

3 1. 80
M I N Econ

LABOR PRODUCES ALL WEALTH

THE MINERS MAGAZINE

EDUCATION INDEPENDENCE ORGANIZATION

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



DENVER, COLORADO, APRIL 24, 1913
VOLUME XIII. 24 CENTS PER COPY NUMBER 513.

WEALTH BELONGS
TO THE PRODUCER
THEREOF

— THE COLORADO HOUSE —

W. H. KISTLER
Stationery
Company

1539 TO 1543 LAWRENCE STREET
DENVER, COLO.

STATIONERY, PRINTING, LITHOGRAPHING,
ENGRAVING, BLANK BOOKS.



MADE BY THE **CUBAN CIGAR CO.** DENVER, COLO.

Underhill
UNION MADE.

OVERALLS
THE BEST FOR MINERS

THE KIND YOU HAVE BEEN
WEARING FOR 20 YEARS.

THEY'RE BETTER THAN EVER. ALL DEALERS SELL THEM

The **BAYLY - UNDERHILL Co.** --- Denver

Price List of Supplies

Charters	\$10.00 each	Withdrawal cards	\$.01 each
Rituals	1.00 each	Membership cards05 each
Warrant Books	1.00 each	Cancelling Stamp85 each
Federation Emblems ..	.50 each	Seals	3.00 each
Constitution and By-laws, per copy.....	.05 each	Delinquent Notices	1/4c each
Notification Blanks01 each	Application Blanks	1/2c each

Due stamps at ratio of per capita tax, four for \$1.00.
Officers' Bond Blanks and Quarterly Report Blanks furnished free.

ERNEST MILLS, Secretary-Treasurer.
Room 605 Railroad Building, Denver, Colo.

Boost Your Home Town by Boosting
HOME INDUSTRY
We Employ Skilled Labor. UNION LABEL on All Our Products.
COZIAN BAKERY, FLAT RIVER, MISSOURI.

O'Rourke Shoe Co.
SHOEMAKERS
Repairing by Goodyear System.
17 N. WYOMING ST. BUTTE, MONT.

BUY A UNION HAT—\$2.00—NO MORE
DOYLE HAT CO.
1025 Fifteenth St.—“Just above the Loop.”
All Styles—Label in Every Hat. Denver, Colorado.

BUTTE MONTANA **HENNESSY'S** CORNER GRANITE AND MAIN STREETS

WITH STORES AT ANACONDA AND CENTERVILLE

Pure Food Groceries

Nothing but the best. Prices the lowest consistent with Quality.
Everything for Everybody.

We sell the World's best union-made clothing hats, caps, shoes and furnishings for men and boys; women's, misses' and children's ready-to-wear apparel, shoes, hosiery, underwear and furnishings. The largest and most complete stock of silks, Dress Goods and domestics, Jewelry and Notions, Drug Sundries and Toilet Lotions. The best known makes of furniture, beds and bedding.

WE FURNISH YOUR HOME ON OUR EASY PAYMENT PLAN
The Finest and Most Up-to-Date Meat Market, Bakery and Delicatessen in the Entire Northwest.

The Choicest Fresh Meats

Every piece must pass government inspection. None but the best sold here. The cleanest, most sanitary meat department in the state.

— DRINK —

CENTENNIAL WIENER BEER
Best Brewed in Butte — None But Union Labor Employed — On Draught at All First-Class Saloons

EDUCATION INDEPENDENCE ORGANIZATION

MINERS MAGAZINE



Denver, Colorado,
Thursday, April 24, 1913.

Volume XIII., Number 513
\$1.00 a Year

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.

Entered as second-class matter August 27, 1903, at the Postoffice at Denver, Colorado, under the Act of Congress March 3, 1879.

John M. O'Neill, Editor

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

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

STAY AWAY FROM PORCUPINE, ONTARIO!

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

THE STRIKE AGAINST THE SCRANTON MINE IS STILL ON AT THE TINTIC MINING DISTRICT.

NOTICE.

Miners should keep away from the Tintic mining District. The camps are over-run with idle men, 300 being out of work at the present time. Keep away, as you simply work a hardship on the men who are at work and the local union.

JAMES B. HANLEY, President.
J. W. MORTON, Secretary.

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'.

WHEN LABORING MEN get wiser, they will put the parasites to work

IN THIS AGE of greed when the dollar is God, merit without money, finds itself in the junk-pile.

PRESIDENT MOYER returned to headquarters last week, after attending the convention of the Mining Department at Indianapolis.

THE STRIKE is still on at the Queen mine and Silver Dollar at Sheep Creek, British Columbia. All miners are urged to remain away until this strike is settled.

INDUSTRIAL UNIONISM scored a victory at Buffalo, New York, and the unionism that forced railway magnates to recognize labor does not bear the brand of I. W. W. "Nuf Ced."

VICE PRESIDENT MAHONEY who has been in Michigan for the past few months supervising the work of organization, returned to headquarters last week and reports that Michigan is being organized rapidly.

ACCORDING to the latest information based on statistics there are 4,500,000 jobless in the United States. Prosperity must be in the hospital.

THE SECRETARY of Bisbee Miners' Union No. 106, W. F. M., desires it to be known that George Gibson has lost his card. All secretaries are requested to be on the lookout for such card.

THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF LABOR has almost reached the two million mark. If the statements made by the "I Wont Works" are true, that the A. F. L. is a scab organization and an ally of capitalism, then there are about 2,000,000 fools in the labor movement of America.

AT THIS WRITING Belgium is confronted with a strike that involves 300,000.

The strike has been declared for manhood suffrage. In other words the workers of Belgium are demanding that labor shall have an equal voice at the ballot box with the capitalist.

THE STREET CAR MEN of Buffalo, New York, have won their strike, regardless of the fact that the state militia was called out to awe and intimidate with weapons of violence and murder. The street car men were backed by organized labor of Buffalo to such an extent that every industry of that city would have been paralyzed were it not for the capitulation of the company

THE FOURTEENTH CONGRESS of the Socialists of Denmark, held at Copenhagen recently, denounced Syndicalism and declared that adhesion to a syndicalist organization is not consistent with membership in the Socialist party.

The Danish Socialists have had some experience with syndicalists and know that their propaganda is but the freakish lunacy of fanatics, suffering from intellectual barrenness or mental sterility.

