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THE MINERS MAGAZINE

INDEPENDENCE
EDUCATION ORGANIZATION

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



DENVER, COLORADO, OCTOBER 24, 1912
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WEALTH BELONGS
TO THE PRODUCER
THEREOF.

WESTERN FEDERATION OF MINERS



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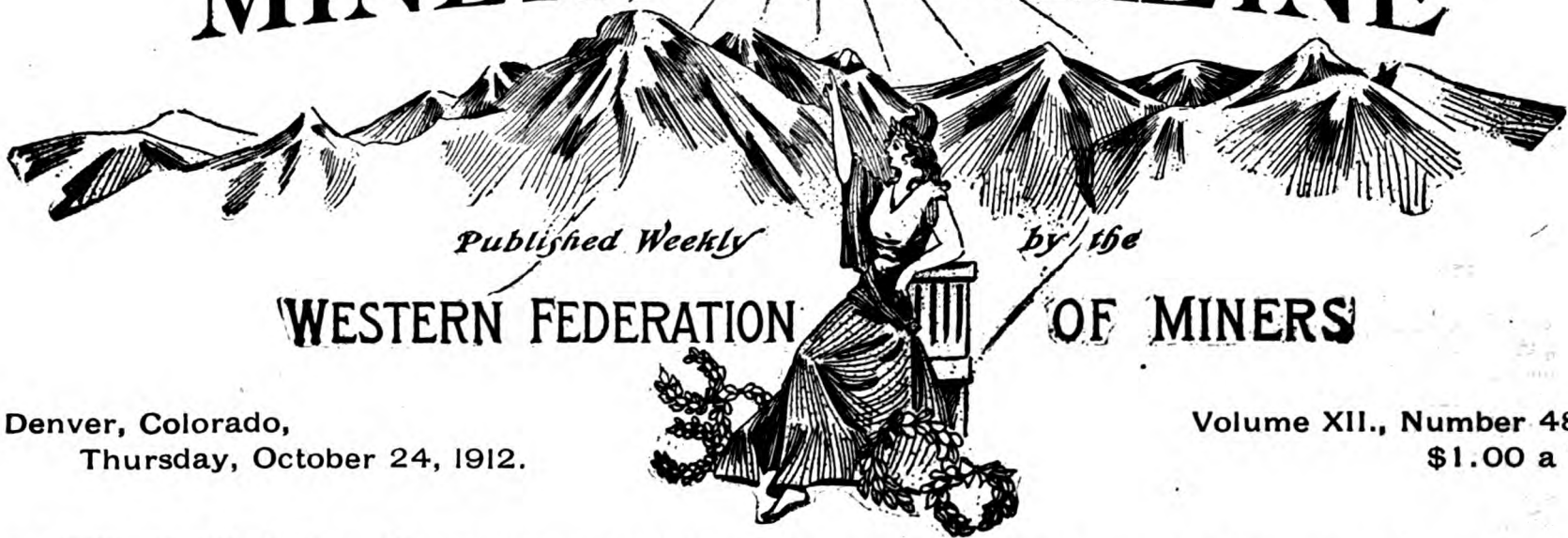
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EDUCATION INDEPENDENCE ORGANIZATION

MINERS MAGAZINE



Denver, Colorado,
Thursday, October 24, 1912.

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 Communications not in conformity with this notice will not be published.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

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John M. O'Neill, Editor

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

Card of the Homestake Mining Co.

Lead, S. D. 19..

I am not a member of any Labor Union and in consideration of my being employed by the HOMESTAKE MINING COMPANY agree that I will not become such while in its service.

Occupation

.....

Signed

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Department

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STAY AWAY FROM BLAIR, NEVADA.

STAY AWAY FROM BINGHAM, Utah. No worker but a traitor will take the place of a striker!

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

A CIVILIZATION that will usher in justice will do away with Charity.

A MEMBER of Kennett Miners' Union of Kennett, California, named Jack Lacy, has lost his card in some manner and the secretary of the local union has requested that a notice be placed in the official organ to that effect. Anyone finding the card of Brother Lacy will please forward the same to N. N. Enemark, Kennett, California.

THE MINING COMPANY at Owingsville, Kentucky, is attempting to break the strike through the use of the court and a grand jury. The following named men have been indicted by the Grand Jury:

Guy Miller, Roe Burris, John L. Goodpaster, Joe McCarty, Morton Warren, Tom White, Mose Trailor, Len Collins, Sam Trailor, Tom Purvis, James Collins, Owen Wishron, Geo. Gose, Henry Gregory,

Anton Bonds, Holt Warren, Hoyt Warren, Oscar Owney, John Vincent, Charles Goodpaster and Edward Goodpaster. The bonds of each range from \$2,000 to \$4,000, aggregating \$53,000.

The members of Craig Miner's Union are still standing firm and are determined to win the strike.

Attorneys have been secured for the defense of the men indicted by the Grand Jury.

MR. ROOSEVELT has shown that Mr. Wilson has been opposed to labor unions and has no sense of sympathy with the workers. Mr. Wilson in turn may show that Roosevelt never lost an opportunity to hamstring organized labor when he was in the executive office. Stick to the truth, gentlemen, long enough and you will lose.—Milwaukee Leader.

IN THE CORRESPONDENCE DEPARTMENT of the Miners' Magazine will be found a short communication from the secretary of the Steptoe M. & S. Union No. 233, W. F. M., requesting all local unions to be on the lookout for men leaving McGill, Nevada, without paid up cards. The secretaries are urgently requested to give this matter their closest attention.

THE GENEROUS MINE OPERATORS of West Virginia so loved their slaves that they ordered them to leave their hovels, which are owned by the barons, or go back to work. The "identity of interest" joke has been pretty well exploded in West Virginia. When exploiters hire man-killers to shoot the exploited, when through desperation they revolt against unbearable conditions, it becomes a difficult matter for the fakir and hypocrite to elaborate upon the fraternity that should exist between the robber and the robbed.

THE SITUATION at Bingham, Utah, and at Ely, Nevada has changed but little during the past week. The Utah Copper Co. have their agents in all the large cities of the country recruiting strike-breakers, but as yet their efforts to fill the places of the strikers have met with but poor success. At McGill, Nev., the Company's hired gunmen have killed two of the strikers and the Governor of Nevada to show his loyalty to greed, issued a proclamation declaring martial law and ordered the state police to McGill.

At Bingham and McGill the armed thugs have done everything to precipitate a riot, but the strikers have remained calm under provocation that has been almost unbearable.

VOTE FOR HOUSE BILL NO. 46 which has already passed the legislature, but is referred to the people.

Vote against the bill initiated by the corporations which is aimed to kill the real eight hour law.

The fake bill is the *Initiated Bill*, and see to it that you vote against it.

The genuine bill is the *Referred Bill* on the ballot, and see to it, that it receives your vote.

Make no mistake relative to these two bills.

THE MEMBERS of Craig Miners' Union at Owingsville, Kentucky, are making a determined fight for more wages and better conditions. It is needless to say that practically all the public officials are against the strikers.

Judge Allie W. Young of Morehead opened court at Owingsville and charged a grand jury with the necessity of bringing in indictments against every law-breaker.

The law-breakers meant the striking miners, for to strike against

the greed of a soulless employer at Owingsville is a crime, in the opinion of the learned jurist who hears "his master's voice."

The indictments found against the strikers have not lessened their determination to win the fight, and Young, whose court seems to be but an ally of the employers, will discover in due time that judicial despotism will fail to cool the red blood of real men.

THE SMELTERMEN'S UNION organized at Collinsville, Illinois, recently gave a dance in their hall and an exchange from Collinsville gives the following report of the entertainment:

"Last Friday evening, October 4th, the Smeltermen's Union gave a dance in their hall, formerly known as the Edwards hall, which was a decided success, over one hundred tickets being sold, and more than fifty couples being in attendance from early in the evening until the closing number, and all present pronounced it one of the best dances of the season. The dancing committee provided every convenience possible and not a person was displeased. Herbert's orchestra furnished the music.

The union expects to give dances semi-monthly and will dress down the floor and put it in better shape than it ever has been before, thus insuring the dancing public better facilities than are generally found in the larger cities."

THE FOLLOWING appeared in a press dispatch sent out from Washington, D. C., last week, and needs but little comment, as it explains itself:

Washington, Oct. 15.—Cleveland H. Dodge, who collected \$85,000 for Governor Wilson's campaign, which included \$12,500 from Cyrus H. McCormick of the International Harvester company, told the Clapp committee today he realized 'there might be some question' about the McCormick money.

"Dodge said he feared the government's suit to dissolve the harvester company might arouse adverse criticism, and he asked Mr. McCormick to take the money back. The question finally was left to Governor Wilson.

"The governor said he was perfectly willing to receive the money and was not afraid to take it," said Dodge. "Mr. McCormick gave the money just as he would have given it to Princeton university."

McCormick gave the money in the interest of the Wilson campaign, just the same as he would make a donation to the Princeton university. Contributions and donations to educational institutions and churches have a powerful influence on the attitude assumed by professors and preachers, on every great question that affects humanity, particularly the working class.

Wilson, as President of the United States, the recipient of slush funds from the International Harvester company, will be able to give a "square deal" to the people.

Rats!

The "professor" needs no lessons on political corruption from Tammany.

UNDER THE CAPTION of "The Social Problem and a Remedy," the "Most Rev." James Keane writes in the August issue of the *Columbian*, the official organ of the Catholic order of the Knights of Columbus, as follows: "The social problem of our day has at hand a solution. Bring back the sublime idea traced in the pages of the gospel; let men realize that they are but the trustees of the world's possessions, that the poor are, perhaps, in God destined to live in the mansions of peace through all eternity in that loving brotherhood created by the Nazarene. Let the lessons of the gospel be emphasized, let them be brought from the obscurity of the page into the thought and heart of this generation and you shall solve the social problem and rid yourself of the dangers that one cannot help seeing in revolutionary Socialistic schemes." That's the stuff—the rich, by the grace of God, are "trustees of the world's possessions," and the "poor are, perhaps, in God destined to live in the mansions of peace through all eternity in that loving brotherhood created by the Nazarene." Let the victims of the "trustees of the world's possessions" just fill their stomachs with this holy noise and they won't know what hunger is. And then—"perhaps"—they'll get "mansions of peace" the day after their funeral. This "perhaps" that the "Most Rev." Keane rings in is the string tied to the sky residence that lets you tumble into the brimstone resort if you don't believe what Keane says. The real moral of all this is that "revolutionary Socialistic schemes" look bad—awful bad—to the whole bunch of neeromancers, soothsayers, fakirs and paregoric peddlers that eat at the same table with Big Biz. And yet it is recorded by Jesus

that he said, "Call no man master—for all you are brethren." And this same Jesus remarked concerning those that decorate themselves with religious titles and holy handles to their names, that "ye call no man rabbi." A good comrade, a loving brother, was Jesus. His worst enemies fill pulpits.—National Rip Saw.

LAST WEEK there was great excitement in the political world and the daily papers were filled with exciting stories concerning the manner in which an assassin attempted to take the life of Theodore Roosevelt. As the shot was fired in Milwaukee, it was but natural for the daily journals to herald the brazen lie that the would-be assassin was a Socialist. But it was discovered that the poor demented creature who thirsted for Roosevelt's blood was a citizen of New York, and for several weeks had traveled on the trail of Roosevelt, watching for an opportunity to wreak vengeance on a man whom he looked upon as a menace to the nation.

The assassin is not a Socialist, for the Socialist has faith in the potency of the ballot, when wielded intelligently, to remove the economic wrongs from which the great mass of the people suffer.

If the Socialist believed that Roosevelt was a tyrant, the Socialist would know that to kill the tyrant would not destroy tyranny.

The Socialist knows that the destruction of every economic master or industrial despot on earth would not destroy slavery, as long as the system remains from which is bred millionaires, tramps, parasites and vagrants.

It requires some intelligence to be a Socialist, and the bullet is not the weapon of an intelligent man.

The Socialist will not feel discouraged or despondent because the mouthpieces of organized wealth have branded this lunatic a Socialist, because the Socialist knows from the pages of history that every great cause that had for its object the uplifting of the human race has been maligned and slandered, and the Socialist knows that even the man who has been immortalized as the Perfect Man and the Redeemer of the World was slandered and reviled, until he paid the death penalty on Calvary.

