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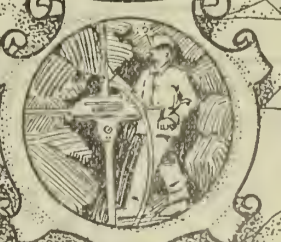
INDEPENDENCE
EDUCATION ORGANIZATION

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



DENVER, COLORADO, JANUARY 9, 1913
VOLUME XIII. 24c NUMBER 498.

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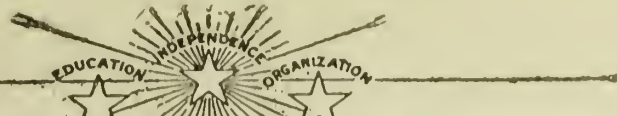
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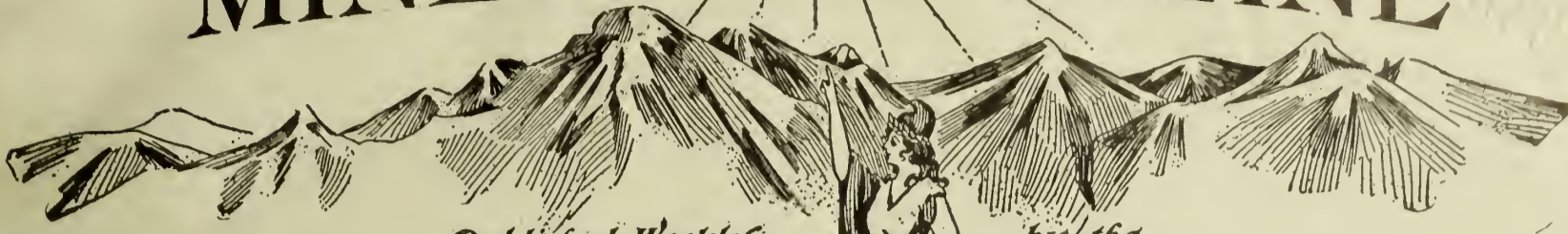
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MINERS MAGAZINE



Published Weekly by the

WESTERN FEDERATION OF MINERS

Denver, Colorado,
Thursday, January 9, 1913.

Volume XIII., Number 498
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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 Communications not in conformity with this notice will not be published.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.

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Occupation

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Signed

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Department

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SUBSCRIBE for the Miners' Magazine, subscription \$1.00 per year.

THE STRIKE is still on at Alta, Utah.

STAY AWAY FROM BLAIR, NEVADA.

STAY AWAY FROM PORCUPINE, ONTARIO!

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

SUBSCRIBE for the Miners' Magazine for the year 1913. The Small sum of \$1.00 will insure you receiving 52 copies of the official organ of the Western Federation of Miners'.

IF ANDREW CARNEGIE would only pension the widows and orphans that have been made at Homestead, Pa., through the greed of himself and pals, he would have less money to pension ex-presidents.

THE MINERS' MAGAZINE is the property of every member of the Western Federation of Miners. The editor would suggest that each member of the Western Federation of Miners, number among his resolutions for the year 1913, that he will become a subscriber and aid

in building up a publication, that is fighting for the interests of the working class.

THE SUPREME COURT of the state of Mississippi has upheld the Constitutionality of the ten hour law.

The law was contested by a lumber company, on the grounds, that such a law was an infringement on personal liberty.

A corporation is certainly very jealous of any invasion on the liberty of a slave to work as many hours per day as his physical make-up will permit of.

The corporation is so jealous of personal liberty being infringed upon, that it would ask a court for an injunction restraining any organization from preventing a slave from being slowly murdered through long hours and starvation wages.

THE GOVERNOR of Arkansas is certainly a man of courage, A governor who issues pardons to 360 prisoners, on the grounds, that the majority of these prisoners were sentenced to long terms of imprisonment for trivial offences, to serve the financial interests of soulless contractors, is worthy of the admiration of every honest man in America.

The contractors with a political pull wanted cheap labor and convict labor was looked upon as the cheapest.

It became necessary that convicts should be secured, in order that the contractors might grow fat, and official authority in Arkansas was prostituted, that labor in stripes should mint dividends for political cormorants.

What must be said of the officials who made the arrests for trivial offenses, and what must be said of the courts of Arkansas, that resolved themselves into agencies to furnish convicts to greedy contractors. The Judicial Recall is needed in Arkansas.

THE EXPRESS COMPANIES die hard. They now express the fear that the government will not be able to make a success of its parcels post system. Why not? Other governments have. The government will do the work much better than the express companies do. During the whole business life of the writer, he has not experienced one instance of where the government has failed or bungled in its function of properly handling his mail business. He has during this time experienced innumerable instances where the express companies failed to give satisfaction. This is due to the fact that the government is carrying on the post office department solely with the idea of performing a social SERVICE for the whole people, while in the case of the private express companies, they are carrying on their business solely with the idea of gouging the people for the PROFIT of their stockholders. The government cannot help but succeed in such undertakings, and the private profit mongers might well save all fears up against that time when the people shall take from them all their powers of private monopoly by socializing every means of social service pretty much as they are doing through such small beginnings as the parcels post system.—Spokane Labor World.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, Jr., is credited with having financed the investigation and exposure of police graft in New York. He has contributed \$200,000 and is prepared to give as much more, if necessary, to "stamp out" corruption.

Mr. Rockefeller, we take it, has profited little from the graft investigations and crusades which culminated in the San Francisco endeavor to get "the man higher up."

If he were to consult with Francis Heney or Lincoln Steffens or any of the graft investigators who were capable of identifying what they had discovered, he could learn without any considerable expendi-

ture the graft which so arouses him is not an isolated manifestation, but a symptom of a systematic disorder.

The same forces which produced Standard Oil are responsible for police graft in New York. There is not a whit difference between the police lieutenant who retires with a fortune or a United States senator who has an intimate correspondence with Mr. Archbold.

The path is crooked, but it's the same trail, whether it runs to police headquarters, to 26 Broadway, to the tenderloin or the senate chamber.—Milwaukee Leader.

J. P. MORGAN, in his testimony before the Congressional Committee investigating the Money Trust frankly admitted that he and his "interests" controlled \$25,000,000,000 of wealth.

Then Morgan coolly informed the country—as though we were all in the kindergarten class of financial legerdemain—that it would be impossible for any group of individuals to monopolize money and credits.

And then some of the smug minor financiers and editors, who are paid to make excuses apologize and falsify, gravely nodded their heads in assent and remarked what a wonderful man the king of finance really is.

But suppose that Morgan and his group of industrial captains quietly began to sell bonds and stocks and locked up in safety vaults a billion or so of gold and silver and money became "tighter" and still "tighter" from day to day, how long would it take for credits to tumble to a point where property would be almost given away in a wild panic to save something from impending bankruptcy?

The question answers itself, and it proves that, besides being the greatest financial juggler of the present time, Morgan is also the greatest liar on earth.—Cleveland Citizen.

IF THERE SHALL BE a panic during the Wilson administration, if there shall be a return of what the Republican politicians have been pleased to characterize as "Democratic hard times," some one is going to suffer.

The man who finds himself out of a job, the citizen who finds his factory closed or his business bankrupt, the depositor who is consoled with the promise that he will be paid in full, will not be alone. The man who caused the panic—the malefactor of money—who pulled down the structure to show his spite against the party that didn't free the slaves, will get it good and plenty.

The successor of Andrew Jackson has spoken. He has warned Morgan and Rockefeller and Belmont and Ryan and their ilk that they are in peril. If there's a panic, the president will hang the guilty man higher than Haman's gibbet.

In our mind's eye we can see the malefactors of great wealth, who haven't had a chill chase down their spines since Roosevelt threatened to send them to the penitentiary, shaking in their boots, and vowing

to save the situation and their necks regardless of what congress may do or Bryan may say.

So there'll be no panic, for Mr. Wilson has sworn it. If any man shall be found trifling with the people's confidence or with a lighted match in the vicinity of the Democratic magazine, the chief magistrate will cause him to be seized and held up to public view for the reprobation of every Democrat who believes that modern industry is a criminal conspiracy.—New York Call.

Wilson must be tolerated for expelling from his expanded lungs some "hot air" that will merely cause Oily John to "wink the other eye" at Morgan.

The threats of Wilson are as harmless as the bellowing that was indulged in by Teddy against the malefactors, against whom he hurled that verbal froth that tickled their risibilities.

The bluff of Wilson is merely a joke.

G OVERNOR WILSON, the president-elect, in discussing "The New Freedom" written for the January edition of the World's Work, says:

"The truth is we are caught in a great economic system which is heartless.

"When I hear judges reason upon the analogy of relationships that used to exist between workmen and their employers of a generation ago I wonder they have not opened their eyes to the modern world. You know we have a right to expect that judges will have their eyes opened, even though the law they administer hasn't awakened."

"American industry is not free, as once it was free; American enterprise is not free; the man with only a little capital is finding it harder to get into the field, more and more impossible to compete with the big fellow. Why? Because the laws of this country do not prevent the strong from crushing the weak. That is the reason and because the strong have crushed the weak and strong dominate the industry and the economic life of this country."

"If business men could vote secretly they would vote overwhelmingly that the present organization of business was meant for the big fellows and was not meant for the little fellows."

It is refreshing that Wilson recognizes that our economic system is heartless. Every man and woman of intelligence whose capital is limited and every man and woman who belong to the working class who have felt the crushing weight of industrial slavery, know that the giants in finance and commerce are the masters and rule with an iron hand.

We know the many diseases in our social life, and it is not necessary that, Wilson shall indulge in repeating the wrongs and outrages from which the masses of the people suffer.

The people who bear the scars of the struggle to live, are far more interested in knowing what remedies President-elect Wilson is going to use to make it possible for the victims of "predatory wealth" to escape the penalties inflicted by merciless despots. President Wilson has four years before him, in which four years, he has the opportunity of demonstrating to the people, as to whether or not, he is possessed of the back-bone and ability to expel the heartless from our economic system.

The Authorities Must Take Action

AS WE GO TO PRESS we have received special information from South Porcupine that an attempt has been made to inaugurate a new reign of terror in the interests of the mine owners.

It looks a fierce proposition when the Ontario police beat men up and start a row and then arrest and charge them with unlawful assembly. These men are now held on \$1,000 bail, and the treatment they have received is worse than that meted out to criminals in Russia. The following is a copy of a telegram sent to the Attorney-General by Secretary W. C. Thompson of the Western Federation of Miners:

"South Porcupine, Ontario, December 23, 1912

"Porcupine Miners' Union strongly protests against treatment of men in South Porcupine jail. Men are not allowed to communicate with their friends and were not given anything to eat from half-past seven Tuesday until one o'clock on Wednesday afternoon. Want action taken at once to give these men their rights."

Apparently the mine owners are growing desperate, as they realize the futility of their attempts, up to the present, to make any headway whatever in connection with the strike in South Porcupine. It is now generally conceded that the Western Federation of Miners have been successful in their efforts to tie up the mine. The mine operators have met with very poor success in securing help to take the places of the strikers. They have, through their agents, scoured the country far and near in a vain endeavor to secure strikebreakers. Quite a number of men who have been induced by means of willful misrepresentation upon the part of unprincipled and unscrupulous agents of the mine owners to come to Porcupine under the impression that no trouble existed at the present time. The majority of these importations absolutely refuse to work when they learn the true state of affairs. Some of them go into the mines, and it is a fact that when they once get in the toils it is a hard matter to get away again. Men have been forced to keep at work under the muzzles of revolvers in the hands of notorious Thiel gunmen—men who are desirous of deserting the ship if they get a chance. Once or twice the imported strike-breakers have risen in revolt and forced their way out. There has been no force or violence of any kind exercised by the men on strike; indeed, they have carried

themselves in a most exemplary manner, and no exception whatever can be taken regarding their conduct since the commencement of the strike up to the present time.

In spite of this a state of almost martial law prevails. First came the importation of as unprincipled a gang of scoundrels under the guise of Thiel detectives, that it was possible to scrape together. These men were brought in to act as a standing army for the mine owners. They were composed of thugs, gunmen and ex-convicts—individuals of the most notorious and undesirable character, and they were enlisted for and paid by the operators, whose one aim was to smash the union and the wage rate at the same time.

