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# THE MINERS MAGAZINE

INDEPENDENCE  
EDUCATION ORGANIZATION

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OF MINERS**



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EDUCATION INDEPENDENCE ORGANIZATION

# MINERS MAGAZINE



Denver, Colorado,  
Thursday, September 12, 1912.

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**John M. O'Neill, Editor**

Address all communications to Miners' Magazine,  
Room 405 Railroad Building, Denver, Colo.

## Card of the Homestake Mining Co.

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organization they were at the mercy of the barons and their deputized thugs, but standing together under the flag of unionism, they could become invincible and wrest victory from the iron grip of greed.

THE COAL MINERS of West Virginia have been given a taste of martial law. The state administration is owned by the coal barons and the railroad magnates and their will is the law of "the servants of the people."

Some day, in the not far distant future, labor in West Virginia will learn to use its economic and political power, and when that day comes, the working class will not be looking into the polished barrels of rifles held in the hands of a state militia.

THE WILLIAM J. BURNS detective agency has been engaged to solve the mystery of the murder of the gambler-informer, Herman Rosenthal, in New York City. The same agency has uncovered aldermanic bribery in Detroit, Columbus, Atlantic City and elsewhere. Have we come to a point at which the only efficient police is a private police? And is the method of inducing men to commit crime the only way to prevent crime? The Burns agency has been shown up as fixing juries to convict, in Oregon. The Burns agency is paid for results. Its tendency is to produce results, whether it finds them or not. Government by private detectives seems to have arrived. If we say that it comes to meet a demand, then we must admit that the duly constituted police are either wholly inefficient or corrupt. But everybody knows that the chances are as ten to one that a private detective is more corrupt than a public policeman or detective. Burns threatens to be a name of more evil connotation than ever was that of Pinkerton.—William Marion Reedy, in the St. Louis Mirror.

ALL LABORERS and miners are requested to stay away from Hurley, Wisconsin, as the employes of the Montreal mine are striking against starvation wages.

STAY AWAY FROM BLAIR, NEVADA.

TEDDY and his political heir, "God knows," are telling the truth about each other and the people are now wondering how it was possible for such aristocratic rascals to reach the presidency of the United States.

THE "HIGHER UPS" of Lawrence, Massachusetts, are now being charged with planting dynamite to poison public sentiment against labor, but it seems they were coarse bunglers at their work, and the facts are leaking out which may prove to the people that the real anarchists of this country are men garbed in broadcloth with plethora bank accounts.

PRESIDENT WHITE of the United Mine Workers has done great work in the Anthracite regions of Pennsylvania. The miners have placed their trust and confidence in him and have come back in thousands to the organization which they deserted years ago.

White, through his simple eloquence and unanswerable logic, convinced the men of the mines that they must come together and stand together if they yearned to defeat the machinations of corporate combinations.

He demonstrated to the miners of Pennsylvania that without an

IF WE ARE to believe a Baltimore dispatch a syndicate is to be formed in Chicago with Victor F. Lawson as a leader in the enterprise to reorganize and merge the denominational press. Over \$1,000,000 has been subscribed to the syndicate.

We are told that "the plan of the syndicate is to retire some papers which are now operating at a loss and to merge others. It is predicted that, even if some of the competing papers in the same denomination and the same field are not removed in this way, they will be eliminated by the superiority of the papers affiliated with the syndicate."

The syndicate, no doubt, will be able to supply the readers of the denominational press with more reading matter than they are now getting. As there is strength in numbers, so there is advantage in eliminating duplication and waste. The trusts have demonstrated that in unity there is strength.

Capital is not only non-partisan, but it is non-denominational. J. Pierpont Morgan is equally at home in a Protestant meeting house or a Catholic church. He gives to one his benediction and to the other the stations of the cross. There was once a time when the Christian faith was a menace, just as Socialism is, to the established order, but that was long before syndicates were formed to place its literature on a paying basis.

What capital is interested in is the preservation of the existing order. The profits of the present, rather than the rewards of the hereafter are what it seeks, whether it worships in Buddhist temple, Mohammedan mosque, Jewish synagogue or Christian cathedral.—Milwaukee Leader.

BISHOP JOHN P. CARROLL of Helena, Montana, at the late annual convention of the Ancient Order of Hibernians expressed himself as follows:

"Every Irish soul should burn with indignation at the preparations



the doctrine of Socialism sets forth for acceptance. Socialism would deprive him of anything any real Irishman holds dear."

The bishop, prolific with statements reflecting on the character of the doctrines of Socialism, should have been a little more prodigal with proofs against Socialism if he desired intelligent men to give weight or consideration to his conclusions.

The time has passed when the unsupported statements of prelates of the church will be swallowed without investigation or analysis.

The man who reads and observes closely is realizing that a clerical robe on a human being does not make him infallible.

The priest and preacher without proof, logic or argument, will exert but little influence among men and women who have probed the hellish industrial system that gives \$3,000,000 of an inheritance to an Astor babe, while the *child* of the wealth producer with horny hands, comes into the world penniless, bereft even of the common necessities of life.

Observing men and women are beginning to think that there is something radically wrong with the sanctified brethren who use their oratory on the platform and in the pulpit to maintain the reign of legalized robbery.

The hierarchy of the church pandering to privilege, while professing fraternity for the working class, will no longer delude men and women whose vision can penetrate the mask of hypocrisy.

**T**HIS YEAR the simple suffragists are going to be put through their paces.

Here is Mrs. O. P. Belmont, for instance—she is worth several millions of dollars, and consequently is a good news asset—who is credited with doing or having done several big things.

Within a few days she received a big front-page story because she

declared she was willing to wash floors for the "cause." But she did not wash a single one.

Then she did something still more daring. She discharged four chefs, all for the cause of woman's emancipation.

Of course, every working woman has a perfect procession of chefs, and can pick the desirable and the undesirable, and select those who are best fitted for the job of caterer to the workingman. That is a fact that is known in every working class family, and Mrs. Belmont, in the attitude she took, set a splendid example.

But she has gone even beyond this. According to a big poster and advertising circular sent out by the Chicago Tribune—still a bitter enemy of labor and on the scab list—she is to be a special contributor. She has joined the staff, in fact, and her articles will appear together with those of old Lil Russell, Laura Jean Libby, Marion Harland, and others. Her start is a corker. She wants to know "are politicians seeking a flirtation with suffragists?" and she manages to take up a couple of columns in saying nothing in reply, although she herself asks the question. It is a stupid, idiotic sort of performance, but just what might be expected from the simple suffragist.

Mrs. Belmont is apparently sincere in her desire to get votes for women. If she really is, unless it is too late to learn, she might as well learn why votes are desirable. She is at present apparently engaged in a somewhat elephantine flirtation with the managers of the old parties in the hope that some concessions will be made to her class, her party, her particular brand of suffragism.

To the workers, the millions of disfranchised women in homes, mills and shops, such a course is perilous. Mrs. Belmont is merely playing a cold-blooded game, a dirty piece of class politics, and nothing else. She should be given credit for what she is doing, and her actions should be weighed for what they are, for, from beginning to end, they are anti-working class.—New York Call.

## Christianity Failed to Make Him a Gentleman

**S**OME ONE has sent us The Catholic Record, published at London, Ontario, in which appears an editorial extracted from the Antog-nish Casket.

The editorial quoted in the Record and taken from the Casket (Coffin) is a rare collection of verbal invectives hurled at the editor of the Miners' Magazine and proves conclusively that Christ never died for the saintly sinner who furnishes slobbering idiocy for the readers of the Casket.

In reply to the editorial of the Magazine some weeks ago, the Casket says:

"Socialism is quackery. The editor whose name appears to be John M. O'Neil is a quack. Karl Marx was a quack. He predicted a state of affairs in the world to come to pass within a certain time. The time has come, and is past; but the conditions he predicted have not arrived; and Socialist writers are, at this very moment, busy in refitting his theories to the conditions which have arrived; for, Karl Marx's prediction, they see, is so far from being fulfilled, that it has vanished as a human possibility."

The editor of the Magazine feels honored in being classed with such *quacks* as Karl Marx. The editor of the Magazine in all his fancy flights of imagination, never for a moment, anticipated that he would be classed with that great student of economics, whose memory will be fresh and green to generations that are yet to come, when the slush scribbler of the Casket will be "voiceless dust" in a forgotten grave.

The product of the brain of Karl Marx is shattering the brutal and cursed system that enslaves a world, and in every nation on earth. The banner of economic freedom is being lifted by the scarred and callous hands of toil, and this crimson banner that stands for human liberty and industrial democracy, will yet wave in triumph over the wrongs of centuries—the emblem of a new civilization—where even fanatics of the type of the editor of the Casket, may develop into men.

It is somewhat singular that a man laying claims to being a journalist, who places the label of *quackery* on Socialism and who stigmatizes Karl Marx as a *quack*, would fail to furnish proof or evidence to support such a statement. His failure to produce arguments based on logic and facts, can only be attributed to his egoism and his abnormal conception of the ignorance of the men and women who waste their time reading the senseless drivel of a religious bigot.

That the greatest students and most brilliant men on earth are investigating the doctrines enunciated by Socialism, and that men of national and international reputations have accepted the doctrines promulgated by Marx, leave no impression on the mental weakling whose editorial daubs on the Casket would impair the reputation of an imbecile in an asylum.

The Casket again startles a world with the following declaration: "The Socialists are operating on the wrong continents. Central Africa promises better for quackery than any other country. There is a surplus of credulity there, which would, perhaps, afford a field of operations for Mr. John M. O'Neil, for which he is by no means unfitted. His knowledge and his methods would be more in harmony with his surroundings there, and his utterances better suited to the intelligence of his hearers than he can hope will ever be the case in North America."

We presume that this space-filler on the Casket would be delighted if the Socialists would confine their missionary work to Central Africa, but as the Socialists are not obeying orders from editors of Catholic journals or exalted dignitaries of the church who live in palaces, the

question of carrying the message of human liberty to semi-civilized countries will be merely postponed until Germany, France, Italy, Spain, England, America, Canada and other so-called civilized nations shall rise in their economic and political power and overthrow the system that builds a church and a prison, that breeds a master and a slave, and makes of this old earth a raging and roaring hell.

According to the Casket, "Socialism is *quackery*," and if that be true, then 4,000,000 of *quacks* have voted in Germany and placed more than 100 representative *quacks* in the Reichstag.

France has her many *quacks* in the Chamber of Deputies and these *quack statesmen* in the lawmaking body of France have wielded a power that has been felt in a nation that has placed a boycott on the *quackery* of the princes of the church.

Sweden, Norway and Denmark have their hundreds of thousands of *quacks* who are marching to the polls at every returning election and putting official *quacks* in office whose *quackery* is giving royal parasites a nightmare, kings and queens hysteria and Catholic editors an opportunity to advertise their ignorance.

Ten millions of voting *quacks* in Europe and America and countless millions earnestly investigating the doctrines of Socialism with every possibility of these countless millions becoming *quacks*, merely brings from the pen of the Casket editor the venom of malignity against Socialism and scurrilous vituperation for the editor of the Magazine.

Branding Socialism as *quackery* and Socialists as *quacks*, prove the diminutive intellect of the Casket scribe, and demonstrates his lack of ability to produce logical arguments in opposition to the tenets of Socialism.

Abuse and slander do not appeal to the intelligence of men and women who read and think, and if vilification is the only ammunition which the Casket and other Catholic journals can use against Socialism, then we would suggest to such publishers that while "Speech is silver," yet "Silence is golden."

Along in the somewhat lengthy editorial of the Casket we find such lovable words and phrases as the following:

"What, then, made you a liar, Mr. John M. O'Neil?"

"Why, then, do we find you showing the instincts of a savage, together with the manners of a baboon?"

"When did you join the ancient order of jackasses?"

We extract the above remarks from the Casket editorial to show how a disciple and pretended follower of Christ, trained beneath the spire of a Catholic church, may develop into a debasing propagator of defamation and slander.

Calling the editor of the Magazine a "liar," "savage," "baboon" and "jackass," are such invincible and unanswerable arguments against Socialism that *quacks* and *quackery* must retreat before the peerless reasoning of a sage who resorts to the epithets of the barroom and brothel, to justify his editorial attitude against a philosophy that is commanding the attention of the civilized world.