The shot fired by a lunatic will give a sympathetic vote to Roosevelt, but the bullet of the assassin will not elect him.

WHAT A SCATHING COMMENTARY is the army of the unemployed. In America, facetiously posing as the land of the free, these enslaved troops number today 5,500,000. Never before in the history of the country has the number been so large. And it is growing at an appalling rate. Every night that the sun sets 3,000 workingmen in the United States come home from their work, drop their dinner pails and drop into a chair and say: "Wife, I've lost my job."

With 1 per cent of the number of our army of unemployed Alexander the Great sighed for more worlds to conquer. With the regiment of this army Scipio put his heel on the neck of Hannibal. With a corporal's guard of this number Alaric chained the Roman eagles to his chariot wheels. With one-tenth of this number the little Corsican wrought out the drama from the Bastille to Waterloo.

The personnel of the army of the unemployed might have stepped out of the pages of history. There in the ragged brigade walks an incipient Byron or Shakespeare. There is the germ of a Kant or an Emerson. There is one who might have worn the mantle of Edison. There strides the psychic descendant of Lincoln. There follows a child of Beethoven. There goes the root of genius, the bud of philosophy. All bearing aloft the sad slogan of Whittier, "It might have been."

One has been toiling to keep the doctor at the bedside of his fading lily. Another moiled in the dank and dark that his child might see the effulgence of scholastic learning. Another shouldered the burden that some day he might flee with his family to the green fields and babbling brooks of God's open country. Another was servant in the rich house that he might save his silver-crowned mother from the poor-house. Another sought to satiate the thirst of his blind daughter for the harmonies and sympathies of the masters.

Most of them were uncursed with these impossible ideals, but were simply toiling to answer their own prayer, "Give us this day our daily bread." They simply bartered life for existence and suffered slavery's ignominy to keep their enflaming spirits in their frail tenements of clay. But all alike, with their ideals, aspirations and ambitions, were swept off the deck into the sedgey deep of poverty and despair by one fell stroke of the heavy hand of capitalism.—T. Alex Cairns, in *New York Call*.

They Laugh in Derision

WITH THE TRIALS of Ettor and Giovannitti going on in Massachusetts and the trials of the alleged dynamiters going on in Indiana, the laboring people of this country have had much to engage their attention. The defendants are all being tried in tribunals that are more or less controlled by the powers and influences that hold labor in servitude. Judges that are nominated, elected or appointed by the combinations of wealth that manipulate the functions of government cannot be expected to deal out that justice that will be above suspicion. The judge is a human being and susceptible to influences, just the same

as the common mortal in the ordinary walks of life. The judicial ermine placed upon the shoulders of a dishonest lawyer will not make an honest judge. If the lawyer elevated to the bench was dishonest in the practice of his profession, it is reasonable to presume that as a judge he will still be afflicted with those microbes of corruption that will make it impossible for such an incumbent of the bench to administer justice.

Workingmen charged with crime are usually tried in courts that have made a record as unfriendly to the cause of labor, and yet the

working class, equipped with the right of suffrage, continues to aid in the election and appointment of jurists whose mental vision is blind to the conspiracies of capitalism. Almost every day labor files a protest or adopts a resolution in denunciation of the decision or a mandate of a judge loyal to privilege, but labor continues to march to the polls and vote for the candidate of the same political parties that command the allegiance of exploiters.

Labor votes for its own suppression, and labor voting for the supremacy of capitalism is not justified or warranted in condemning the decisions of courts that are inimical to the interests of the working class.

Labor has the power to control all the departments of government, but as long as labor remains divided, industrially and politically, just so long will a master class laugh in derision at the protests and resolutions of labor censuring the dictums of the judiciary.

“Down and Out”

THEODORE ROOSEVELT is no longer a conspicuous figure in American politics. The man who but a few years ago could play so successfully to the gallery has lost his magic power and now the hoodlum hesitates to do him reverence. Teddy but a few years ago was the commander-in-chief of the Republican party, but now he is a political maverick. He was once hailed as the “hero of San Juan Hill,” but now there are thousands who speak of him as a clown, whose antics merit the disgust of thoughtful men.

There are some who go so far as to declare that the “Rough Rider” is crazy, and that he should be furnished apartments in some institution where the mentally unbalanced are scientifically treated. But sweeping everything aside that is now being said of him, it cannot be denied but that Roosevelt has fallen from his lofty pedestal, never again to climb to the summit of political power.

Men who are brave are never brutal. Men who are statesmen seldom use the ugly word “liar.” Men who are honest never handle the

“tainted” money of trusts and corporations. But Roosevelt has been exposed as a “liar,” as the beneficiary of slush funds and as a man whose makeup was inoculated with the traits of the lower animals.

When Roosevelt was threatening every penalty to “predatory wealth,” it has been shown that he was then inviting the magnates of giant combinations to dine with him.

On the rostrum he was thundering his denunciations against the so-called malefactors, but in private Teddy was giving them the “glad band.” In the language of the gambler, Teddy was a “four-flusher.”

Teddy calling a man an “undesirable citizen” when the victim of his brutal vengeance languished behind the wall of a prison, was in line with his shooting a sprinting Spaniard in the back.

The genius that invented a spiked club throws no luster on the intellectual stature of a statesman.

Teddy is “down and out,” and in a few short years will be buried in political oblivion.

Administering Verbal Opiates

THE PEOPLE of Hazleton, Pa., were presented with a library building by Mr. John Markle, in memory of his parents. Baer, the coal baron of the Keystone state, was the principal orator and came to Hazleton on a special train. Hundreds of people gathered to listen to the oratory and to participate in the dedication ceremonies. Baer in his address indulged in ancient history to a great extent, and, coming down to the present time, the plutocrat who but a few years ago claimed God as a partner in the coal mines, said:

“There never was a time when prosperous men recognized more fully their obligations to their fellow-men. Our public schools and our poorhouses are, of course, supported by the state, which necessarily derives its support by taxation of the property of the land. Taxation of corporations and partnerships is only an indirect method of taxing the many citizens who are the shareholders.

“But private charities cover every conceivable need of humanity. Colleges and universities equal to the best in the world; hospitals where the best medical attendance is provided for the poorest and the most indigent persons; orphan asylums for the care and training of children; homes for the aged; asylums for the insane; benevolent and beneficial organizations and countless auxiliary charities, such as employment bureaus and special societies connected with church work. So general and universal are these institutions that no one need suffer without hope of relief. Angels of mercy are hovering everywhere and with the speed of Mercury’s wings go to help and to succor every cry of distress. Not since the “morning stars sang together and the Sons of God shouted for joy” has the world seen an era of such general prosperity and benevolence as that which characterizes the time in which we live. The masses of people in our country are better off today than they ever were in past history. You see it in the everyday life of the people; you see it in their dress; you see it in the way they patronize

the countless amusement places which have sprung up in every village of the land. You see in the reports of the savings banks how the thrifty have lived comfortably and still have a little money saved—stored labor which will work for them when sickness and age overtake them.”

The above sentiments expressed by Baer demonstrate that this insolent and purse-proud plutocrat of Philadelphia knows something about administering the verbal chloroform by which he hopes to keep the oppressed and enslaved lulled to sleep.

Baer is anxious that the working class shall not awaken to the economic wrongs which make charitable institutions a necessity. Had the laboring people enjoyed a reign of economic justice, there would be no necessity for almshouses or homes for the aged, for the social value created by the labor of those who are in the poorhouses would have been amply sufficient to have taken care of them in the sunset of their lives. But because a hellish industrial system that breeds Baers and poorhouses has been permitted to curse the earth, is the reason that countless thousands must seek refuge beneath the domes of institutions that are but the results of a system that puts one man in a palace and a multitude in hovels.

Baer, through exploitation, can ride in a special train, but the victims whose labor made it possible for him to declare himself a partner of God must forego that luxury and content themselves with “taking a walk” to the poorhouse in their old age.

The address of Baer indicates that his ears have not been deaf to the murmurs of discontent, nor his eyes sightless to the danger signals that can be seen in every nation on earth.

Baer can hear the tread of that great army that is marching slowly but surely toward economic liberty, and he knows that the intelligence of labor is challenging the damnable system that puts diamond collars on dogs and feeds a human being on the crumbs of charity.

Stolen Platform? Not Much

A LETTER APPEARED in one of the Roosevelt organs the other morning scolding the new party for “stealing the Socialist platform.” It was from a man who claimed to be a Socialist. No wonder the paper published the letter. Such claims are the best capital the new party has. It will get thousands of votes from so-called Socialists because they think this party is pledged to “the practical part of the Socialist platform.” They say: “We do not care for the name if we get the substance.”

Now, what is the truth of the matter?

The Progressive party has merely taken a few of the Socialist “Immediate Demands.” These are the LEAST VITAL, MOST SUPERFICIAL INCIDENTS OF THE PLATFORM. These are put in the Socialist platform to show some of the measures which could be got at once. Most of them will come as “sops” thrown out by capitalist parties in their desperate efforts to head off the onward sweep of the Socialist movement.

Just as corporations take up “welfare work”—libraries, rest rooms, pensions and the like—in order to keep the workers from getting restive at being robbed in the pay envelope, so the Progressive party proposes to do “welfare work” as a nation in order to keep the “dear people” from taking the privileges of exploitation out of the hands of both big and little plutocrats.

It cannot be done TO BRING “SOCIAL JUSTICE” AND LEAVE THE HUGE INDUSTRIES IN PRIVATE HANDS WITH “DIVIDENDS MORE SECURE” IS SHEER NONSENSE. In this platform is no suggestion for freeing land from speculation and exploitation, no hint of collective ownership even of the railroads—absolutely nothing that is fundamental or which could possibly do more than poultice a few sores.

All it can possibly do is to make a few superficial thinkers believe that they need not trouble about Socialism any more. Here is something “just as good”—and much more fashionable!

THE GOALS OF THE TWO PLATFORMS are as far removed as the poles. The Socialists say plainly that they aim at an industrial democracy, with all social production owned by society in order that the workers may own the plant with which they work. The new party says that it means to keep big industry in private hands. It does not even say that it will prevent monopoly. It means to make “dividends more sure.” This is a deliberate entrance upon an industrial aristocracy. The reforms “stolen” from the Socialists are the doles offered in order to disguise this preposterous attempt to make the privately-owned trust a permanent factor in industry.

No wonder the Steel Trust people and all the more far-sighted

plutoerats are pushing this party. No wonder they can afford to promise a few reforms.

Another and the greatest difference of all in the parties lies in the DYNAMICS of the movements. What SOCIAL FORCE do these parties depend upon to get results?

The Socialists say, "We depend upon the united interests of the working class to give us votes upon the economic strength of the workers to give those votes power." Knowing history, we know that no great social change has come except by the pressure of economic class interests. We know therefore that the only permanent and real gains will come through the united political powers of the working class.

The Progressives do not know that there is any such question. They have a grand hodge-podge of opposing interests. The most definite group in the museum is composed of the small business man who does not like things as they are, but holds like grim death to the priv-

ilege of making his smaller rents, interests or profits. The system must not be touched.

This middle class is helpless because it is a vanishing quality.

The Trust power the and Labor power are the only forces strong enough to get real results. Should the Progressives get in, they could only get such laws and measures as the strength of the working class forced the Interests to let them get. All the machinery for "regulation" would be as absurd a farce as the Interstate Commerce Commission has always been, as useless in preventing injustice as the National bank inspection has been—unless the working class movement frightens the Czars into granting some concessions.

The Progressives have stolen our platform, have they? As well say that a man who copies a few prescriptions has stolen the doctor's degree and his practice, or that some quack advocating a new poultice has made all hygiene, medicine and surgery unnecessary.

It Is Not Surprising

ETTORE AND GIOVANITTI languish in jail, charged with the murder of a girl admittedly killed by a bullet from a police officer's gun while Wood and others who had the police placed around the mills, and who now stand indicted for conspiracy in placing dynamite in and near the homes of workers, are enjoying their freedom.—Seattle Union Record.

The fact that labor officials are in jail, charged with crime and refused bail, while criminals in broadcloth and fortified with bank accounts are out of jail enjoying their freedom, should not surprise anyone who knows that men of economic power control the courts. The man who fights for liberty is reviled and persecuted, while he who is a member of the upper strata of society can laugh at laws and sneer at the protests of that element in society which has lately been designated as "the mob."