WE SHALL NOW HEAR of the raft of manufacturers going to Europe, just as if there were not many of them there now. We shall have much hot air as to protecting American labor, when the importations of labor now aggregate over 12,000 per day from European countries. The Payne-Aldrich tariff has created millionaires and paupers to an extent unparalleled in history. We prate about pauper labor and pay young girls the princely sum of \$4 per week. We work children of tender years in coal mines and factories and men and women long hours to show our gratitude for a protection that at best has been but a crime against toil.—Durango Democrat.

OUR INDUSTRIAL SYSTEM which is upheld by press and pulpit, has produced the "Scarlet Scourge" and every city of magnitude in the United States is infected with the moral malaria that is bred from the profit system.

Reformers in almost every city of America are becoming aroused to the social evil, but none of those reformers show any inclination to permit their vision to rest upon the cause that robs woman of her purity

War upon "red-light" districts will not abolish prostitution. Crusades against the unfortunate wretches who are inmates of dens of shame will not raise the moral standard of womanhood.

Until Capitalism is overthrown and labor is emancipated, the social evil will be here to menace the honor of that element of the gentler sex, whose poverty makes life a living hell.

IT IS CLAIMED that Morgan was the head of combinations that controlled \$10,000,000,000 of the industrial capital of the United States. Morgan has passed away, but the industries are in operation.

The claim that the Capitalist is needed or industries would become paralyzed; is exploded in the death of Morgan. There are millions of workingmen who are inoculated with the fallacy that without Capitalists there would be no jobs. How many *jobs* did Morgan take away with him when he crossed the Great Divide?

THE MERCHANTS' AND MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION of Los Angeles, California, permitted Ortie McManigal to enjoy a vacation, and as a result of such a *permit*, the professional tool of Big Business went on a fishing trip. McManigal, the Judas has loyally served a master class in its assault upon the labor movement, and for his truckling exploiters, his cell is open and he is granted a leave of absence to enjoy himself at a fishing resort.

"Equal before the law," is the most ludicrous joke of the twentieth century.

JOSEPH McDONALD who made a reputation in the Coeur d'Alenes in the early and palmy days of that famed mining district of Idaho, has been brought back from Mexico to answer the charge of murder, which crime it is alleged he committed at Treadwell, Alaska.

It is claimed that McDonald killed an evangelist, named N. C. Jones at Treadwell in May, 1902.

There are many miners throughout the Rocky Mountains and Pacific slope, who are intimately acquainted with the reputation of McDonald and few will shed tears should a jury in Alaska find him guilty.

A PIN-HEAD in a legislative body in Ohio introduced a bill providing that a commission be appointed by the Governor, clothed with the authority to prescribe the kind of attire that women shall wear.

If the immortal Jefferson could break the barriers of his tomb and breathe again the breath of life, he would certainly bow in reverence to the peerless wisdom of the Buckeye statesman, from whose mental garret came the bill, authorizing the Chief Magistrate of a state to appoint a commission to regulate the attire of women. It is no wonder there was a flood in Ohio.

ORGANIZER MARION COPE and Organizer Bunny of the Western Federation of Miners are working hard to build up the different miners' unions of the district. Organizer Bunny recently arrived from Lead, S. D., and is well versed in the manner of organizing miners' organizations. He expects to remain in the Joplin district for some time.

Another good meeting was held at Webb City, Monday night. Over three hundred applications have been received during the last sixty days for memberships in the Western Federation of Miners' locals. The locals continue to take in new members and are away behind on acting on applications.—Missouri Trades Unionist, Joplin.

F. L. ALSTROM, the Secretary of Douglas Island Miners' Union No. 109, W. F. M. in writing to headquarters, states that "the eight hour bill is having a stormy passage and it is hard to say what it will look like before they get through with it. It passed the Senate but got badly disfigured, and now they are giving it h—l in the House."

The Secretary in his letter pays an eloquent and glowing tribute to Representative Gaffney who has been tireless in his efforts to enact laws that would give some protection to labor.

Gafney is looked upon as the ablest man in the Legislature of Alaska and he has used his ability to promote the interests of the working class.

THE SUPREME COURT of the State of Arizona has handed down some decisions that will scarcely be appreciated by Brother Capital.

Brother Capital in Arizona went into the august presence of the highest court of Arizona and asked that the miners' eight-hour law, the eight hour law for women, the full crew law for railroads, the headlight law and the three-cent fare law for railways be declared *unconstitutional*.

But the Supreme Court of Arizona failed to look through the same glasses as Brother Capital, and refused to use the judicial dagger on those laws that labor pushed through a legislative body. Arizona has the *Recall*, and this weapon of democracy will be used by the people whenever it becomes evident that a man on the bench has become blind to justice.

IN THE STREET CAR STRIKE of Buffalo, New York, the railway magnates invaded the Supreme Court of the state and asked protection. Heretofore, the courts have generally granted an injunction restraining strikers from doing anything save breathing during a conflict with employers. But Justice Brown of the Supreme Court of the State of New York, instead of granting an injunction, issued an

order calling out the State Militia to do service for the street car company. When did a Justice of the Supreme Court become commander-in-chief of the armed forces of the State of New York?

It has often been said that we are living under a government by the judiciary, and the official mandate of Justice Brown, furnishes the absolute proof, which confirms the often repeated statement that the courts are the governing power. The Recall should appeal strongly to the laboring millions of the Empire state.

THE LAWRENCE STRIKE could not have been won had not the workers of America given financial support to the strikers during their fierce struggle. The financial support was furnished as follows: \$60,000 by the Socialists, \$18,000 by the local unions affiliated with the A. F. of L. and \$7,000 by the I. W. W. The I. W. W. claims that they won the victory. What did they do? They did not furnish the money nor the publicity. It seems that their chief aid was to send a lot of cheap organizers there to help eat up what was sent in by sympathizers and then go around bragging about what "they" had accomplished. There is an old story about the old woman killing the bear and the man who had climbed a tree climbed down and said, "We did it." Not so with the I. W. W. They are not that generous. They let the Socialists and the A. F. of L. furnish the sinews of war and then they go all over the country saying that the Socialist party is a reactionary machine and the A. F. of L. is a tool of the labor exploiters and point with pride to what "the I. W. W. did at Lawrence." The serious part of it is that many of us are suckers enough to believe them.—Dallas Laborer.

THE PRINCIPAL OBJECTION raised by ministers of the gospel against Socialism is that Socialism is based on *materialism*.