The editor of the Magazine would naturally expect such verbal filth to pollute the degenerate lips of a denizen of a "red light" district or a Bowery vagrant whose honor and shame had died in chronic inebriation, but for a cultured, refined and Christ-like creature who edits a Catholic journal to dip his pen in a sewer to uphold his dignity as a journalist, gives us a new idea as to the necessary ability required to edit a Catholic publication.

Had we lived in the days of Christ, and the Savior of man had called us a "liar," "savage," "baboon" and "jackass," there is no question but that we would have hailed Him as the humble and lowly



Nazarene and we would have protested against such a grand and noble character bearing His cross to be crucified on Calvary.

Men who can use such verbal souvenirs of humility as "liar," "savage," "baboon" and "jackass," have a mortgage on the mansions of an invisible world, and when Peter unlocks the pearly gates to admit the editor of the Casket, there will be a riot of glory in the "Kingdom come," and the heavenly orchestra will play "Come to Jesus!"

The editor of the Casket pays a tribute to the O'Neils of Ireland whose heroic deeds emblazoned their names on the historic pages of the unfortunate and down-trodden Emerald Isle, and then closes his editorial yelp with the following:

"Are you, Mr. John M. O'Neil, that most forlorn of all the inhabitants of the earth, a Catholic become an Atheist?"

"Have you, at least, in the smash-up of your religious beliefs, and the wreck of your Irish instincts, managed to save even the Irish sense of humor? If you have, there's a chance for you yet. The sense of humor, the keen appreciation of the absurd, has saved Irishmen from much. If you haven't lost it, it may some day lead you to see the quackery of Socialism; to see the folly of throwing oil on a fire to put it out; to see the impossibility of reorganizing a world full of people without any more powerful machinery than material comforts; to realize that sin began when there were only two people in the world and all material arrangements were perfect; to realize that no material condition will do more than men permit it to do; and that the propensity to evil, pride, deceit, envy, jealousy, lust, anger, covetousness, laziness—all the evil forces which afflict the world, will not stop on account of any change of material conditions. And that is where your Socialism is rotten—rotten to the core. That is the fundamental fallacy of Socialism; that all those things are due to poverty, or to the uneven distribution of property and the means of production.

"And you, Mr. John M. O'Neill, are an Irishman, by your name, and you have not a sufficient sense of humor to see the folly of that belief.

"Get back your sense of humor, man. An Irishman without a sense of humor is a most unpleasant person; his Celtic blood is turned to vinegar."

Let not the editor of the Casket shed tears of anguish over the thought that we are *forlorn* or that we have lost our "sense of humor." Our "sense of humor" may not be of the Irish brand, but we can assure the editor that his epithets, "liar," "savage," "baboon" and "jackass" have touched our risibilities, and that hereafter, when we have a yearning to squelch an opponent who refuses to yield obedience to our views on economic questions, we shall use those gentlemanly and refined invectives of a Catholic editor.

Our "sense of humor" will recognize the potency of such choice flowers culled from the garden of rhetoric, and we now know that "liar," "savage," "baboon" and "jackass" are the magic words to convince an opponent that he is wrong.

The Casket contends that if we have not lost our "sense of humor" we will "realize that *sin* began when there were only two people in the world."

We refuse to gulp down such superstition.

Nothing in the world is more sinless than an innocent babe and the story of Adam and Eve in the garden "chewing" the forbidden fruit, and meriting the wrath of God, is just as credible as the whale swallowing Jonah, three persons in one God, the Immaculate Conception or Transubstantiation.

The *forbidden fruit* story has about as much veracity to it as the fabrication about hell-fire, which 4,000 Biblical students repudiated at a late convention.

The editor of the Casket admits that there is "evil, pride, deceit, envy, jealousy, lust, anger, covetousness and laziness" in the world, and that being true, what has the Catholic church been doing for centuries to banish such evils from the earth?

The Catholic church places its birth at the dawn of the Christian

era, and yet, after 1900 years, a Catholic editor admits that there is "evil, pride, lust, anger, covetousness and laziness."

Has the Catholic church been placing a premium on crime?

But the editor might have admitted more, and at the same time been guiltless of committing a violation of veracity. He might have said that in every city of any magnitude on the face of the earth can be seen the scarlet women bidding for dishonor, because economic necessity drove them to dens of shame.

He might have admitted that here in America, one of the strongholds of the Catholic church, there are nearly 1,000,000 Mary Magdalenes plying their vocation to earn the means of life, because a cursed system which the Casket upholds and supports, demands that they shall pay the price of dishonor for bread.

He might have admitted that here in America 2,000,000 of boys and girls have been stolen from the playgrounds of childhood, and flung into the bastiles of profit, in order that industrial despots may be able to purchase royal loafers as husbands for their indolent daughters.

He might have admitted that the system upheld by the church slaughters countless thousands every year, and that industrial murder for profit is no crime punishable by the law enacted through the conspiracies of a master class.

But it is but a waste of time to point out to the pin-head on the Casket the hellish wrongs that are perpetrated and legalized under a civilization that is wet with tears and reddened with human blood, for a brain that is prostituted to capitalism is bereft of that mental vision that beholds the wrongs that have been bred from exploitation.

Such an editor is sightless to the signals of distress that can be seen in every land and his ears are deaf to the wails of misery and the groans of agony that come from millions of hovels of poverty. Pallid lips, wan and pinched from hunger, do not touch his calloused heart, for his knees are padded to kneel in worship at the shrine of the gods of mammon.

Socialism demands that *labor* shall receive the full social value of the product of its toil, and in order that *labor* shall receive this *value*, it becomes necessary that the *whole people* shall own collectively the natural resources of the earth and the machines of production and distribution.

Such a demand is based on social justice, but a Catholic editor, blinded by bigotry and stunted by superstition shouts "*quack*" and "*quackery*," and like a hoodlum in a degenerate dive, screams "savage," "liar," "baboon" and "jackass" at a man in whose presence he would forget every vile epithet that ever flowed from his prostituted pen.

The editor of the Miners' Magazine has no hinges on his knees, but he is standing on his feet like a man, with his face to the foe as one of the soldiers of that great army, whose tread can be heard in every nation on earth, and he yearns to live to see the dawn of that glad morning when the sunburst of an economic freedom shall spread its light in every clime beneath the blue-vaulted dome of heaven.

We yearn to see a civilization where man shall be no longer on his knees, but stand upon his feet with head erect, "the noblest work of God."

We expect to be assailed by the trickling pens of subsidized editors and mortgaged orators, but human liberty is priceless, and no sanctimonious hypocrite scribbling on the editorial page of a sectarian sheet shall be able to halt us in delivering the message of freedom to the downtrodden and oppressed of the earth.

Come again, Mr. (Coffin), with your epithets of "liar," "jackass," "baboon" and "savage," for your dirty vocabulary proves conclusively that 1900 years of Christianity has failed to resolve you into a *gentleman*.

Publish this editorial in your (Coffin), the *receptacle* of dead ideas, and your readers will know that you wear the mask of religion to cover the cowardly traits of a libel on manhood.

## Something of Roosevelt's Record

(From the *Appeal to Reason*.)

THEODORE ROOSEVELT is a chronic office-seeker. He has held office almost his entire adult life. Theodore Roosevelt was the most extravagant president that America ever had. His term from 1905 to 1909 cost the people \$3,522,982,846 or more than double as much as the administrations of Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, John Quincy Adams, Van Buren, Harrison, Tyler, Polk, Taylor, Fillmore, Pierce and Buchanan all combined. His two administrations cost the country \$7,740,000,000 or more than double the cost of the entire Civil war.

Theodore Roosevelt in his public capacity has shown absolutely no respect for the constitution and law. He publicly boasted that "I took the Panama canal zone and left Congress to debate the issue." He assisted a fake Panama revolution and the taking of the Isthmus in violation of a treaty with Columbia. When the Senate was considering a bill to secure justice for the negro troops he had summarily dismissed at Brownsville, Texas, he threatened to veto the bill if passed and to ignore it if passed over his veto. He issued pension order No. 78, in an effort to curry favor with the Grand Army, creating a service pension without the authority of Congress. In his life of Oliver Cromwell Roosevelt says: "In great crises it may be necessary to overrun constitutions and disregard statutes." He has evidently regarded himself a great crisis.

Theodore Roosevelt's administration was a harvest for the trusts.

They Standard Oil Company paid nearly \$300,000,000 dividends while he was president, which was equal to the amount paid in its life of twenty-five years preceding. While he was president the number of combinations increased from 149 with \$3,000,000,000 capital to 10,000 with approximately \$31,000,000,000 dollars capital.

Theodore Roosevelt, while pretending to be opposed to "predatory interests," did more to foster them and to prevent their prosecution than any man who ever lived. He permitted the steel corporation to absorb, in direct violation of law, its chief competitor, the Tennessee Coal & Iron Company, thereby creating an absolute monopoly. He refused to prosecute the sugar trust, although sufficient evidence to secure a conviction was offered him. He prohibited the prosecution of the harvester trust because the man who is now backing him for the presidency was its chief organizer. He denounced rebating, but although Paul Morton had confessed to rebating he not only refused to prosecute Morton, but put him in his cabinet. He, according to Governor Deneen of Illinois, asked that E. H. Harriman be not prosecuted for the Alton steal on the ground that it would disturb business. He selected his secretary of commerce and labor, who is supervisor over corporations, George B. Cortelyou, to collect his campaign funds of 1905.

Theodore Roosevelt used the public service in his own interest. While declaring for the regulations of railroads he commanded special trains for his own use at the expense of the railroad companies. He used a United States vessel for sending his children to boat races. He ordered the Atlantic squadron to be assembled in front of his home at



Oyster Bay that he might review it there, although it cost the government \$250,000 to do so.

Theodore Roosevelt has been bitter in his criticism of men whom the people of the United States has honored. He called Thomas Jefferson "the most incapable executive who ever filled the president's chair." He accused Madison of "bringing shame and disgrace to America." He called the Monroe doctrine a "triumph of imbecility." He denounced Jackson as "ignorant." He attributed Van Buren's success to his "moral shortcomings." He referred to Harrison, Tyler, Fillmore, Buchanan, Polk as "small presidents." He denounced Pierce as "a small politician of low capacity and mean surroundings." In a speech before the Syracuse Chamber of Commerce in 1899 he called congressmen "cattle." Although in 1896 he denounced critics of the Supreme Court as representing a "species of atavism," saying that "savages do not like the independent and upright judiciary," he afterward referred to Judge Anderson as a "crook and jackass," and denounced the United States Supreme Court as "fossilized."

Theodore Roosevelt has used his official position for the purpose of insulting and ruining men in private life. He attacked the aged Assistant Attorney General Tyner when he was on trial, and after Tyner was acquitted ignored his dying appeal for a word of vindication. He denounced Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone, when they were in jeopardy of their lives, as "undesirable citizens." He forced Colonel Stewart to a lonely position in New Mexico "until he could be compulsorily retired." He permitted the age retirement of General Miles to pass without a word of commendation for his brilliant service in the Civil war and as an Indian fighter. Because he was exposed in an intrigue to secure the appointment of an American cardinal he forced Bellamy

Storer to resign as ambassador to Austria and denounced Mrs. Storer as a liar. He has denounced so many private citizens as liars that it has become an international joke.

Theodore Roosevelt has not only been a tool of the bosses, but he has been a boss himself. His nomination for governor of New York was dictated by Boss Platt. His nomination for vice president came through the assistance of Platt and Quay. At the time of Quay's death he telegraphed his widow, "My loyal friend is dead." While president of the United States he forced Taft upon an unwilling party, declaring "if they don't take Taft they will get me," using all the power of patronage in order to secure the nomination of the man whom he promised as "combining all the best qualities of a public man to a degree which no other man in public life since the Civil war has surpassed."

Theodore Roosevelt has stood with the people only with his tongue. The first time he ran for office he was heralded as "a clean, young aristocrat." While president he supported Cannonism in the House and urged that the standpatters be kept in power. He has denounced populism and Socialism, while stealing the planks of these parties as a means of elevating himself to the office of president for a third term.

Theodore Roosevelt used his official position in order to advertise himself and also to suppress the news he did not wish to be printed. The prosecution of the Appeal through long years is well known. His threat of suing the Indianapolis News because that paper exposed his part in the scandalous purchase of the Panama interest from France is too well known to require a review. He deprived the Boston Herald of department news at Washington, including the weather forecast, because that paper published matter which displeased him.