With this unsavory gang in control, no man or woman or child was safe on the streets; women were openly insulted, and the strikers subjected to all kinds of provocation in an attempt to force a riot that could be used as an excuse for bloodshed and the shooting up of the men on strike. That such a state of affairs was possible was indeed a sad blot upon the fair name of the Province of Ontario. These Thiel desperadoes deliberately trampled on the laws, and, as is now well known, began at last to wantonly shoot down peaceful and inoffensive miners. It was only because the public conscience was thoroughly aroused and public sentiment was asserting itself in no uncertain manner that the authorities were at last forced to act, and the Ontario or provincial police were put on duty and the discredited Thiels run off the job. For some time after things ran along a great deal more smoothly. It was apparent, however, that the mine owners had the right kind of wires to pull. The Ontario police is just as much a standing army of the mine owners as the Thiels ever were. The authorities have always favored the barons. It was only the fear of public sentiment that kept the Ontario police in their places, but at last it is apparent that the passive tactics do not meet with the approval of the mine lords who own the lands and the mines, the police and officials, and everything else in sight except the men, who by their labor develop the wealth of the mines that by right should belong to the people of Ontario.

Up to the present time the strikers have met the various trains upon their arrival and made known the fact that a strike was on, with

the result that but few of the new importations could be induced to act the scab. Recently, however, there was daily accumulating evidence that the police were getting reckless, or were being urged on by those in authority. Last week a train arrival bearing a number of new importations. The strikers were down, as usual, to meet it—probably 100 or 150 of them. A big bunch of the Ontario police were on hand, and at once boarded the front and rear of the Pullman car and refused to allow anybody to enter it, though a number of men had Pullman tickets and the Pullman conductor insisted on their right to come in. The police also interfered with the men boarding the other cars, and as they were in the habit of taking this train to Timmins, one man resented such high-handed and unwarranted conduct. Without any provocation whatever the police got busy with their clubs and started in to beat up the people on the station platform, and very nearly succeeded in working up a bloody riot. In the mixup Constable Smith of South Porcupine, drew his gun and opened fire on a man who was trying to make a getaway from the scene of trouble. When the train arrived in Timmins the provincial squad who escorted it out there joined the local officers and marched the strikebreakers to the Goldfield hotel for supper, afterwards herding them to the Hollinger mine, this despite the fact that many of the strikebreakers were unwilling to proceed with them. It was a case of "you've got to go, whether you want to or not." It

was a badly-seared aggregation and from the looks of the bunch it was a sheer waste of money on the part of the mine-owners to bring them out at all. The strikers are becoming angry at the actions of the provincial men and are losing what little respect they did have for them in the first place, for they are plainly demonstrating they have no respect for the law they are supposed to uphold and are perfectly willing to violate it if by so doing they can benefit the mine owners, who are allowed to be a law unto themselves. The mine owners are not amenable to the provincial laws—at least not when these provincial misfits interpret it. However, they more than make up for this by getting after the strikers upon the slightest pretext. To know how thoroughly the monied interests run things in this district one must be here in person to see for himself otherwise he would not believe it possible such a state of affairs could actually exist. In spite of this, however, the miners have, up to the present at least, had decidedly the best of the argument. The mines are in bad shape and the few men in them know as much about mining as a hen would know about shoveling sugar. How long this kind of law and order will last it is hard to predict.

Anything is liable to happen at any moment now, and if bloodshed should unfortunately occur, the blame can be laid at the door of the Ontario police, who have clearly prostituted the law.—Industrial Banner, Toronto.

For Unity and Solidarity

TO THE EDITOR: I read with a great deal of interest, news item in Saturday's issue in re: "Socialists to Vote on Ousting Wm. D. Haywood." I would like to express myself through your columns in a few brief comments:

1. A party, no matter what label it bears, that throws open its doors and admits to membership anyone—capitalist or proletarian—on the one condition that he pledges himself to quit voting the old party ticket, and subscribe to, and vote for the "Socialist party" principles—such a party never was, is not, nor ever can be the real, loyal, honest, sincere champion of the working class.

2. A party that in national convention assembled decides against "industrial unionism" and stands as an advocate and ally of craft unionism is not a true working class party.

3. A party that decides against the principles of "direct action" and the "social general strike" and repudiates the same in favor of a capitalistic, non-effective "ballot," such a party is positively not the one to lead the working class from slavery and oppression to freedom and justice.

4. A party that conspires to "vote" a Wm. D. Haywood out from its ranks, just because he has sense enough to know (by bitter experience) that the ballot as a weapon or method of emancipation, is non-effective, and that "direct action" and the "social general strike" would prove effective—such a party is not, never was, nor ever will be instrumental in bringing about the economic emancipation of the working class. No! No!!

5. The Socialist party, when tested by the principles of true socialism—the socialism of our deceased brothers, the martyrs of 1887—are found to be a sham, a fraud, a base and spurious counterfeit. Whoever puts any confidence in their claims, their doctrines or teachings is a credulous fool, and whoever advocates their principles—anti-socialism, etc., and still contends that said "S. P." is the champion of the proletariat is a hypocritical liar, and is doing just the very one thing the capitalists wish, viz.: deceiving, deluding and dividing the working class.

If we had 100 such men as "Bill" Haywood, I want to tell you the capitalist exploiter would be quaking with fear, instead of shaking with

glee over the out-of-date, wornout, non-effective "intellectuals" of the "S. P.," Viva La Haywood! Viva La Social General Strike and Direct Action! Yours for unity and solidarity,

N. J. B. BAILEY.

The above appeared in the Chicago Daily Press and was sent to us by a reader of The Miners' Magazine, who expressed this wish, that we comment on the same.

The writer of the above, N. J. B. Bailey, in his communication to the Press has certainly placed Haywood among the *Anarchists*, and we presume that "Big Bill" is proud of being classed with those *revolutionists* who overthrow Capitalism every time their tanks become loaded with cheap swill, commonly known as beer.

Bailey, however, in recognizing the fact that Haywood is an anarchist, discloses that he, himself, is an anarchist, and if he belongs to the Socialist Party, should be expelled as a heretic.

Bailey seems to have great faith in the potency of such men as Haywood. It is only men of small mental calibre who worship what they conceive to be *heroes*.

Haywood is a *hero* in the estimation of Bailey, but *heroes* who sprint for a laundry when scenting danger will never "make a hit" with real men. Haywood has no place in the Socialist party, and if he was not dead to honor, he would resign from a party whose principles are not in accord with "Sabotage," "direct action," and "hitting the ballot box with an ax."

The Capitalists—the wise men—recognize the efficiency of the ballot and see to it that they control the legislative, judicial and executive departments of government, so that their representatives, when called upon, can use all these functions of government to suppress the rebellion of labor.

Capitalism places its agents in public office, and these agents of Capitalism in office, can use all the armed forces of city, county, state and nation to hold labor in chains.

But "Direct Actionists" boosters for "Sabotage" and professional politicians who yearn to use a cleaver on a ballot box, are so much wiser than the Capitalists, that a party whose doctrines favor political unity at the polls is scorned and should be repudiated. "Verbum Sap."

Conviction of Dynamiters Will Aid Unionism

THE CONVICTION of the thirty-eight dynamiters will help Unionism rather than hurt it. The basic ideas of the movement—those responsible for its strength and growth—are fraternity and fair play. Any departure from these principles harms and retards, for they are bypaths leading away from the main road. It is not too much to say that every bomb exploded has set Unionism back five years, for this violent disregard of others is in itself a denial of the movement's essential ideas.

But it is a mistake to assume that the arrest and conviction of union men for crimes against the law will ever come to stand as a remedy. It may discourage violence, but it will not eradicate it. The root of the trouble is the STRIKE, for it is out of the strike that violence proceeds.

George W. Perkins, president of the Cigarmakers' Union, put the matter in a nutshell recently when he said to an interviewer:

"You are going to ask me about violence. There often is violence. I do not wish to defend it. But it arises out of the spirit of the contest. The men feel injured, they think of their families, see strangers taking their places. It is too late, when the strike is on, to say that some one, on one side or the other side, or maybe both sides, has exceeded the limits of justice. When the war is on, passion, for the time being, rules some of the combatants."

It is with the strike that we must deal, for it is as a result of the strike—the rule of passion—that employers and employes pit violence

against violence and crime against crime.—Rocky Mountain News.

The above editorial in the Rocky Mountain News will not be relished by the majority of members of organized labor, who have observed closely the various stages of the great trial that ended before Judge Anderson at Indianapolis December 28th.

The News takes it for granted that the thirty-eight men convicted were guilty, regardless of the fact, that their conviction was brought about through the most corrupt agencies that ever disgraced the judicial history of this country. The News takes the position that the conviction of these thirty-eight men "will help Unionism rather than hurt it."

We will agree with the News that the conviction of thirty-eight men by the Steel trust in collusion with the Burns Detective Agency, "will help Unionism rather than hurt it."

The conviction of these men that was brought about by all the agencies that the Steel trust could summon to its assistance, will clear the vision of a vast number of the membership of organized labor, and countless thousands of men and women of the labor movement, through the conviction of these men, will be forced to recognize the fact, that there is a class struggle, and that this struggle will never end until Capitalism is overthrown.

The conviction will have the effect of strengthening organized labor by making its membership class-conscious and class-loyal, and bringing labor closer together industrially and politically.

San Diego (Russia)

FELLOW WORKERS: No doubt many of you would like to know the state of affairs in this mediæval city. The police thugs and vigilantes expected a renewal of the fight on the 15th of October and so were armed and ready to repeat their atrocities. Finding everything quiet they were put on the guessing seat, and have been kept there ever since. This naturally brings on nervitis which is a hard complaint to cure. Similar to hydrophobia.

Some of our members have been dogged everywhere they go. Tuesday night last at 9 o'clock three of our boys were reading in the hall when who should come in but the wildeyed chief, Keno the great, and his aid de camp. He spotted a red flag on the wall made of paper, and immediately tore it down and into pieces, stating that as often as we put them up he would tear them down. He then wheeled round on a fellow worked suffering from tuberculosis, who had just come from San Pedro that day. After asking him where he came from, and if he carried a card, he whipped out his gun and pointed it at the fellow worker, saying: "Now, you s— of a b—, get to hell out of here and don't you come back." After forcing the fellow worker out of the hall at the point of a gun, an automobile arrived and Keno and his aide de camp drove away. This is the first time that Keno, the nervitis patient, has been seen out after daylight, so we expected something special in the "Onion" the next morning. Sure enough there it was in big head lines. **TWO BANDS OF INSURRECTOS IN HIDING AT THE FOOT OF G STREET. A SHACK FULL OF AMMUNITION AND BARRICADED WITH DRY GOODS BOXES. ALSO A STRANGE SLOOP WAS SEEN IN THE BAY.** Detectives kept watch all night, but were unable to catch certain individuals whom they expected to find. Needless to say the next day they searched some shacks but found nothing.

From the foregoing facts it will be seen that it is impossible to hold propaganda meetings here or do any very effective work. Not only are the streets denied us but halls as well. If the fellow workers who received financial aid from Local 13 before leaving San Diego, are in a position to do so, we would like to have them send whatever amounts they can afford. The only way in which we can keep up the local is by dues and contributions together with what literature we are able to sell.

This is not an appeal for funds, but only a gentle reminder that Local 13 needs the dough and has poor chance to get it.

PRESS COMMITTEE.

The above communication appeared in the Industrial Worker, published at Spokane, Wash. The communication is from the pen of the Press Committee, which committee, is about all that is left of the I. W.

W. in San Diego. A year ago, the pastures were green in San Diego, and the workless loafers and parasites, enjoyed the alfalfa that was furnished by the dupes who entertained the opinion, that the cause of the flim-flammers and swindlers was based on some semblance of justice. The red flag of the hoodlum brigade was unfurled, and the jawsmiths appropriated to themselves a license to spew their slime and slander upon anybody and everybody, who hesitated to gulp down their lunacy about the "One Big Union."

Their vilifications became so infamous, that the authorities were forced to refuse the scurrilous beggars a permit to speak upon the streets, and when these lazy and worthless defamers were denied a permit to hurl their foul verbal excrement against those who repudiated their fanaticism, they immediately raised the cry that the right of Free Speech was being assassinated in San Diego.

Immediately a literary bureau was established, and bulletins with glaring head lines were issued daily, calling upon organized labor, the Socialist Party and every lover of liberty to dig down into their pockets and forward funds, in order that Free Speech might not become a corpse in San Diego.

Many members of organized labor, Socialists and other sympathizers, swallowed the bait and parted with their money, believing that they were aiding in protecting legal rights and Constitutional liberties.

The *scrap* was started in San Diego, in order that funds might be secured under the pretext that *Free Speech* was in jeopardy, and the sweatless mendicants who hatched the scheme to repeat the Spokane fiasco in San Diego, reaped a rich harvest from the gullible.