We are inclined to believe from evidence that is convincing, that the vast majority of men who are expounders of the Scriptures, are moved by the "loaves and fishes" that come to those who occupy the pulpit.

Abolish the salaries or revenues that ease the itching palm and it can be safely assumed that the pulpits will be empty.

Take away the dollars and cents that flow into the coffers of religious institutions, and God will be neglected.

Almost everything in the world is based upon *materialism*, that to which our most sanctified prelates of the church object even the Lord's prayer is based on *materialism*, when it says: "Give us this day our daily bread."

The preachers will soon cease protesting against Socialism on account of its *materialism*, for they will soon discover that the workers will take but little stock in deceptive arguments that disappear before the logic of common sense.

THAT FEDERAL JUDGE Daniel Thew Wright, of the District of Columbia Supreme Court, is improperly participating in the activities of litigants in his court, is charged by the National Socialist, of Washington. Judge Wright has gained considerable notoriety for his active efforts to punish for alleged contempt President Samuel Gompers, Vice President John Mitchell and Secretary Frank Morrison, of the American Federation of Labor. The complaint against Wright is that he permitted James M. Baker and Charles A. Douglas, former counsel for the Washington Railway & Electric Co., to serve as endorsers on several notes and renewals of promisory notes held by the United States Savings Bank, a corporation of which Judge Wright was also a director and vice president, and which corporation is the subject of litigation growing out of an effort by James M. Baker, assisted by Justice Wright, to get control of the majority of the corporation's stock. Baker has been named by the Democratic caucus of the Senate for secretary of the Senate. It is probable that the charges made by the Washington paper will be brought to the attention of Congress and an investigation demanded.—Cleveland Citizen.

NEARLY all the legislatures of the various states have adjourned and the lawmakers have returned to their homes. So far as the working people are concerned, they have been thrown a few crumbs and bones in compensation for the ballots they confiscated in behalf of "the friends of labor."

When these lawmakers who have returned to their constituency were making their campaign for election, they were profuse in promises to the laboring people, but *promises* and *pledges* are the means utilized by "the friends of labor" to delude the voters with callous hands. It would not be so pathetic, if the working class profited by being deluded and reached the conclusion that "the friend of labor" is more dangerous to the interests of the working class than the avowed enemy of labor who stands out in the open and fights labor in broad daylight.

"The friend of labor" wears a mask and the vast majority fail to discern the treachery of the smooth and suave trickster who conceals his treason by being diplomatic.

The *diplomats* who have flim-flammed labor will be on the rostrum pleading for reelection two years hence, and labor will again send them to a Legislative body to repeat their duplicity. The few honest men of Legislative bodies who labored faithfully to render some service to the working class, will remain at home as a reward for their failure to be "friends of labor."

THE SUPREME COURT of the United States has declared the Wisconsin pure food law to be unconstitutional.

The palladium of our liberties has brought comfort and profit to the swindler and the poisoner.

Let us not be hasty in our condemnation of the august tribunal. The same court—the very same justices—decided that the white slave traffic was entitled to have placed upon it the mantle of the constitution's protection as it had protected the owner of the negro slave when the federal judiciary's chief function was to assist in the capture of fugitive slaves and preserve the "peculiar institution" from legislative encroachments.

We repeat, let us not be hasty. Judges are lawyers and lawyers are poor mortals that find their inspiration in the sepulchres of the dead. The Supreme Court could not be expected to decide in consonance with the spirit of the age in its first endeavor. It gave free license to the white slaver, but it reversed itself, after the justices heard from their wives and read the newspapers.

Give 'em time and fresh air and they'll come through all right. They are old and are hard of hearing.—Milwaukee Leader.

AN EXCHANGE, under the heading, "Babies Bought and Sold in Oakland," had the following to say editorially:

"A bill has been introduced in the Legislature of Sacramento to regulate and control the management of 'maternity hospitals' in California.

"The prostitute capitalist press is shocked at the revelations made by some of the officials of organized charity who are urging the passage of this bill. It is shown by these officials that babies are being sold to any one who wishes to buy at prices ranging from the minimum hospital charge for a confinement case to several hundred dollars, and no questions are asked of the purchaser as to the purpose so long as the price is paid. This illustrates one of the most hideous monstrosities of capitalist society.

"The false standards of morality prevailing under our present society impel women to conceal the mother instinct which has preserved the human race through all other forms of society, and hide the crowning glory of motherhood in a maternity hospital and leave their offspring in the hands of these commercial institutions to be sold to any one who will pay the hospital charges and an additional profit to the proprietor of the hospital.

"Capitalism not only dooms many new-born babes to the fate of being sold as merchandise, but it also dooms millions of larger children of tender years to be sold on the instalment plan by their helpless parents into child slavery in the mills, factories and other industrial hells that their child lives may be blighted and their labor coined into profits for the great trusts which own and operate the industrial plants where children are employed for the profit of trust magnates."

When reading the above, the subsidized press and the mortgaged preachers, should again proclaim in chorus, that "Socialism would destroy the home."

PATSY O'BANG in the Citizen of Los Angeles, paid the following tribute to the "Rip Roaring Revolution" and Joe Ettor, who was billed to speak at San Diego:

"Rip, Roaring Revolution!

"Tremendous, towering turbulence!

"Heroic, howling hell-raising!

"That's the way to begin this story about Joe Ettor, Sabotist, Syndicalist and fearless I. W. W. With a red, flowing tie, with fire in his eye and fight in his backbone, the I Wobbily-Wobbily organizer and chief candle bearer for the Put-Flies-in-the-Raisins type of social reformer is traveling the country delivering his message.

"Wherever and whenever the opportunity presents itself, the fearless and unshrinking "General" of the Army of the Rebellion, presents himself as the apostle of the philosophy that the capitalist system will be abolished if only the workers would place some molasses in Nellie's switch, smear some arsenic on Tillie's powder puff and puncture the tire of Rockefeller's machine.

"But—yes, it is sad to confess—there is a "but" in this story. A great, overwhelming, aggravating "but" must show itself.

"The fearless Ettor was scheduled to deliver a lecture on Syndicalism at San Diego—the city that made the vigilante famous and made Old General Otis jealous. They sold 1,400 tickets for the great speech; a tremendous crowd was assured.

But—here's the "but"—Joe Ettor got as far as Los Angeles when he got cold feet. He was afraid to go to San Diego because of the possibility of police interference, so he sent a telegram that read like this:

"Fellow Workers: Call off my meeting in San Diego for I understand the police are liable to break up the meeting."