## Outside Influences in West Virginia

**T**HE WEST VIRGINIA operators are again voicing their ancient plea: That the dissatisfaction manifested by their employes is the result of agitation from outside sources, with a view of injuring the business of that state.

They do not explain how the business of the state is affected by the miserable conditions under which their employes are forced to drag out an existence. Those men and their families, under such conditions as are enjoyed by the miners, in parts of the country where they are organized, and therefore in position to demand decent living conditions, would indeed be a factor for prosperity in the state of West Virginia.

With the natural conditions that obtain there, the great veins of coal, accessible without first investing large sums of money for sinking shafts, the quality of the coal insuring a ready demand, West Virginia can hold her own in the markets of the country without imposing on the poor fellows who dig the coal conditions that appall and disgust every disinterested investigator that ever went into that field.

Is it not a shame and a disgrace to those men who reap the profit from those splendid natural conditions, and from the men who work for them, that the citizen soldiers, when sent into the field to protect life and property had to begin by restoring conditions for sanitation in these company-owned camps?

Filth is a natural result of poverty. The sordid man revolts from it. You can always find it where humanity is crushed and degraded below the normal. Men overworked and underpaid, which means underfed, crowded into shacks unfit to shelter cattle, with no encouragement or hope for better things; in such environment you may look in vain for the working man at his highest possibility.

Yes, we will admit that we advise men, under such conditions to revolt. For selfish reasons, if you will. For men living under such conditions threaten civilization itself. Threaten the lives and health of the entire country. Threaten the moral health of the entire country. Threaten the business welfare of the entire community. The intellectual development of the community.

We court investigation by your governor, by any fair commission he may appoint. We appeal to the soldiers your governor has sent into the mining field.

Are we not right in advising men, under such conditions, to revolt? What does it profit the great state of West Virginia if a few men, who generally live outside of that state, reap great profits, while they denude her of her splendid natural resources? And especially the greatest of her natural resources, her men and women.

Yes, we will aid those men when they revolt; will aid them with our advice and with what finances we can spare.

Because they are our fellow workers; because we have suffered as they now suffer. Because we realize that their lives often must pay for their lack of organization; for most of your terrible explosions could have been prevented if the miners could have collectively demanded remedies for conditions, the more experienced among them know, could only end in disaster.

And when we have aided those men to a higher, better life; a better environment; a higher standard of living, every man in the state, business man, professional man, working man, will share in the fruits of the victory; will find that a comparatively prosperous working class is the primary cause of prosperity for all.—United Mine Workers' Journal.

## Unanswerable Logic

**F**RANK HAYES, vice president of the United Mine Workers, while touring the Southwest recently in the interest of the Coal Miners, made a number of speeches which met with the hearty approval of the class whose shoulders bear the yoke of wage-slavery.

In one of Hayes' speeches to the miners, he delivered the following clear-cut declarations which ring with unanswerable logic:

"The time has come when the working class must give political expression to its aims and desires through the medium of a working class political party.

"If it is necessary for us to organize on the industrial field to resist the organized greed of the masters, it is equally necessary for us to organize politically—to vote as we strike, and that unitedly, against the profit taking class.

"Why strike against our industrial masters, and then vote with them?

"Where is the consistency or strength in a labor movement pursuing such a course?

"Why vote the power to issue injunctions, to imprison strikers, to call out the militia into the hands of the exploiters of our class?

"I want to say to the organized workers, as one of their number, that all the industrial battles we have lost, have been lost because the employers controlled the political power and used it to crush us through the courts and the militia.

"The Alabama strike, Colorado strike, Irwin field strike, besides several other struggles of lesser magnitude, were lost because the opera-

tors used their capitalist owned Republican and Democratic administrations to crush us.

"Governor Comer of Alabama, Democrat, Governor Peabody, Republican, of Colorado, and Governor Tener, Republican, of Pennsylvania, each of these executives faithfully served the operators while we were on strike. Injunctions, jails and bullets were what we got from them.

"We would have been triumphant in each of these great strikes, if the political power of the state had not come to the rescue of the mine owners.

"But, of course, the mine owners and other capitalists expect some return for their campaign contributions, and I know of no instance on record where they did not receive such aid promptly upon demand.

"The organized miners of this country have learned of the need of working class political action somewhat sooner than other crafts due to their bitter experience.

"If there be a single miner in this Southwest district who is not yet a Socialist, I hope that you will become such, before it is necessary for you to learn the lesson so many have had to learn through the medium of the deputy's club, and the militiamen's rifle.

"But we want more than the ability to protect ourselves when we are on strike, and so we are Socialists for more than the power to control the courts, the sheriff and the militia by the working class.

"We want more than a mere wage, and a shack to live in. We



want what we produce without having to divide it with those who produce nothing.

"We miners are joining the Socialist party because when we get possession of the government we are going to own the mines and control our own jobs absolutely.

"We produce the wealth, and we are justly entitled to it. We want good homes, good food, good schools, and a chance to be civilized.

"We have stopped asking and begging for these things. We are

organizing politically to take them.

"We, with the other workers of the nation, have the majority of the votes. Our class is the strong class, numerically. We are mighty when united.

"Socialism is the common ground where we may all unite politically. The Socialist party is OUR PARTY.

"A union man industrially, a union man politically. Let this be your program."

## Judicial Power Waning

PLUTOCRACY'S WEAPONS have been blunted from much hacking at the people's liberties.

Judges, rendering faithful service to the slave oligarchy, held that the constitution followed the flag and that when the slave owner entered a territory he could carry his slave with him, though the property in the slave was a creation of state law, the slave in one state being held as "real estate" and in another state as personal property. The same federal judiciary to render service to capitalism in its quest for new markets and its imperialistic ideals now holds that the constitution does not follow the flag.

We are more lenient with our judiciary than many of its critics. For we recognize that it is but an instrument in the hands of our lords and masters, whether they be slave owners or trust magnates. They are creatures of their environment. The successful lawyer, dependent upon the possessors of wealth for his livelihood, is by reason of his occupation a servitor to the holders of wealth precisely as an English butler is a servitor of the aristocracy. Each instinctively feels that to imperil the social order would threaten his occupation.

The president of the American Bar Association has expressed the hope that the Supreme Court will not go so far as to hold that a crimi-

nal libel may be enjoined. The judiciary has deprived the workers of the right of trial by jury by invoking the writ of injunction. If the Supreme Court shall sustain Justice Wright of the District of Columbia in his contention that criminal libels may be enjoined, he protests with some alarm, the constitutional guarantee of a free press and free speech would be destroyed.

Ten years ago the Supreme Court might have nullified the constitutional guarantees embraced in the bill of rights. But judicial power is waning—the judicial fetish is crumbling. Not only is the judicial fetish crumbling, but the existing system is crumbling with it.

The danger from plutocracy lies not in whether it shall use the executive, the legislative or judicial departments of government to buttress its privileges and preserve its titles, but whether it shall be permitted to use any of them to retain possession of its economic power.

With the nation in possession of the steel trust, with the nation in possession of the oil trust, with the nation in possession of the money and banking trust, with the nation in possession of the railways and the mines and the forests, there will be no greater incentive for the courts to serve plutocracy than there now is for them to repeat the Dred Scott decision.—Milwaukee Leader.

## The Cloven Hoof Uncovered

THERE HAS BEEN much said in the press during the past two years relative to the aims and objects of the organization known as the Boy Scouts. The "higher ups" in the Scout movement have scouted the idea of the boys being trained to graduate as professional man-killers. But the following letter from Chief Scout McAlpin of New York City, leaves no room for doubt as to the purposes for which the boys of America are being enlisted in the Boy Scouts:

"New York, July 12, 1912.

"Dear Sir: Our executive board directs me to advise you that at a recent meeting it was decided to adopt the new Remington-UMC rifle, illustration enclosed, as the authorized rifle of the organization.

"Copy of executive board's report as follows:

"The report of committee appointed to select rifle to be adopted as the official rifle of this organization was submitted and we indorse their selection and resolve that the Remington-UMC rifle be indicated as the official arm of this organization."

"This new rifle has been designed especially for us and the Remington-UMC people advise they will be ready to make shipments about July 25th.

"The price of the rifle is \$5 each net f. o. b. New York. All orders should be accompanied by postal money order or New York draft to cover.

"It is the desire of the managing directors to have all companies of this organization equipped with the same kind of a rifle in order to be uniform. We realize, however, that certain companies or scouts have

already purchased some kind of a rifle which differs very materially from the one adopted but which they cannot afford to discard. To such we are willing to recognize their arms but feel it will be to the best interest of this organization to ask the scout masters to see to it that the authorized arm only be purchased in the future.

"The official drill book of the American Boy Scout is now on the press and we hope to be able to make deliveries in the near future.

"Yours very truly,

"E. A. McALPIN,

"Chief Scout."

The above letter uncovers the *cloven hoof* and no misisters of the gospel or religious bodies that have vouched for the Boy Scouts, can longer deny the cold-blooded purposes of a master class.

Capitalism has become desperate, and capitalism in its desperation, proposes to plant the seeds of murder in the hearts of the youth of America so that these boys trained to kill, will not hesitate to shoot labor into submission when labor strikes against unbearable conditions.

When the Boy Scouts become equipped with rifles, then the time has arrived when labor should hesitate no longer in acquiring the weapons of self defense.

No intelligent man wants war, but if capitalism is to use the boy as a soldier to suppress labor on strike, then let men who love freedom and loathe tyranny, prepare to meet the emergency.

We trust that these hirelings of a master class will hesitate before going further, for laboring humanity in almost every nation on earth, is in no mood to remain indifferent, while tyrants are raising an army to put liberty to death.

## Roosevelt's Heartless Tyranny

(By Eugene V. Debs.)

WHEN THEODORE ROOSEVELT was president and had the power to do something for labor he was a heartless tyrant in his treatment of the working class, and his whole record proves it. I shall not now go into his general record, but shall only point out that while president he issued an order against civil service employes of the government which should make his name odious to the working class forever.

This order literally gagged the hundreds of thousands of employes in the service, forbade them to speak of their grievances, denied them the right of petition, and reduced them to the level of helots.

"All officers and employes of the United States of every description, serving in or under any of the executive departments or independent government establishments, and whether so serving in or out of Washington, are hereby forbidden, either directly or indirectly, individually or through associations, to solicit an increase of pay or to influence or attempt to influence in their own interest, any other legislation whatever, either before Congress or its committees, or in any way save through the heads of the departments, or independent government

establishments in or under which they serve, on penalty of dismissal from the government service.

"THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

The czar of Russia never issued an order more despotic in spirit or more enslaving in effect than this infamous order issued by Theodore Roosevelt gagging all the civil service employes of the government while he was president of the United States.

This order literally prohibited the postal clerks and all other civil service employes from speaking or writing about the conditions under which they worked, the long hours they had to put in, the low wages they were receiving, and the insanitary surroundings of their employment. I hold in my hand the report of an old postal employe who dares not allow his name to be known for fear of dismissal, from which I quote as follows:

"Since Roosevelt promulgated that order without authority from Congress, hundreds of clerks have been killed by insanitary conditions and the dreadfully long hours of work. Hundreds who have dared to speak against these conditions have been discharged from the postal service. Urban Walter, editor of the Harpoon, was hounded for publishing the truth regarding the murderous treatment of the postal em-



ployés under Roosevelt and the gag he put on their lips so that no one should know of his brutality."

There are over 200,000 gagged postal clerks in the United States today, thanks to the outrageous order promulgated and enforced by Theodore Roosevelt. They have been shorn of their constitutional rights and compelled to remain mute and speechless in their humiliation. To voice a complaint is to invite instant dismissal. This is the very quintessence of slavery and for this the employés of the federal government are indebted to none other than to Theodore Roosevelt.

And now this same Roosevelt, under whose heartless order hundreds have been killed by their employment, and hundreds of others discharged for seeking by complaint to avoid the same fate have been discharged, is racing around over the country telling the workers what he is going to do for them in the way of shortening their hours and bettering their condition when they make him once more president of the United States.

Beyond this gall and impudence could not go.