When the fake in San Diego became so transparent that even the blind could see its perfidy, the long green ceased to come to San Diego, and then, the I. W. W. Arabs folded their tents and "pulled their freight" for "pastures new" in the hope that another "Free Speech" *scrap* could be launched to secure the "Mazuma."

The letter of the Press Committee of San Diego practically admits, that there is scarcely a "grease spot" left of the "Bummery," and it is about time that the members of organized labor closed their purses to the *Syndicate of Skates* who are yelping about emancipating a world through "Direct Action," "Sabotage" and "Hitting the Ballot Box with an Ax."

If "Direct Action" and "Sabotage" were so powerful in bringing Capitalism to its knees, as the jawsmiths proclaim, it is strange and singular that there is nothing now left in San Diego, save a hungry Press Committee, that pleads through a communication for Soup Money.

One Big Union; One Big Soup House. Trautmann, pass the "Mulligan" to "Big Bill!"

Will He Pay the Penalty?

ABOUT a year ago the confession of the McNamaras was as great a surprise as though a peal of thunder burst from a cloudless sky. The membership of organized labor throughout the country believed in the innocence of the McNamaras and the fact that they were smuggled out of the state of Indiana without a hearing in a court of record of the state in which they lived, had the effect of causing the vast majority of men in the labor movement to feel more firm in the belief that the McNamaras were victims of a conspiracy.

When the confession was made, the daily journals from ocean to ocean, thundered their condemnation against the crimes admitted by the McNamaras, and many of those journals demanded "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth."

These journals, however, that howled for the most drastic penalties for the McNamaras had not a word of denunciation for that aristocrat and multi-millionaire, William Wood of the Wool trust, who has been indicted for planting dynamite, in order that the crime might be charged to the textile strikers of Lawrence, and public sentiment poisoned against the slaves of an industrial oligarchy.

William Wood did not belong to the working class, nor is he a member of organized labor. Wood is an exploiter, whose profits have been reaped from the ill-paid labor of men, women and children,

While the explosives planted by Wood and his hirelings, did not kill twenty-one human beings, yet, Wood in his greed for dividends, slowly but surely murdered men, women and children, whose miserable wages hurried them to premature graves.

The McNamaras, according to their confession, used dynamite to commit murder, but Wood can be guilty of industrial murder, and through his greed for profit, slowly but surely starve his slaves to death, and yet, the journals that froth over the acts of men made desperate through the soulless exploitation and heartless despotism of economic tyrants, permit a czar in the industrial world to escape with impunity.

The McNamaras have been pilloried with editorial denunciation, but a lord of the woolen mills of Massachusetts, indicted for planting explosives to fasten crime upon strikers, is handled with velvet gloves by the scribbling hypocrites who take the position that "the king can do no wrong."

Fair-minded and honest men in the labor movement, will not condone crime on the part of men identified with organized labor, but if there is any virtue in that often-repeated saying that "all men are equal before the law," then Wood, the dynamiter, who premeditated a cold-blooded crime against labor, should pay the penalty of his lawlessness.

We shall see.

America's First Banker

AFTER MANY YEARS a committee of Congress has mustered the courage to bring J. Pierpont Morgan before it and question him as to the sources of his financial power.

It has been a long time since the government had Morgan on the carpet.

It was in the Civil war that Morgan first appeared upon the scene as a financier. He was then 24 years old.

The government at the outbreak of the war was selling condemned carbines. Arthur M. Eastman, a New Hampshire citizen, possessed of the virtue of foresight, contracted to purchase 5,000 carbines at \$3.50 each.

The records disclose that J. Pierpont Morgan was his financial backer.

Eastman sold the carbines to Gen. Fremont, who had no authority whatever to buy them, for \$22 each.

The carbines were shipped direct from the New York arsenal, where they were stored by the government, to the St. Louis arsenal, where Fremont was stationed.

The transaction, which was typical of the manner in which the government was cheated and swindled by army contractors, led to a congressional inquiry. The committee, after ascertaining the facts, reported:

"Thus the proposal actually was to sell to the government at \$22 each, 5,000 of its own arms the intention being, if the offer was accepted, to obtain these arms from the government at \$3.50 each. . . . It is very evident that the very funds with which this pur-

chase was effected were borrowed on the faith of the previous agreement to sell. The government not only sold for one day for \$17,486 arms which it had agreed the day before to repurchase for \$109,912—making a loss to the United States of \$92,426—but virtually furnished the money to pay itself the \$17,486 which it received."

The committee recommended the withholding of payment, in that the fraud was palpable and the arms worthless. Subsequently a commission was appointed to pass upon the claim in connection with others of like nature. The commission found that while the government had been cheated, and Fremont had no authority to act as he did, yet the fact that he purchased the carbines imposed a certain obligation upon the government. To settle the matter, it decided that payment at the rate of \$13.31 a carbine should be made.

Morgan was not satisfied. He took the \$13.31 that the commission allowed for the carbines that had been bought from the government for \$3.50 and brought suit before the court of claims for \$58,000. The case was entitled Simon Stevens vs. The United States Government.

In the statement of the case before the court the fact was emphasized that, according to the government the carbines had been inspected and pronounced unserviceable by its ordnance officer. Judge Peek found that Morgan was a principal, though the suit was brought in another's name. The judge said, in delivering his opinion:

"By arrangement between Stevens and one J. Pierpont Morgan the voucher for the first 2,500 carbines delivered was to be made out in the name of Morgan, which was done; the said voucher was signed by F. D. Cadwallader, Captain of Ordnance, United States Army, and was for the sum of \$55,500. By further agreement this voucher went into the hands of Messrs. Ketchum, Son & Co."

In face of the facts, the court allowed the claim in full and opened the door for a raid upon the treasury by the "patriotic" contractors who had seized upon the government's necessities to enrich themselves by means which would have justified their summary execution by drum-

head courts martial. Meyers, in his "History of Great American Fortunes," comments on the court's decision:

"Judge Peek held that when Fremont had agreed to buy the rifles he had entered into a contract which bound the government, and that a contract was a contract. The court took no cognizance of the fact that the worthless, condemned rifles had been represented as new; nor did it consider the fact that the money with which they had been bought from the government was virtually government money. It gave Stevens a judgment against the government for \$58,175.

"It was this particular decision which assured the 'open sesame' for the holders of what were then cynically called 'dead-horse' claims, to collect the full amount of their swindling operations. The government could now plead itself defenseless against the horde of contractors who had bribed officials to accept decayed ships and defective armor, worthless arms and shoddy clothing, flimsy tents, blankets and shoes, and haversacks which came to pieces, adulterated food and similar equipment and supplies. As for criminal action, not a single one of these defrauders went to prison or stood in any danger of it; the courts throughout the land were perennially busy rushing off petty defrauders to imprisonment and employing the full punitive power of their machinery against poor, unimportant offenders."

So was founded the fortune of the House of Morgan, the Morgan that a great university has honored for his services in the panic of 1907 when, with the federal treasury placed at his disposal and with the promise of immunity from the chief executive, who had been frightened at the spectre of colossal disaster, he obtained possession of the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company and completed the monopoly of the United States Steel Corporation.

It is illuminating that the Morgan who sold condemned carbines to the government when the Union was imperiled, at an enormous profit, should now, to quote one of his eulogists, be deemed "the greatest banker and the greatest financial factor in the Western Hemisphere."

Thrift, Horatio, Thrift.—Milwaukee Leader.

They Are Still Hungry

THERE WAS A FEAST at Christmas, but the next day, there was a famine. In the name of *Charity*, funds and food were solicited for the penniless and unfortunate, and in every city of magnitude in the United States, the homeless and shelterless were served with the crumbs of charity.

For such *generosity* manifested towards the poor, the daily journals from the Atlantic to the Pacific teemed with editorials that showered praise upon the givers who made it possible for the impoverished to participate in the luxury of a "square meal."

Salvation Armies, Volunteers of America, Sunshine Missions and charity organizations of every description, were appealing to the people to open their purses, in order that the hungry might be fed on that anniversary, when pulpits proclaim: "Peace on Earth Good Will to men."

But Christmas has passed into history, and the hundreds of thousands of people who were recipients of charity on this anniversary of the birth of Christ, find themselves, still looking into the future with

hopeless hearts, their vitals clutched by the grip of want. The daily journals were extravagant in their laudations of that class whose contributions provided a meal for the hungry on Christmas Day, but none of these journals touched the *cause* that made human beings forget their pride and dignity, to become beneficiaries of a charity meal.

Not a word was said of the wrongs of an industrial system that reduced men, women and children to pauperism.

Not a word of censure was said of that heartless exploitation of a master class, whose dividends are coined from the destitution of enslaved labor.

These journals that lauded the *rich* who gave to the *poor*, did not even hint that *charity* was the product of Capitalism, that *charity* was but the *effect* of economic slavery.

As the beneficiaries of charity on Christmas Day are again hungry and penniless, it might occur to our daily journals, that *charity* is but a poor substitute for *justice*.

When the reign of *justice* is established, there will be no need for that *charity* that is even repulsive to the victim of poverty.

Their Vengeance Glutted

JUDGE ANDERSON of the Federal Court of Indianapolis has imposed sentences on the officials and members of the Structural Iron Workers.

The following were sentenced to various terms of imprisonment:

Seven Years.

Frank M. Ryan, Chicago, president of the International Association of Bridge and Structural Iron Workers.

Six Years.

Olaf A. Tveitmoe, San Francisco, secretary of the California Building Trades Council.

Herbert S. Hockin, former secretary of the Iron Workers' Union and formerly of Detroit.

John T. Butler, Buffalo, vice president of the union.

Eugene A. Clancy, San Francisco.

J. E. Munsey, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Philip A. Cooley, New Orleans.

Frank C. Webb, New York.

Michael J. Young, Boston.

Four Years.

John H. Berry, St. Louis.

Peter J. Smith, Cleveland.

Three Years.

Charles N. Baum, Minneapolis.

Henry W. Legleitner, Denver.

Ernest G. W. Basey, Indianapolis.

Edward Smythe, Peoria, Ill.

William E. Reddin, Milwaukee.

Murray L. Pennell, Springfield, Ill.

Paul J. Morrin, St. Louis.

William J. McCain, Kansas City, Mo.

Michael J. Hannon, Seranton, Pa.

George ("Nipper") Anderson, Cleveland.

Wilford Bert Brown, Kansas City, Mo.

Michael J. Cunnanea, Philadelphia.

Two Years.

Frank J. Higgins, Boston.

William K. Painter, Omaha.

Fred Sherman, Indianapolis.

Richard H. Houlihan, Chicago.

One Year and One Day.

William C. Bernhardt, Cincinnati.

Charles Wachtmeister, Detroit.

William Shupe, Chicago.

James E. Ray, Peoria, Ill.

Edward E. Phillips, Syracuse, N. Y.

Fred Mooney, Duluth, Minn.

Suspended Sentences.

Patrick F. Farrell, New York.

James Cooney, Chicago.

James Coughlin, Chicago.

Hiram R. Kline, Muncie, Ind., former organizer of the Carpenters' Union in Detroit.

Frank J. Murphy, Detroit.

Edward Clark, Cincinnati, confessed dynamiter, who testified for the government.

Years ago, the Steel Trust declared war against organized labor, and J. P. Morgan, one of the world's mightiest financial pirates, declared vengeance against unionism among the steel workers.

The steel workers' organization was ultimately shattered and rendered helpless.

The structural iron workers challenged the belligerency of Morgan and his fellow conspirators, and the trials at Indianapolis, lasting three months, with the conviction of almost two score of men prominently identified with the organization, prove that Morgan and his confederates are implacable enemies of organized labor.

Morgan, through his vast economic power, was able to bring to his assistance the machinery of the national government to convict the men whom he looked upon as active in the organization of the working class.

We will not say that laws were held sacred by every official and member of the Structural Iron Workers, but we do say that the cru-

sade waged by Morgan & Co. against this organization had its effect in causing men to meditate on deeds of violence.

The *direct actionists*, advocates of *sabotage* and scoffers of political unity at the ballot box, can learn some lessons from the trials at Indianapolis. The working class did not control the courts nor any function of government that was used to fasten guilt on the Structural Iron Workers. Again, if the Structural Iron Workers are guilty of the charges that they were convicted of, then their acts can be construed as nothing else save *sabotage* and *direct action*.

We firmly believe in the innocence of the vast majority of these men and we trust that their conviction will result in the industrial and political solidarity of labor, so that Morgan and men of his ilk in the coming years will not be able to command every function of government to send *labor* to prison to glut the vengeance of soulless exploiters.

Governor Donaghey's Emancipation Proclamation

A NEW EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION was declared by Governor Donaghey of Arkansas when he pardoned 360 convicts who has been sold into slavery by the prison authorities of that state, under the convict lease system.