When "the mob" casts an intelligent ballot the Woods and Breens of society will not enjoy a license to commit crimes with impunity, but as long as "the mob" votes the same ticket and holds the same political opinions as industrial oppressors, just so long will labor be framing and adopting resolutions in denunciation of the despotism

of the "higher ups," and the leniency of courts to the silk-stocking gentry, who can plant dynamite and then enjoy all the rights of American citizenship.

Courts were never established to convict a Dives. Courts have been instituted to put poverty-stricken wretches in jail who rebel against the outrages of wage slavery.

Humanity in rags has no rights when those rights conflict with the rights of property. The courts are those "bulwarks of American liberty" behind which the bloated plutoerat takes refuge when assailed by "the mob" that refuses to be starved to death while working to produce dividends for a master class. The courts are the tribunals through which Privilege holds the masses of the people in subjugation.

A Wood or a Breen does not demand the recall of judges, for Wood and Breen know that courts, as at present constituted, are the forts behind which "predatory wealth" takes shelter. It is only "the mob" that clamors for the recall of judges, for "the mob" has felt the *injustice* that has come from our "temple of justice."

Wood and Breen know how to vote to protect their interests, but "the mob" has yet to learn the efficacy of a class-conscious ballot.

Protecting a Job as Murderer

WHEN A MAN'S LIVING depends on killing his fellow human beings, he will go ahead and do it whether he is a hangman, state electrician, gangster or soldier. It is his job, and through his job he must live. Any humanitarian impulses he may feel must be stifled, for he knows that there are many other men ruthlessly crowding in on him ready to take his job, push him out of the gang or win fame as a soldier.

The gang killings that have occurred in New York, and especially since the threatened squeal of Rosenthal, with its resultant murder of the squealer, and in the working off of Big Jack Zelig, are all indications of this fact that human beings are relentlessly held to their job, they must make good, they must evince efficiency, or otherwise they will be cast aside.

A crowd of noisy young men is not a gang. The gang has a well-defined object in view, and that is to get as much money as possible in the easiest possible way. It is easy for the skilled members of a gang to pick a pocket, blackjack a lone pedestrian or exploit a woman. All of these are sources of quick money, and it is money they want. But the rules of the game, even here, are strict and the competition for jobs as criminals is rigorous. As they live by violence, they maintain their standing through violence, and as their hands are raised against the whole of "decent" society, so their hands are raised against one another.

It has been charged over and over again that the white slave traffic is organized and that there is a trust that deals in white slaves. Yet the "legal" proof was never strong enough to dissolve the trust either under the Sherman act or any other law on the statute books, and thereby "restore competition."

It has been repeatedly charged that in New York, as well as in all other large cities, the police profitably operated with criminals. There have been investigations, there has been much private detective work done, from a thousand pulpits and platforms there have reverberated the thunders of denunciation. Civic organizations, good government bodies, moral purity leagues and other associations have zealously set to work.

Yet in New York, here is this Rosenthal case. The police seem to be mixed up in it in some way. The police are able calmly to say to all who are investigating: "Go ahead and prove it."

Rosenthal, a notorious gambler, was killed. He was known as a gambler, to the police, among others. The police were never able to "get anything on him" to a degree sufficient to put an end to his business.

Now comes the murder of Zelig. He was a tin-horn sport who could get bail in the sum of \$10,000. That is at least twenty years' wages for the average merely honest workingman, the clerk, the unskilled laborer or the mechanic. Zelig was a pickpocket and a gangster. Through his membership in a gang, with some powerful connections, he was able to keep out of prison usually, to carry a good roll of bills,

to live at the rate of a few hundred dollars a week, to drink wine and frequent the best hotels when he felt like it.

Rosenthal and Zelig, however, threatened to interfere with this business of crime, which is undoubtedly well organized.

Worst of all, they threatened to show the connection between crime and the police department. There is the point. The police department is nothing except the governmental expression of the ruling class in society, and that is the capitalist class.

Under capitalism a man or woman must struggle for a job. She may be a prostitute and he a gambler. He may be an exploiter of her—and behind every woman on the street there is a man who profits by her shame. She does not spend her shameful earnings in riotous debauchery. A man shares them. That man and that woman, in turn, must share with someone else. It is the rule of the game.

The game, in capitalism, is that everything, honest production, art, science, prostitution, murder—organized through gangsters or armies—must be contributory to the capitalist class.

We do not blame Herman Rosenthal or Jack Zelig, as individuals. We have no right to blame their murderers unless we are willing to face the reasons why all of them are criminals.

We do not blame the individual criminals in the police department unless we are willing to understand why they are criminals.

We must understand that they were protecting a job, they were struggling for an existence, they were fighting according to the rules of capitalism.

In all this bloody, squalid, sordid, appalling story there is nothing that should shock any defender of capitalism. It shows the inevitable trend of events, and proves relentlessly the bitterness of the struggle for existence. That the struggle of one individual for his own existence may mean the death of another is a thing that they cannot consider.

For instance, the manufacturer of a patent medicine may put a preparation on the market that will cause the death of hundreds, if not of thousands. Other individuals may go deliberately into the business of furnishing drugs that will mean certain death to many. Others may build ramshackle buildings, may maintain triangles, may underpay their help and drive them to suicide or the street, or force them into stealing. Others, who lack greater opportunities for crime, may have more boldness and become gangsters, or more desperate and parade their shame openly, or live openly on the proceeds of another's shame. It is all part of the glorious competitive system. A further beauty of that system is that all these people, almost without exception, compete among themselves for the comfort and the benefit of the class higher up.

There is no "man higher up." There is a class. That is the criminal.

The murderer of Zelig will possibly go to the chair. It is the easiest way of avoiding a problem. It may be that a few members of

the police department will be demoted or "broke." That is also a simple evasion. Some few more gangsters, possible witnesses and others may be killed during the next few weeks. The country is better off without them, for there are many struggling forward to take their places.

All these things leave the class higher up serene, undisturbed and as prosperous as ever.

There is not a dollar of murder money, of street money, of crooked police money, of gambling money, of political corruption money, of any other dirty money, that is not shared with the class higher up. Part of the payment for the great social functions of this winter, of the luxury and the refinement of our better people, will be financed from this crime.

It was probably a good thing that Rosenthal and Zelig were disposed of in such a shocking manner. Such an action diverts attention from the real causes of the trouble. We can have a protracted court case, an investigation, a lot of clatter and suspicion, and at the same time the class higher up will be able adequately to prepare for the Christmas festivities and Lenten gatherings.

In all the clamor and excitement that have greeted these murders

performed for the purpose of holding a job, in the midst of all the hypocritical deploring that exists because of the number of people who resort to crime in order to have a job, there is but one clear note, and that is the voice of the working people, as expressed through the Socialist party. They know why crime exists, either in the case of a John D. Rockefeller or a Jack Zelig. They know that the crimes of the trusts are of a nature similar to the crimes of a gang. They know that the violence of a war is equivalent to the violence of a gang fight. They know that these things are inseparable from existence under capitalism. And capitalism is not necessary. Under feudalism there were many hideous forms of crime, and the beneficiaries of feudalism defended the crimes. But feudalism passed. Capitalists deplore the crimes of capitalism, and tenaciously insist on profiting by them. We have not forgotten the list of owners of houses of prostitution or gambling resorts, including the Astor estate, and we know that for all the crime committed, there is waiting some member of the class higher up to receive toll from it.

So down with capitalism—or let crime continue to flourish unchecked. If there is to be competition, let there be no interference with it.—New York Call.

Mental Aberration

AN UNKNOWN PHILANTHROPIST was arrested in New York the other day. He neglected to observe certain rules of the philanthropic game as played by the great masters and was therefore sent to jail—the fate of all non-conformists. In the first place, he forgot to advertise; secondly, he went down on New York's East Side and gave directly to the poor.

Now, had he properly blown his horn and followed the Carnegie method of perpetuating his own infamous name on every possible library wall, he would have been perfectly safe. Had he endowed a college for the purpose of educating the scions of our upper classes to become experts in the gentle sciences of football, Standard Oil law, corporation bookkeeping and occasional strike-breaking, he would have been heralded far and wide as one of the wisest and best of men.

Had he taken part of a stolen fortune to Europe and there spent it for fine pictures, fig-leaved statues, fancy porcelain and fake manuscripts, and jumbled it all into a museum of art, where gentlemen of leisure might spend their spare hours, grateful groups of stiff-jointed professors would have kowtowed their knees out of hinge and presented him with dozens of doctors' diplomas for his services to mankind.

Our unknown philanthropist was not charged with blockading traffic, refusing to move on, inciting to riot, conspiracy or the violation of any of the thousand and one ordinances which facilitate sending poor men to jail. The bank roll of goodly size impressed even the

policeman and prompted him to act politely. Here was a novel situation not provided for in the statutes: A man giving away real money to really poor people—he didn't even have a police permit.

So the guardian of the law, true to the genius of his profession, took our philanthropist into custody (only poor people get "pinched") on the suspicion that he suffered from mental aberration. Which he didn't.—Iron City Trades Journal.

The Journal in the above editorial is taking this philanthropist too seriously when the officers of the law placed him in custody. The philanthropist giving wads of money to the poor in person is absolute evidence that he was not in sound mental condition. Had he been of sound mind he would have summoned charity agents to his assistance, and these agents, while throwing a few crumbs in the shape of pennies to the poor, would have been able to have paid themselves fat salaries, and at the same time secure some valuable advertising in the newspapers as to the great work that was being done to bring smiles of gladness and joy to the pallid lips of the poor. The philanthropist should have bought an imported pup and put a diamond collar on his neck, and then the "smart set" would have vouched for his sanity, or he should have tendered a banquet to a monkey, and then Newport would have denounced the outrage perpetrated against the philanthropist.

But this foolish and imbecile creature gave his money to the poor, and the very fact that he squandered his money on people who were in need of money is evidence of a shattered "noodle."

Members of Organized Labor, Take Notice!

THE PEOPLE OF COLORADO at the coming election are presented with two bills, known as eight-hour bills for referendum. One of these bills was drafted by the hirelings of the corporations, and is so cunningly drafted, that a vast number of voters who are in favor of an eight-hour law for the men of the mines, mills and smelters, are liable to be victimized by the fake measure which is but an abortion put forth by the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company and other corporations that have labored strenuously to kill the eight-hour law that was passed by a Legislative body.

The fake bill, fathered by the C. F. & I. and supported by the Mine Owners' Association of Colorado, is intended to nullify eight-hour legislation.

The bill which should be supported by the miners, millmen and smelters, will appear on the ballot as the Twenty-first bill and is known as House Bill No. 46, Laws 1911, and will bear the heading: "Miners' and Smelters' Eight-Hour Bill." The fake measure will appear as the Nineteenth Bill under the following heading: "Eight-Hour Bill for Employés of Underground Workings."

It is very important that every member of organized labor in the state of Colorado shall fully acquaint himself with these bills, so that he will make no mistake when casting his ballot on the 5th of November. To make a mistake relative to these two bills will mean that the laboring man who is in favor of a law that will give an eight-hour day is voting for a measure which, under the pretense of an eight-hour bill, wipes out the eight-hour day in Colorado.

President Moyer, in his report to the convention held in Victor, Colorado, dwelt at length in regard to this measure that was framed by conspirators and paid for by the Colorado Fuel and Iron and other corporations.

The fake bill reads as follows:

AN ACT

"79. To regulate and limit the hours of employment in all underground mines, underground workings, open cut workings, open pit workings, smelters, reduction works, stamp mills, concentration mills, chlorination processes, cyanide processes and coke ovens: to declare certain employments injurious to health and dangerous to life and limb; to provide a penalty for the violation of the provisions of this

act; to repeal all other acts and parts of acts in conflict with this act. "Be it enacted by the people of the State of Colorado:

"Section 1. Employment in all underground mines, underground workings, open cut workings, open pit workings, directly attending smelting furnaces, reduction works, stamp mills, concentration mills, chlorination processes, cyanide processes and coke ovens, wherever such employment is continuously in contact with noxious fumes, gases or vapors, is hereby declared to be injurious to health and dangerous to life and limb.

"Section 2. That the period of employment of men working in all underground mines, underground workings, open cut workings, open pit workings, or directly attending smelting furnaces, reduction works, stamp mills, concentrating mills, chlorination processes, cyanide processes and coke ovens, wherever such employment is continuously in contact with noxious fumes, gases or vapors, shall not during any one month exceed an average of eight hours within any twenty-four hours, except in cases of emergency where life or property is in imminent danger."