"And so, the Sabotist and Syndicalist didn't show up at San Diego. Thus goes the sad story of this hero of the Social Revolution."

THE FOLLOWING is taken from the Irish Review and needs no editorial comment:

"At the urgent request of President Taft, Father Vaughn, a Catholic priest in England, remarkable for his oratorical powers, came to this country last year to fight the spread of Socialism among Catholic workingmen. The good priest's mission was a complete failure. Every anti-Socialist lecture given by him was a defense of the money power and the prevailing iniquitous economic system fathered by Wall street and protected by the powers that be. We observed that in every city visited by Father Vaughn on his lecturing tour the Socialist vote more than doubled itself at the November election, a fact that speaks vol-

umes for the priest's "persuasive powers" to hold labor under the galling lash of tyranny. The number of American Catholics who have joined the ranks of the noble Debs, of Berger, of Seidel of our own Rudolph Pfeiffer, is so large as to cause alarm and anxiety among the Catholic hierarchy. Despite the fact that Socialism is denounced from the pulpit of every diocese in America under the control of the Catholic church, yet the church is unable to check her children from recognizing the humane desirable tenets embodied in the Socialist doctrine.

"The Roman Catholic and Protestant human policies, unified, would be unable to eradicate Socialism from the United States. They might as well attempt to make the sun rise in the west instead of the east, to raise the Titanic from its grave in the Atlantic ocean by means of an ordinary derriek, to correctly count the grains of sand on the various sea shores. Any or all of the foregoing human impossibilities could be accomplished more easily than the crushing of Socialism in this country. The Socialist party is waging no war against the Catholic church, but it is waging an honorable fight to free millions of Catholic and Protestant wage earners from the bonds of slavery, placed about their limbs by heartless capitalists who know the average preacher's ethics are dollar-marked and that his high endorsement of their swindling can be purchased by an occasional liberal contribution.

AN EXCHANGE paints the following picture of the detractor: "He works in the dark. God's sunshine never penetrates the atmosphere of his machinations. He shuns the light with as much aversion as a white slaver shuns publicity.

"He feeds prejudice, nurtures jealousy and breathes poison into the ears of the unthinking and gullible. From his depraved mind emanates the slander that slurs the motive and sears the soul of those who are endeavoring to make the world better. His warped mental apparatus precludes broadness and makes him measure others by his own standard. Suspicion hatches in his cerebral cavity like flies on a scavenger dump.

"He rends the home, obliterates affection, and robs the child of parental love—its natural heritage. Through his treacherous slander impulsive men take the gun route and weak women find solace in carbolic. He resurrects the corpse of yesterday and hurls it into the path of tomorrow. Devoid of conscience, he assails character as ruthlessly as a holdup man robs his victim.

"He infests every group of society. Honor and truth are words foreign to his vocabulary. No woman is true to her trust or man decent, according to his distorted imagination. In garden of roses he sees only the thorns and transforms it into a thistle path.

"In a labor union his prey is the earnest men who are active in the cause. No officer is honest in the mind of the detractor; no motive good. Graft is his whisper to the inexperienced, and graft is re-echoed with mechanical precision from mouths governed by phonographic craniums."

The above protrait of the detractor is couched in strong and vigorous language, and yet, the language used is reasonably mild when applied to the soulless creature who coolly and deliberately conspires to wreck the character of another. The detractor does not know the meaning of the word honor and never felt the slightest respect for truth. The detractor is conscienceless and has no character that can be injured. The detractor is the foulest and most debauched creature in human shape, and when discovered as the unclean thing that he is, should be shunned as a leper.

A SHORT TIME AGO a number of labor publications announced the acquittal of "Mother" Jones and some of the strikers who were held for trial by the military authorities of West Virginia. But it seems that "Mother" Jones is still held by the soldiers who have become the hirelings of the coal corporations. The following in the editorial columns of the Cleveland Citizen shows that "the Angel of the Miners" is still an inmate of the military bull-pen.

"Mother Jones is still incarcerated in West Virginia, near Charleston, and heavily guarded by soldiers, although she has passed 80 years and would hardly be able to escape even if she attempted it, which is highly improbable. No newspaper reporters are permitted to see her and there is an opinion growing that at least one big press association has adopted a policy of suppressing all information regarding strike conditions in West Virginia. Mother Jones declares, in letters to union officials, that she does not intend to retire from the West Virginia strike no matter what brutal methods are employed by the mine owners and their political lapdogs to force her to quit. It is an infamous condition that prevails in West Virginia, where a white-haired old woman languishes in prison with charges of murder, treason and other crimes hanging over her head, and for no other reason than that she dared to fight the plutocratic cannibals of that state for the right of the workers to organize and to be treated like human beings. And it will be noted that those distinguished saviors of society, Woodrow Wilson, W. J. Bryan and other talksmiths at Washington, are deaf, dumb and blind regarding the foul conditions that stink to high heaven in West Virginia."

When giant combinations such as the coal corporations of West Virginia, insist that a woman eighty years of age shall be held on the framed-up charges of murder and treason, it shows conclusively that capitalism is far more cowardly than a yellow dog, and that in the calloused soul of the money power there is less mercy than in the heart of a hyena.

Woodrow Wilson and the "Peerless Billy of the Platte" will not permit their vision to scan the Russianized domain of West Virginia. To raise their voice for human freedom or to demand that justice shall prevail, would be offensive to the dollar, and the dollar is still God at Washington.

Capitalizing the Death-Rattle

A COMPANY has just been organized for the avowed purpose of exploiting the terrible "white scourge," tuberculosis. The germ-laden nickel, wrenched from the trembling fingers of those afar down the path to the Valley of the Shadow of Death is none the less sweet to the profit-mongers on that account.

What if it does mean added privations to those already sore-pressed? What if it does mean the precious bread and the blessed milk, torn from the lips of the suffering? What if it does mean death to the populace in companies, regiments and brigades? Does it not mean PROFITS also?

According to the capitalist newspapers, who hide the naked truth as best they can, lest an outraged working class rise in their might and wreak its vengeance on these vultures, "a syndicate has been formed for the purpose of buying up the rights to the serum for the treatment of tuberculosis, discovered by Dr. Friedmann. It is proposed to give free treatment to those who cannot afford to pay for it!"

And thus the ghouls of capitalism would hide their purpose, as usual when it is unusually base, under the hypocritical cloak of "charity."