If, after what Roosevelt has done to labor when he was in power, he can bunco the workers he has insulted and enslaved into believing what he now says he will do for labor if they will only put him back in the White House, then, indeed, are the workers willing slaves, and Theodore Roosevelt should be their president for life.

When the order gagging the postal clerks and other employés was issued by Roosevelt he was careful to see to it that it did not apply to his own political appointees to office. From the members of his cabinet down they were all free to go out and make speeches, and to whoop it up for the Roosevelt machine, to have their own pay raised and to do as they pleased, provided only they were loyal to the Roosevelt dynasty.

It was only the fettered civil service employés, the wage slaves of the government, who were bound and gagged, insulted and humiliated. The politicians under the administration were unmolested. Only the working class were put under the iron heel.

If this does not reveal Roosevelt's real spirit and attitude toward the working class, then the workers are stone blind and all appeal to them is vain and hopeless.

The despotic order of Roosevelt while president above quoted should be posted conspicuously where workmen can see it all over the country. It should be repeated by every Socialist orator through the whole campaign. It speaks so brutally plain for itself that even Roosevelt cannot explain it away.

He is now dishing out platitudes about "liberty," "social justice," "the interests of labor" and "the rights of the people," but when he was in office he crushed the liberty of every postal employé and discharged every man among them who dared to protest against long hours, small wages and foul sanitary conditions which carried hundreds to their graves.

To all of these gagged and outraged workers Roosevelt must appear as a charlatan, mountebank and fraud, and his Progressive promises and pledges as the mouthings of a low and utterly unprincipled self-seeker and demagogue.



JAMES J. BURNS.

Wanted, to hear from James J. Burns, resident at Silverton, Colo., during October, 1909. Address No. 425 First National Building, Denver. 2t

#### EPIGRAMS.

The black flag of the corruptionist is far more to be feared than the red flag of the anarchist.—Wayne MacVeagh.

Let the weal and woe of humanity be everything to you; their praise or blame of no effect.—Michelet.

The man who declares that a righteous principle cannot win has turned his back upon God and has forgotten the history of humanity.—Oliver W. Stewart.

OLD DOC WILSON.

(By Henry M. Tichenor, the Rip-Saw Poet.)

Old Doc Wilson, tried and true, built like Grover through and through, head chock-full of worn out creeds—Doc's just what the nation needs. Short on horse-sense, long on "knowledge" like they teach at Brimstone college, dean of all the moss-back sages, relic of the middle ages, long-tailed coat and high silk hat, Doc's an old-time dimmycrat! Never had a brand-new thought—swallows all John Calvin taught—new idea would burst his brain, old Doc Wilson's sound and sane! Hates all "furriners" from abroad—prays to Cotton Mather's god—says hell's filled up to the brim with folks who don't believe like him—doesn't like our modern ways, wants to hike back to the days when slaves were meek and more content to do the work and pay the rent—Doc's a pippin, so he is, for the Sacred Order of Big Biz!

#### A VOICE FROM THE DARK AGES.

(By Henry M. Tichenor.)

"Ireland Denounces Recall of Judges"—"Sees Peril In Socialism"—thus did the St. Louis Globe-Democrat of April 28th last, in big deck head "exploit" a speech of Archbishop Ireland delivered at Galena, Illinois.

It is the strongest kind of a recommendation that both the Socialists and all others who are imbued with the spirit of democracy could ask when their cause is condemned by such as Archbishop Ireland.

When an antiquated lap-over from the dark ages protrudes himself into the morning of the twentieth century he is as out of place as a bat in daylight.

The effulgent glory and splendor of the Rising Sun of Justice and Human Brotherhood gives him the blind staggers.

The brain of such as Archbishop Ireland runs riot with kings and thrones and bulls of "infallible" popes, with the torture, the thumbscrew, the rack, the inquisition and the fagot to keep the people submissive.

Whoever heard of the recall of a subsidized judge in the good old days of King Charles of Spain or Catherine de Medici of France? And to think of the common people—the working class—the "serfs"—being entitled to the wealth they produce as Socialism advocates, why, the proposition is simply awful to the tenth century intellect of Archbishop Ireland.

"Socialism, unprincipled in theory, wild and violent in method, is to-day the peril of lands, whatsoever their form of government," says Archbishop Ireland. "It is the absolute denial of the right to private property," he cries.

"The absolute denial of the right to property"—don't burst out laughing—the archbishop really said it, according to the Globe-Democrat. He was undoubtedly addressing the fellows who have swiped all the private property that lies out of doors. The archbishop didn't mean you poor victims that don't own enough private property to load a wheelbarrow.

He is on to his job, the archbishop is.

What he is really scared about is that you will get onto yours.

If Socialism means anything on the top side of God's green earth, it means that the working class shall own all the private property, because they produce it all. It means that everybody—every last mother's son of them—will have to join the working class in order to own any private property. This is the vision that makes Archbishop Ireland and all the rest of the privileged class squirm. They're afraid they will have to go to work in order to eat. They've been having such a pleasant ride for so long, oh! so long a time on the backs of the toilers that they hate to think they will have to get off and walk—and also work.

The "denial of the right to private property"—holy smoke, what an astounding nerve has Archbishop Ireland, whose very name is taken from a land doubly damned by the Christless social system he so ardently upholds. Does he forget his own Irish peasantry, crushed and outraged by English lords who own all the private property that the blood and sweat of these peasants have produced? Before the sows farrow the title of every litter of pigs in Ireland has passed to an idle loafer to pay the rent of the poor peasant.

If there is any country on earth that needs Socialism and needs it now, it is Ireland. The kith and kin of his eminence, the archbishop, are as destitute of private property as the archbishop is of the vital teachings of Jesus, and so long as this kith and kin of his absorb the "capitalist" dope of the archbishop and shy at the message of Socialism, they will remain in their century-old condition of poverty and misery and continue to hand over all the private property they produce to the bunch of useless snobs that applaud the utterances of the archbishop.

But don't worry. There is no people on earth that the blazing light of Socialism is not going to reach. Many a thousand noble and self-sacrificing comrade has sprung from Irish soil, and the gospel of brotherhood and equal opportunity in the means of life, and the private ownership of all the good things the toiler produces, will redeem and bless the world when the curse of mythology and plutocracy have gone forever.—National Rip Saw.

#### DEATH-BED CONVERSIONS.

By A. M. Simons.

The Roosevelt party is the death-bed conversion of American capitalism. Its appearance is a sign that the Socialist party had reached manhood and was about to displace the senile defenders of things as they are and enter into its inheritance. The Roosevelt platform is simply a hypodermic injection of dope by which his backers hope to get one more run out of a broken-down horse. They do not expect him to win the race, but they figure that he can interfere with and foul the only dangerous contestant and thus permit one of the ringers to get away with the money.

Roosevelt, falling off the Republican elephant, remembered the theological doggerel describing a sinner who under similar circumstances—

"Between the saddle and ground  
He mercy sought and found.

and hastened to confess the sine of his entire class and steal the semblance of all the virtues in sight. Unlike the woman who celebrated her camp-meeting conversion by giving all her false hair to a sister, "Because," she explained, "it was dragging my soul straight to eternal damnation." Roosevelt has decked himself with a lot of paste jewelry carefully cut and polished up to resemble those hitherto found only in the Socialist platform.

This conversion of decrepid capitalism is much overdue. Other nations confessed long ago. Bismark led the way for Germany. Lloyd-George is now on his knees for England, and sees across the channel the renegades, Briand, Viviani and Millerand telling the tale of their sins and promising repentance.

Four years ago these professions of conversion would have carried conviction of repentance. Today they carry only conviction of sin and suspicion of hypocrisy.

Two years ago Roosevelt was spreading foul libels against the mothers, wives and daughters of Socialists in the hope of checking the growth of Socialism. Today he is cooing like a sucking dove to call Socialists to his support. Until he has apologized for his descent into a depth of political degeneration touched by no other man even in the foul slime of American politics it would seem that those women who are rushing to his standard owe an apology to their sex.

A few have complained and more exulted that Roosevelt has stolen planks from the Socialist party platform. Some one has counted twenty-one of these filched planks.

Against every such promise of reform there are a hundred sins of performance.

Against his promises of trust control there stands his performance in the Alton steal, the Tennessee Coal and Iron absorption, the defense of the Harvester Trust against prosecution and the faithful support of the trusts in his campaign.

Against the profuse promises of love for the worker there rises the ghost of his performances at Croton Dam, his anxiety to use a spiked club on laborers while police commissioner, his efforts to hang imprisoned union men whenever opportunity offered and his enactment and enforcement of the "gag-rule" in the postoffice.

Against his death-bed conversion to woman suffrage is placed his disgustingly repeated injunctions to the women of America to become mere breeders of wage slaves.

Against his loud-voiced protestations of democracy it is necessary only to place "me, my, mine, I, IT."

Against his wild wails for purity in political matters there rises the veil of silence that hangs over the sources of his own campaign fund, the stench of the Harriman letter and the clamor of the bosses clinging about him.

With his very posturing stolen from the second Napoleon, with his plan of campaign taken from Bismark and Lloyd-George, with the wording of his platform lifted bodily from the Socialist party, this political Fagin rallies his deluded followers with the slogan "Thou shalt not steal."

Karl Marx, in commenting upon the career of the Second Napoleon (with whom it is almost impossible to avoid comparing Roosevelt), said that it was true that historic events repeated themselves, but the second time as a farce. When Bismark first sought to stem the flood of revolution with the straws



of reform he was an almost heroic figure as the leader of a lost cause. When Roosevelt struts and poses in the semblance of Bismark, decked in cheap imitations of the Bismarkian reforms the result is as farcical as a straw-stuffed scare-crow at the head of an army.

Nor will the size of his following make him any less of a farce. Again we are reminded that although Napoleon the Little was twice endorsed by a referendum he is still the colossal joke of history. But I wonder how when his hollowness was exposed those people felt who voted to endorse him.

It is bad to be sham, but to meekly follow a sham is, for real men and women, something infinitely worse.—Coming Nation.



#### THE BLACK FLAG OR THE RED.

The pitfalls are behind you—it is backwards, or ahead to Labor's Land of Promise with the Comrades of the Red; the siren song of trimmers is but the poison cup to stupefy your sense while the bandits held you up; they are prowling wolves in sheepskin—they are modern Robin Hoods, who love you like a brother if you'll let them take the goods. The call is gone around the world and labor keeps the tryst; there is no middle ground to take; it's Mammon or the Christ; we know no alien clan or clime, the boundaries are fled; in the struggle of the ages it's the black flag or the red! No compromise with death and hell, no quarter in the fight, the cunning of the robber class is pitted 'gainst our might; no matter where the chips may fall, we're hewing to the line—the fruit belongs to labor, and the earth is yours and mine! The ghastly ghost of poverty shall stalk the land no more; forever shall be cast aside the implements of war; no longer to the greedy mills shall tread the children's feet; no longer shall starvation wage drive maidens to the street; no longer shall the mother hear the grinding sweatshop call—Great Babylon is tottering and by God! the beast shall fall! The monster spawn of Mammon shall topple from the throne, and Labor, crowned a conqueror, shall come into its own! It's the battle of the ages, and Labor keeps the tryst—we meet the issue fact to face—it's Mammon or the Christ! the old frontiers are vanished and the old ensigns are dead—you must choose one or the other, the Black flag or the Red!—Henry M. Tichenor, the Rip-Saw Poet.

#### THE TEST.

One of old advised: "Let be. If this be false, it will come to naught; but if it be true, shall we fight against God?"

Organized labor has not had an undisturbed existence. It has progressed in the face of the fiercest and most persistent opposition that has ever enlisted the antagonism of men. Surely there are the soundest elements in an institution that has progressed in the face of such assaults.

All who have studied the progress of this aggressive and irresistible organization will agree with John K. Ingram, L.L.D.:

"Attacked and denounced as scarcely any other institution ever has been, the unions have thriven and grown in the face of opposition. This healthy vitality has been due to the fact that they were a genuine product of social needs—indispensable as a protest and a struggle against the abuses of industrial government, and inevitable as a consequence of that consciousness of strength inspired by the concentration of numbers under the new conditions of industry. They have been, as is now admitted by almost all candid minds, instruments of progress. Not to speak of the material advantages they have gained for workmen, they have developed powerful sympathies among them, and taught them the lesson of self-sacrifice in the interest of their brethren, and, still more, of their successors. They have infused a new spirit of independence and self-respect. They have brought some of the best men to the front, and given them the ascendancy due to their personal qualities and desirable in the interests of society."—Los Angeles Citizen.