The above bill is the fake measure presented by the corporations of Colorado to kill the eight-hour law. President Moyer in his report to the convention at Victor spoke as follows on the above abortion:

"You ask when or how were these signatures secured? We may answer without hesitation that thousands of them were secured through misrepresentation and fraud. These law and order advocates who are responsible for the same have paid for them and it mattered not how they were secured. When the petition to refer the act of the legislature was filed we instituted an investigation, with the result that hundreds of names were found to be fraudulent. We secured affidavits from many whose names appeared on the petition to the effect that they had never seen the petition and had authorized no one to sign for them. We furnished the Secretary of State with this evidence, as well as other state officials, yet no action has been taken as far as we know, and the petition has been filed and the act will be submitted.

"You will again ask, then, why the petition to initiate, and the question may well be asked and answered by referring you and those in the state who are interested to sections 1 and 2 of the act, and the same sections of the proposed law. Section 1 of the act provides that

employment in smelters is injurious to health and dangerous to life and limb. Section 1 of the proposed law says "employment directly attending smelting furnaces or wherever such employment is continuously in contact with noxious fumes, gases or vapors is hereby declared to be injurious to health and dangerous to life and limb. Do you see any difference in the provisions of the two acts?? Smeltermen will have no difficulty in detecting the joker in this proposed law. Then again, in section 2, you will find a repetition of section 1, with the following, "shall not during any one month exceed an average of eight hours within the twenty-four." The purpose of this provision is so plain that it should require no explanation whatever. The eight-hour law in all other states where it has been adopted specifically provides that the period of employment of men following these occupations shall not exceed eight hours within any twenty-four hours, excepting in cases of emergency where life and property is in imminent danger. Under this proposed law men may be worked the twelve-hour shift or any number of hours for a part of the month, or the property may suspend operation for a few days during the month, or many other subterfuges resorted to in order to avoid the law; in fact, it is not an eight-hour law at all, and no one more fully realizes its defectiveness than those responsible for its initiation.

"The men of the mines of Colorado have waited long for this relief in their efforts to secure that which the great majority of the people of the state conceded to them. They have been prosecuted as have been few workers in this country. In the face of the favorable decisions from the United States Supreme Court, every district and supreme court of the state has ruled against them. Practically all of the western mineral states have taken steps through legislation to protect the health, life and limb of this class of workers, and I recom-

mend that this convention instruct their incoming Executive Board and officers to take such action as may be necessary to enlighten the voters of this state so that they may be fully informed as to the methods resorted to by the opponents of eight-hour legislation, and that such other steps be taken, either legally or otherwise, to establish the eight-hour law, not only in the State of Colorado, but in all other territory covered by our organization where such laws have not been enacted."

The eight-hour law for which all laboring men should vote on the 5th of November reads as follows:

"Section 1. Employment in all underground mines, underground workings, open cut workings, open pit workings, smelters, reduction workers, stamp mills, concentration mills, chlorination processes, cyanide processes and coke ovens is hereby declared to be injurious to health and dangerous to life and limb.

"Section 2. That the period of employment of men working in all underground mines, underground workings, open cut workings, open pit workings, smelters, reduction works, stamp mills, concentrating mills, chlorination processes, cyanide processes and coke ovens shall not exceed eight hours within any twenty-four hours, except in cases of emergency where life or property is in imminent danger."

It is the duty of every member of organized labor and every voter make no mistake in regard to these two measures. The first bill as published in the Magazine, is a fake bill, intended to kill the eight-hour law, while the second bill, as published in the Magazine, insures an eight-hour work day for miners, mill and smelter men.

Make no mistake when you cast your ballot on Tuesday, November 5th.

Our Civilization

THERE ARE MANY MEN on rostrum, in pulpit and on the press who are snatching the choicest phrases from the English language to pay a tribute to the progress which crowns the twentieth century and to make us believe that humanity is holding closer communion with those doctrines that were once preached by the Man who was executed at Calvary. The defenders and upholders of the present system are sparing no efforts in blinding the vision of the great mass of the people to the outrages that grow out of the brutal economic conditions which breed misery and wretchedness throughout the nations of the world.

Some are prone to call this an age of peace, forgetting the fact that every nation that unfurls a flag maintains an army, equipped with weapons of murder, and that the bosom of Old Ocean is covered with steel-clad monsters whose mission is to perpetuate our brutalized system of profit. Every so-called Christian nation that has attained prominence in commercialism is armed to the teeth and is watching other so-called Christian nations, in order that no guilty dollar shall escape.

Crime is rampant and our prisons are crowded.

Poverty covers the earth and with all our asylums and institutions of charity, groans of agony and wails from pallid lips prove conclusively that distress and suffering cannot be cured by casting a few drops of oil on the troubled ocean of human misery.

In every city of magnitude throughout the United States officers of the law, wearing the badge of authority, are raiding houses of prostitution, and these officers of the law are spurred on in their efforts by

Christian people, who hug the delusion to their breast that prostitution can be annihilated by throwing rocks at the "Mary Magdalenes."

Mills, factories, department stores and other places of employment are filled with girls and women whose long hours of toil and miserable wages court dishonor, and yet our Christian people proclaim that moral leprosy must be wiped out by the iron hand of the law.

The victim of poverty, with wife and children, steals out in the night and becomes a thief or burglar, and snatches the means to secure food for his starving family, and at once the doors of a prison open to receive him.

A "pillar of society" may steal countless thousands of acres of the public domain, may loot the vaults of a bank and impoverish a thousand depositors, and he takes a trip to Europe to recuperate his health at a fashionable resort.

The son of a millionaire may steal the blush of shame from the cheek of a penniless girl and our Christian people, while branding the girl as a social outcast and closing the doors of respectability against her, welcome the male degenerate in the parlors of the "higher ups."

The membership of organized labor are struggling to bring some sunlight into the gloom of a sin-cursed world, but press and pulpit gives its sanction to legislative, judicial and executive departments of government when these departments are utilized to hold in restraint the only class that will yet establish peace and happiness throughout the world.

Western Federation of Miners Make Next Move

AS ANNOUNCED EXCLUSIVELY in The Federationist some weeks ago, the Western Federation of Miners have adopted a new schedule of wages and working conditions which the membership intends to put into effect at the earliest possible moment.

Official sanction of the demands of District 6 has been secured from headquarters, and the usual local preliminaries provided in such cases is all that remains to be done.

The miners having agreed among themselves, in convention and by referendum vote, upon what they do want, the next step is to notify the employers of the proposed change.

With this in view Secretary-Treasurer A. Shiland of Sandon has prepared a statement to be addressed to the employers and mine workers and millmen within the jurisdiction of the district by the respective local union secretaries. In part the statement reads:

"For some years past the steady increase in the cost of all those things—food, clothing and shelter—which the worker must have in order to continue to live and labor has been so great that it has been evident that a demand for a corresponding increase in wages was not only just and logical, but inevitable. As long as the market value of those metals which jointly furnish us a livelihood continued at low ebb we refrained from pressing our case. Now that metal prices have ruled high for some time past, and from all indications will continue so to rule for some time to come, we can conceive of no reason why, in justice to ourselves, we should not ask to be allowed to participate in the general prosperity which the mining industry is at this time enjoying.

"We would direct your attention to a report and recommendations of a Board of Conciliation and Investigation, which enclosed, that sat at Moyle in 1907.

"If the conclusions then arrived at by three dispassionate lawyers—not one of them could be accused of being prejudiced in favor of the working class—were sound, and the scale of wages they recommended appeared to them to be just, assuredly in the five years that has elapsed since their investigation was made no circumstances have arisen that would lessen the soundness of such conclusions or deny the justice of their recommendations.

"Rather is the contrary the case. The price of metals has advanced beyond that point under which these gentlemen classified mining conditions as 'abnormally favorable,' and the cost of living, the other factor on which they based their conclusions, is greater now than when the award was made.

"At the solicitation of a number of its affiliated locals, a special convention of District Association No. 6 of the Western Federation of Miners was held in Nelson, on the 23rd day of August.

"This convention gave the wage question and its correlatives a very earnest consideration, and decided to submit to the mine, mill and smelter workers of the province, affiliated with the Western Federation of Miners, a wage schedule.

"It was the understanding that its endorsement by a majority vote would be followed automatically by its presentation to the employers in each local jurisdiction.

"A referendum vote of the membership of this local has been taken on this wage scale, and the same has been almost unanimously endorsed.

"It becomes my duty as financial secretary of Sandon Miners' Union No. 81 of the Western Federation of Miners, to request that thirty days from the receipt of this notice you grant your several employes such increases in pay as the enclosed (endorsed 'District Wage

Scale) calls for, or formally advise me of your unwillingness to do so and of your intention not so to do.

"I will, on receipt of your answer, or of any other communication that you may desire to make on the question, refer the same to the members of this organization for their consideration and instructions.

"I trust, and I speak for our entire membership, that whatever correspondence may ensue will be conducted without animus or insincerity. With us it is purely and simply a business proposition. With

yourselves I presume that it will be the same.

"In the camps of Britannia, Hedley, Grand Forks, Phoenix, Greenwood, Roseland and Trail an advance in wages has been conceded, within the past month, and we in this jurisdiction feel that our need for increased remuneration is as great as theirs and our title to it as clear.

"Trusting that you will give this matter the consideration that its importance deserves, and that you will communicate with me at your earliest convenience, I am, yours—."—From B. C. Federationist.

Foreigners

A LIENISM, LIKE RELIGION, is a question of geography; one's notions, like bananas or potatoes, are peculiar to the soil. Habits of diet, dress, customs, etc., are as variable as climates or localities. "Born to the soil," said the feudal baron when he told of the legal claim he had to the life of his serf, and "oborn to the soil" today binds one to the prejudices and hatreds that may be engendered by the Baron of Custom within the narrow sphere of a country. The sympathies of patriotism stay at the outposts of a nation; if it goes beyond them, this patriotism, it is with the sword of conquest in its hands. The training of custom crowns diet, dress, custom, soil with an infallibility that is questioned by other diets, dresses, customs and soils.

DIET.

The preparation of sauer kraut may upset the patriotic tastes of a Bedouin; that of a macaroni dish the national digestion of a Hottentot. The ancients to cultivate heroism recommended a consumption of lion's meat, the carrion of the elephant in their opinion, apparently, if partaken of, imparted strength. Perhaps in the conflicting bills of fare lies the secret that makes the war of the nationalities. The Jew's hostility to pig diet causes him to look askant at those who luxuriate upon it. A bowl of oatmeal as placed in the balance against a platter of corn dodgers helps to draw the line of demarcation that separates the Scotchman from the American? An appreciation of the national grub stakes may aid materially in the moulding of the traits that distinguish the American from the Russian, the Bulgarian from the Turk? The sobriety of the Arabian, the beer drinking of the German may develop dispositions that cause unsociability between the two nations? The ginger of the Mexican's chili con carne may be a part of the nature of the tropical southerner, while blubber the Eskimo's existence. Luxurious living may usher in effeminaey and decay, a miserable living servility and degradation? Garlic, in the smell of which lie in state the dietary deities of the Sicilian, illumines the Cornishman's mind with the notion that a foreign odor pollutes the sanctity of the national temple of maxims. The Cousin Jacks, the Irish, French and Germans have compelled attention of American tolerance in so far as their pastries, hashes, frog legs and sauerkraut have, after a period of probation, overcome the national prejudice and won a niche in the patriotic larder. The attraction of a certain brand of cooking causes the persons who have an intimate acquaintance with what the outsider may call its "eccentricities" to gather together so they may mutually enjoy the life that their stomachs direct; they fraternize at the board. The Irish bog-trotter, simple as are his ideas on pantry dainties, would revolt at a sociability that expressed itself in the food of a Moroccan peasant.

SMELL.

Yes, smells contribute much, no matter whether they are born of diet or of the body, to aid us in arriving at a strict definition of patriotism. A Chinaman (I have read somewhere), when asked by a delver after truth as to how a Caucasian appealed to his nostrils, declared that the white was so foreign to his sense of nasal harmony that his close presence reminded him of the interior of a morgue. It would seem that nature had raised this barrier of disagreeable smells between the races to prevent their fraternization but malicious as well as beneficent, should her dictums interfere to prevent mankind from arriving at a just decision on the claims of a broader humanity. Does a kick elevate the kicker or the one kicked? Is the Christianized "Chink" debarred from a seat in the celestial choir; are the rulings of the Deity so human-like that they incline to place him in a section populated solely with Mongolians? Are the prejudices of race so rampant in the vicinity of the Great White Throne that the throng of spirits will divide up into Hibernian clubs, Natives of the Rising Sun, etc., so that the animosities of earth may be eternally perpetuated? After all, which would be the regulation odor in the realms above? Does Salvation relegate the outlaw smells to the junkpile of forgetfulness?