Governor Donaghey, giving his reasons for this wholesale delivery, made accusations which, if true, are the last words in condemnation of the convict contract system.

He asserted that men were being condemned to the penitentiary and the county jails for long terms and on frivolous charges, through the political influence of the holders of convict leases, simply to swell the number of the cheap slaves these companies were exploiting.

This may sound unbelievable, but wherever investigated, whether in Indiana, Iowa or Maryland, the reports of all tally; amount to this: that where prisoners are leased to private contractors the making of profits out of the unfortunate convicts dominates and takes precedence over every avowed object of the prison, or, so-called, reformatory.

The commission that investigated conditions at the Iowa reformatory reported that men, who by their exemplary conduct while in prison, should, under the indeterminate sentence law of that state, have been released on parole, were denied that parole, simply because of their value as slaves to those who received the profits from their unrequited toil.

From that infamy it is only one step farther to railroad helpless, moneyless, innocent men to jail; or to induce venal courts to condemn to long terms in the penitentiary men and boys convicted for slight misdemeanors.

And that is what Governor Donaghey states has been practiced in the state of Arkansas; and, doubtless, he has good grounds for his assertions.

To our certain knowledge this infamous practice was at one time common in the state of Alabama, where the privately owned coal mines were furnished with cheap labor by local justices of the peace, who received commissions for labor so furnished.

And, for that matter, it is only a difference of degree of injury that is perpetrated on helpless men, whether they are sent to prison slavery wrongfully, in the first place, on account of the desire on the part of influential politicians to acquire cheap labor, or, if convicted of an offense they are really guilty of, they are denied any opportunity to reform, any chance to learn some useful trade that might give them a chance to become honest and honorable citizens; are exploited and punished if they fail to turn out the amount of work set by hard taskmasters, themselves driven by the inexorable demand for more and still more profits.

The commercialization of the prisons, the coining of the unpaid labor into money, profits, is the underlying cause of the failure of our prison system, of our so-called reformatories, to return to the world anything but further hardened criminals; criminals who know they have been dealt with unjustly, in the name of Justice; with a hatred in their hearts for organized society that will find expression in darker crimes.

Thus it will be so long as a few favored money grabbers are allowed to profit by the misfortunes of those who fall in our great industrial war.—United Mine Workers Journal.

The General Strike—IV.—Its History in England

(By Robert Hunter. Courtesy of The National Socialist.)

JULES GUESDE, at the Congress of the Socialist Party of France, held at Lille, said, in condemning the general strike: "Before taking a stand on the general strike, it is necessary to know what this term signifies. The general strike is, in fact, originally the weapon of the employer." He then showed that the English employers, by means of the lockout, forced what amounted to the general strike, and by this action impoverished the workers and destroyed the unions.

Guesde is not altogether accurate. It was a general strike that led to the lockout. The lockout was the answer of the employer to what was perhaps the greatest effort in history to paralyze industry by means of "one big union" and a general strike.

The one big union of which we hear so much today existed in England in the early thirties. Several unsuccessful efforts were made to form a "General Union of the Productive Classes" and at last Robert Owen, toward the end of 1833, outlined his great plan.

"It is intended," he said, "that national arrangements shall be formed to include all the working classes in the great organization, and that each department shall become acquainted with what is going on in other departments; that all individual competition is to cease; that all manufactures are to be carried on by national companies. All trades shall first form associations of lodges, to consist of a convenient number for carrying on the business. . . . All individuals of the specific craft shall become members."

"Immediately after this, we find in existence," say Sidney and Beatrice Webb, "a 'Grand National Consolidated Trades Union.'" This organization seems to have actually started in January, 1834. Owen was its chief recruiter and propagandist. During the next few months his activity was incessant, and lodges were affiliated all over the country. Innumerable local trade clubs were absorbed. Early in February, 1834, a special delegate meeting was held at Owen's London institute in Charlotte street, Fitzroy square, at which it was resolved that the new body should take the form of a federation of separate trade lodges, each lodge to be composed usually of members of one trade, but with provision for "miscellaneous lodges" in places where the numbers were small, and even for "female miscellaneous lodges." Each lodge retained its own funds, levies being made throughout the whole order for strike purposes. The conference urged each lodge to provide sick, funeral and superannuation benefits for its own members, and proposals were adopted to lease land on which to employ "turn-outs" and to set up co-operative workshops. . . .

"Nothing in the annals of unionism in this country at all approached the rapidity of the growth which ensued. Within a few weeks the union appears to have been joined by at least half a million members, including tens of thousands of farm laborers and women. This union or absorption of existing organizations was very easy. Still, the extension of new lodges, in previously unorganized trades and districts must have been in great measure due to the fact that, as no discoverable regular contribution was exacted for central expenses, the affiliation was enormous. . . . A positive mania for trade unionism set in. In December, 1833, we are told that 'scarcely a branch of trade exists in the West of Scotland that is not now in a state of union.' The Times reports that two delegates who went to Hull enrolled in one evening a thousand men of various trades. . . . Shop assistants on the one hand and journeyman chimneysweeps on the other were swept into the vortex. The Cabinet Makers of Belfast insisted on joining 'the Trades Union, or Friendly Society, which had for its object the unity of all Cabinet Makers in the three kingdoms.' We hear of 'Ploughmen's Unions' as far as Perthshire and of a 'Shearman's Union' at Dundee. And the then rural character of the metropolitan suburbs is quaintly brought home to us by the announcement of a union of the 'agricultural and other laborers' of Kensington, Walham Green, Fulham and Hammer-smith. Nor were the women neglected. The 'Grand Lodge of Operative Bonnet Makers' vies in activity with the miscellaneous 'Grand Lodge of the Women of Great Britain and Ireland'; and the 'Lodge of Female Tailors' asks indignantly whether the 'Tailors' Order is really going to prohibit women from making waistcoats!" (History of Trade Unionism, Webb, pp. 119-122.)

Under Owen's teaching the trade unionist came to believe that it was possible, by a *universal non-political organization* of wage earners to raise wages and shorten the hours of labor "to an extent which at no very distant time, would give them the whole proceeds of their labor. 'Under the system proposed by Owen the instruments of production were to become the property, not of the whole community, but of the particular set of workers who used them. The trades unions were to be transformed into national companies to carry on all the manufactures. The Agricultural Union was to take possession of the land, the Miners' Union of the Mines, the textile unions of the factories. Each trade was to be carried on by its particular trade union, centralized in one 'Grand Lodge.'" (History of Trade Unionism, Webb, p. 124.)

In the opinion of Owen, the new moral world would be established in six months. The change from the capitalist system to a complete organization of industry, under voluntary associations of producers,

was to come suddenly upon society, like a thief in the night. "One year," declared a disciple of Owen, "may disorganize the whole fabric of the old world, and transfer by a sudden spring the whole political government of the country from the master to the servant."

In this early pre-Marxian attempt to form one big industrial union we find every idea of the revolutionary unionist of today. The latter have not contributed a single new thought or doctrine that was not a part of the philosophy of this early Utopian Socialism. Low dues, organization by industry, the gathering together of all workmen in one big general union, the injury of one is the concern of all, the decentralization of power, the general strike, the entire reorganization of the world in the interest of the workers, and the conduct of all industry by industrial unions—every idea of modern syndicalism was embraced in the movement led by Robert Owen.

It spread like a conflagration throughout England. It flared up in a manner that brought terror to the ruling classes; and, after a blinding flash of light, it was smothered out and trampled into the dust by two simple weapons of the employing class—the lockout and the courts.

The employers organized their opposition and every man connected with the new movement was locked out and every leader was black-listed. Instantly the new union was overwhelmed with the demands for aid from its impoverished members. The general strike was converted into a lockout and the lockout into a complete rout of the enormous masses of utterly helpless and impoverished trade unionists.

The leaders were arrested, tried and convicted. Some of them were sentenced to seven years' transportation. Enormous subscriptions were raised by the general union; stupendous petitions were circulated. Boycotts, strikes and riots were resorted to, but "by the end of the summer," says Sidney and Beatrice Webb, "it was obvious that the ambi-

tions projects of the Grand National Consolidated and other 'trade unions' had ended in invariable and complete failure. In spite of the rising prosperity of trade the strikes for better conditions of labor had been uniformly unsuccessful. In July, 1834, the federal organization all over the country were breaking up. The great association of half a million members had been completely routed. . . . Of the actual dissolution of the organization we have no contemporary record but the impression which it made on the sober trade unionists may be gathered from the following description which appeared in a working class journal seven years afterwards:

"We were present," says the editor of the *Trades Journal*, 'at many meetings of the Grand National Consolidated Trades Union, and have a distinct recollection of the excitement that prevailed in them—of the apparent determination to carry out its principles in opposition to every obstacle; of the enthusiasm exhibited by some of the speakers; of the noisy approbation of the meeting; the loud cries of "Hear! Hear!" "Bravo!" "Hurrah!" "Union Forever!" etc. It was the opinion of many at that time that little real benefit would be effected by this union, as their proceedings were indicative, not of calm and dispassionate investigation of the causes of existing evils, but of an over-excited state of mind, which would speedily evaporate, and leave them in the same condition as before. The event proved that this opinion was not ill-founded. *A little molehill obstructed their onward progress and, rather than commence the labor of removing so puny an obstacle, they chose to turn back, each taking his own path, regardless of the safety or the interests of his neighbor. It was painful to see the deep mortification of the generals and leaders of this quickly-inflated army when left deserted and alone upon the field.*' " *History of Trade Unionism*, Webb, pp. 137-138.)

The General Strike—V.—Is It a Disease of Infancy?

(By Robert Hunter. Courtesy of The National Socialist.)

WILLIAM D. HAYWOOD and other advocates of the general strike invariably call to our attention the effectiveness of this weapon in France, Spain, Italy and Russia. Some have even mentioned China and Japan. They tell us that in these countries there is industrial unionism and that marvelous results have come to the working class through the general strike. Of course they do not mean the general strike. All they mean is that various craft unions or industrial unions declare sympathetic strikes.

Now it is an interesting fact that it is in exactly these countries that labor organization is most backward. Unionism is there in its infancy. Even in France, the most developed industrially of the countries mentioned, the trade union movement is far behind that of Germany, Belgium, Denmark, Austria, Britain, etc.

Legien, the leader of the great German unions, said, at the International Socialist Congress, at Stuttgart: "The French Comrades are accustomed to say, 'We have no organization, but we have a temperament.' It is not with temperament that one fights the employer. As soon as the French have an actual trade union organization they will cease discussing blindly the general strike, direct action and sabotage."

Vliegen, the Dutch leader, declared at the previous congress, at Amsterdam, "It is not the representatives of the strong trade union organizations of England, Germany and Denmark who wish the general strike; it is the representatives of France, Russia and Holland, where the trade union organization is feeble or does not exist."

Chauvin, a French leader, makes the same observation: "Wherever powerful trade unions exist, they do not speak of the general strike; wherever they are unanimous for the general strike, the trade unions are feeble. We, the adversaries of the general strike, are the most active partisans of trade union organization. I have myself organized in Paris one of the strongest of the trade unions. If there were in Paris some strong trade unions that would be the end of the influence of the general strikeists."

Iglesias, the best known Spanish Socialist, declares that the general strike agitation in Spain is conducted solely by the anarchists. "They carry on," he says, "a constant agitation against strike funds. What they want is simply that the workers, made desperate by famine and by refusal of the masters to grant them all they demand, should be driven to violent measures. What have been the results of the attempts at a general strike? Not one success and always immense injury to the workers. Here the dissolution of an organization; there lawsuits and persecutions; some other place many 'militants' dispatched to the cemetery or to prison."

Speaking of the strike at Barcelona, he says: "There was not among these thousands of workers either unity of thought or plan of action. After having thoroughly plagued the population for days and days, the workers had nothing left but to return to work, without having obtained anything for the metallurgists. The only result of this adventure was bloodshed in several encounters between the workmen and the soldiers, leaving many dead and a great number of prisoners."

Greulich, the wonderful veteran of the Swiss labor movement, declares that "all the attempts at general strikes have hurt the workers themselves, destroyed organizations formed with difficulty, and consequently obliged the workers to toil again at building up their movement. Wasting of power. It is easy to demonstrate that there where the general strike is preached the organization of the unions is very much retarded. By the fruits one recognizes the tree. There where the

unions have acquired a sure power and a certain vitality, the general strike is considered by the workers as a Utopia.