#### BRITANNIA MINES REFUSE PERMISSION TO VISIT THE MINE.

##### Western Federation of Miners Will Apply for Federation Investigation Board at Once.

For some months there has been trouble brewing in some of the mining camps along the Pacific coast, owing to discrimination being shown against union officials by the managers of one or two companies operating metaliferous mines in this territory.

So far as the Britannia mines are concerned the issue came to a showdown last Monday, when Secretary Webb was refused permission to again visit the mines for the purpose of transacting union business. As the company owns the property round about the mines, the company had the big end of the argument, temporarily, at least.

Organizer William Davidson was wired for and he intends to at once call upon the Department of Labor at Ottawa to appoint a board of investigation, when the issues will be given the light of publicity and the miners will find out where they are. Failing a settlement by this means, the members of Britannia Miners' Union will try other methods, if not so acceptable at least more forcible.

There are already too many modern "plantations" in British Columbia in the mining, timber and pulp mill camps, and the miners propose to snuff a few of the more arrogant ones out before it is too late. And if one is to judge by the past record of the Western Federation of Miners, it must be admitted that they seldom start anything they are unable to finish. The result of the present little controversy will be watched with keen interest by every unionist in the province.—British Columbia Federationist.

#### AS TO OUR IMMIGRATION LAWS.

Isn't it funny how immigration laws work?

A few days ago a little ten-year-old Scotch girl came to New York with her grandmother. She was refused admission. The law says girls must be accompanied by their parents. Not having any parents she could not comply with the law, so must go back to Scotland. Our great republic was protected from the possibility of harboring a pauper.

While this was going on at New York, the immigration law was working differently at another place. These other workings were first noticed at Lawrence Massachusetts, where a few months ago there was a strike of mill operatives. New faces began to appear at Lawrence. They were dark, negro-like faces. There were several hundred of them.

Investigation developed the fact that they are the beginning of a new

stream of immigration, which was easily traced from Lawrence to New Bedford and from New Bedford to the Cape Verde islands. On these islands dwell a race of people who speak a dialect of Portuguese and who are descendants of the early Portuguese settlers, crossed with the dark-skinned natives who were reduced to slavery by the adventurers who exploited the new world discoveries.

These dark-skinned laborers, descendants of slaves, are cheaper than the Portuguese and twenty-six other alien tribes previously brought to Lawrence from Southern Europe to work in the tariff-protected mills. They are cheaper and more ignorant. They have not yet learned about such things as strikes, and they are not troubled about maintaining the high standard of living of the American workman, which is such an inspiration to the politician on the stump defending the American protective tariff system.

But the immigration law? Isn't it funny how it works?—Wisconsin State Journal.

#### THE BEES AND THE HORNETS.

By Ellis C. Jones.

Once upon a time a swarm of busy Bees made and stored a large quantity of honey in order to provide for their wants during the long winter. But it so happened one day, when the Bees were not watching, a swarm of Hornets came along, pre-empted the honey and claimed it as their own by right of discovery.

Then ensued a great dispute lasting for a long time. Lawyers were called in, and the more they talked the more confused grew the issue, until even some of the Bees thought that the Hornets had the best claim to the honey.

At length they decided to leave the question to the Wasp as judge. The Wasp stayed awake as well as he could and listened while contesting parties presented their respective arguments.

When they had finished, the Wasp said he would take the question under advisement and render his decision as soon as compatible with a careful examination of the law and the facts.

Several years later the Wasp handed down his decision in favor of the Hornets. He said that it had been an exceptionally difficult case to decide, because common sense seemed to favor the Bees. On the other hand, he declared, everything else, such as the constitution, the statutes, and the welfare of business, was on the side of the Hornets. He explained that, while the Bees may once have had rights, they had slept on them so long that they had them no longer. Furthermore, inasmuch as the Hornets had been in possession of the honey for so long a period of time amply covered by the statute of limitations, the honey must be viewed, not in the light of stolen goods, but rather as unearned increment, to deprive them of the veriest title of which, even for purposes of taxation, would be nothing less than confiscation, a process which is especially abhorrent to people who have things to which they are not entitled.

The Hornets were so pleased with this decision that a year or two later they had Wasp appointed chief justice of the Supreme Court.—Puck.

#### SABOTAGE.

"Sabotage" is a word of French origin. In English, as favored by its friends, it means, "force—anything to win." It was practically unknown in this country until W. D. Haywood discovered it on his recent European trip. Since then it has been urged by both he and the Chicago wing of the Industrial Workers of the World, who declare against political action, and who are called "the bummers" by the Detroit faction of the same organization.

Under the "sabotage" plan of striking, men don't walk out. They stay on the job and whenever they find opportunity, they destroy property. In the coal region, they would ruin the mine by flooding it with water, by putting pumps "accidentally" out of commission. In a machine shop, emery dust would be mysteriously placed in the machinery. In France it has been said that waiters "accidentally" put castor oil in the vinegar bottles.

The scheme appeals to the ignorant and base among workers. It is defended by "revolutionary" editors, interested in booming their circulation; alleged intellectuals, who are ignorant of unionism or even work shops; and platform orators who see in this theory good advertising material, because it stamps them as "revolutionists."

It doesn't take a brave man to advocate "sabotage." In fact it's a coward's doctrine. It calls for no intelligence in its application, and results in a terrorism that the Nihilist of Russia, who risks his life, would scorn. The doctrine of "sabotage" grows where intelligence is at a low ebb. Its public defenders are aware of this psychology, and appeal to the victims of repression and force, who have been dumped on our shores by brutal capitalists, now called upon to pay the cost by facing a doctrine foreign to our institutions and belief.

The cause of "sabotage" is the employers. Men like Haywood could not successfully defend "sabotage" if the cause did not exist. "Sabotage" will never solve anything—it is destruction. It is not constructive. It does not demand brains, reason or logic. It rests on force that strikes in the dark, and will therefore never win—any more than the present practices of capitalists can continue without interruption and without check.

If "sabotage" is right, so is war. And so is brute force in any other form, regardless of who it is favored by.—Toledo Union Leader.

#### SOME ANTI-SOCIALIST "ARGUMENTS."

"It will break up the home," pipes up the white slaver, as he sees his easy living slipping away from him. Quite so, kind friends, Socialism will break up a few homes. It will break up the home of a thousand rooms occupied by the multi-millionaire. It will break up a few of the "orphans' homes," now kept going to provide fat jobs for doddering old "charity workers" who ought to be earning an honest living instead of skinning the breakfasts of fatherless babes in order to win kind words for their "economy" from capitalist committees. It will break up a few houses of prostitution; but for the worker it will provide the fairest home that his hands will care to build, or that his labors for society will entitle him to own.

"It has been tried and failed," barks the antediluvian ape who doesn't know yet the machinery has been discovered, and that, if we let it, machinery will now practically do the work of the world.

"Who will do the dirty work?" gasps the carefully manicured mannikin of the pink tea and the drawing room. Well, little one, it wouldn't hurt you or your kind to do a little of the dirty work that the working class have been forced to do through the centuries.

"It will mean free love!" gulps the keeper of the house of prostitution. Well, why not free love in preference to purchased love? Isn't it about time that love was free instead of being the exclusive property of the man with a bank roll? Isn't it about time that men and women should have a chance to live and love and have their being in freedom and content? Free, not only to love, but to marry as well and to establish happy homes, where the wives would not be forced to sell themselves to pay the grocery bill; nor the daughters forced to go into department stores which have been rightly called "the front gate to hell." How many young men would like to marry right now, but know that they can't afford to keep wives? The full product of their labor—



Socialism—would mean to these men a chance to marry, instead of the lives they lead to-day.

"Everybody would be a slave of the state," remarks the flat-browed jasper whose head aches every time he tries to think. So, if the workers had a chance to own the tools of production, and had a chance to vote on the boss of the shop as they now vote for mayors and dog-catchers, we'd all be slaves would we? Well, then, little pimple on the face of the earth, we'd just vote ourselves free.

Say, aren't the "arguments" against Socialism a ridiculous line of slush to try to put over on grown-up people? When they spring any of those things on you, you can set it down as a fact that they pick you out for a mental featherweight.—Buffalo Socialist.

#### CHILD LABOR IN MISSISSIPPI.

There has in recent years grown up another child employing industry in Mississippi which in some of its aspects is as bad as the cotton mill. It is the business of shucking and canning oysters and packing shrimps along the gulf coast. These children, in contrast to the children of the cotton mills, who are almost altogether of Mississippi stock, are mostly foreign children imported from Maryland and Delaware, where they are employed in the great truck gardens and berry fields and the vegetable canneries during the summer months, on account of the effective laws of those states, and then are brought to the gulf coast during the shrimp and oyster season. Thus they get no chance at all at an education. L. W. Hine, in making a report of conditions, says:

"February 24, 1911, I asked the manager of a certain packing house for permission to take some photos, and he said very emphatically that they permitted no one to take photos around the place while workers were there, because of the fact that they might be used by child labor people. On my own responsibility, then, I visited the plant at 5 a. m., February 25, 1911, before the manager arrived and spent some time there. They all began work that morning at 4 a. m., but it is usually 3 a. m. on busy days. The little ones were there, too, and some babies—one, off in the corner, with a mass of quilts piled over it. From 4 a. m. the entire force worked until 4 p. m., with only enough time snatched from work during the day in which to take a few hurried bites. The breakfast, got in a hurry and in the dark, was not likely very nourishing. Sound asleep on the floor, rolled up against the steam chest, for it was a cold morning, was little Frank, 8 years old, a boy who works some. His sister, Mamie, 9 years old and an eager, nimble worker, said: 'He's lazy. I used to go to school, but mother won't let me now because I shuck so fast.' I found considerable complaint about sore fingers, caused by handling the shrimps. The fingers of many of the children are actually bleeding before the end of the day. They say it is the acid in the head of the shrimp that causes it. One manager told me that six hours was all that most pickers could stand the work. Then the fingers are so sore they have to stop. Some soak the fingers in an alum solution to harden them. Another drawback to the shrimp packing is the fact that the shrimps have to be kept ice cold all the time to preserve them. It would seem that six hours or less of handling icy shrimps would be bad for the children especially.

"The mother of 3-year-old Mary said she really does help considerably. So does a 5-year-old sister, but they said the youngest was the best worker."—Chicago Evening World.

#### THE OUTCAST.

I walked abroad in the city, and it chanced, as I passed underneath the porch of the palatial hotel known to men as Menzies that I saw my sister, whose hair was loose, and hanging dishevelled behind her.

Once it must have been beautiful, where it rested in lovely coils on a brow that was smooth, and which overshadowed eyes flashing with laughing innocence.

Her clothes hung in dragging carelessness on a figure all loose and shameful now, but once so different.

Her years might total twenty-eight at most. I noticed that in her efforts to advance she staggered fearfully, and from her lips proceeded maudlin speeches meaning nothing. Like the monkeys, she gibbered. Could anything on earth, I thought, give one greater food for reflection, or provide a more fitting theme for sorrow.

She clung to the only lamp post which happened to get in her line of advance, and swayed herself to an infernal, muttered, ribald tune. She is, suddenly the red-faced men weld their peace, as the door of the palace opened to allow a servant of one who was a carpenter; who knew sorrow, and was acquainted with grief; whose friends are the publican and the sinner, and who found his chief delight in those who knew no virtue, and who numbered among his friends also, Magdalene.

The cabmen, with faces colored a hue more deep than lies in the depths of one pint, from their viewpoint in the cab box, hailed the fallen woman with jests brutal and unkind, which she could not understand. But quite their peace, as the door of the palace opened to allow a servant of one who was a carpenter; who knew sorrow, and was acquainted with grief; whose friends are the publican and the sinner, and who found his chief delight in those who knew no virtue, and who numbered among his friends also, Magdalene.

I observed him to be short of stature. His round, well fed body had long ago lost the last trace of symmetry and supported a face, round, sleek and glossy.

On the head rose up the modern tall hat, clinging tenaciously, as if to say, "I sit on legitimate ground."