Dress, too, may shock the national pride if it be a foreign importation; the patriot's curiosity, nay, his contempt, may be provoked if his eyes chance to settle upon the garb peculiar to the Greek, Arab or Hottentot. He applies his hostility, domestically, if any of his female relatives evince a preference for the more sanitary apparel of the Turkish woman—the much detested bloomer. Dress contributes its donation to the fund devoted to encouraging the misunderstanding between the peoples of the earth.

The American finds balm for what ills the foreigner may discern in the environment of this country, in the consolation that in his opinion "Europe is a pauperized country anyhow." Yes, the old countries are pauperized, thanks to their having been for so many more centuries subject to the exploitation of applied civilization, than

what the United States has. This country is comparatively new, and this fact, not the greater wisdom of our people or the greater worth of our institutions, are accountable for any privileges that may distinguish our lot from that of the people of Europe. When Horace Greeley said, "Go west, young man," a vast continent, untouched by the ways of the paleface, offered to the whole citizenship the wealth of its valleys, forests and mountains; the opportunity to make good was present everywhere. The government and nature offered the gifts there stowed away to men; the former on terms, the latter generously. There is friction, more or less, between the artificial and the natural always it would seem. Europe's settlement by the classes and the masses dates so far back that the time is almost obscured by a want of its historical mention. The subjugation of the "savages" was accomplished before and in the days of the Cæsars. Today every foot of soil is owned by the scions of aristocracy or by the captains of industry. Kings and Parliaments gave vast grants to their friends or benefactors, and after centuries of such gift-giving the time came when the masses of the people found themselves exiled from the privileges that the soil and hills of their country afforded; the prospector could not test his luck; the farmer was a mere tiller that rented a few acres. The opportunities that nature offered were taken away and henceforth they would have to work out their ambitions by means foreign to nature's will a tremendous handicap. The citizen who aspires to a comfortable old age now turns his eyes instinctively toward the fish cart or the apple stand as the one means left by which he can "branch out." Genius might suggest some other course to the goal and thrive, but the quality is rare, is apart from the great masses of the people, who must struggle on blindly and hopelessly to the end. How densely populated, too, are those old countries; hundreds upon hundreds to a square mile in some of them. What effect would the population of England have upon wages in Utah if all that population laid within the state?

The United States is threatened with pauperization; in fact, such a condition prevails here now. The American in turn is becoming an emigrant in his quest for *new* countries. The resources of his own country are either owned or rifled; homesteading is about reduced to the minimum; the rescue of the desert by irrigation projects gives opportunity for a season, and, discouraged, he reaches out to take the gifts that the greater conservation policies of more indolent people have preserved. A generation or two more and then all the country will be private property, and then in that day comes for Americanism—the blight of Europe. Citizens have come west, the tide of immigration turns on the Pacific slope, and the nooks and crevices long scorned as not worth while are being settled. A generation more, then what, if the people still adhere to the worship of capitalism? Uncle Sam, you are getting old—your bright land is private property; you must inaugurate a change if you would save the coming generations of citizens from the terrible plague of pauperism.

Mrs. Henry, on a soapbox at the corner, said one night: "The working class knows but one foreigner, and that is the capitalist class;" and that just about gives us the true definition of the word if citizenship is decided by one's usefulness to society, and not by the dictums of sordid greed. Plutoeracy, though its appetite is sated with a surplus wealth that it, nor its progeny, can never hope to spend, still gathers toll from the miserably paid toil of men, women and children. At variance with the aspirations of the great mass of the people, like an invader it levies a tribute that it gathered from the tears of outraged usefulness. Political campaigns are waged to curb the power which the people subconsciously know is a great foreigner that batters upon their misfortunes. The old parties, in their diplomatic way, issue half-hearted policies that they claim will curb the evil designs of this great foreigner, and yet their acceptance of its bribes, in the shape of campaign funds, commit all the workings of their souls to the service of the national trouble-maker. The nation in its frenzy to find a way out, yearns for "reform" and asks for the referendum, the recall and what not—it cries "relief," and gets none. Why this everlasting betrayal of the public will? Why is a measure adjudged progressive pigeon-holed by those who promised its enactment into law? If passed, why is it declared to be unconstitutional by the judiciary? What conspiracy is abroad that men sacrifice their principles for policy's sake? Capitalism alone holds the means of livelihood in its hands, and the possession of this power is the club with which it murders the honor, the better qualities of the politician. High prices, tariff duties, railroad rates, low wages, rents, interest, prostitution and child labor are the price the nation pays for its insane allegiance to this tyrant foreigner. Its coffers are filled by crimes, by every agency promoted to strangle liberty and justice. "Reform!" and yet the reign of the usurper goes unchallenged. How apply remedy when the cause is allowed existence? "Reforms" are

had and capitalism sets its traps to defeat the purposes of the new laws. It is invincible in the retention of its throne as long as national reverence clusters about the altars of Mammon. Capitalism patriotic! It would sell arms to a military invader if it could, choke the patriot on the firing line with embalmed beef, and sell its daughters to princes and dukes so its families may grace their carriages and

stationery with the un-American mummeries of royalty. Eternal war is being waged by the consciousnessless foreigner—for mark the never ending flow of blood that deluges the field of industrial struggle. Socialism is so intensely patriotic that it would rid the public weat of this foreigner that the working class recognizes.

Salt Lake City.

JOSEPH ROGERS

The Proposed Public Utility Bill

THE FOLLOWING is a letter addressed to Judge Hilton by a prominent attorney of Denver on the proposed Public Utility Bill and should receive the serious consideration of every voter in the state of Colorado. The letter reads as follows:

Denver, Colo., October 16, 1912.

"O. N. Hilton, Esq.
909 Kearns Building,
Care of Williard Hanson,
Salt Lake City, Utah.

"My dear Judge:

"I called at your office this morning and was disappointed to learn that you were in Salt Lake.

"The proposed Public Utility Bill being promoted by the Denver Trades and Labor Association, for which Mr. Cohen is working, reveals on careful examination that it is a most damnable corporation cinch bill from start to finish. Aside from the provisions of the Act, which are copied from the Interstate Commerce Commission Act and relate to railroads, the Bill is rankly in favor of every street railroad, gas water, telephone, electric light, steam heating, and any and every other public utility doing business in the State.

"1. Although promoted by a labor organization, there is not a syllable in it from cover to cover that even purports to fix a minimum wage or hours of labor, or prohibit the employment of child labor, etc.

"The only thing that I can see is that one of the commissioners is to be a mechanic. On the contrary, the Bill refers frequently to dividends for stockholders, etc.

"2. The right of local self-government of every city and town in the State is sought to be taken away and vested in a board of three commissioners whose office is located in Denver. No extension of any gas main, water main, or of any other public utility can be made without the company makes an application for a permit from the commission. If the company fails to make the application, it takes twenty-five citizens, or the mayor, or a majority of the City Council to

file a complaint before the commission to compel the utility company to make the extension.

"3. As to the force and effect of the permits granted by the commission, there is no limitation. I am strongly of the present impression that the permits granted by the commission under this Act would be treated by the Supreme Court of the United States according to decisions made on the same matters in other states, as *irrevocable and perpetual contracts which could not be impaired or repealed*.

"4. The Act prohibits any other public utility company from coming in to do business in any city or town when there is already one company engaged in that line of business ready and willing to continue to do business in such city and town.

"5. It expressly authorizes the purchase and holding of stock by any one company of all the stocks of all other companies engaged in the same line of business in the entire State of Colorado.

"6. Publicity is done away with. There is no regulation that the hearings of the commission shall be open to the public; on the contrary, the Act expressly imposes a penalty as for a misdemeanor upon any officer of the commission, or employé, who discloses to the public any information concerning any public utility. It allows discrimination in rates instead of establishing uniform rates under like conditions and circumstances to the people.

"7. The orders and judgments of the commission are of no force whatever if anyone files a complaint in the District Court against them, and can only be enforced after they are sustained by the final decision of the Supreme Court. There are four lines prohibiting the issuance of passes, and twenty-seven lines of exceptions as to when passes shall be issued. The commission and all employés are entitled to passes from all utility companies.

"This, in short, is a brief mention of the character of the Bill. Anything you can do to wise up and set to work the right people to defeat this nefarious Bill will be doing a *great* public service.

"With best wishes, I am,

Very courteously yours,"



INFORMATION WANTED.

Sutter Creek, Cal., October 12, 1912.

Editor Miners' Magazine:

Will you kindly insert the following in the Magazine:

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of H. M. Brage, who is wanted on a matter of importance, kindly communicate with the undersigned.

JAMES GIAMBRUNO,

Sutter Creek, California.

SECRETARIES TAKE NOTICE.

McGill, Nev., October 12th, 1912.

Editor Miners' Magazine:

Please notify all locals through the Magazine to be on the lookout for men leaving this camp without paid-up cards. I was requested to write you in regards to this matter by Steptoe M. & S. Union No. 233, W. F. M.

Yours fraternally,

A. J. COUZENS, Financial Secretary.

THE AGITATOR.

You will know him when you see him and you see him every day, he is scattering hope and knowledge, always working without pay. He's insistent and his campaign never wanes, with his pockets full of papers and his top-piece full of brains.

You'll find him agitating in the factory and the mine, on the ship, upon the ocean, on the farm and railway line. He's amusing, he's enthusing, and he has good cause to smile, for the country's full of converts and the vote grows all the while.

He's gathering subs to papers, and he's making millions think by his ready wit and logic and through the power of printer's ink. He's deductive, he's instructive and he's breaking slavery's chains, with his pockets full of papers and his top-piece full of brains.—W. T. B.

A REPORT EXPECTED IN THE VERY NEAR FUTURE.

South Porcupine, Ontario, Canada, Oct. 11, 1912.

Miners' Magazine:

Since my communication of August 6th, 1912, with reference to the industrial situation at Porcupine, Ontario, there has been appointed by the Department of Labor, Ottawa, a Board of Conciliation and Investigation which has taken the matter in dispute into consideration, having been in session in this district from the 10th to 17th of September, and then adjourned to meet in Toronto September 24th and 25th, to draw up and submit their findings to the Department of Labor, Ottawa, which in turn will be submitted to the various parties affected, and now though somewhat over due, this local to date, is not in receipt of this report, though it is expected daily, and upon its arrival will mail you a copy for publication. Fraternally yours,

(Seal.)

WM. THOMPSON, Secretary-Treasurer No 145.

GOLD REPORTS ON ALASKA.

The United States Geological Survey has just published as Bulletin 520-H a report on the mining and water supply of the Fortymile, Seventymile, Circle, and Fairbanks districts, Alaska, by E. A. Porter and C. E. Ellsworth. The estimated value of the combined gold production of the Fortymile and Seventymile districts for 1911 was \$212,000, an increase of \$12,000 over the output for 1910, due to the success of two dredges on the headwaters of Fortymile river. The value of the gold production of the Fairbanks district in 1911 is estimated to be approximately \$4,500,000, a decrease of \$1,600,000 from the output for 1910, due mainly to the fact that most of the bonanzas of the camp have been worked out and the major part of the mining was confined to deposits of relatively low grade. The Circle precinct in 1911 produced gold with an estimated value of \$350,000, which exceeds that of any other year since 1898. The increase was due entirely to the improved methods employed.

REVERSED.

The visitors who knocked at the door of the brown-stone mansion on Gold avenue were dressed in rags and gave every visible evidence of having come from the slum districts.

The liveried servant who opened the door tried hastily to shut it, but the foremost visitor in line thrust his foot between the door and the jamb, then pushed the door open with an exhibition of masculine force that made the servant gasp with astonishment.

"What's the meaning of that noise, Jobson?" queried a woman at the head of the marble stairway.

"Hi don't know, mum."

"Say, youse," said the spokesman of the visiting party, "we'se out seein' how de rich live. An' we's comin' in, too, see! An' we's goin' to pike our

bloomin' noses into everythin', an' we's goin' t' ask all de imperdent questions we like, see!"