The working class knows what it means, this ghastly joke about "free treatment for those who cannot afford to pay for it." It means the same thing as "free" anything else to those who cannot afford to

pay, pay into the yawning depths of the capitalist strong-box! It means the same thing as the twaddle about the Salvation Army's "free" Christmas dinner, simply advertising the business!

Whether Dr. Friedmann has truly discovered a serum which will save society from this awful scourge, we know not; but we do not hesitate to say that the capitalization of his claims offers another golden opportunity to squeeze still further the wretched victims of capitalist mismanagement which has made every American city a breeding place for tuberculosis germs.

Already, patent medicine fakirs are fattening by the score upon the quivering bodies of these hundreds of thousands of helpless gasping creatures, aggravating their agonies a thousand fold with their seductive siren song: "A cure, a cure,—pay, pay, pay!" The dread hectic faces of the despairing meet our eyes in every path and by-way. We know that there is no hope for them, save in the overthrow of capitalism, and yet we let precious days pass by without spurring our fellow-workers to unite; we waste our golden moments when with our friends in bootless gossip of this and that, when the only message worth while is still to some unsaid, "Workers of the world unite. You have nothing to lose but your chains."

And in the meantime, capitalism hurls into our teeth the taunt that it may capitalize the very dying gasp of those of our class whom it has robbed of health.—Buffalo Socialist.

A Line on Him

WE COPY the following from our valuable contemporary, the Miners' Magazine, official organ of the Western Federation of Miners:

"A reader of the Miners' Magazine residing at Belleville, Ill., has written us a letter, in which he makes the statement that Peter Collins delivered a lecture in Belleville against Socialism recently and in the course of his remarks declared that the Western Federation of Miners had scabbed on the United Mine Workers whenever and wherever the opportunity presented itself.

"For the benefit of the reader of the Magazine who has written us this letter setting forth this charge made by Peter Collins, we must use the ugly word so often uttered by our friend Theodore and brand Peter, the liekspittle and puppet of capitalism, as a brazen and shameless liar.

"The Western Federation of Miners and the United Mine Workers have amalgamated into a mining department, and if the W. F. of M. scabbed on the U. M. W. of A., it is not probable that these two organizations would be found welded together through a mining department.

"Such lies as Collins indulges in are, however, typical of prosti-

tutes who sell themselves to prolong the reign of a hellish system that enslaves humanity."

We wish to add our testimony to the above, that not only has the Western Federation of Miners not scabbed on us, but that we have received valuable assistance from its membership, moral and financial, and from its officials, in times of stress.

Nevertheless, we wish to thank Mr. Collins for making this palpably untruthful statement. By doing so he has given the membership of the two organizations a hint as to his true mission on the lecture platform. Evidently, it is to cause suspicion and division in the ranks of the working class.

No doubt, if addressing an audience of metal miners, he would make the same assertion against our people.

All we need ask ourselves then is, "Who would be benefited by division in the ranks of the workers?" and we can get an idea as to who is furnishing this alleged trade unionist with the necessary funds to carry on his destructive campaign.

The United Mine Workers are proud to be associated with the splendid body of alert, militant, able union men who comprise the Western Federation of Miners, and will keep a suspicious eye on any fakir who attempts to create dissension between the two sister organizations.—United Mine Workers' Journal.

Forcible Feeding vs. Enforced Starvation

IF THERE IS ONE THING more than another that brings out to the full the folly, insanity and brutality of our present industrial and political system, it is the question of the forcible feeding of the "suffragettes" in prison, which are now agitating England.

There are some 12,000,000 people in the country, men, women and children, who live in a state of chronic hunger, who hardly ever know what it is to be comfortably fed, and who suffer all sorts of disease and physical injury and deterioration merely from lack of regular and sufficient food, just as the suffragettes' health is injured by having food forced upon them. There has been no speculation as to the views of these hungry 12,000,000 on forcible feeding, or how it appears to them. They do not constitute "public opinion" in the tight little island, and what they think, if they think at all, is a matter of no consequence, though it is certain that feeding of any kind would have no great terror for them.

The situation reduces itself to this ludicrous position. The law says that certain people who can eat and won't eat should be made to eat, by force if necessary, and other certain people who can eat and will eat, should not be allowed to eat, and should be prevented from eating, by force if necessary.

The starving man who steals a loaf to appease his hunger is as much a criminal as the suffragette whose jaws have to be pried open and food poured into her stomach through a rubber tube. If he, inside the jail, went on a "hunger strike," he, too, would be forcibly fed. That is to say, when he displays willingness to eat outside the jail, and will even steal food to prove his sincerity, he is a criminal that must be prevented from eating, and when he displays unwillingness to eat inside the jail, he also becomes a criminal who must be prevented from starving. To eat, or not to eat, that is the question, and under certain circumstances both acts become crimes.

From which the conclusion is apparent that those who want to eat should go to jail, as they will be permitted to starve themselves

outside, while those who don't want to eat should stay out of jail, as they will not be permitted to starve themselves inside.

It is a matter of regret that the 12,000,000 hungry ones cannot analyze the situation in this manner. If they could, and acted upon it by "throwing themselves on the rates," as George Bernard Shaw once suggested they would settle a whole series of "social problems" much more intricate and important perhaps, than woman suffrage. But the masses lack imagination in these matters, and cannot easily picture to themselves what would happen to the entire system if the millions of them insisted upon being legally and regularly fed and housed at the expense of the propertied classes, either in the jails or workhouses or both. They would give no trouble about the question of feeding, and the use of force would not be necessary. The trouble would come in another form, a matter for the propertied classes to worry over.

The pride of the hungry worker, however, is the salvation of the full-fed capitalist. It prevents him from voluntarily entering the workhouse or jail, and also prevents him from figuring out the results if he and the rest of the hungry millions stormed those institutions en masse clamoring for admission and insisting on being housed and fed. It is unfortunate, surely, that chronic hunger weakens the mental as well as the bodily functions, or there would certainly be something doing in England much more serious than is involved in the question of forcibly feeding a handful of determined woman suffragists.

Forcible feeding, to be sure, is brutal, irrational and in every way reprehensible, but not one whit more so than enforced starvation. If it, however, in any tends to bring up the latter question and exposes the utter insanity and irrationality of the system, which finds both necessary, it may be considered as a factor in social progress not altogether confined to merely securing "votes for women," important as that may be, for the question of food, no matter in what aspect it may be presented, is much more fundamental and strikes more directly at basic causes in our industrial system.—New York Call.