I observed the emissary of charity, as his eye fell on the ruined picture in front of him. He spoke not, although the eye grew hard, and his features assumed a wooden pose. Three or four seconds he looked, and, pulling his coat around him, he crossed to the other side, and passed away. What of the woman? She is sinking down unheeded. It is nobody's business?—Ecrease, in Melbourne Socialist.

#### THE PIPERS' STRIKE IN ANCIENT ROME.

As the public mind is now much occupied with the subject of strikes, perhaps a brief account of a notable strike that occurred in Rome in the year 309 B. C., may not be without interest.

The pipers in ancient Rome were originally a small company whose duties were to furnish solemn music at the public sacrifices and at funerals. In virtue of their quasi religious character they dined at the public expense in the temple of Jupiter. But in process of time and with the growth of luxury, it became the fashion to engage their services for private entertainments. With this increasing demand their numbers greatly increased, and they began to be looked upon as mere hired musicians. So in the year mentioned the censors deprived them of their daily dinner in the temple. The touchy artists took this in high dudgeon and to a man picked up their pipes and marched out of Rome to Tibur (now Tivoli.)

The Romans were struck with consternation at this unlooked for coup, not for the loss of the music, but because no sacrifice could be offered without the proper devotional tootings, and without sacrifices no campaign could

be begun, no army march, no consuls be inaugurated—in a word, all public and much private business would be at a standstill.

The Senate, recognizing the gravity of the situation, dispatched envoys to the Tiburtines, entreating them to send the pipers back. The Tiburtines were willing to do what they could and, assembling the strikers in the curia, besought them to return. The pipers said that there was nothing to arbitrate; if their temple dinners were restored they would go back—on no other condition would they budge. The Tiburtines, a superstitious generation, did not dare to use force with men, who, whatever their failings, had a sort of semi-sacred character.

A council was called to discuss the matter. In the discussion, one citizen remarked that pipers were notorious winebibbers (*vina avidum genus*) and that in that weakness might lie the solution of the difficulty. The council caught the idea and proceeded to act upon it. On the next holiday all the wealthy citizens gave musicales, at which they supplied the musicians with wine so liberally that they lost consciousness of sublunary things, upon which the Tiburtines loaded them on wagons, drove them that night to Rome and left them still fast asleep in the forum.

Great was the joy of the Romans the next morning to find their pipers back. They besought them never to leave them again, restored the temple dinners, and gave them and their successors for all time to come the privilege of celebrating their victory by marching in solemn procession through Rome every year on the ides of June, piping triumphantly. And this festive celebration continued certainly for 300 years, and possibly for 600.—Union Leader.

#### POSTAL SAVINGS BANKS—FOR THE BANKERS.

The Republican party is already beginning to campaign for the votes of the working men on the ground that it established the postal savings banks to protect the "plain people."

The Republican party established postal savings banks all right. But do not think for a moment that they established them for the plain people. They established them for the bankers.

In the first place, the law provides that no postal savings bank shall accept deposits amounting to more than \$500. In the second place, the interest is only 2 per cent. In the third place, 95 per cent of all the funds collected by postal savings banks must be redeposited in private banks.

Now, what do all these regulations mean? Simply this. The government is to act as a collection agency to gather up funds of immigrants and others who are afraid to put their money in the ordinary commercial banks. After having gathered up the money the government then turns it over to these commercial banks which the immigrants and many others do not trust. A wonderful system, isn't it? The government gets only 2½ per cent interest on these deposits from the commercial banks.

Let us suppose that the government should establish a system of postal savings bank for the people instead of for the bankers. What would the rules be in such a case? First of all, there would be no limitation on the size of the deposit. If a man happened to have a thousand dollars he could deposit that just as easily as ten dollars.

Secondly, 3 or 4 per cent interest would be paid on all deposits. Of course, that would put the government banks in direct competition with the private commercial banks and most of them would have to go out of business. But why shouldn't the government give the best possible service to its citizens?

Enormous funds would soon be accumulated in such banks, and instead of redepositing them in commercial banks the government would buy municipal bonds from cities like Chicago, getting 4 or 4½ per cent interest; it might loan money to Farmers' Co-operative Associations to enable them to conduct co-operative dairies, stores and other enterprises, as is done in European countries; it might loan money to co-operative associations to build model workmen's dwellings; in short, it might use these funds in a thousand different ways to assist the working people and at the same time have such good security that it would never lose a penny.

But, as we said before, the Republican party did not establish this postal savings bank system for the people; it is established for the bankers.

After we have elected a few Socialist workmen to Congress we may get a real postal savings bank system, which will not only be a secure depository for the working people's small savings, but will utilize those savings for the improvement of conditions under which the workers live.—Chicago Evening World.

#### DIFFERENT KINDS OF SLAVERY.

A man is a slave when another man is able to determine the character of his labor and take from him the product of his toil.

In one form or another slavery has existed for many ages. It could not arise until a man produced more than was required to keep him alive. No man wants to own a person who does not produce more than it costs to feed and clothe and house him, any more than a farmer will keep a cow or horse that "eats its head off."

Very soon after man began to use tools and domesticate plants and animals, the worker could produce a little more than his subsistence.

Slavery was then possible because profitable. The master had only to watch his slaves. By taking from each one what he produced above his "keep" the master secured his own living without working. At that time it was much trouble to guard the slaves.

Later on, when all land was made private property, watching was no longer necessary. The slave was given a certain piece of ground upon which to live and work, on condition that he give a portion of his time to the landlord.

Chattel slavery gave place to serfdom and the race had moved up one stage. The serf was bought and sold with the land, but he could not be driven off it. During his "free" time he produced his own "keep." During the rest of the time he worked for his master.

By and by the tools with which the work was done became great, complex machines, requiring hundreds of laborers to operate them.

No one could live unless he could get to these machines. Therefore it was no longer necessary to stand over the laborer with a club as in chattel slavery, or legally to fasten him to the land as in serfdom.

The master needed only to own the tools. This would enslave the workers as completely as the more primitive club or the later landlordism.

Now and then a more shrewd, lucky or unscrupulous laborer would escape out of the slave class into the master class. The hope of doing this made the other slaves work harder than ever. Moreover, it enabled the defenders of the system to point to this fact as proof that there were no classes and that slavery had been forever abolished.

The best thing about this last system from the point of view of the masters was that these latest tools were so productive that only an hour or two per day of the laborer's time was required to produce his "keep." During all the rest of the time he was working for the owner of the tools.

Consequently the fortunes gathered by chattel slave and wage slave owners fade into insignificance beside the colossal accumulations of the modern capitalist.

The wage slave has this striking advantage over the chattel slave and the serf that he carries the key to unlock his own fetters.

The ownership which enslaves him is established by law. The making



of law is in the hands of the majority. The wage workers make up a majority.

When they really have intelligence enough to use their ballots to alter the system by which the things necessary to the life of all are owned, so that these things will be owned by those who use them, there will be no more slavery.—Social-Democratic Herald.

### WRONG CAN NOT ENDURE.

#### But It Devolves Upon Those Suffering Evil to Inaugurate Right.

The pages of history are red with retribution that comes to the whole people through centralization in the hands of a few, for centralized wealth is not prosperity, but disease, congestion and destruction. No man or civilization can escape this retribution; it lies not in the power of man, of government or armies to make practicable what is elementally wrong. No religion can go deep enough to bring forth universal, individual nobleness out of a political or economic system that enslaves souls by enslaving labor. No law or custom is mighty or sacred enough to bring forth peace and order out of injustice and elemental disorder; it is beyond the power of the kings or parliament, priests or politicians to bring forth good effects from bad causes, and there is no civilization strong enough, to prevent that which is elementally right from becoming the ultimate and universal might. A house built upon the sands cannot be made safer by priestly steeples, political declarations and police protection. The longer and stronger the building, the more appalling and complete the ruin. A civilization built upon fraud, which forces gambling, lying, stealing and political debauchery, capitalism and slave labor, simply builds for its own retribution. Unless the universe be a lie, such civilization cannot stand. We build on a sure foundation only when we build a system that has for its end the co-operative association, the common wholeness, the common freedom, the common abundance and gladness of all men and women. Nature convicts our impoverishing civilization to its face, for profusion of life offers resources enough for abundance of life, for countless billions of human beings and will never consent that these resources should be appropriated by the few for the exploitation of the many. Socialism comes with a program of principles for a new system of society, the first proposition for social order that has ever been presented to the world. Mankind has not yet had anything that can properly be called social order. Society has not yet been established. The materials for the building of a human world are here, but the establishment remains to be undertaken. The task of establishing a coherent and free society is the mightiest to which man has summoned himself. It is up to the wage earners to build that free society. We know that some of you are indulging in the popular saying that Socialism might answer for a society of angels, but not for a society of human beings, such as we are; that we must wait until we have a better brand of human beings before we can have Socialism. All of which is very like saying that it is not safe to cure a man of a disease until he gets well, or like saying that we will not come in out of the rain until we first get dry, or like refusing to abolish the devil in order that we may preserve the job of saving the people from him. It is a strange superstition that makes men regard what they know to be elementally good as dangerous in practice and what they know to be elementally wrong as practically safe. Socialism strikes at the root of the chief cause of our unangelic conduct, and proposes to abolish that slavery, and competition and capitalism which sends all its force in the direction of making men brutal and dishonest.—Ex.

### THE CAPITALIST PRESS NOT ENTITLED TO THE CONFIDENCE OF THE WORKING CLASS.

The American people are not fools—the trouble with them is that they know a lot of things that are not so.

Right now the most important work to do is to destroy confidence in the capitalist press.

The capitalist press has already started the job in good shape. There are hundreds of thousands of people who no longer believe what they see "writ," just because it is "writ."

But there are still hundreds of thousands, aye millions, who believe every blessed thing they read in the capitalist papers, even though the falsity of the statements is so glaring that the slightest knowledge of the real facts would prove them so.

The trouble is that so many people take only one paper, or one "kind" of papers, and have little opportunity to get the "other side" of the controversy, or even to know that there is a controversy.

The working class must be weaned from the capitalist press!

Millions of working men are still "listening to their master's voice" through these mouthpieces of the wage system, and they are kept constantly misinformed on all the questions of vital importance to the working class.

I do not say that the working class should cease to read the capitalist papers—it is, perhaps, wise that we continue to read them in order to understand what they are up to, with regard to the labor movement. But—I do say that we should no longer believe them, when it comes to questions of importance to the working class, for if we do we are sure to be trapped into believing what is not so, and again I reiterate that this is just the trouble with the masses of the people today.

Here is another point worth careful consideration: I have said that the American people are not fools—that they know a lot of things that are not so. I wish to add to this that they know a lot of things that are so, but are unimportant. And, having their minds full of unimportant things, it keeps them from filling their minds with the really important things that pertain to their economic welfare.

Nine workmen out of ten today can tell you more about baseball than they can about economics. Some of them know by heart the batting averages of all the so-called great players, while others can give you the complete history of all the prize fighters on the mat, while still others are up on the "ponies," and not a few are posted on the stars and satellites of the theatrical world.

These things are all right for recreation, but when a workman fills his mind with such dope, to the exclusion of an actual and positive knowledge of the fundamental economic situation that affects himself, his family and his class, then they become vicious and dangerous.

The crying need of the hour is that the working people shall study and understand the great economic problem of the class struggle. To do this much time must be given to the subject, not reading the capitalist press with its half truths and untruths, but reading the books, magazines and papers of the working class movement, the most remarkable literature of any world movement.—From "The Prophet and the Ass."

### TRUSTS PAY THEIR WAY.

The daily press is stirring the public with large headlines announcing the fact that the Standard Oil contributed \$125,000 to Theodore Roosevelt's campaign in 1904. The most remarkable fact is that the great interest which the public seems to take in the perfectly obvious and natural proceeding. The Republican and Democratic campaigns, and especially the former, have been

financed by the trusts and big business interests of the United States since those parties came in existence.

The Republican party has been financed by the large organized industries—industries which have been created by tariffs, bounties and land grants.

Every party represents the interests of some class. The Republican party has always represented the large industrial and financial interests of this country. The Democratic party is now making a bid for the support of these industries, and it is securing it. Some of the big trusts are now backing Wilson—the gas companies of Chicago and New York City, the sugar industry through Spreckles in the West. And, we need nothing more to emphasize this fact than the Democratic platform, in which there was not sufficient courage to even question the Aldrich banking plan, which proposes to farm out the treasury of the United States for fifty years to Wall street robbers.