"This is an unwarranted intrusion and if you do not immediately leave I shall call the police," exclaimed the lady of the house, appearing upon the scene, clad in a silk kimona and other articles.

"Nope; nixey on de bulls," said the spokesman. "Dis ain't no intrusion, mum. We's jus' returnin' a friendly call, see! A few days ago youse an' a bunch o' nobs comes over t' where we live, investigatin' conditions o' de poor, 'slummin', I believe youse called it. Said youse was interested in de amelyrishun o' de conditions o' de workin' classes, or some such dope, an' had t' study condishuns at first hand. Well, we's formed a class fer r' study de condishuns o' de rich, an' we's gotter have it first hand, see! We's picked out fer our first visits dems what's butted inter our tenements without invitation an' made derselves at home. So, mum, jus' send dis brass buttoned gazabo ter de scrap pile an' pilot us aroun' de dump."—W. M. Maupin.

MAPS OF COLORADO ALMOST READY FOR DISTRIBUTION.

The State Geologist, R. D. George, Boulder, has prepared two maps of the state on a scale of eight miles to one inch, making a printed area of 49 inches by 35 inches, and a total size of about 60 inches by 42 inches.

One of these shows all postoffices, towns, cities, counties, townships and ranges, forest and Indian reservations, railways and other cultural features; rivers, creeks, mountains, mountain ranges and all other important natural features; contour lines and graded coloring showing the elevation above sea level of all parts of the state.

The other is a geological map presenting by colors and patterns all the geological features of the state, and giving the greatest detail consistent with the scale of the map. Special attention has been given to geological details in the mining regions.

The data for these maps are drawn from all reliable sources especially the work of the United States Geological Survey, and are entirely up to date.

George F. Cram Map Canvassers.

Agents representing George F. Cram, map maker, Chicago, are taking orders for a map of Colorado. The map is described as "the George F. Cram Geographical Survey of Colorado," and the statement is made that, "No pains has been spared in making this the best survey of your state ever issued." The price is \$2.90. These statements are misleading. George F. Cram never made a geographical survey of the state, or any portion of it. The map is compiled entirely, on confession of the agent, from surveys made by the United States government, the State government and other organizations.

The agents are stating that the State Geological Survey maps will cost \$5.00 each. For this they have absolutely no authority. On the contrary the State Geologist informed "State Manager," Mr. D. A. Hollowell, that all previous publications of the Geological Survey had been distributed free of charge and that it was likely that the maps would be distributed in the same way. If any charge were made it would be merely nominal. Again, the agents are stating that the Geological Survey subscribed for the map. This is untrue.

SULPHURIC FLAMES FROM HADES CALLED FOR.

By R. A. Dague.

Two or three winters ago W. C. Brann investigated the condition of the poor in Chicago. In a published article he said:

"When I think of 3,000 children in Chicago without rags to shelter them from the north wind; of the 10,000 innocents such as Christ blessed who die each year in the world for lack of food; of the millions every year whose cry goes up night and day to God's great throne—not for salvation but for soup; not for the robe of righteousness, but for a second pair of pants, and then contemplate those besides whose hoarded wealth the riches of Lydia's ancient kings were but a beggar's patrimony, praying to Him who reversed the laws of nature to feed the poor, I long for the mystic power to coin sentences that sear like sulphur flames from hot hell, and weave of words a whip of scorpions to lash the rascals naked through the world."

Now, I admit that Mr. Brann presents a sad, sad spectacle. Such sights weaken one's faith in the professions of pious people living in great luxury who do little for the unfortunate except to pray for the salvation of their souls, but does all the blame for this awful condition of things rest upon the men whom Mr. Brann denounces as "rascals" and whom he would take pleasure in lashing naked through the world with a whip of scorpions? While I freely admit that there is a great deal of hypocrisy and bogus religion in the country, I do not charge Brann's "rascals" with being alone responsible for the nakedness of those Chicago children nor for the great amount of poverty in the land. I have no excuses to make for the "rascals," but I do say that thousands of workmen and small dealers, and farmers, who have no "hoarded wealth," are also responsible. They have the right to vote. They, year after year, say they want to continue this condition of things. Do they plead ignorance as to the proper method to adopt to abolish this outrage of capitalism upon the poor and the working classes? They may be ignorant but there is little excuse for their being so. The great thinkers of the world have pointed out the true remedy for such monstrous wrongs, and the Socialists have flooded the country with those writings. Poverty is increasing, crime and insanity are multiplying, and a few millionaires are getting control of all the great industries, but the average voter casts his ballot as the plutocrat dictates, notwithstanding the fact that the Socialist warns the people of the danger that menaces them, and from every mountain top proclaims the true cure for all our industrial ills.

But the Tafts, the Wilsons, the Bryans, are again going up and down the country prattling about the tariff, abusing each other and totally ignoring the real vital problems that are pressing hard for solution in all parts of the world; and Roosevelt, while posing as a genuine Progressive, carefully avoids the great burning issues growing out of the relations of capital and labor, and proposes no remedy for world-wide economic evils except to ask the people to vote for him. The professional office-seekers, the charlatans, and the bogus statesmen who represent capitalization as a lawyer represents his client, are now engaged in talking to the stupid masses and hypnotizing them, confusing them, misleading them, and the honest but deluded voter jostles his neighbor in his mad scramble to get to the polls that he may vote to continue an industrial system that makes 3,000 naked children in Chicago; that forms armies of unemployed men; that fills the sweat shops with scores of thousands of half-starved girls and women; that directly and indirectly goes to seed each year in tens of thousands of suicides, robberies and murders. All right, Mr. Brann! Coin your sulphur sentences from hades, and lash the rich "rascals," who through watered stocks, Wall street gambling and other monopolistic methods, are robbing the people, but could you not get a real sharp stick and jab it into some of the average voters who are either too indolent to post up on the situation, or are too selfish to care for those naked, starving, dying little ones in every city and village in America?



IT IS ALWAYS IN FASHION.

A politician said in New York the other day:

"Superfluous millions will only buy superfluities. Money is not the whole of life. I can wear only one suit of clothes at a time, eat only one meal at a time, and when I die I can't take a dollar with me."

This remarks was quoted to Samuel T. Johnson, the Columbus capitalist, by a reporter, together with Thoreau's famous saying:

"Men labor under a mistake. The better part of the man is soon plowed into the soil for compost. By a seeming necessity they are employed, as it says in an old book, laying up treasures which moth and rust will corrupt and thieves break through and steal."

Mr. Johnson listened with a smile. He stood in his office in his shirt-sleeves, studying the tape that streamed from a ticker.

"That is all good, straight talk," he said, "and every syllable of it is true, but you can take my word for it, young man, money ain't going out of fashion just yet, all the same."—Washington Star.

TEN MEN WORTH \$3,000,000,000.

Private fortunes in America show amazing growth. Some of them have been notably increased by the great rise that has taken place in Standard Oil and American Tobacco subsidiaries and securities since those trusts were dismembered by the courts. I heard a man possessed of many state secrets figure at \$3,000,000,000 the combined fortunes of ten American multi-millionaires who are known the world over. Think of it. Three billion dollars divided more or less fairly among only ten persons! My informant took pencil and pad and estimated, very conservatively he claimed, these great fortunes as follows: John D. Rockefeller, \$1,000,000,000; Andrew Carnegie, \$500,000,000; J. P. Morgan, \$300,000,000; William Rockefeller, \$250,000,000; George F. Baker, \$250,000,000; James B. Duke, \$200,000,000; James Stillman, \$200,000,000; Henry C. Frick, \$150,000,000, and W. K. Vanderbilt, \$150,000,000. The income of \$3,000,000,000 at 5 per cent is \$150,000,000 a year. Its recipients do not spend it all. What is the surplus income of the multi-millionaires of New York? Only ten are named here. No mention is made of the Phippses, the Morses, the Reids, the Goulds, the Archbolds and others whose fortunes range anywhere from \$50,000,000 to \$150,000,000. The grand aggregate, of course, must be enormous. And the percentage of it which goes into securities for investment helps to account for the absorption and concentration of dividend paying stocks.—Boston News Bureau.

THE FRESH AIR TRUST.

There is one necessity of life that the trusts and monopolies have not yet got hold of.

There is one thing which we all have to have in order to live that has not yet got under the control of Rockefeller, Morgan and Hill.

That thing is fresh air. So far, the fresh air trust has not been formed.

Remember that you can live several days without food. And you may go without water two or three days and still be able to live. But you can't live six minutes without air.

Let us be thankful that the air has not got into the control of the railway, the oil, the steel, and the sugar kings.

Fresh air is free. Do you use it in the right way?

You know that fresh air is the food of the lungs, just as bread and fruit and vegetables are the food of the stomach. Remember, then, that you ought to have a good supply of fresh air ALL THE TIME in your sleeping room and in the room where you work during the day.

Remember that the fresh night air is better and more pure than day air that has been kept in a room several hours.

Throw open your window at night and let in food for your lungs.

When you are outdoors get in the habit of filling your lungs with deep breaths of fresh air.

A prominent medical authority says: "More disease can be traced to lack of fresh air than any other cause." Every doctor is familiar with cases where he has had to say to the patient: "I can't do anything farther for you now. You will have to help yourself by getting out into the fresh air and living in it every day."

The cheapest, most useful stuff in the world is the free, fresh air of "God's great out-of-doors."

Take a good look at the next man you meet who does lots of hard work and likes it. Look him over and you will see that he has a good chest, good lungs. He breathes deep. He knows the value of fresh air.—Chicago Evening World.

A FARM MEANS A JOB.

"When a man buys a farm, he buys a job." Too many of the "back to the farm" fellows from the city size up the situation from their viewpoint, and imagine that they are buying an established business, which will practically run itself and yield a profitable income. They are merely "buying a job," and it's a mighty sure job at that; they will never find a time when there is nothing to do in the farm factory. The city man, out of employment, goes to the man who has the jobs to give out, and applies for a position—an opportunity to work for a daily or a monthly wage. He enters the employ of the man who controls the jobs in that particular plant, and so long as there is work to be done, and his work is satisfactory he receives his wage, and the job is his. But he doesn't own the job; the employer owns all of the jobs all of the time, and that is the reason why we have a "labor market." The city man who buys a farm buys a job as well as a business. True, he controls or owns his own job, but at the same time he must make the business of farming pay or his job will get away from him.

We hear much these days about profitable farming. The press talks learnedly about farm products; the independent life the farmer leads; how, through the use of modern machinery, the labor upon the farm has been minimized, etc., and the city man begins to sit up and take notice. He subscribes for some high-class agricultural journals, and reads about the wonderful transformation that has been made on an abandoned farm down in Jersey; he views the reconstructed house, looks longingly at the shady bowers and winding lanes, as they appear in the half-tone engravings which

illustrate the article. And he buys a farm; it is "back to the farm" for this gentleman of the city.

He moves to his newly acquired possession and soon learns that he has "bought a job." He finds that the pictures in the articles he reads were true to life all right, but that the improvements made were paid for with money made in other channels than farming. He soon realizes that he must work on the job every day; that he must master both the scientific and the business end of farming. The moment he turns his face toward the fields he faces the problems of the farm. He finds a thousand elements to contend with. Viewed from any angle, our city friend finds he has "bought a job." His living, his profit, his success alone, depend upon the energy, labor and business ability displayed in handling the "job" he has purchased.

Statistics gathered since the "back to the farm" movement began, show that about 90 per cent of those who leave the city for the farm remain less than three years. No man can hire all his work done and make farming pay. The personal element is absolutely necessary if success is desired. From the best statistics available, the average profits upon the farms of this country are less than 5 per cent on the money invested. These statistics prove that the business of farming is run on altogether too small a margin for the inexperienced to make a success of the business. The fields look inviting from a distance, and the pastures are green, but the city man who buys a farm burns his bridges behind him, and expects to make a livelihood, as a farmer, is sure to find that he "bought a job," and not an established business with a sure income.—The Gleaner.

FACTS, WORTH REMEMBERING.

Under the rule of capital, industry is carried on for the sole purpose of bringing grist to the mill of the capitalist.

This grist is called profit.

Profit is merely something that is gotten for nothing.

In order that capitalists may get something for nothing workers must get nothing for something.

The profit accruing to the masters of wealth production is measured in the material things produced by those whose labor carries on the industrial process.