A Far Reaching Decision

THE CHIEF JUSTICE of the Oklahoma Criminal Court of Appeals, Judge Henry M. Furman, has just rendered a decision in which the action of the lower court in quashing indictments against prominent citizens who had violated the State anti-trust laws is reversed. The opinion of Judge Furman clears the way to prosecute violators of the State anti-trust laws. The Oklahoma anti-trust laws exempt labor unions from the operation of these laws, and, according to the opinion rendered, this fact does not invalidate the laws. This has been the contention of the American Federation of Labor, and it will be recalled that former President Taft, in the closing hours of his administration, vetoed the sundry civil service bill because it was provided in that measure that the money appropriated to prosecute illegal combinations in restraint of trade should not be used to harass and prosecute labor unions. Judge Furman was one of the foremost criminal lawyers of the South, having formerly lived in Texas, also having practiced in Colorado. His reputation as a lawyer and a judge is of the highest, and, therefore, the opinion just rendered has a significance out of the ordinary. The opinion follows:

"To sustain the contentions of counsel for the appellees," said Judge Furman, "would be in effect to decide that in the State of Oklahoma trusts and monopolies are practically above and superior to the law and that they may at their pleasure, through their combinations and conspirators, grind the people like grain beneath the upper and nether stones, take from the mouth of labor the bread which it has earned, and divert the stream of wealth it has produced by hard and honest toil from its rightful channels and pour it into the undeserved and already overflowing coffers of the few.

General Definitions.

"It would doubtless have been very gratifying to those persons engaged in such unlawful undertakings if the Legislature had attempted to give fixed definitions of trusts and monopolies, for then their able attorneys could point out how the same purposes could be accomplished by a slight variation in the methods used, and thereby, they could do as they wished and escape the penalty of the law prescribed for a violation of the fixed definitions.

"If a fixed definition of a trust and of a monopoly had been given, then they would have so shaped their business as to place it outside of this fixed definition, and under their favorite doctrine of a strict construction of penal statutes, they would have been allowed to defy the law and rob the people at pleasure. The only way in which they can be reached is by general definitions and the doctrines of a liberal construction of penal statutes, and that is just what we have in Oklahoma, hence the law is going to be enforced and those gentlemen must either abstain from their illegal conduct or suffer the con-

sequences. We think that the definitions contained in the statutes are as certain as the nature of the evils at which they are aimed will admit.

Capital and Labor.

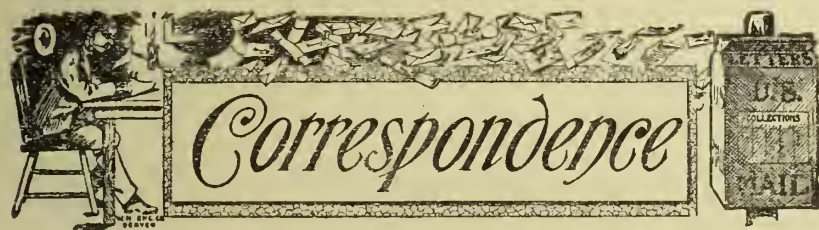
"If all the capital in the world were destroyed, a great injury would thereby be inflicted upon the entire human race, but the bright minds, the brave hearts and strong arms of labor would in time create new capital, and thus the injury would be ultimately cured. If all of the labor on earth were destroyed capital would lose its value and become absolutely worthless.

"Labor is natural, capital is artificial. Labor was made by God, capital is made by man. Labor is not only blood and bone, but it also has a mind and a soul and is animated by sympathy, hope and love. Capital is inanimate, soulless matter. Labor is the creator, capital is the creation.

"A single drop of sweat upon the brow of honest labor shines more brightly and is more precious in the eyes of God and is of more benefit to the human race than all the diamonds that ever sparkled in the crown of any king. If the State did not protect the farmers of Oklahoma against such conspirators as these, the law would be a miserable, contemptible farce, a snare, a mockery, a burden, and a delusion.

"The contention of counsel for appellees is that if the law protects combinations of labor or of any class of citizens of the State, it must also protect combinations of capital, otherwise a class of citizens who are not afforded this protection are discriminated against, and deprived of that equal protection of the law which the constitution of the United States guarantees to every citizen of the United States. A careful consideration of this matter will show that the contention of counsel for appellees is not tenable. It must be conceded that the Legislature has the right and power to make reasonable classifications with reference to any proper subject of legislation.

"The assumption of counsel for appellees is that the rights of capital are equal to the rights of labor. Good morals do not sustain this assumption. While labor and capital are both entitled to the protection of the law it is not true that the abstract rights of capital are equal to those of labor and that they both stand upon an equal footing before the law. But if we concede that the assumption of counsel for appellees is well founded, and if we arbitrarily and in disregard of good morals place capital and labor upon an absolute equality before the law, another difficulty confronts them. Capital organizes to accomplish its purposes. Then, according to their own logic, it would be a denial of equal rights to labor to deny to it the right to organize and not without a breach of the peace, to meet the aggression of capital."



INFORMATION WANTED.

Information is wanted of the whereabouts of Bernhard Tilly, who came to America in the early part of the year 1870, and was then about 18 years of age. He came from Brakel, Hoxter county, Westphalen, Germany, and is now near 60 years old. When last heard from was in the year 1890, and was then working in a silver mine at Kingston, Sierra county, New Mexico. Anyone knowing his present address will confer a great favor by writing to Ferdinand Neusius, 494 Ninth avenue, New York, N. Y.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Information is wanted of the whereabouts of James C. Knee, who is 27 years of age, 5 feet 8 inches in height, and has dark, curly hair. It is absolutely necessary that he be found, in order that the estate of his deceased aunt and uncle may be settled. Anyone knowing his present address will please write to Mrs. M. McCaffrey, 742 Closson Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A CORRECTION.

Phoenix, Ariz., April 15, 1913.

Editor Miners' Magazine:

Having just seen an issue of the Magazine wherein you gave the record of the anti-injunction law that finally passed both the House and the Senate, will say, that the report that you received from the Daily Record of Globe is not correct. The correct record of the bill is, it passed the Senate with one dissenting vote, Senator Pace of Graham county, voting in the negative. You will find herewith the vote by which it passed the House, taken from the galley of march 27th.