Every one must pay the fiddler. The capitalists of this country propose to control this country, and to do this they must own a political party, the one in power, and then to place and keep this party in power they must advance the necessary money to create the enthusiasm, the music, fireworks, the false issue and flamboyant speeches and flowery letters of acceptance. They must contribute the money to organize Taft and Wilson "labor" clubs to support capitalist candidates and get labor leaders to organize them. They must finance the newspapers filled with editorials favoring their interests. This all costs money.

Theodore Roosevelt was the champion candidate of the wealthy class of the United States. It was natural and proper that the trusts should pay the expense of placing their representative—tools and servants in public office.

The most remarkable and astounding circumstance would be the fact that the Standard Oil, railroad and steam industries, and Wall street did not contribute and put up to elect the Republican ticket in 1904 and 1908. The most astounding fact now would be the failure of the corporations to contribute to elect a conservative Democratic Congress and Mr. Wilson in 1912. The most astounding fact of all would be to find these corporations contributing to the election of Debs.

A political party can not rise higher than the ideals, the purpose and objects of the class which it represents and an economic class will never contribute, support or finance a party which does not represent its interests.

The Republican party has represented big business and organized industries and they have paid its expenses. The Democratic party for years past represented the small producer and the small producer financed the Democratic party.

The Socialist party represents the working class and the working class has financed the campaigns of the Socialist party.

The Socialist party is proud of the financial and moral support it secures from the working class of this country because it is of, for and by the working class.

The reason the Republican and Democratic parties are always attempting to deny financial assistance from the large corporations and Wall street is to blind the working people to the fact that these parties represent the capitalists and multi-millionaire industries of the country, and to make the workers believe that they, as a capitalist party, represent all the people. The thunder and lightning over the Standard Oil contribution is stage thunder and electric light. Behind the scenes every plutocratic actor laughs and knows that they want contributions from the class of which the capitalist parties are a part and from which they spring and whose purpose they expect to serve.

The capitalists are wondering if they can continue the sham, or if at last the mask has fallen off and the simplest child can see the real situation.—Chicago Evening World.

### INDUSTRIAL UNIONISM—ITS SUPERIORITY OVER THE OLD STYLE TRADE UNIONISM.

Industrial unionism means, as the name implies, organization on the lines of industry as opposed to trade, and it permits and promotes the strike of a whole industry, or, if necessary, the strike of a whole series of industries, in order to defend or promote the interests of the worker.

Because of the class basis and industrial structure all workers in and about the mines join the mining industrial union without regard to nationality, trade or sex, recognizing an injury to one as the concern of all and acting accordingly. That is certainly better than a federation of fifty odd unions, each with a staff of leaders and different agreement, taking local action without regard to other localities. This industrial form of organization renders it possible for us to strike a mine solidly from top to bottom, or, if necessary, the entire mining industry from end to end. If that will not suffice, we call on other industrial workers to come to our assistance. Such a course would hardly be necessary, however, for they would take action in a very short time, for as the mining section of the Industrial Workers of Great Britain, we would be related to them, and not only to them, but to the Industrial Workers of the World, the industrial unions of Great Britain being simply the British section of an international working class movement. Organized on these lines, there would be some sense in sending representatives to the International Miners' Conference, and some sense also in talking about and passing resolutions declaring the intention of the international miners to cease work in time of war and to paralyze the navies of the combatants. At present such talk and resolutions are mere wind, and those who talk about and pass them, are either fools or knaves. Far from being able to cease work in time of war and line up internationally, we are not even organized to cease work in parts of Britain, and in "strike" times we scab on each other, and, when not doing that, we show our appreciation of international solidarity by scabbing on the French, German and Belgian miners.

What appreciation of international solidarity can the members of the cut-throat Miners' Federation of Britain have? And where class and national industrial interest is not recognized, is it likely that the miners could be persuaded to cease work because of a war? It is idle to talk of ceasing work internationally at present, and will remain so until the workers have the industrial form of organization based on the class struggle. Then, and not till then, will comradeship exist, the union be open to all, and, so far as scab labor is concerned, the mines, factories and workshops be closed.

Not only in the matter of structural form and basis does industrial unionism differ from trades unionism, but in the matter of fundamental aim, methods and tactics as well. Whereas the trade union confines itself to wages, hours of labor, and so on, and has as its ideal, "A fair day's pay for a fair day's work," industrial unionism, based on the mutual economic interests of all workers and the solidarity flowing therefrom, aims not only at the betterment of the conditions of the workers' lot, but at abolition of the wages system, and has as its ideal the adjustment of production and distribution to the modern system of industry, or, in other words, the social ownership and control of the means of livelihood. Industrial unionism teaches that wages are simply the price of the worker's power to labor, and not the reward of the full product, and that it is nonsense to talk of "fair wages;" further, that this buying and selling of labor power places the worker on a level with coal, pig-



iron, wood or any other commodity. Accordingly, industrial unionism works for the abolition of the wages system.

The aim, "abolition of the wages system," stamps industrial unionism distinctly from all other forms of unionism. Whereas they intended the wages system to endure forever and were based on a theory that reflected, so to speak, the conditions of a day, industrial unionism intends the working class to be triumphant, and declares that there can be no peace between the man who is down and the man who fattens on his back, and that a struggle must go on until the workers come together on the industrial and the political field, and take and hold that which they produce by their labor. It is based on the class struggle—on a theory that reflects the vital movements of the working class—and is pushed forward by economic development. It draws its life blood from the struggle between the workers and the masters, and it will grow strong and gather energy and experience as the struggle intensifies. The class struggle will become evident to the least informed of the workers, and the soundness of industrial unionism will be demonstrated day by day through the experiences which the working class makes in its development under capitalism. Real defeat it will know not. Representing "the power of powers" and "a cause greater than defeat can know," it will go on until it has developed a corporate self-reliant working class—a class no longer awed by the slave moralities or the slave religion, but risen in the knowledge of its power and right.—From "Industrial Unionism and the Mining Industry," by George Harvey.

#### UNION SCABS—AND OTHERS.

By Oscar Ameringer.

There are three kinds of scabs—the professional, the amateur and union scab.

The professional scab is usually a high-paid, high-skilled worker in the employ of strike-breaking and detective agencies. His position is that of a special officer's in the regular scab army.

The amateur scab brigade is composed of riff-raff, slum dwellers, rubes, imbeciles, college students and other undesirable citizens.

Professional scabs are few and efficient. Amateur scabs are plentiful and deficient, and union scabs both numerous and capable.

The professional scab knows what he is doing, does it well and for the sake of the long green only.

The amateur scab, posing as a free born American citizen, who scorns to be fettered by union rules and regulations, gets much glory (?), little pay, and when the strike is over he is given an honorable discharge, in the region where Darwin searched for the missing link.

The union scab receives less pay than the professional scab, works better than the amateur scab and don't know that he is a scab.

He will take a pattern from a scab patternmaker, cast it in a union mould, hand the casting to as lousy a scab as ever walked in shoe leather and then proudly produce a paid-up union card in testimony of his unionism.

Way down in his heart he seems to have a lurking suspicion that there is something not altogether right in his actions, and it is characteristic of the union men who co-operates with scabs that he is ever ready to flash a union card in the face of innocent bystanders.

He don't know that a rose under any other name is just as fragrant; he don't know that calling a cat a canary won't make the feline sing, and he don't know that helping to run a shop while other workers bend all their energies in the opposite direction is scabbing. He relies on the name and seeks refuge behind a little pasteboard card.

When a strike is declared it becomes the chief duty of the organization to effect a complete shutdown of the plant. For that purpose warnings are mailed, or wired, to other places, to prevent workmen from moving to the afflicted city.

Pickets are stationed around the plant or factory, or harbor, to stop workers from taking the places of strikers. Amateur scabs are coaxed, persuaded, or bullied away from the seat of the strike. Persuasion having no effect on the professional strike-breaker, he is sometimes treated with a brick-bat shower. Shut down that plant; shut it down completely, is the watchword of the striker.

Now, while all these things are going on and men are stopped in ones and twos, a steady stream of dinner pail parades pours through the factory gate. Why are they not molested? Oh, they're union men, belonging to a different craft than the one on strike. Instead of brick-bats and insults it's "Hello, John; hello, Jim; howdy, Jack"; and other expressions of good fellowship.

#### The "57" Varieties.

You see, this is a carriage factory, and it is only the Amalgamated Association of Brimstone and Emery Polishers that are striking. The Brotherhood of Oil Rag Wipers, the Fraternal Society of White Lead Daubers, the Undivided Sons of Varnish Spreaders, the Benevolent Compilation of Woodwork Gluers, the Iron Benders' Sick and Death Benefit Union, the Oakdale Lodge of Coal Shovelers, the Martha Washington Lodge of Ash Wheelers, the Amalgamated Brotherhood of Ollers, the Engineers' Protective Lodge, the Stationary Firemen, the F. O. O. L., the A. S. S. E. S. Societies have nothing to do with the Amalgamated Association of Brimstone and Emery Polishers.

At the next regular meeting of those societies, ringing resolutions endorsing the strike of the Amalgamated Association of Brimstone and Emery Polishers will be passed. Moral support is pledged and \$5 worth of tickets are purchased for the dance given by the Ladies' Volunteer and Auxiliary Corps for the benefit of the Amalgamated Association of Brimstone and Emery Polishers.

The whole thing is like beating a man's brains out and then handing him a headache tablet.

During a very bitterly fought moulders' strike in a northern city the writer noticed one of the prettiest illustrations of the workings of plain scabbing and union scabbing.

A dense mass of strikers and sympathizers had assembled in front of the factory waiting the exit of the strike-breakers.

On they came and scabs and unionists in one dark mass. Stones, rotten eggs and other missiles began to fly, when one of the strike-breakers leaped on a store box and shouted frantically, "Stop it, stop it; for —'s sake stop it, you are hitting more unionists than scabs; you can't tell the difference."

That's it. Whenever scabs and union men work harmoniously in the strike-breaking industry all hell can't tell the difference.

To the murky conception of a union scab, scabbing is only wrong when practiced by a non-union man. To him the union card is a kind of a scab permit that guarantees him immunity from insults, brick-bats and rotten eggs.

After having instructed a green bunch of amateur scabs in the art of brimstone and emery polishing all day, he meets a striking brother in the evening and forthwith demonstrates his unionism by setting up the drinks for the latter.

Union scabbing is the legitimate offspring of craft organization. It is begotten by ignorance, born of imbecility and nourished by infamy.

My dear brother, I am sorry to be under contract to hang you, but I know it will please you to hear that the scaffold is built by union carpenters, the rope bears the label and here is my card.

This is union scabbery.—Political Action.

#### SUPERIOR TO ENVIRONMENT.

A curious illustration of the weight of prejudice against admitting the effect of a changing environment on human conduct is seen in the recent tiff between Controller Prendergast and Eugene Philbin, president of the Parks and Playgrounds Association. A report on a certain city district, to which the latter's signature was attached, stated that:

"For generations the Irish gang which frequents every corner of this district have had room to express themselves, but the closing in of the city has forced the gangs from normal athletic outlets to vicious and degenerate lives."

To which Prendergast comes back with the furious reply that the statement is an ignorant and outrageous slander, and that Philbin owes an apology to the Irish, etc. Philbin, who is himself an Irishman, later explained that he had not seen the report and if he had would not have indorsed the passage. It was customary to sign his name to reports, but not always to read them. He would not for one moment make himself "a party to any aspersion upon the race to which he has the honor himself to belong, and of whose high purposes he has always had the keenest appreciation," etc.

Possibly Prendergast and the majority of the Irish people for whom he is presumably speaking are satisfied with this foolish and unnecessary apology. It is no doubt a comforting theory to believe that the particular race to which one belongs cannot, like others, be degraded by an evil environment.

We know nothing in particular of the conditions in the district referred to, but be they as they may, what is indisputable is that the Irish, just like any other people, are affected by their surroundings, and if those surroundings are evil the inhabitants will develop vicious and evil characteristics, no matter whether they be Irish, English German, Jewish, Italian, American or any other nationality. And conversely in a wholesome, normal environment they will display good conduct and good citizenship.