"The general strike is a childish fancy of poorly-organized workers. The English workers lived in this dream from about 1830-1840, and they made many times remarkable attempts to realize this dream—attempts compared with which the 'general strike' of today is but child's play. They covered entire industrial centers and stopped work in all the factories and mines. The revolutionary energy was not lacking in them where they met with resistance; they besieged factories and set fire to them; they fought valiantly with the police and the military. And if the general strike had been really a decisive power, England would not have had enough soldiers to render herself the master."

A short time ago Gustave Herve, the most daring and brilliant of all the advocates of direct action, wrote of the great German victories: Turning in contrast to France, he said: "We have, by means of our internal dissensions, our sterile discussions of personalities, developed a party on the one hand and a general Federation of Labor on the other, equally stagnant, with equally ridiculous inefficiency, treasuries without money, journals without readers, and have engendered demoralization, skepticism and disgust.

"In truth, I begin to ask myself if with our great phrases of *insurrection, direct action, sabotage and 'chasing the foxes,'* we are not, after all, from a revolutionary point of view, but little children beside the Socialist voters of Germany?"

Now, these quotations are given because they all emphasize one point—that the general strike is a childish fancy of poorly organized workers. "Are we but little children?" asks Herve. When to the infancy of the French union movement poverty is added, there is reason enough why that movement should be violent. "The fundamental condition which determines the policy of 'direct action,' says Dr. Louis Levine in his excellent monograph on "The Labor Movement in France," "is the poverty of French syndicalism. Except the *Federation du Livre*, only a very few federations pay a more or less regular strike benefit; the rest have barely means enough to provide for their administrative and organizing expenses and can not collect any strike funds worth mentioning. In 1908, for instance, there were 1073 strikes; of these 837 were conducted by organized workingmen. Only in forty-six strikes was regular assistance assured for the strikers, and in thirty-six cases only was the assistance given in money. The French workingmen, therefore, are forced to fall back on other means during strikes. Quick action, intimidation, sabotage, are then suggested to them by their very situation and by their desire to win."

The greatest general strike the world has ever known was at the very beginning of the trade union movement in England. The American Railway Union was involved in a tremendous strike almost before it had begun its great work of organization. The history of the Knights of Labor and of every other movement for organizing labor, shows the same thing that we now see in France, Italy, Spain and Russia. Wherever the workers are first organized they resort to mass strikes; and every group that has attempted to organize the workers has had, sooner or later, to adopt rules and regulations to prevent strikes.

This is true, even, of the "revolutionary" Industrial Workers of the World. Trautmann, at the convention of 1906, declared that "the organization underwent so many so-called wild strikes that it is the duty of this convention to adopt such laws as will prevent the calling of strikes by the will or by the determination of two or three men. . . . If any individual may call a strike, or if any organization may be organized and precipitate a struggle we may just as well say "disband!" . . . There must be a regulation.

Of course, what William D. Haywood calls the general strikes of

France, Italy, Spain and elsewhere, are not general strikes in any sense whatever. They are little more than wild, unruly and disorganized mobs, who leave their workshops for a time "to descend," as they say in France, "into the street."

They are the product of a mob psychology that seems to be aroused to action whenever and wherever the workers first begin to realize the faintest glimmering of solidarity. The strike of the A. R. U. was a masterpiece of organization compared with most of the strikes in Russia, Spain, Italy or France. The recent great strikes in Britain, the Dockers' strike in London in 1899 and the recent Swedish strike are all masterly demonstrations of what really organized men can do. But the strikes which have been called to our attention as examples for the American movement to follow are but diseases of an infantile trade unionism.

For some reason, the recent advocates of such mob uprisings fail to mention that nearly every such strike has been followed by reaction. As the officials of the Industrial Workers of the World were forced to call out for regulation to prevent utter ruin, so have all other actual organizations had to do likewise, after the early spasms of revolt. Every single trade union in England, after the general strikes of the Owen period, pleaded with the workers to forswear strikes forever. ". . . 'Keep from it (striking),' said the Stone Masons of England, 'as you would from a ferocious animal that you know would destroy you. . . . Remember what it was that made us so insignificant in 1842. . . . We implore you, brethren, as you value your own existence, to avoid, in every way possible, those useless strikes. Let us have another year of earnest and attentive organization: and, if that does not perfect us, we must have another: for it is a knowledge of the disorganized state of workingmen generally that stimulates the tyrant and the taskmaster to oppress them.' A few years later the Liverpool lodge invites the support of all the members for the proposition 'that our society no longer recognize strikes.' . . . The Portsmouth lodge caps this proposal by insisting, not only that strikes should cease, but also that the word 'strike' be abolished. The Flint Glass Makers' Magazine between 1850 and 1855, is full of similar denunciations. 'We believe,' writes the editor, 'that strikes have been the bane of trade unions.'"

It is the fear of just such appalling reactions, which invariably arise from a stunned, defeated and exhausted labor movement, that has led every constructive Socialist and trade union leader in this country and in Europe, to deplore the general strike agitation. "The question of the general strike," said Legien, at the International Congress of 1900, "is not at this moment discussable for this very simple reason that when one seeks war it is first necessary to begin by forming the battalion which can fight. So long as the working class do not possess numerous and powerful trades unions, it will be desirable only in the interest of capitalism to declare the general strike, because this general strike can have only one consequence, and that will be to deliver the working class into the hands of the capitalist, who will shoot it down or impoverish it."

Legien ended by advising, "*Organize, First*"; and, turning to the advocates of the general strike, he added: "*You, French and Italians, who wish the general strike—you have only to commence by recruiting your armies.*"



SEVEN STATES HAVE MOUNTAINS ABOVE 13,000 FEET.

There are three states which can boast of mountain peaks exceeding 14,000 feet in height above sea level, according to the United States Geological Survey. They are California, with Mount Whitney, 14,501 feet—the highest mountain in the United States, exclusive of Alaska—Colorado, with Mount Massive and Mount Elbert, each 14,402 feet; and Washington, with Mount Rainier, 14,363 feet. Wyoming, Utah, New Mexico and Nevada all have mountain peaks exceeding 13,000 feet in height.

CLASSIFICATION OF THE PUBLIC LANDS.

An important and interesting effect upon the scientific work of the Geological Survey has resulted from the work in land classification. The constantly increasing demand for both completeness and exactness of information regarding the mineral resources of the public lands under classification have developed methods and scope of view in this economic work that have exerted a marked influence on the geologic work in other areas.

Thus, the training and methods developed in the course of the classification of the coal lands have brought about higher standards of refinement in stratigraphy, as well as in economic work, in other regions of the country. Another very notable illustration of scientific results springing from the study of economic problems is found in the administration of the Weeks act, providing for the purchase by the Federal government of certain forested lands which may affect the flow of navigable streams. The intensive hydro-metric experimental studies carried on in order actually to show, in accordance with the terms of the law, the degree of protection afforded by forests to soil and water in certain areas proposed for purchase as national forests have resulted in empirical determinations and demonstrations of high scientific value as well as of tangible economic importance.—From Annual Report, Director United States Geological Survey.

WORK ON ORE DEPOSITS.

Investigations Under Way and Planned by the United States Geological Survey.

One of the largest contributions made by the United States Geological Survey to the world's knowledge has been the store of scientific and practical truths accumulated and presented in its monographic publications de-

scriptive of our great mining districts. The detailed investigation of these more productive localities is being continued; but the present policy of the Survey is to devote more attention than formerly to work of other classes, such as the prompt reconnaissance examination of new districts with the purpose of making available a general knowledge of the local geology in aid of the prospectors at the early stage of their work, and the preparation of reports dealing comprehensively with the geology and ore deposits of different states, such as Professional Paper 68, "Ore Deposits of New Mexico," by Lindgren, Graton and Gordon, issued in 1910. The Survey now has in active preparation summary reports on the geology and ore deposits of Utah and of Idaho, and a similar report on Arizona is planned, but its completion must await some additional reconnaissance surveys in that state.

These two classes of investigation will be of direct help to the practical mining man. Another line of work which, although of no less real benefit to the mining industry, will appeal more especially to the highly trained technical men—the mining geologists and mining engineers—consists of special investigations relating to the problems of ore deposition. A bulletin of this type on the subject of sulphide enrichment, by W. H. Emmons, is already in press.

As evidence of the wide distribution of the mining districts which are being studied may be cited the fact that reports are in various stages of preparation relating to the Randsburg district and Shasta county in California, the Ely district in Nevada, the Ray, Miami and Tombstone districts in Arizona, the San Francisco and Tintic districts in Utah, the Central City, Creede and Leadville districts in Colorado, the Terlingua district in Texas, the Joplin district in Missouri and the Ducktown district in Tennessee. A report on the red iron ores of Tennessee is also being prepared.

THOUGHTS OF AN UNEMPLOYED.

By W. E. G.

The jagged stones of a city's street bruised my feet and made me think. The works of man seemed cold like unto death; I wished that I were dead, or that I had not been a man; there seemed no place for me, since all the places, high and low, were owned.

I viewed the hideous piles of brick and stone in which men delve and die for husks that they may live.

The whole scheme of exploitation was written therein; the mortar cried of pain, the glass and iron told of cruel want and hate.

I saw the largeness of the tragedy of life in the fear of want, the craven image that gave birth to the system wherein we give each other stones for bread and keep the bread for worms to eat.

Again I stood and shivered when the cobble stones were cold, in a world of men unloved, whose birthright was in pawn before their birth to others fat and clothed and fed—dead selves, whose faces imaged a savage greed.

I watched the great, unloved, unwashed, that passed me by, driven by the fear of want to battle madly for what? For love, for life, for peace and happiness? No, all these will they barter to satisfy a greed that's in us all.

The shadow of a great want was in their faces, the shadow that makes of men a cringing pack of unsatisfied wolves.

They hurried to and fro and knew not that what they wished was BROTHERHOOD, not husks and piles of brick and stone.

But in this madness lives the hope that out of the cruelty and selfishness of today will be born the gentleness and unselfishness of tomorrow.

And then I seemed to see within this coarser mesh of things the soul of man unfold.

SEE THE UNEMPLOYED.

Ellis O. Jones, in Life.

"See the unemployed!"

"I do. What a bedraggled, spiritless, sodden-looking crowd they are, to be sure. Cannot something be done for their relief, O Sage?"

"Most assuredly something can be done for their relief, but as you will know, to do the sensible thing would not be desirable."

"I know nothing of the sort. The sensible thing is to put them at work at reasonable wages, and I think of nothing more desirable than that men who wish to work should be allowed to work."

"I am surprised at your ignorance. The unemployed are absolutely necessary to civilization."

"I am sure you are wrong for once, O Sage."

"Let us see. If all men were employed, then there would be no unemployed. Am I right?"

"Obviously."

"And, if there were no unemployed, there would be no strikebreakers when men went out on strike. Is it not so?"

"It is."

"And, accordingly, when men struck, the employers would either have to concede the demands of the workmen or close their plants."

"Yes."

"And as a small profit is better than no profit at all, employers would not close their shops except as a very last resort."

"Surely."

"And so employes would become as arrogant as employers are now and employers would become as meek as employes are now. Do you follow me?"

"I think I do. That would be a terrible state of affairs, wouldn't it?"

"Yes, for the employers."

OIL AND GAS IN OKLAHOMA.

Report of Investigation Issued by United States Geological Survey.

In the early part of 1912 Robert H. Wood of the United States Geological Survey, made an investigation of the oil and gas developments in north-central Oklahoma, visiting localities where producing wells and test holes had been sunk. His report has just been issued by the Survey as Bulletin 531-B, a copy of which may be obtained on application to the Director of the Survey at Washington, D. C. In addition to collecting well data, Mr. Wood made some observations on the structure and character of the formations exposed at the surface. Nearly all the information concerning the wells was furnished either by oil companies or by local citizens. The region included in the report comprises lands formerly within the Pawnee, Otoe, Ponca, Kaw and Tonkawa Indian reservations. The principal towns within the area are Guthrie, Pawnee, Perry, Ponca, Newkirk and Blackwell.

Oil has been known east of these reservations, in the Cherokee and Creek nations, since the late 80s. Development started in the vicinity of Alluwe, Bartlesville and Muskogee in the early 90s, but little was done until the early part of the last decade. In 1906 the famous Glenn pool, near Sapulpa, was discovered and it has proved to be a phenomenal producer. Encouraged by results obtained in these fields prospectors soon began drilling farther west and in the region embracing the five Indian reservations mentioned. Foreign capitalists have sunk a number of holes in widely separated localities, and many local companies have drilled in an effort to reach oil or gas.

