H. Garfield	3	Central City	Sat	Jas. Burs	J. E. Hinton	23	Central City
50	Henson	Sat	Frank Potestio	Eugene Otis		Lake City	84	Custer	Sun	E. E. Boyer	Chas. H. Adair		Custer
126	Idaho Springs	Wed	Louis Johnson	C. H. Hickson	264	Idaho Springs	14	Deadwood M & M	Thur	C. L. Wilson	J. E. Dahl		Deadwood
197	La Plata	Mon	Frank Tepotch	Thos. G. Lloyd	1017	Hesperus	68	Galena	Wed	George Leech	J. W. Mjors	81	Galena
48	Nederland	Thur	J. L. Conkling	Hans Nelson	3	Nederland	2	Lead	Mon	Edward Ragan	Thos. J. Ryan	280	Lead City
15	Ouray	Sat	J. E. Commins	D. A. Ferguson	1111	Ouray	19	Matland M & M	Thur	S. C. Hord	H. L. Scoggin		Matland
6	Pitkin County	Tues	Willis Hayner	Geo. Smith	1019	Aspen	108	Rochford	Sun	W. D. Beardshear	Dan Hartseil		Rochford
36	Rico	Sat	Frank D. Romm	Chris Wald	470	Rico	5	Terry Peak	Wed	Jacob Boiler	J. C. May	174	Terry
185	Rockvale	Mon	James Bertotti	Anton Wussatt	50	Rockvale	UTAH						
26	Silverton	Sat	H. A. Allen	C. R. Waters	168	Silverton	67	Bingham	Sat	Wm. White	E. G. Locke	64	Bingham
27	Sky City	Tues	Geo. B. Walker	Ed. G. Rust	47	Red Mountain	201	Bingham M & S	Fri	G. W. Buck	F. J. Perry		Canyon
63	Telluride	Sat	Chris Johns	Andrew Nyland	278	Telluride	151	Eureka	Sat	John Church	J. W. Morton	228	Eureka
198	Trinidad	Sun	W. E. Hughes	Frank Gasper	502	Trinidad	205	Eureka E F & B		K. L. Harper	T. J. Adams		Eureka
59	Ward	Fri	L. Nichols	J. M. Raish	126	Ward	257	Helper	Sun	Carlo Dalpaz	A. Marchiori	447	Helper
IDAHO							176	Kimberly	Thur	Myron Nay	Jos. Carroll		Kimberly
184	Atlanta	Sat	H. M. Lesky	J. R. Wahler		Atlanta	238	Mammoth	Tues	J. H. McCabe	Jos. Mann	65	Mammoth
10	Burke	Fri	Frank Monty	L. A. Reese	158	Burke	199	Mercur	Thur	John Barrett	Phillip Oates	415	Mercur
53	De Lamar	Mon	C. M. Brown	Wm. Hawkins		De Lamar	144	Park City	Sat	John Ryan	J. P. Langford	891	Park City
11	Gem	Tues	Chas. Goranson	Ed. Erickson		Gem	249	W Jordan M & S	Fri	Wm. C. Miller	C. T. Anderson	146	West Jordan
37	Gibbonsville	Wed	Walter Morrison	John B. Achord	19	Gibbonsville	WASHINGTON						
80	Mackay	Sat	F. W. Cummins	Jas. M. Hill		M							



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