The report does not in any way give the impression that the Irish are congenitally vicious and degenerate. It merely states that the gang—and perhaps the objection is really to this word—behaved normally until the district became congested, and then became vicious and degenerate through the evil conditions brought about by the congestion. The statement in itself may not be true—there may have been no such change of environment—but this hardly constitutes an "outrageous" statement, though it may be said to be "ignorant" and is certainly not the cause of Prendergast's wrathful outburst. His objection is doubtless based on the much more ignorant and foolish assumption that the Irish cannot possibly become vicious or degenerate, no matter how evil the surroundings in which they live become.

The cold fact is that thousands of Irish people have been degraded and forced into vicious and degenerate lives by just such conditions, at one time or another in the great centers of population, both of England and America, but that is no evidence of inherent viciousness or depravity on their part. Any other people under similar conditions would show similar results. That the Irish at one time did furnish a large quota of the criminality of this city is indisputable, as is also the fact that they formed the majority of what was then known as the slum element. But this was not due to any natural or racial defect, but rather to the fact that there was a great number of them, that they were the poorest people in the community, and necessarily had to live in the worst, which is to say the cheapest and poorest, environment. They were the hewers of wood and drawers of water for the more well-to-do part of the community; they worked the hardest, received the least, and their poverty—modern, industrial city poverty, not the poverty of the rural and agrarian districts they originally came from—brought forth crime among them and a criminal element.

Since then the Irish have done better, have become on the whole much richer in the world's goods, and therefore more moral, as their standing in society has improved. In their old rôle of poverty-stricken city laborers they have been supplanted by poorer elements from other countries, and those elements show almost exactly the same degree and kind of criminality that the Irish displayed a generation or so ago. The highest degree of criminality in any large metropolitan district will always be found where the poorest of the community are crowded in great numbers. And this, regardless of their race, religion or nationality.

"Nor is it an ignorant and outrageous slander" upon any people to admit these palpable facts. On the other hand, the denial of them is a display of the crudest ignorance, and all the more pitiable and ridiculous when exhibited under the presumption of "defending the honor" of the people referred to, through a blind and false national or racial pride. And we venture to say that no really intelligent Irishman will thank either Prendergast for posing in this manner as a champion of the Irish race, or Philbin for making an altogether unnecessary apology.—New York Call.



# POETICAL

## COMRADE.

Full of beauty and of grace  
 A twilight droops across a setting sun;  
 And homewards from his task with weary pace  
 A toiler thanks his God the day is done.

Full of pleasure and of peace  
 A dawn comes creeping o'er the scene;  
 And from his couch he rises he who steps must reach  
 The dawns and darks beyond, the day of hope and dream.

The day is dying or the day is born  
 On sunset worlds or worlds of sweet sunrise.  
 It matters not for him who meets both shade and storm  
 With toil-worn face and weary toil-dimmed, aching eyes.

A world of pleasure and a world of peace—  
 A dawn comes creeping o'er the scene,  
 For him who from his travail yet shall rise and reach  
 The dawns and darks towards the day of hope and dream.

JAMES ALLAN McKECHNIE.

## WHEN.

When kings and kingdoms falleth  
 And the serfs and their serfdom rise,  
 No man from the dungeon calleth  
 For the grace of a God in the skies.

We shall not bring their water,  
 Nor hand them our wine and bread,  
 Mixing our tears with their laughter,  
 Their living against our dead.

When the skies and the earth shall quiver  
 With the strength, the touch, the feel  
 Of the song and the chant of the giver  
 And the wail of the bluff and the steal.

When kings and kingdoms shall perish  
 It shall be we shall understand  
 That each of the race shall cherish  
 The strength of his own right hand;  
 Shall toil not to raise or to nourish  
 The drones and the drones' command.

JAMES ALLAN McKECHNIE.

## THE BUM ON THE RODS AND THE BUM ON THE PLUSH.

One rides on the rods beneath the car  
 And one on a cushioned chair;  
 The one is clad in poverty's rags,  
 The other doth broadcloth wear.  
 One eats a back-door charity lunch,  
 For lack of the price to pay,  
 The other is served by a waiter skilled  
 In an up-to-date café.

The one sneaks into a concert dive  
 For an hour's cheap fun and laughter,  
 The other a box at the opera has,  
 With wine and women after;  
 One sleeps in the hay, or as best one may  
 Who has no place to dwell,  
 The other has a suite of rooms  
 In the city's best hotel.

The bum on the rods is hunted down  
 As an enemy of mankind,  
 The other is driven around to the club  
 And feted and wined and dined.  
 And those who curse the bum on the rods  
 As the essence of all that's bad,  
 Meet the bum on the plush with a sycophant's smile,  
 And extend the hand so glad.

The bum on the rods is a social flea  
 That gets an occasional bite,  
 The bum on the plush is a social leech,  
 Blood-sucking by day and night;  
 The bum on the rods is a load so light  
 That his weight we scarcely feel;  
 But it takes the labor of dozens of men  
 To furnish the other a meal.

So long as you sanction the bum on the plush,  
 The other will always be there;  
 But rid yourself of the bum on the plush,  
 And the other will disappear.  
 Then make an intelligent, organized kick,  
 And throw off the weights that crush;  
 Don't worry about the bum on the rods,  
 Get rid of the bum on the plush.

## "IN THE DAYS OF FORTY-NINE."

Just yonder he sits in his shaded seat, the veteran old and gray,  
 Sits there in the dim twilight of life and dreaming the hours away;  
 All bent is the form once ripe with strength and dim are the time-worn eyes,  
 And withered the arms that swung the pick in search of the golden prize.  
 Enfeebled now are the once strong limbs that followed the mountain trails,  
 All drawn the face that would one day smile defiance at beating gales,  
 And weak the voice that was wont to ring with the ballads of "Auld Lang  
 Syne,"  
 In the days of old, in the days of gold, in the days of forty-nine.

He sits and dreams of the weary march by the side of the creeping train  
 That wound like a serpent of laggard pace o'er the face of the sun-swept  
 plain,  
 Of the roadside camps when the chip fires gleamed like gems in the breast of  
 night,  
 Of the talks in the blanket beds that kept the beacon of hope alight,  
 Of the whitening bones of the played-out steers that sank to death in the sand,  
 Of the unmarked graves of the men who fell on the march to the golden land,  
 Of the first sweet draught from the sparkling spring at the foot of a moun-  
 tain pine,  
 In the days of old, in the days of gold, in the days of forty-nine.

Again does he tramp through the rocky gulch with his pick and shovel and  
 pan,  
 Again does he delve in the gravel bars, his bared arms bronzed with the tan,  
 Again does he start with a thrill of joy as he washes the precious dirt,  
 And the golden colors lie 'neath the eyes with expectancy all alert.  
 Again does he note, the increasing weight of dust in the buckskin bag  
 As he sits at night by the cabin fire in the shadow of mountain crag  
 And blows the sand from the rough horn spoon while his eyes with content-  
 ment shine,  
 In the days of old, in the days of gold, in the days of forty-nine.

And thus he sits in the dim twilight, all bent and grizzled and gray,  
 And dreams as the sands from his glass of life relentlessly run away,  
 Recalls the triumphs of fortunes made, the remorse over squandered gold,  
 The pinch of poverty err again in tide to his coffers rolled,  
 And thus he'll sit till the flickering spark of life has to ashes burned,  
 And he's laid to rest in the peaceful sleep which his life of turmoil has  
 earned—  
 Will dream of the days when the only heaven he sought was a placer mine,  
 In the days of old, in the days of gold, in the days of forty-nine.

—James Barton Adams in The Denver Post, probably 1902.

## "NOT GUILTY"

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**In Memoriam.**

Butte, Mont., Aug. 28, 1912.

To the Officers and Members of Butte Stationary Engineers' Union No. 83, Western Federation of Miners:

Brothers:—We, your committee on resolutions of condolence on the death of Brother W. B. Dunn, beg to submit the following:

Whereas, An All Wise Creator in His infinite wisdom has removed from our midst our trusted and loyal brother, W. B. Dunn, and

Whereas, In the death of Brother Dunn this local has lost a trusted member, the wife a faithful husband, and the sons a loving father and the community a respected and valued citizen; therefore be it

Resolved, That we extend to the relatives and friends of the deceased our heartfelt sympathy in their hour of bereavement; that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of our brother, a copy to the Miners' Magazine for publication, and that our charter, in memory of our dead brother, be draped in mourning for a period of thirty days.

W. H. WELSH,  
C. A. LYFORD,  
CHAS. C. MITCHELL,  
Committee.

(Seal)

**VAGRANCY.**

O! I could roam and roam and roam  
By lake and shore from foam to foam—  
Alone, alone, alone.

Above the blue, below the green,  
And running far beyond unseen—  
A world of vision and of dream.

Grant me the one request, a vagrant's prayer,  
Free as the wind, the sunshine and the air—  
To wander everywhere.

And I could trek and trek and trek  
On trails made kindly, soft and sweet  
By suns and moons that wake and sleep.

Alone, landless and friendless, let me roam,  
Sometimes the smile, the sigh, the moan—  
My life, my own.

JAMES ALLAN McKECHNIE.

**IF.**

If you can keep your head while all about you  
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you:  
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,  
But make allowance for their doubting too;  
If you can wait and not be tired of waiting,  
Of being lied about don't deal in lies,  
Or being hated don't give way to hating,  
And yet don't look too good, or talk too wise;

If you can dream and not—make dreams your master;  
If you can think—and not make thought your aim;  
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster  
And treat these two imposters just the same;  
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken  
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,  
Or watch the things you've given your life to, broken,  
And stop and build 'em up with worn-out tools.

If you can make one heap of all your winnings  
And risk it on one turn of pitch and toss,  
And lose and start again at your beginnings,  
And never breathe a word about your loss;  
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew  
To serve your turn long after they are gone,  
And so hold on when there is nothing in you  
Except the will that says to them: "Hold on!"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue  
Or walk with kings—nor lose the common touch;  
If neither foes nor cooling friends can hurt you;  
If all men count with you, but not too much;  
If you can fill the unforgiving minute  
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,  
Yours is the earth and everything that's in it,  
And—which is more—you'll be a man, my son!  
—Rudyard Kipling.

**"WHEN THE MINISTER COMES TO TEA."**

Oh, they've swept the parlor carpet, and they've dusted every chair,  
And they've got the tidies hangin' just exactly on the square;  
And the whatnots fixed up lovely, and the mats have all been beat,  
And the pantry's brimmin' over with the bully things to eat;  
Sis has got her Sunday clothes on, and she's frizzin' up her bangs,  
Ma's got on her best alpacky, and she's askin' how it hangs;  
Pa has shaved as slick as can be, and I'm rigged 'way up in G,  
And it's all because we're going to have the minister to tea.

Oh, the table's fixed up gaudy, with the gilt-edged chiny set,  
And we'll use the silver teapot, and the comp'ny spoons, you bet;  
And we're going to have some fruit cake, and some thimbleberry jam,  
And "riz biscuits" and some doughnuts and some chicken and some ham,  
Ma she'll polergize like fury, and say everything is bad,  
And "sich awful luck with cookin' she is sure she never had";  
But, er course, she's only bluffin', for it's prime as it can be,  
And she's only talkin' that way 'cause the minister's to tea.

Everybody'll be smilin' and as good as ever wuz;  
Pa won't growl about the vittles, like he generally does;  
And he'll ask me would I like another piece of pie, but sho!  
That, er course, is only manners, and I'm s'posed to answer "No."  
Sis'll talk about the church work, and about the Sunday school;  
Ma'll tell how she liked that sermon that was on the Golden Rule;  
And if I upset my tumbler they won't say a word to me;  
Yes, a boy can eat in comfort with the minister to tea!

Say, a minister, you'd reckon, never'd say what wasn't true;  
But that isn't so with ours, and I jest can prove it, too;  
'Cause when sis plays on the organ so it makes you want ter die,  
Why, he sets and says it's lovely, and that seems ter me's a lie.  
But I like him all the samey, and I only wish he's stay  
At our house for good and always, and eat with us ev'ry day;  
Only think of havin' goodies every evenin'! Jiminee!  
And I'd never get a scoldin' with the minister ter tea!

—Exchange.



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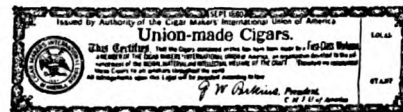
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of the

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