In the opinion of Mr. Wood, this area must be regarded as possibly oil producing, because, in the first place, all the productive sands of the main field to the east dip under the area at a low angle, and the lowest sand at the deepest point in the western part should not be more than 4,200 feet be-

neath the surface; and in the second place, there are a large number of sands throughout the area, nearly all of which, from the highest at Ponca to the lowest at Cleveland, have been productive in some locality or other, and several sands have been found to be productive in the same well. The fact that a number of dry holes have been reported can not condemn even the immediate region around them, because very few of the wells are deep enough to be thorough tests. Besides, owing to the variability in thickness and porosity of the sand, in developed territory dry holes are common alongside producers, and even near gushers. Therefore the prospects for the development of a number of pools in this area seem to be good. To prevent unnecessary loss of money in fruitless and expensive drilling wells should be located with careful regard to the geologic structure.

A copy of the report may be obtained free on application to the Director of the Geological Survey, Washington, D. C.

A CONCISE STATEMENT FROM CRAIG MINERS' UNION.

Owingsville, Kentucky, December 26, 1912.

Ernest Mills:

Dear Sir and Brother—I desire that all fellow-workers shall know the manner in which the mine barons have treated their workers. They work them at a wage of \$1.10 a day, charge them \$3 for a house, \$1 for doctor bill, \$4 for coal, and you have to take an order for wages and the order is shaved 10 cents on the dollar. Under such conditions how can a man keep the wolf of hunger and starvation from his door?

In the year 1910 there was a man who had worked for a number of years. The weather got cold and he didn't have any money; he told the company that his wife and child were starving, and freezing with the cold. They told him that they didn't care if the whole bunch died and went to perdition. They would not give him anything, and as a result the child lost its fingers and toes on account of the cold. There was another man who had 75 cents due him and he had a wife and five children that were without food for two days, and he asked the company for the 75 cents he had due him. He was told that no order would be written for him, even though he starved and went to limbo before morning. They gave us water to drink that was taken out of the ponds and creeks. Men who worked by the ton gave two thousand, two hundred and fifty pounds, and if there was discovered one rock in the car, they docked him from five hundred to a thousand pounds. The company here is made up of a gang of robbers.

There was another man who had \$25 due him, but when pay day came the company brought him out in debt. Under such circumstances, why should we not fight for our rights? We are going to win this strike. The papers published in this part of the country are filled with falsehoods against the strikers, and those papers that are owned and controlled by the company laud the robbers for their generosity.

Trusting that you will publish this statement, in order that the members of the Western Federation of Miners may know the conditions we are battling against, I remain Yours fraternally,
HOLT WARREN,
President Craig Miners' Union No. 245.

GOEBEL WANTS TO KNOW.

George H. Goebel of New Jersey has sent the following letter to the editor of the national organ of the Prohibition party:
"Editor Clean Politics, Indianapolis, Indiana:

"Dear Sir—I receive from you from time to time appeals for aid of your paper and the Prohibition cause, which it advocates. I suggest you cut my name off the list to whom you send such appeals, as it will save you postage that brings no return.

"I am a Socialist. I was for many years one of the most active and best-known members of the Prohibition party in this country, delegate to its national conventions, speaker for it in many states, national secretary of the Junior Prohibition Leagues, etc. This being the case, I have always respected and understood the Prohibitionists and been disposed now and then to help them to a hearing, futile as I am convinced is their method of reaching the evils of intemperance.

"It was this that made me originally take your paper, and that letter made me respond to your request to renew for three years. And for so doing I had the pleasure (?) of reading in your paper that the Socialist party was a liquor party, followed by other statements of a worse nature. Then, for good measure, I suppose, you added the cowardly trick, in speaking of the shooting of Roosevelt, of saying that the Associated Press spoke of Schrank as a Socialist, thus avoiding personal responsibility for the statement, but nevertheless allowing your readers to get the thought that a Socialist had done the shooting, and indirectly that the Socialist party stood for murder. Nor have I, in reading your paper, been able to find where later you at any time take the trouble nor show fair play enough to point out that Schrank, instead of being a Socialist, was a member of a Republican club and such a good Catholic that he resisted the police, depriving him of the rosary worn around his neck.

"Suppose you some day define why the Socialist party is a liquor party. As a former Prohibitionist I think I know in advance what your reply will be.

"When you have given it I will ask you to explain your relation as a Prohibitionist to capitalism and the manifestations of its workings as now seen in the coal fields of West Virginia, where martial law is declared against starving miners, where mothers are compelled to give birth to their children in the open roadway because of eviction due to their husbands refusing longer to be slaves. I speak of West Virginia in particular because your paper informs me that its editor has all his savings invested in West Virginia coal mine stock.

"If voting the ticket of a party which does not specifically declare war on the liquor traffic makes a member of that party responsible for, and a partner in, the curse of intemperance, then why does not the direct ownership of stock in these West Virginia coal mines entitle every underpaid and slave-driven miner, every harassed mother and every ill-fed, ill-kept and ill-educated child to point the finger at you and say with a thousand times more truth that you are partners in all the growing iniquities of capitalism, with its growing wealth to the few and growing poverty to the many? WHY NOT? Very truly yours,
GEORGE H. GOEBEL."

A CLUMP OF WILD IRIS.

By W. E. G.

A man tired of the strife with self and men was on the way to his work, in the midst of the daily tumult of trade, where men wearily delve mid husks for bread.

He was oppressed by the chaos of life through which men work and grope their way, when suddenly he was attracted by a picture, merely a clump of wild iris.

Like a flash it brought to him a keen realization of the emptiness of the sordid struggle men put up for the artificialities of life; he knew, for he was part of that struggle, and like most men, he was not satisfied.

A great restlessness filled his soul, for that picture took him back to a time years before, when a mere guileless, barefoot child he had stood in the early morn, on the edge of a plum-tree thicket that grew here and there in

ravines that furrowed the then wild and grassy plains of Kansas, and beheld the wee purple blooms of wild irises sparkling with dew.

How pure! What wondrous color! He had hardly dared to touch them, and nearby pink brier roses, with sensitive, fragrant blossoms; and the red dish-brown flowers of Gallardia, which later on as a boy he had fastened to his arrows when playing Indian, and bending double his plum wythe bow, had shot them high into the Kansas blue as signals in an imaginary struggle with phantom foes.

Now, as he surveyed the real foe, himself, a well-groomed, well-fed, well-to-do man, and thought of the ineffable splendor and wealth that his pure childish heart had beheld in the wild flowers and the deep blue of the sky, he was shocked by a sudden realization of his extreme poverty of the things worth while.

He was heart hungry for the wealth of those guileless days, when he had beheld diamonds in every dew drop on every blade of grass and nuggets of gold in the wild seed pods; where grasshoppers, tumble bugs, rear horses and fire flies had peopled an enchanted world where worry and selfishness were not even dreamed of.

Just to be able to go back once more to that tranquillity and serenity in life. Impossible thought he; it is always forward; around and around, up and over up, through a chaos of tumult.

Oh, whence and why this life in life?

Surely life must be good, not part of it, but all of it; the whole of it and that which seemeth evil to us must ultimately work out for good.

He had a vision of having passed day after day and year after year along a dusty road, with aching feet, tired back and weary heart.

Brooks, meadows, trees and flowers beckoned from every side to stop awhile and live.

Often he had been captured by the beauty of some spot along the road, UNUSED, but always OWNED, and so he had gone madly on and on.

At last he came to a gate so great that it seemed all men could pass, for the gate was only an open arch of simple lines, and over the arch was written, "Except Ye Become as a Little Child Ye Cannot Enter In."

He passed through into the soul's own country, freed at last from the demon of possession, and then there stretched before him once more grassy, flower-strewn plains of immeasurable breadth, and winding roadways losing themselves in the azure depths of an ever-receding horizon, and all that he surveyed was his, not to OWN, but to USE.

The ineffable splendor and freedom of life filled him.

Once again he stood guileless as a child, but plus wisdom, for he had circled round and round through the tumult of experience, unconsciously seeking BROTHERHOOD.

He had finished a cycle of life.

The vision vanished; rudely he was thrust back into the world of greed and exploitation, and in a moment was lost in the hurrying throng.

TEDDY AND ANDY—THEY HAVE A CHANGE OF HEART.

Not so long ago Egotistical Teddy, by bitter denunciation and absolutely false accusations, undertook to strangle to death and destroy international Socialism; to sink it forever into oblivion, as it were. All this he was going to accomplish single-handed. Spurred onward by a monstrous vanity and self-conceit, for which he is noted the world over, and singled out from the rest of common humanity, he firmly believed himself equal to the task to which he set himself. The people of this country, however, have very recently exemplified and given notice that they are ripe—quite ripe—for and must have certain reforms—an exemplification nowhere in evidence just a few years ago, when Terrible Teddy, with eyes a-gleam and wrath all a-flame, his hair standing on end and with froth at the mouth—b-r-r-r—was hard at it hurling his wild and foolish tirades against Socialism.

No matter what any of us might ever be called upon to say, either for or against Roosevelt, one thing certain we must all of us bare our heads in recognition of, the fact that he is a diplomat, or at least a politician more cunning and crafty than the craftiest and slicker than the slickest. Hence, our wise Theodore has his finger on the public pulse always. He feels its throbs; he knows just where "he's at," always.

So forgetful of what was ever said by him against Socialism, our wise, and bold, and very consistent Roosevelt proceeded to build in part his "Progressive" platform with something like twenty-one planks that were "swiped" from the Socialist party, all of which, mark you, he only a little while before criticised, and assailed, and condemned in the most scathing, bitter terms. Our Theodore, it would seem, has had a change of heart. But it would seem genuinely so only to the deplorably, if not disgracefully, shallow and senseless thinkers, mind you.

Now comes a certain kindly, silvery-haired old gentleman who believes in, and advocates, and stoutly supports the notion that ex-Presidents should be pensioned, notwithstanding that any ex-President, while President, receives from the people the munificent salary of \$75,000 a year, traveling and nearly all other expenses included. He, at the same time, expresses a thorough willingness to have the pensioning charged to his account.

This same gentleman, smitten, it would appear, by the thought of the means he employed during the process of gathering in his ill-gotten "wad," declares that before he shuffles the mortal coil and prepares to meet his God and give an account of the way he has lived on earth, he will have gotten rid of virtually all of his wealth—that he will die a poor man. He, too, it would seem, has had a change of heart. But not so fast. As is the case with the other fellow above referred to; it is obvious that the change of heart in this particular gentleman would also be recognized as ungenue and bogus to all excepting perhaps the same superficial thinkers and the deaf, dumb and blind, mind you. This selfsame unfiled old gentleman also has for the past twenty years or so busied himself with the building of libraries all over this blessed country of ours, during which time he has all along been hailed as a benefactor to mankind, and by some is classed even with Christ himself as a deliverer of the race. He has been and still is being ardently eulogized and boosted to lofty, dizzy altitudes reaching to the boundless heavens themselves and noisily proclaimed king of philanthropists; but only by cringing, crawling slaves to the invincible \$, mind you, who are destitute of all scruples of conscience when it comes to bartering honor and manhood and the betrayal of their toiling brethren for gold, and who worship and make obeisance at the shrine of Mammon.

At sight of one of these library edifices it seems somehow to always take on the appearance of a massive monument all smeared with the life's blood of the laboring man. I seem to see stretched out the cold, pallid, lifeless forms of men—the murdered bodies of martyred workmen. I seem to see the drooping, sorrowing forms of women in the throes of sobs and tears and anguish, clustered about them a pitiful group of tender, and ragged, and hungry little children also smothered in sobs and moans and wails—the women whom in life the men called wife and their children.

This same philanthropist; this magnanimous builder of libraries, not so long ago changed the scale with his workmen and robbed them, and when they said something he hired Pinkerton thugs and cut-throats to shoot them down, and then called upon the great state of Pennsylvania to uphold him in his hellish business.

Andrew Carnegie will have enough to do if he will take care of the men he has robbed and plundered and outraged, and the widows he has made, and the orphans he has made. The irreparable sins of Andrew Carnegie are innumerable and blacker than hell itself. He has crowded helpless men to the wall and robbed them; trampled the blood of Christ under foot and com-

elled helpless, overworked and underfed mothers to press hungry babes to empty breasts.

If the truth may be said of Carnegie his superostentatious "philanthropies" and "benevolences" reek with the dirt and filth and scum of hypocrisy. He is, in fact, a cruel, rapacious and red-handed brute—a pitiless, cowardly, inhuman monster, with a conscience, or lack of conscience, that would be a discredit to a savage or a grave-robbing hyena—a heart so hard it must have been petrified while still in the cradle; and a soul so small that 10,000 like it could be impaled on the point of a cambric needle.