I am writing you this so that those who supported the bill in the House may not be misquoted. If you wish to publish the corrected vote in the latter issue you may do so.

So far we have done fairly well for our class in this Legislature, and were, I consider, fortunate, in having a man revise the code who, to say the least, was in sympathy with us. It was mainly due to the efforts of the Code Commissioner that inserted the anti-injunction measure in the code, because I am sure it would not have passed had it been a separate bill.

I sent you a copy of the Arizona Democrat this morning, so that you would realize the result of his effort.

Hoping to hear from you, any old time, I remain, yours fraternally,

J. TOM LEWIS,

The following is the vote as corrected by J. Tom Lewis:

Ayes: Babbitt, Ball, Bradner, Brooks, Cocke, Craig, Crofoot, Ellis, Graham, Hall, Irvine, Jacobson, Johnson, Jones, Kelton, Kerr, Lewis, Lynch, Moore of Yavapai, Murphy, Saxon, Whipple, Wren and Mr. Speaker—24.

Nays: Buchanan, Curry, Duncan, Gonzales, Kane, Maddock, Mattox and Moore of Pima—8.

Absent: Jacobs—1.

BOSSED BY BIG BUSINESS.

Morgan Did Not Go to Heaven, Says Rector.

The Denver Daily Post of April 7th contained the following special:

Philadelphia, April 7.—Dr. George Chalmers Richmond, in a sermon on "Christian Standards in Life," at St. John's Episcopal church, declared yesterday that J. Pierpont Morgan has not gone to heaven. Dr. Richmond said, in part:

"Mr. Morgan was a great financier, but not a great man. We shall never see a man just like him in our American life, and we ought to be glad of it. His death is providential in many ways.

"The wreck of the Titanic came with God's knowledge. The floods and tornadoes of the West are of God's intent, and we must learn the lessons involved. So God knew just when to take Mr. Morgan out of this present world and send him on into another state of existence.

Didn't Go to Heaven.

"Mr. Morgan has not gone to heaven, for there is no such place as heaven. He would be very unhappy up among the angels, with all his art treasures down here. Our old idea of heaven has gone, never to return. Mr. Morgan is now beginning a new life in a new world—perhaps in this other world he is a common day laborer. He will now see that God is of more importance than cash.

"He didn't lift his hand to help the American workingman. He helped to keep prices up. He was never in favor of higher wages for the man who toiled on his railroads. He helped to foment strikes by his lack of vital interest in the men who sweat for his money.

Money Controls Church.

"In the Episcopal church Mr. Morgan controlled our house of bishops. For years he has prevented our church from declaring her position on the great social and industrial problems of our age, so that the Episcopal church is at the fag end of things. Our church will never progress till about twenty-five rich corporation officers and retired financiers and aristocratic gentlemen who at present control our church go to join Mr. Morgan up above the skies. The sooner they go the better."

Now, Mr. Editor, I rise to inquire if these preachers of the present day keep on knocking the old religious beliefs, what are we aged Christians going to do? It looks like we might have to take to the woods. Here is a distinguished Episcopal doctor of divinity, who says God sent the late floods and tornadoes, that the old heaven has been abolished, that the late J. Pierpont Morgan is somewhere now in the spirit world learning a trade. Maybe he is a section hand on a spirit railroad, or carrying brick and mortar to build

a mansion in the skies, or shoveling coal in the furnaces in the basement. Bishop Richmond boldly declares that it would be better for his church if about twenty-five aristocratic members should join Brother Morgan, and "the sooner the better."

Well! Well! Well! God sinking ships with sixteen hundred passengers of men, women and children, sending destructive floods and tornadoes, took Brother Morgan away and put him to work; old-style heaven gone, a big bunch of aristocratic Christians ought to be taken and set to work—all this from a distinguished clergyman. "Surely the world do move."

April 11, 1913.

R. A. DAGUE.

CONFESSIONS OF A DRONE.

Joseph Medill Patterson Tells the Truth About the Rich Man's Value to Society.

The Independent has asked me for a short economic autobiography I comply on the understanding that I am talking about myself the type of the idle rich young man, not myself the individual.

I have an income of between ten and twenty thousand dollars a year. I spend all of it. I produce nothing—am doing no work. I (the type) can keep on doing this all my life unless the present social system is changed.

My income doesn't descend upon me like manna from heaven. It can be traced. Some of it comes from the profits of a daily newspaper; some of it from Chicago real estate; some from the profits made by the Pennsylvania and other railroads; some from the profits of the United States Steel Corporation; some from the profits of the American Tobacco Company.

As to the Chicago real estate, I didn't put it there. Some of it I have never seen. It came into possession of my family some years ago, when it was cheaper. People came to Chicago to work, and in proportion as their numbers increased the value of this real estate rose automatically. The people who came to Chicago to work caused the increase in value—but I get the benefit of it. There are people who are willing to work on this land. I am not willing to do so. Thus we arrange that they shall work there and pay me an annual tribute for my permission.

I know nothing whatever about railroads, except how to read a timetable and to bless heaven for the eighteen-hour train. Yet I get an annual income from railroads.

I have never been inside a steel mill, and I know about tobacco only as a consumer. Yet the makers and users of steel and tobacco send me their little checks twice a year. I never have to dun them.

The work of the working people, and nothing else, produces the wealth which by some hocus-pocus arrangement is transferred to me, leaving them bare. While they support me in splendid style, what do I do for them? Let the candid upholder of the present order answer, for I am not aware of doing anything for them. And the funny thing about it is that these workingmen and farmers work hard all year around, while I don't work at all.

I have better food, better clothes and a better house than the workers who supply me with money to spend. I can travel oftener, to more interesting places, on faster trains and in more comfortable steamship cabins. I have horses to ride and drive, domestic servants to minister to my wants, the best physicians in case of sickness.

That my life is so much completer than the lives of the workers who support me has been excused on the ground that they are less "cultivated" and therefore less fitted to enjoy things which please me. But that seems a little like begging the question. Many of them are not as well educated, because they had to go to work as boys in the fields, the glass factories, the mines, the mills, while I was pursuing my leisurely, gentlemanly way through boarding school and university. I don't think it was entirely natural aptitude that marked me out for a university education, since I remember that frequently I had to pay money to tutors to drill into my head information of a remarkably simple character. I was fond of a good time—and that I had. Of course it took money, which was obligingly supplied, via my family by the pressmen, the switchmen, the cigarette girls, the rolling-mill men, etc. . . . As a reporter on a newspaper I was a worker; as a member of a stock-holding family I was an idler.