Into these material things is coined the very lives of the laborers.

They produce the wealth; their masters, the capitalists, take it.

That is how the latter obtain their sacred profits, from which they wax sleek and rotund in appearance and great in power and pomposity.

What the capitalist gets costs him nothing; the wage-slave pays the bill.

A similar happy arrangement once existed between the chattel slave and his master.

Later on it was the same between feudal lord and serf.

Now it is the capitalist and the wage slave.

The capitalist is master; the worker a slave.

This modern slave gets his wages, which are equivalent to the cost of his "keep" while he works.

When he has no master, i. e., job, he gets nothing.

His wages being paid out of the product of his own labor and that of his fellow slaves, it may be truthfully said the slave pays his own wages.

This is in turn equivalent to working for nothing and boarding himself.

The profits of the master also come from the product of the slave's labor.

This represents the price the slave pays for the privilege of working for nothing and "keeping" himself.

The masters are few; the slaves are many.

The former could not retain their soft snap without the latter's consent.

Periodically the slaves have, in most countries, an opportunity to withdraw their consent.

This is termed an election of public officials.

Most of the slaves refuse to withdraw their consent.

They are quite satisfied to work for nothing, "keep" themselves and pay through the nose for the proud privilege.

The masters are equally willing they should.

This affords a striking illustration of the "identity of interest between capital and labor."

The willing slave is merely an ass with hind legs only.

As the four-legged ass is not altogether willing to pack his load, certain apologies are due him for dragging his name into the controversy.

He is hereby assured that no insult was intended.

It requires something else besides his unsufferable ignorance to hold him to his task.

All of which is greatly to his credit.

But as to the ———— ass with hind legs only, probably nothing could be either said or done that would call for an apology.—Western Clarion.

CARDINAL GIBBONS AND COMPETITION.

By L. P. SCHUWEILER, Member Court No. 258, Catholic Order of Foresters

In a statement given out by Cardinal Gibbons recently, in which he attacked socialism and public ownership, he said "Competition is healthy and we should have it." What kind of competition his eminence refers to I am unable to say, but if he means competition for wealth which is at the present time very interesting to some, or for work, which is taking up the time of the masses, then I must say that there are many who fail to agree with him.

Competition is healthy only for those who are fortunate enough to come out on top in the struggle, while those who are defeated are left to starve, beg or steal. To the masses it means merely a struggle for life. Competition is good where the competitors are evenly matched. Our present competitive system is all one sided. Slaves cannot compete with their masters. Subjection will not allow it. What good excuse can be offered for this system of competition we are now bound to, and which the Cardinal wishes to continue? Is there a single wrong that cannot be laid at its doors? Investigation will prove that competition is directly or indirectly the cause of the greatest part of our social troubles.

Competition is hell.

Competition is war.

Competition conflicts with the teachings of Christ.

Competition breeds hatred.

Competition creates murderers.

Competition creates selfishness.

Competition is a kind of gambling.

Competition makes paupers.

Competition creates child labor.

Competition is taking woman out of the home and placing her in the factories and mills.

Competition is responsible for the "white slave" traffic.

Competition is leading women and men to sell their bodies and souls.

Competition is making a few rich, and the many poor.

Competition is the cause of the waste of millions of dollars in wealth yearly.

Competition is to blame for the high cost of living.

Competition causes graft.

Most of our industrial disasters may be laid to competition.

Competition led to the Titanic disaster.

Competition led to the McNamara crime.

Competition creates strikes, lockouts, riots, and every other form of labor trouble.

Competition is the cause of low wages and bad working conditions.

Competition is to be blamed for adulteration and poisoning of food.

Sin of every description breeds, fattens and matures in this competitive system of ours. With this fact staring us in the face who will dare say that such a system is agreeable to God?

Competition is antagonistic to the Christian ideal—brotherly love.

Competition makes a farce of God's commandment, "Love thy neighbor as thyself." Competition in itself is a sin. Sin breeds sin. He who sanctions and tries to perpetuate sin, sins. He who upholds a competitive system, as our present social order is, makes a mockery of the teachings of Jesus Christ. He who says that we should be satisfied with competition should beware, for that man laughs in the face of God. How can one who professes to be a representative of our Father in Heaven support such a devilish, un-Christian institution as the competitive, capitalistic gold-worshipping system we are now tied to.

The only remedy for present evils offered by Cardinal Gibbons, is regulation of the trusts. This is indeed ridiculous. Leaving out the seriousness of the matter it becomes laughable. Why, Cardinal Gibbons, regulation is a failure. Every one knows that. There is only one way to regulate anything properly, and that is by owning it. Big business has long ago found that out. It has come to the conclusion that the best way to regulate its small competitors is by gobbling them up and owning them. The trusts are putting an end to competition through regulation by ownership.

Now the question is, shall we allow the trusts to monopolize all and also regulate us or shall we regulate the trusts by owning them ourselves?

That is the issue.

Competition will pass away in spite of the protection it is receiving from certain reactionary hypocrites.

If Cardinal Gibbons would devote more time to economic and social problems, and less time to trying to please the money powers, he would be in a better position to give moral and spiritual advice.

The environment of his eminence is against him. His associates are wealthy, and he finds it to his interests to say only that which pleases them. Competition is healthy for Cardinal Gibbons because he is at the top. But while he continues to hang onto the present system, we Socialists will continue to work for its destruction so that we will have a better opportunity for healthy brains, healthy bodies, healthy souls, and healthy surroundings. The Cardinal and his dollar-seeking cronies may keep their healthy purses which have been obtained off the surplus produced by the working class.

Cardinal Gibbons, take your choice—Competition and hell or co-operation, and in time a "Kingdom of Heaven on Earth."—National Socialist.

"FREE LOVE."

One of our readers sends us the following letter:

"Will you kindly explain in an editorial the charge made by Mr. Goldstein that the Socialists believe in free love? Some of my friends heard him speak last Sunday at Augustine hall, and I want this article to convince them that Socialism does not advocate the destruction of the home, as charged by Mr. Goldstein. If possible try to have same in either the Wednesday or Thursday World.

"Trusting you will favor me in this respect and thanking you in advance, I remain, Yours very truly,

"RUD. ZELNICKA."

We take pleasure in complying with our reader's request. We can assure our friend that Socialism makes no attack upon the family and the home. Those who raise this objection against Socialism charge that it is one of the aims of our movement to do away with the monogamic marriage and to replace it with what is called "free love." We have answered this silly charge so successfully that few people any longer have the temerity to go upon a platform and make such ridiculous statements.

First of all, let us say that love is always free. Not all the wealth of a Morgan could buy one single touch of love. Love is free. It cannot be bought and it cannot be bound. No one can love for a price or in obedience to laws or threats. The term "free love" is therefore a misnomer.

We need not argue the injustice and the stupidity of this sort of criticism and we now put capitalism on the defensive by charging it for being responsible for nine-tenths of all the marital unrest existing in the nation.

* * *

Let us look at this from a common-sense viewpoint.

Is it not true that we have thousands of young men who, through lack of economic opportunity in this year of Our Lord 1912 can never hope to attain a home of their own?

Every city has its thousands of good hard-working clerks, department store salesmen, factory hands and laborers, whose wages average but from \$8 to \$15 a week and who dare not think of marrying under these circumstances.

Capitalism says to these young men: "You shall never enjoy that most sublime and most perfect happiness which comes to men fortunate enough to have the means to provide a home for wife and kiddies."

We dislike to talk about love, marriage and happiness in terms of dollars and cents, but what all human beings seek more than any other one thing is happiness.

Art, science, culture, love and happiness are only possible where the sordid struggle for the bare necessities of life is eliminated. For that reason, marriage and the happiness to be derived from that natural state rests upon the keystone of economic sufficiency—the ability to supply all material needs to keep the body and mind in a healthy condition. The sooner we understand this fact the sooner we will vote out of existence the present economic system which is destroying the home.

* * *

Under the present system the job does not belong to the man who uses it. He only gets the loan of the job. When the young man hires out to the boss, he agrees to work a certain number of hours for a certain wage. All that he produces belongs to the boss and the boss always reserves the right to discharge him whenever it serves his interest to get rid of him.

Statistics show that the boss keeps about three-fourths of all the wealth the young man creates, giving the worker one-fourth. So you see it is not Socialism that "breaks up the home." Capitalism has broken it up already.

Young men don't get married because they can't afford to get married. Why can't they afford it? Because somebody is robbing them of what they earn, somebody is taking from them what they create—and this somebody is Capitalism.

The capitalist system separates children and parents. Thousands of mothers have to part with their babes daily while they themselves go to work. Capitalism is destroying the beauty of home life by huddling six, eight or ten persons in one room, where even decency is not possible. Hundreds of thousands have no homes at all.

Working class girls are just as unfortunate as the young men.

The young man can't afford to marry her, so she is forced to seek

employment. And where does she go—to the department stores and the factories. The miserable wage paid her by the exploiting class barely keeps her alive. After bravely breasting the industrial world to keep her independence and womanhood unsullied, Want, sooner or later, drives her to accept the "easiest way."

The city of Boston has 30,000 young women between the ages of 16 and 25 who are leading lives of shame. New York city has more than 50,000 of these human derelicts, and you know what the conditions are in your own city of Chicago. There are 1,000,000 sisters of the street in the nation!

Statistics gathered by social workers show that in the United States 200,000 inmates of these houses of ill-repute die each year. One million homes destroyed by capitalism. Two hundred thousand women murdered each year because the system denied them the right to life, liberty and happiness; denied them honest work at living wages.

Next time you hear a public speaker tell people that Socialism destroys the home, hurl these statistics back into his lying teeth.

All source of life and inspiration of the working class are the returns received from labor. If these are below the level of a given standard of life—a home, security in its possession, domestic comforts, education and travel—there can be no true individual or collective morality, for there cannot be there that self-respect which is the basis of morality.

An economic condition which, because of the fear of poverty, does not admit of the absorption of the workingman and the working woman into homes of their own, has outlived its usefulness. It is exactly that dread which makes the young man and his working sister denizens of the red-light districts!

We hope that with this explanation Mr. Zelnicka will be able to convince his friends that the present system is not essential for the protection of the home.—Chicago Evening World.

MACHINES THAT WORK MIRACLES—HOW MAN IS BEING SUPERSEDED.

In this age of miracles, when one revolutionary invention succeeds another with bewildering rapidity, there are few more amazing than the devices by which man is making machinery do the work of his hands, and even of his brain, more perfectly and infinitely more quickly than he could do it himself. In fact, as one of our greatest scientists said not long ago, "the time seems to be not far distant when the work of the world will be done by a very small fraction of its population, while the rest look on."

Certainly it seems that, before very long, the occupation of clerks, like that of Othello, will be gone, their place being taken by a variety of machines manipulated by boys at a few dollars a week, each being able to do the work of half a dozen, more accurately than any human being could do it. Of such machines there are already nearly a hundred varieties, adapted to as many different purposes, in existence.

The "adding machine," which until recently was considered a marvelous triumph of mechanism, has, it is said, displaced a very large number of clerks; but it was, after all, a poor contrivance compared with its successor of today—a machine which cannot only do its work of addition, but typewrite as well. This mechanical clerk, operated by a mere lad, is an expert and infallible bookkeeper, able to transfer entries from one book to another far more quickly than is possible by hand, and with much greater accuracy.

meter," a machine, weighing about fifteen pounds, which makes the most elaborate calculations at a speed which takes the breath away. "What is 479 times £15 14s. 7½d?" you ask; and almost before you can ejaculate "Jack Robinson" the typed answer is forthcoming, correct to the last farthing. And the machine is equally swift in its response whether your sum is one of addition, subtraction or division. Two sums can be worked on the same keyboard of some of these mechanical calculators, and separate totals given; while, if the operator should be called away, the machine holds the figures until his return, and then completes its work, allowing no one to disturb it during his absence.

Five thousand items, we are told, can be registered in an hour; the machine is incapable of making a mistake; and if it falls downstairs and its gear gets out of order, it automatically locks itself. Even the shorthand writer is no longer indispensable to the busy merchant who has his scores of letters to answer daily. He dictates them to the wax cylinder of a phonograph, which repeats them to the typist. Each surface can take 1,200 words; and as the surface of a cylinder can be shaved over a hundred times, the cost is absurdly small.