The building of libraries and the bestowal of leather medals upon heroes and pensions to ex-Presidents be damned! Pension the widows of the men you have murdered, Andy! Give your slaves a living wage!

Having already reached far beyond life's dreary sunset, the black darkness of death will soon overtake you. Do something worth while in your fast-declining years, Andy!. Make ready to face your God!

BOB MARTIN.

Silver Park, Nevada.

CONDITIONS AT BINGHAM, UTAH.

Bingham Cañon, Utah, December 30, 1912.

Editor Miners' Magazine:

From letters and reports received here from the outside, the impression seems to be that the strike here is a thing of the past; that the men have surrendered and gone back to work under the same conditions and for the same wages that prevailed prior to the strike. No doubt this impression is due to the exaggerated reports published by the daily press and accepted by many of the members "as the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

That strenuous efforts have been made to break the strike, none will deny. The full strength of corporate wealth, assisted by the officials of Salt Lake county, has been used to brow-beat, intimidate and coerce the strikers to go back to work or force them to commit some act of violence that could be used as a pretext to declare martial law. All sorts of indignities and insults were heaped upon the strikers; the rights accorded to men and women under the law and constitution were ignored and trampled under foot by the gunmen and deputies employed by the Utah Copper Company and on whose manly (?) breast was pinned the "star" of authority by the sheriff of Salt Lake county.

These slimy creatures; these fawning sycophants and corporation lick-spittles, lost to all sense of manhood, have not hesitated to obey the edicts of the vampires of corporation greed.

But in spite of all the persecution heaped upon them; in spite of the threats of law-breaking gunmen and deputies; in spite of bribes and other inducements, the vast majority of the men who went out on strike the morning of the 18th of September, have been true to their obligation. Rather than prostitute their manhood and hand down to posterity a tarnished name they are leaving their homes and families and all they hold dear to seek employment elsewhere. A tremendous sacrifice, but made that humanity might be raised to a higher standard. All honor to such men; may their number increase.

There are, it is true, some who, lost to all sense of honor; lost to all decency; lost to all the attributes of manhood, have gone back to shambles and by so doing have proclaimed to the world that they are content to be the vassals of the Utah Copper Company, et al.

What a libel on manhood they are! Their eyes are closed to the misery of others; their ears are deaf to the cries of the downtrodden and oppressed. No such thing as brotherhood appeals to them; to be the willing slaves of the corporation and to bask as they think in the sunshine of such men as D. C. Jackling, is to them the crowning ambition of their life. Steeped as they are in their own infamy, they do not realize that they are despised by the very men they are serving. Yet with the assistance of these creatures and others of their kind, the mine operators of this district are making a poor showing, notwithstanding their boastful claims.

In the early part of October, with great acclaim, the Utah Copper Company announced resumption of work. So stupendous was the resumption that Jackling's paper, the Herald-Republican, featured it with photographs, one of them showing deputies touching off blasts. Great was the rejoicing of the menials of the company, and how they proclaimed the news far and wide, and chuckled how they were putting organized labor to rout. (Ye gods, what manner of men are these that gloat in their brothers' downfall.)

The kept and prostituted press joined in the welling chorus and ever anon since that glorious (?) day the public has been regaled with editorial and news menu served a la Jackling style.

It has been iterated and reiterated by Jackling and his satellites that everything was normal; that they were getting out an enormous tonnage; that they had all the men they needed; yet in spite of all this verbosity and pomposity, their own official reports belie their statements. It is customary for the Utah Copper to give out a monthly statement of its production, etc. This statement generally appears the fore part or the middle of the following month.

The November report did not appear till the latter part of this month. In it they are forced to admit that they are still suffering from labor troubles and they confess that their output has not been up to their expectations; in fact they are twenty million pounds (20,000,000) of copper short. Now, this certainly ought to bring joy to the stockholders. The McNeill, Jackling, Penrose et al. methods of fighting organized labor pays (?).

In yesterday's paper Jackling complains of the weather and goes on to say that the mills at Garfield are not in a condition to handle the ore and consequently the ore is freezing in the cars. Is it not strange that we did not hear something of this last winter? The facts of the case are, the mills at Garfield are badly in need of repairs and the company has not competent men to repair them, and it is therefore no wonder that they are unable to handle the ore. Then, too, we are reliably informed that the rock that the company is shipping is half waste. The company is a long ways from being normal, and no one knows it better than they do. They have scoured the country from one end to the other to secure men to work their property and have not been successful. They are endeavoring to man the machines with Japs, put three Japs to the machine. If one of their old men reports for work, the Japs are taken off the machines and put to doing something else. The main bank of the mine is not being worked at this writing, and this, when conditions are normal, teems with activity. Then, too, they have no bank men and these are very essential to keep the banks in a safe and workable condition. Taking everything into consideration, the mining companies here have nothing to crow over; they have met a foeman worthy of their steel, and their attempt to crush organized labor has not as yet resulted in a victory for them. The industrial war is on in Bingham Cañon, Utah, and will continue until the mine operators concede a living wage and better working conditions. Until such a time, all workmen will avoid Bingham Cañon, as they would a pestilence.

E. G. LOCKE.

THE TWO SYSTEMS.

By Plebs.

There are two systems, and only two under which any industry is, or can be, run.

One is private ownership, or capitalism, under which a few individuals

called a firm, or a number of stockholders called a corporation, own all the buildings, machinery, tools, etc., which are used in making the product.

These owners, who are known as capitalists, hire other men to do the manual labor necessary and give them a part of the product, which is called wages.

The owners, or capitalists, keep the rest of the product, which is called profit.

The wages of the wage-earners are determined by competition; that is, when an employé is wanted, and ten apply for the job, the man, woman or child who the employer thinks will do the most work for the least pay will get the job. So you see that under private ownership wages constantly tend toward the smallest amount which the worker can work for and keep alive on. The price of the product used to be fixed by competition also, but this is not, as a rule, true today, because the owning class, which is not like the working class, driven to a fierce competition by the fear of starvation, have learned that they can make much larger profits by combining and agreeing on the price of their product than they can by competing, which always lowers prices.

For the past twenty years this country has tried to destroy combinations and restore competition, with the result that the attempt has been a complete failure, for the simple reason that there is no known method under the capitalist system whereby two or twenty men can be prevented from coming together in private and fixing the price of the article which they sell, and selling it at that price.

Let us now look at the industrial system known as collective ownership, or Socialism. This idea is now partly operative in the publicly-owned post-office, the public schools, the public roads and bridges (which were once privately owned), the police system, the public fire department, the public water works and the Panama canal.

The Socialists want the same power to dig the copper and the coal and the oil wells that dug the Culebra cut. They want the highways made of steel rails owned and operated by the public, like the highways made of macadam. They want the mills and factories that make the boots and shoes, and the clothing we must wear, and the brick and lumber we must build our houses of, to be owned and operated by the same power that has shown itself capable of building and operating such a complex machine as the modern battleship.

And we want them democratically operated.

Now, why do Socialists want us to own and operate these industries for our own benefit, instead of allowing a few people to own and operate them for their own profit? Does not the question answer itself? This is the reason: The owning class under private ownership is under a constant temptation to do three things.

First—To increase the price of the product, because that means more profit.

Second—To decrease wages to the lowest possible point, because that means more profit.

Third—To adulterate the goods and cheat on the quantity, because that means more profit.

Under collective ownership no one would have the incentive to do any of these things because the people as a whole would own and control. Can it be doubted that the people would insist on having prices as low as possible, wages as high as possible and goods as good as possible?

The wage worker receives under private ownership less than one-half of what he would get under collective ownership, for the simple reason that under collective ownership there would be no individuals standing between the worker and his earnings to absorb the larger part of them.

Whenever we, the people, shall decide to have our food, our clothing and our shelter provided at cost, instead of paying over one-half profit, we can do so, just as we now have our education at cost, and our postal service practically at cost.

But, you say, I am sure that my employer doesn't get all the profit that you say he does.

No; your employer doesn't get it all, or nearly all. But did you ever stop to think that your employer has to pay a profit on the factory and land he occupies, called rent, a profit on the gas and electric light and coal he burns, a profit on the raw material he buys, a profit on the tools, machinery and every other thing he uses, and that if the collectively owned land and factory supplied gas, electric light and fuel at cost, and supplied tools, machinery and all supplies used at cost—did you ever stop to think that this abolition of profit would mean a reduction of the cost of living to you of more than one-half.

Now, the Socialists cannot accomplish this all at once, but want to commence and carry on as fast as possible the process of transferring the various industries from private to public ownership.

How?

Well, there are three ways:

First—Confiscate them, as we did with the slave property in the Civil War.

Second—Buy them, giving bonds in payment, to be paid gradually just as we have bought our water systems.

Third—Establish government factories to sell at cost, which would put privately-owned industries, which must make a profit, out of existence.

When the people decide to have Socialism they will also have the opportunity to decide which method they prefer to bring it about.

Meanwhile the number of believers in collective ownership grows every year, and the Socialist party, the only party which stands for this principle, invites all who believe in it to support this great movement by the only feasible method, the expression of their opinion by means of the BALLOT.

GOLDEN WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

Tribute Paid to Jean Daniel Debs and Marguerite Bettrich Debs, by Their Son Eugene, on Behalf of the Family, at Their Golden Wedding Anniversary, Terre Haute, Indiana, September 13, 1899.

The celebration of a golden wedding is a rare occurrence in the history of families; only to the favored few is such a blessing vouchsafed. It is an occasion when nuptial vows pledged at Hymen's altar take on inexpressible sacredness. A far distant day is reached when "two souls with but a single thought" and two loving hearts that "beat as one," courageously and confidently entered upon the voyage of matrimonial life. Thomas Moore, inspired by the genius of love, rapturously sang:

"There's a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has told,
When two, that are linked in one heavenly tie,
With heart never changing and brow never cold,
Live on thro' all ills, and love on till they die."

It is not given to us children and grandchildren, who meet today at the old home shrine to lay our offerings, consecrated by our affection, upon the family altar, to know the heart and soul yearnings of our aged parents to find some favored spot, some oasis in the desert, where they could build a home and enjoy the fruitions of peace and contentment amidst a family of bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked and merry-voiced children.

In fancy's eye we see their beautiful and vine-clad native France; we see them in the bloom and strength of youth, standing at the altar and pledging to each other unchanging fidelity in storm and shine, ready to meet the future as the days unfolded their duties, their opportunities, their tasks and

trials, sustained by a faith and hope which cheered them on their pilgrimage through all their married days.

Those of us who have reached years of maturity and are here with wives and husbands and children's children, may in fancy's telescopic vision see the youthful pair leaving the old for the new world, whispering to each other with brimful eyes and quivering lips:

"Go where we will, this hand in thine,
Those eyes before me smiling thus,
Through good and ill, through storm and shine,
The world's a world of love for us."

And such has been the world to them. Love has been their guiding star; no cloud ever obscured it; and the darker the day of adversity the brighter shone their love which bathed their home and our home in its mellow, cheering light.

In celebrating this golden wedding anniversary, all the halcyon days of our lives are included and there come to us messages from the past, under the sea and over the land, burdened with the aroma of violets and roses, caught from the flower gardens of memory, planted in youth and blooming in perennial beauty to old age.

I confess to you, my venerable parents, and to you my sisters and brothers, and to those of younger generations, to overmastering emotions of love and gratitude as I survey this family scene, never to be pictured again save upon the canvas of our memories. But I would voice no requiem note. Today our ears are not attuned to the dirge's mournful cadence. This is not the occasion for planting weeping willows, the cypress or the ivy vine—

"Creeping where grim death is seen."

Here the mingled cup of love and gratitude and joy, brimful, is quaffed in honor of an event which to us all is a priceless benediction; but, if from its fountain a tear mingles with the draught to sparkle on the brim of the loving cup, it bears testimony that our hearts are touched by feelings as divine as ever sanctified human affection.

The serenity, the rare loveliness of this scene create emotions which no words, however fitly chosen, can express. I can but say in the name of my sisters and my brothers and those younger in the bonds of family allegiance to our father—the patriarch of these sons and daughters—that we tender him our warmest congratulations upon this rare occasion. When we greet him our hearts are in our hands; when we kiss his time-furrowed cheeks our hearts are on our lips, and when we congratulate him upon this, his golden wedding anniversary, our hearts are in our words.

Freely do we avow the fealty of our love for his devotion to us, his children, for his watchful guardianship over our giddy footsteps on youth's flowery pathways; and this love is blended with profound veneration for his courage, which no vicissitude could dampen; for his masculine virtues which have endeared him to the home circle; for his spotless integrity of character which has given him the confidence of men, whether in poverty's vale or upon the more elevated plane of prosperity, secured by industry and frugality, and above all, for that parental ambition and self-denial to secure for us an education which should equip his children for respectable and honorable positions in life.