If our man of business wishes to send out a few thousand circulars he can produce them on his "Printograph," which costs but a quarter's salary of a junior clerk, at the rate of two or three thousand an hour, each sheet looking exactly as if it had been produced by his own pen. And these are but a very few samples of the hundred or so mechanical devices for office work alone, which range from a machine which will open a large stack of envelopes, a whole day's correspondence, by a single operation of an instant, to a machine which stamps on every check the amount below which it is drawn, and thus makes it secure against all the arts of the forger.

Not only, too, are stamps now sold automatically and affixed to envelopes by machinery in hundreds of commercial houses, there is an ingenious apparatus, containing rows of stamps of five different values, by which a clerk can stamp envelopes at the rate of 2,000 an hour, thus doing the work of several men under much more pleasant conditions than are possible to the hand-sticker. Another equally ingenious machine for the registering of letters has a door which flies open when two pennies are inserted, revealing an aperture in which the letter is placed. On turning a handle a receipt is produced in front of the machine; while the letter, duly registered and numbered, is thrown out at the side.

Even railway tickets are now printed "while you wait," at a thousand stations on the Continent, and on at least one English railway, the Lancashire and Yorkshire. The machine for this purpose is charged with rolls of thin cardboard; and prints, cuts and numbers the tickets as the booking clerk requires them. It has a dial with an indicator like the long hand of a clock. If the clerk requires a score of tickets, he moves the indicator to the number, 20, pushes a lever, and, presto! twenty tickets are discharged into a little tray, each bearing the name of the company, the amount of the fare, and the names of the stations from and to which the traveler is going. These tickets can be produced at the rate of 90 per minute and at a cost of two-pence per thousand—a sixth of the price usually paid by the companies for their tickets.

And in every other field of labor we find man being similarly supplanted by the machinery he has designed for his own undoing. In the great wheatlands of the West they have today a wonderful machine, motor-driven, which will clear a hundred-acre field in a day—cutting, threshing, discharging the grain into sacks, and dropping the straw as it goes in neatly-tied bundles, producing as many as 1,500 sacks of grain, at a cost less than two shillings for each acre cleared. In the cotton fields you will find equally ingenious machinery, which does the work of a small army of men, not only picking the bolls but effectually cleansing them at a mere fraction of the cost of hand labor.

In many a tobacco factory you will see a machine which will pour out perfectly rolled cigarettes at the rate of 20,000 an hour, performing with

untiring precision the work of scores of men; and in the modern laundry a single machine will wash shirts at the rate of 200 an hour, iron and gloss one every minute, or complete collars and cuffs at the rate of one in four seconds.

Where, a generation or so ago, it took a baker forty-eight hours of hard labor to prepare, roll and cut a thousand pounds of dough, the same work can be done today by machinery in as many minutes, one machine thus doing the work of sixty men. Boots are now produced in one-tenth of the time and at a tenth of the cost of manual labor; and the up-to-date bricklayer, equipped with his machine, can do the work of seven men at a mere fraction of the cost. The automatic cashier is able to count 21,000 or more coins in sixty minutes, and place the different descriptions in separate bags, without the possibility of a mistake, doing the work of three or four experts at less than the cost of one.

And so it is, wherever we look—these modern "miracles" of machinery are replacing man's labor throughout the world, from the marvelous machine which turns out complete copies of your weekly journal at the rate of many thousands an hour, to the mechanical scullery-maid which washes dishes at an eighth of the cost and in a quarter of the time they could be washed by hand.—Weekly Telegraph.

GIRL GETS FATHER'S JOB

Robert Louis of Toledo, Ohio, told the following story at the headquarters of the Chicago Federation while tramping in search of work:

"I have been employed by a bicycle firm in Toledo, Ohio, for years and gave perfect satisfaction. I ran a small drill press and was paid \$1.75 per day. I managed to keep my little family, consisting of my wife, a daughter of seventeen and a son ten years of age. The factory was closed for about a month last fall, and when it opened an advertisement for girls appeared in the newspapers. I asked for my old job, but was told they wouldn't be able to put me on for a week or two. I then told my daughter to go to the factory and see if she couldn't get something to do. We had little money and I thought if she could earn \$3 or \$4 a week it would keep the wolf from the door till I got back to work.

"She applied for a position and got it. I asked her what she was doing, and she told me she was running a machine. I thought no more about it at the time; but as the weeks went by and my applications were repeatedly turned down, I began to think things were not as they should be at the factory. Questioning my girl closely one night, I made the discovery that she was running the very machine I had operated for years, and that my job was gone for good. Other machines were run by girls, and a lot of men were out of work. I couldn't get a steady job in Toledo, but with the girl's wages and odd jobs picked up, we managed to get along.

"One day my daughter's hand got caught in the machinery and she was so disabled that another girl got her job. I could not support the family on the odd jobs I got, so I left the city to get work elsewhere. I am not an old man, but I have found it hard to get a job at the work I am used to."—Exchange.

"NOT GUILTY"

"NOT GUILTY" was the jury's verdict in the Darrow case as in the famous Idaho kidnapping cases.

Send for a copy of

"Labor's Greatest Conflicts"

Which Contains 163 Pages
Besides Illustrations

Is an authentic history of the Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone cases—trial and outcome, with Darrow's speech included—a brief account of the rise of the United Mine Workers with an account of the Anthracite strike; the rise of Trade Unions, sketching the history of the Typographical Union and other information of vital interest to the student of labor conflicts.

This volume bound in silk cloth and gold, prepaid, one dollar (\$1.00); paper cover, 50c.

There are a few copies left of the revised edition "Industrial Wars in Colorado," which includes both editions of "The Cripple Creek Strike," giving a detailed history of the famous strike, including the political campaign of 1904 and the unseating of Alva Adams. "Labor's Greatest Conflicts" is included as an appendix, and all bound together, making an illustrated volume of 600 pages, bound in cloth, sent postpaid, \$1.50, while they last. Write the author.

EMMA F. LANGDON

Care Ernest Mills

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LIST OF UNIONS

Table listing unions across various states including Alaska, Arizona, Brit. Columbia, California, Colorado, Idaho, Illinois, Kansas, Kentucky, Michigan, and Washington. Columns include No., Name, Meet'g Night, President, Secretary, P.O., and Address.

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Table listing unions across various states including Minnesota, Missouri, Montana, Nevada, New Jersey, New Mexico, Oklahoma, Ontario, Oregon, South Dakota, Utah, and Wisconsin. Columns include No., Name, Meet'g Night, President, Secretary, P.O., and Address.

STATE AND DISTRICT UNIONS.

Utah State Union No. 1, W. F. M., Park City, Utah... J. W. Morton, Secretary
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SIMPLEX LUNCH
OUTFIT**



The Greatest Innovation of the Age

Consists of a substantial and slightly compartment lunch case, made of odorless, germ repelling, waterproof material. Leather-tone, in which is fitted one of our original **SIMPLEX BOTTLES**, which keeps liquid **BOILING HOT FOR 30 HOURS OR ICE COLD FOR 80 HOURS**. This happy combination of comfort and utility enables the

user to enjoy hot coffee, tea, soup, stew, etc., in connection with the regular lunch. Is especially adapted for every **WORKINGMAN** or woman, also for school children; it is light, strong and very easy to carry and gives the user a beneficial and sanitary lunch which everybody cannot help but appreciate.

Size of outfit, 11x8x3 1/2 inches. Price, \$2.50, charges prepaid.

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TRUST.

Be patient; keep thy life work
Well in hand.
Be trustful where thou cans't not understand
Thy lot whate'er it be, is
Wisely planned;
Whate'er its mysteries, God holds the key—
Thou well cans't trust Him and bide patiently.

TO A SKYSCRAPER.

By a Workman Out of Employment.
Colossal and austere! Through the sooty veil
Of the ebbing night thy uncouth form,
Steel-skeletoned, immune to Time and Storm,
Looms like a fragment from a world beyond hail.
Now gleams the day upon thy brow. The wan night
About thy breast creeps out to space. The winds kiss
Thy sounding dome, and from that harp of light
Loud rise the matins of the Metropolis.
Symbol of the age! The selfsame hand
That shaped thee grips my throat. But at the sight
Of thee, whom it wrought out of the rolling sand,
Vanish all hatreds in the hope of future light,
And in my heart is the ride of the "Wilder Clan"—
Man made thee Giant and I am a Man.

In Memoriam.

Rossland, B. C., October 11th. 1912.

Whereas, It has been the will of the Supreme Ruler of the Universe, in His infinite wisdom, to transplant from our midst the beloved wife of our Brother, Thomas H. Curnew; be it

Resolved, That we, the Rossland Miners Union, extend to him and his family our heartfelt sympathy in this their hour of bereavement, and that while we loyally bow to the mandate of Him who doeth well, we cannot but feel for our Brother in his trouble; and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family, and that a copy be spread upon the minutes of this meeting; also a copy sent to the Miners' Magazine for publication.

BENJAMIN STOUT,
FRED A. MALCOM,
Committee.

IN MEMORIAM.

Tonopah, Nevada, October 3, 1912.

To the Officers and Members of Tonopah Miners' Union No. 121, W. F. of M. Whereas, The grim reaper death has again invaded our ranks and taken Brother Joseph Morett; and,

Whereas, By the death of Brother Morett Tonopah Miners' Union has lost a loyal member and the labor movement an earnest champion; be it

Resolved, That we, the members of Tonopah Miners' Union, extend to the relatives of our departed brother our heartfelt sympathy; and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the records of the meeting, a copy sent to the Miners' Magazine for publication, and our charter be draped in mourning for a period of thirty days.

GEO. W. ROBB,
H. R. HARTLEY,
A. B. RICHTER,
Committee.

(Seal.)

IN MEMORIAM.

Tonopah, Nevada, October 3, 1912.

To the Officers and Members of Tonopah Miners' Union No. 121, W. F. of M. Whereas, Death has again invaded our ranks and removed from our midst Brother Walter Rubels; and,

Whereas, By the death of Brother Rubels Tonopah Miners' Union lost a true friend and faithful member, the community a staunch and loyal citizen; be it

Resolved, That we, the members of Tonopah Miners' Union, extend to the bereaved family our deepest sympathy; and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of the meeting, a copy sent to the Miners' Magazine for publication, also a copy be sent to our departed brother's parents, and our charter be draped in mourning for a period of thirty days.

THOS. M. DEEGAN,
J. DONOVAN,
J. F. DUGGAN,
Committee.

(Seal.)

IN MEMORIAM.

Burke, Idaho, September 30, 1912.

Whereas, Death has again visited our ranks and removed from us one of our members, Mm. Bolen, who died September 17, 1912; and,

Whereas, Burke Miners' Union No. 10, W. F. of M., has lost a true and faithful brother who has stood for his fellowmen against the system that his fellowmen are fighting against;

Resolved, That we, Burke Miners' Union, extend our heartfelt sympathy; and be it

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of this local and a copy sent to the Miners' Magazine for publication, and our charter draped in mourning for thirty days.

Signed:

WALTER SCOTT, Secretary,
BURGESS HARGIS,
WM. TOMS,
Committee.

Burke Miners' Union No. 10, W. F. M.



POETICAL



THE SLAVE DRIVER.

By ROSE PASTOR STOKES.

The brazen loud alarm clock whips my brain,
Its lash stings the raw thought. I curse, and rise,
And drag my bleeding thought through bogs of pain
To where the gray mills grin as darkness flies.

We wait before the gates, my thought and I,
Till sharp shrieks the mill throat. Oh, hell-born song!
We're drawn . . . We're lost! Now cease, Greed's Lorelei!
And blush to see, low sun, this maddening wrong.

It's evening: spat from out the mammoth maw
Of Greed's gray, supine Beast, I drag my way,
A broken, sucked-out thing, again to draw,
In sleep, a mending breath ere yawns the day.

It's night now—night now—night! I wind the clock:
A thought sweeps the dull brain, red wave on wave:
"This cheap concern—and I!" (myself I mock)—
"I! master of this thing, make me its slave."

By God! some night I'll wind the thing so taut,
I'll just snap the weak spring! and then—a span
I'll sleep . . . I'll sleep . . . and wake again for naught
Except to work in joy; and live, a man!

—International Socialist Review.

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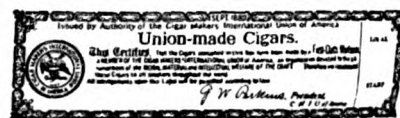
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of the

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JOHN M. O'NEILL, Editor

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