This, my beloved and honored sire, is the tribute of affection your children bring to you today. Your tender and unceasing devotion has won the overflowing gratitude of our hearts, and this thankfulness, this abounding sense of obligation, dearest father, we children with the fingers of our love weave today into a crown and place it on your venerable head, and though the years shall continue to whiten your locks, dim the lustre of your eyes and impair the strength of your manly form, the wealth of our affection shall ever increase, nor shall it cease when the silver cord be loosed and at the final goal you lay all your burdens down.

And now our happy family circle, rejoicing in kindred ties, will fill again the sparkling cup with the ambrosia of affection that we may drink to:

"My mother's voice! how often creep
It's accents on my lonely hours,
Like healing sent on wings of sleep,
Or dew to the unconscious flowers.
I can forget her melting prayer
While leaping pulses fly,
But in the still, unbroken air
Her gentle tone comes stealing by—
And years, and sin, and folly flee,
And leave me at my mother's knee."

There are two words in our language forever sacred to memory—Mother and Home! Home, the heaven upon earth, and mother its presiding angel. To us, children, here today, mother and home have realized all the longing, yearning aspirations of our souls, and now, in this blissful presence, we quaff to our mother this cup full and overflowing with the divine nectar of our love. I need not attempt to recite her deeds of devotion. There is not a page of our memory, not a tablet of our hearts, that is not adorned and beautified by acts of her loving care, in which her heart and her hands, her eyes and her soul, in holy alliance, ministered to our happiness.

There was never a time when there was not a song in her heart, sweeter than Aeolian melody, wooing her children from folly to the blessedness, security, peace and contentment of home. Her children were her jewels in home's shining circle, and if by the fiat of death a gem dropped away, the affectionate care it had received added soulful charm to her lullaby songs when at night she dismissed us and sent us to dreamland repose.

Years of duty and trial, anxiety and care have bowed her form, whitened her hair, dimmed her eyes and robbed her cheeks of their maiden bloom; but O our mother is still to us our beautiful mother. Her heart is as young and loving as when in infancy, in youth and in riper years it throbbed responsive to our plaints; her hands are as beautiful in our eyes as when in our childhood they were laid caressingly upon our heads, and her dimpled fingers smoothed our hair or wooed back to order our truant tresses, and her voice, though less resonant than in the years when she called us from play to duty, has the same cadence as when bending over us she sang the cradle song which lulled to sleep and to dreams.

O our mother! beloved more than any wealth of words could express, your children on this anniversary day of your wedding fifty years ago, offer you, aye shower upon you in the name of filial devotion, all the holiest treasures of garnered affection.

"We give thee all, we can no more,
Though poor the offering be;
Our hearts—our love is all the store
And this we bring to thee."

We hear the wedding bells ringing in celebration of the nuptials of our aged parents—our ears are attuned to their merry chimes and our hearts respond with all the joyousness of a wedding march, for peace and happiness and contentment crown the hour. We do not ask what the future has in store, we only know that we have the bride and groom in our presence, and that it is an inexpressible joy to pledge them anew our unflinching devotion and our eternal love.

A WORD ABOUT THE INVENTOR.

People Who Say He Would Have No Chance Under Socialism Should Note How He Fares Under Capitalism.

We Socialists are often met with the question: What about the inventor under Socialism? Well, what about him? I am sure that under Socialism the majority of inventors would have much greater consideration than can even be imagined under capitalism. A lot of silly people, who couldn't invent a fly-shower, have got it into the space where their brains should be that inventors are paltry mercenaries like themselves. The greatest incentive to invention is the love of invention itself, monetary reward the after thought. It is noteworthy that inventors, like poets, are not responsible for the genius within them, and that the expression of faculty demonstrated externally owes society a greater debt than society owes to the individual through which it may be expressed. There are thousands of inventions pigeon-holed in the world today, and for which the inventors thereof have not received anything equivalent to the time expended upon them, and when those inventions do leave the pigeon-hole to materialize, the inventor will find himself either in his box or scrap heaped. Capitalism only rewards the inventor when pressure demands it, and steals what it can lay hands on at every opportunity. What do they do with inventors under capitalism? If you want to know, note the following instance, taken from one of the English daily capitalist newspapers. It is a typical case:

"Information reaches us that the inventor of cold storage, Charles Tellier, is living in indigence at Auteuil, France, and that a subscription has been opened on his behalf. It may surely be taken for granted that the mere mention of the veteran inventor's necessities should be sufficient to ensure his well-being for the remainder of his days. Tellier's association with the art and business of refrigeration dates back about fifty-five years, though it was not until 1868 that he made his first attempt at shipping frozen meat from South America to France. It was not a complete success, but better fortune attended later experiments, and in 1877 a cargo of meat from Buenos Ayres was safely landed at Rouen, France. Since then—almost up to the present day—M. Tellier has devoted himself almost unceasingly to the development of refrigeration, and in 1910 he published a most elaborate work on the subject he had made his life's study. The veteran is now 84 years of age, and is surely, of all men, deserving of spending his few remaining days in peace and comfort."

Such is capitalism's modest reward to the inventor of cold storage—charity. Upon the life's labor of M. Tellier, and the life's labor of the workers operating refrigerating plants and risking health thereabout, massive fortunes are building up on which parasites feast and fatten to their full, luxuriate in all the good things of life to their heart's desire, while the inventor and his co-workers drag out their days in indigent circumstances, which, interpreted, means poverty; semi-starvation, privation and untold suffering. That is how capitalism rewards the inventor, the above one of many concrete illustrations of such rewards. We can be assured that Socialism will not add insult to the injury of the inventor by proffering charity in lieu of social reward and recognition. And you anti-Socialists, chew this over for a time.—The Vag, in Sydney People.

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REMAKING THE MIDDLE CLASS.

By Joseph E. Cohen.

Some of you may know Mr. Thomas Lawson of Boston. Some of you may even have had business transactions with that gentleman. If you have you are the proud possessor of much valuable experience—however high it cost.

Mr. Lawson is one of those very well-meaning gentlemen whose function it is to show people the way to make a fortune—albeit they generally lose their savings in the process of doing so. Just why this happens, almost invariably, it is, of course, difficult to say, with our present inadequate knowledge of the canals on Mars. Some day we may know.

But that many people are not entitled to the wealth they create or acquire is proved by the ease with which they surrender it to others. This has long been a failing of the working class. And while the members of the upper class are not entirely guiltless either, as witness the fancy prices they pay for second-handed dukes, fake paintings and United States senators, the middle class—or what is called the middle class—are altogether too prone to surrender their moneys to purveyors of green goods, gold bricks and capitalists in general.

You may remember Mr. Lawson's great exposure of frenzied finance.

You may recall that Mr. Lawson succeeded in working up many of his readers into a frenzy for adding to their finance. And you may have watched the would-be frenzied financiers enter the Wall Street pens to be plucked clean.

Naturally, Mr. Lawson felt very badly over this unexpected turn in the wheel of fortune, and felt still worse when those who had left their wool in Wall Street's keeping refused to permit their hides to be taken from them, when Mr. Lawson sounded the call for volunteers to help him "apply the remedy."

Mr. Lawson has been spending these many years since the days of his magazine exposures in deep thinking.

And while Mr. Lawson then vouched that the public was nothing but a job lot of thin-blooded shrimps, who were not worthy of being saved—Mr. Lawson has reconsidered his motion and is now willing to let by-gones be by-gones and save the dear public.

Besides, the dear public may have accumulated some more blood—and wool and money—in the meantime.

So Mr. Lawson is now hoping to break up the stock market. That is the real cause of the high cost of living, anyway. Strange none of us ever had the slightest suspicion of this fact before, especially when Mr. Lawson was the most reckless operator in the market. Fact is so just the same!

Let those who have coins to shed prepare to shed them now. Once more the great corporations and trusts are going to be made to walk the plank. When they are all overboard the people will have to come into their own, copper and gold and wheat and cotton will be selling at cost, and the era of plenty for all will have come—or, at least, there will be an appreciable increase in the number of those who have no visible means of support.

It is a pity, of course, that Mr. Lawson artlessly succeeds in sending members of the middle class into insolvency, just when the capitalist class is doing its best to increase the number of those in the middle class.

For, since Carnegie is squandering his money right and left, even to the extremity of endowing his ex-Presidents of the United States, and Morgan is buying worthless paintings and gew-gaws, and several ladies of fabulous incomes are paying regular dues in the Progressive party—why, the poor cannot help but become richer and the rich poorer, while the middle class is in grave danger of becoming the real ruling class.

It's a merry game while it lasts. And it lasts just long enough each trip to show upon what a flimsy foundation the whole capitalist system is now rocking.

Meanwhile, let the middle class keep on demanding to be eaten up by the capitalist class.—New York Call.

THE COLLECTION.

I passed the plate in church.

There was little silver, but the crisp bank-notes heaped themselves up high before me.

And ever as the pile grew, the plate became warmer and warmer, until it fairly burned my fingers, and a smell of scorching flesh rose from it, and I perceived that some of the notes were beginning to smoulder and curl, half-browned at the edges.

And I saw through the smoke into the very substance of the money, and I beheld what really was.

I saw the stolen earnings of the poor, the wide margins of wages pared down to starvation.

I saw the underpaid factory girl eking out her living on the street, and the over-worked child, and the suicide of the discharged miner.

I saw poisonous gases from great manufactories spreading disease and death.

I saw despair and drudgery filling the dram shop.

I saw rents screwed out of brother men for permission to live on God's land.

I saw men shut out from the bosom of the earth and begging for the poor privilege to work in vain, and becoming tramps and paupers and drunkards and lunatics, and crowding into alms-houses, insane asylums and prisons.

I saw ignorance and crime growing rank and stifling, filthy slums.

I saw usury, springing from usury, itself again born of unjust monopoly and purchased laws and legalized violence.

I saw shoddy cloth and adulterated food and lying goods of all kinds, cheapening men and women and vulgarizing the world.

I saw hideousness extending itself from coal mine and foundry over forest and river and field.

I saw money grabbed from fellow-grabbers, and swindled from fellow-swindlers, and underneath them the workmen forever spinning it out of his vitals.

I saw all the laboring world, thin and pale and bent and careworn and driven, pouring out this tribute from its toil and sweat into the laps of the richly-dressed men and women in the pews, who only glanced at them to shrink from them with disgust.

I saw money worshipped as a god, and given grudgingly from hoards so great that it could not be missed, as a bribe superstition to a dishonest judge in the expectation of escaping hell.

I saw all this, and the plate burned my fingers so that I had to hold it first in one hand and then in the other; and I was glad when the parson, in his white robes, took the smoking pile from me on the chancel steps, and, turning about, lifting it up and lay it on the altar.

It was an old-time altar, indeed, for it bore a burnt offering of flesh and blood—a sweet savor unto the Meloch whom these people worship with their daily round of human sacrifice.

The shambles are in the temple, as of yore, and the tables of money-changers waiting to be overturned.—Earnest Crosby, in "Swords and Ploughshares."

HE HAS THE CASH.

His neck is thick, his ways are crude;

Men say of him that he is shrewd;

His daughter cuts a dash;

He keeps a lawyer just to show

How far it may be safe to go

Without invading jails and—oh!

He has a lot of cash.

He has a long and mighty reach;

He's coarse in looks and coarse of speech;

His proud son makes a splash.

He does not hesitate at all

To cause a fellow-man to fall,

To crush another to the wall—

He has a lot of cash.

If he were poor he would be one

Of those whom cultured people shun;

His wife's fine jewels flash;

She is applauded for the few

Good deeds that she is moved to do.

I flatter him and so do you—

He has a lot of cash.

S. E. Kiser.

In Memoriam.

Silverton, B. C., December 8th, 1912.

To the Officers and Members of Silverton Miners' Union No. 95, W. F. of M.:
Whereas, Death has again visited our ranks and removed from our midst one of our members, John Collison; and

Whereas, Silverton Miners' Union has lost a true and faithful brother, and the community a true and faithful citizen; be it

Resolved, That we, the officers and members of Silverton Miners' Union, extend to the bereaved relatives our sincere 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 to the relatives of the deceased, and our charter be draped in mourning for a period of thirty days.

J. D. McInnis,

W. S. BARRIE,

H. K. McINNIS,

Committee.

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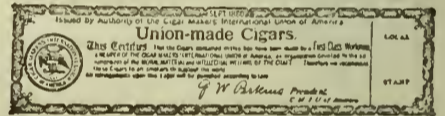
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JOHN M. O'NEILL, Editor

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