If a man produces \$2,000 worth of wealth a year and consumes \$10,000 worth a year, he is overpaid. If he is overpaid some must be underpaid.

Socialism urges the underpaid to unite and insist on receiving the full amount of the wealth they produce.

THE MAGNANIMITY OF SOME TRUSTS—FROM A BULL MOOSER'S STANDPOINT.

By Burke McCarty.

I would call the attention of all the near-Socialists and other hopeful reformers who fell for the rosy promises held out by the Bull Moose and his party to get-quick-reforms by voting the Progressive ticket, to the Munsey Magazine for February, which features an article by Frank Munsey, entitled, "A Possible Scheme for Amalgamating the Progressive and Republican Parties, That Should Be Acceptable to Each."

That ought to hold you for a while. After perusal of this overture from one of Mr. Roosevelt's political and financial backers, kindly turn to page 800 in same issue to the editorial, "Monopoly—Some of Its Other Aspects."

The mental attitude toward the working class by the Bull Moosers and all other so-called "Progressives" is reflected in this little editorial like polished steel.

The value of the article lies in the unconscious admissions which it contains.

It reveals the true mission and utility of the "Welfare" committees and other parings of capitalism.

It clearly marks the class distinctions and gives a glimpse of what is to be accomplished by working class solidarity on the political and industrial fields.

It tells of a poor misunderstood and downtrodden trust down in New Jersey that had announced recently that upon the recommendation of its Welfare committee it had established a minimum wage for its women employes of \$9 per week!

This, the writer apologetically admits, may not seem a princely sum, "but an enormous number of women work for less!"

The directors of this poor, berated trust named \$9 for the minimum, we are assured, because they found upon investigation that it was the "lowest wage upon which a woman could support herself in decent comfort."

Here we see a good trust deliberately employing a group of men (paradoxically dubbed "A Welfare Committee") hired to find out what, from their standpoint, is the lowest possible figure that a working woman can live on.

What would happen, do you suppose, if Woodrow Wilson's wife and daughters or the "Princess" Alice were condemned to live on \$9 a week in decent comfort?

Now how absurd! How could Mrs. Longworth be expected to make \$9 per week cover such comforts as Turkish cigarettes and two pet monkeys? Perish the thought!

Then the writer of the editorial gurgles on and tells us about what has been done by other perfectly lovely trusts.

One voted a general increase of \$5,000,000 a year to its "lower grade" employes; but the writer carelessly omitted to state the number of the workers it was to be divided among.

Another trust has established a pension for its employes, but again the article does not tell us how much the toilers themselves were taxed for this pension.

Then the Munsey quill-pusher closes by trying to make us believe that these specific trusts at least have made "important voluntary concessions" and that their managers were "imbued with a realization of their liability to public sentiment that makes them anxious to be well thought of." Isn't that a scream!

As a matter of fact we know the rapid organization and solidarity of the workers on the industrial field, coupled with their gigantic battering ram—the Socialist press and the resultant marvelous increase of the Socialist party vote all over the country—these are things which are compelling the trusts' "Nursie" to hand out pacifiers, soothing syrup and other substitutes for the real thing.

And to sum it all up, here we have millionaire Munsey, the owner of the biggest string of capitalist papers in the United States (barring, of course, Wandering Willie Hearst's), this same capitalist Munsey, who was the major domo of the Bull Moose convention and who, together with Perkins, Wall Street cadet, and Harvester Trust McCormick, footed the bills of the Chicago Progressive roundup. This Munsey, I say, is the same Munsey who has taken it upon himself to advance a scheme to "reunite" the Republican and Progressive parties (as if they were ever really divided) and to reunite them on the basis of these "voluntary concessions."

Kindly notice that the basis on which they are to unite is "good" trusts! You remember that is a real Rooseveltian coinage—"good trusts!" It is a revelation of the real views and purposes of these slightly progressive gentlemen.

Of course, it is foolish to get peeved about Munsey's scheme. If Mr. Munsey of the newspaper trust, Perkins of the money trust and McCormick of the harvester trust see fit to pay the piper, they certainly have a right to call the tune; and if it wasn't for about one million of hard-headed Socialists who weren't afraid of "throwing our votes away"—you fellows wouldn't even have any soothing syrup or pacifiers given you! See?

THE PERSECUTION OF MOTHER JONES.

Creston, Iowa, April 11, 1913.

Mother Mary Jones, in Jail at Charleston, West Virginia:

Dear Mother Jones—Notwithstanding I am a hopeless invalid and have to be propped up in bed to write this, yet I have summoned strength enough to enclose an article given below, which I hope may reach you, and to say, all hail to you, the steadfast opponent of tyranny and injustice and the life-long friend and defender of the homeless, the friendless, the poor! Scores of thousands are now sending you loving thoughts and millions will bless you in years to come. You will yet be honored all over the world as you are now honored and beloved in all parts of America. Future historians will write of your great services and unselfish devotion to the poor, and generations not yet born will read of you as one of the good and heroic souls of this age of greed, injustice and brutality.

I send you my congratulations and blessings, and my prayer is that you may be sustained by divine and angelic powers to continue for many years in the unselfish, heroic and sorely-needed work for the upliftment and betterment of the submerged, exploited men, women and children of this savage, transitional capitalistic age.

Your admiring comrade and "boy,"

R. A. DAGUE.

Treatment of Mother Jones—Hon. R. A. Dague, Who Knows Her Well, Writes of Defense of the Gray-Haired Women—Her Brutal Treatment—Being Tried in a Military Court Without a Jury. This Old Lady Fights for Her Life.

Editor Miners' Magazine:

I was glad to read in your paper on the 4th, inst., a denunciation of the infamous treatment of Mother Jones recently in West Virginia for being found counseling with the half-starved coal miners of that state now on a strike and making speeches to them. She is guilty of no offense except a motherly sympathy for those slaves, and yet the coal barons had her arrested, thrown into jail, denied her a trial in the state courts, and dragged her into what they called their military court and treated her as though she were a desperate criminal. Mother Jones is known and beloved from ocean to ocean for her unselfish devotion to the poor. She is 80 years old; her hair is white as snow; she is gentle, refined, intellectual and tender-hearted. Tens of thousands of miners call her "mother" and she calls them "her boys." Forty or more years of her later life have been devoted to visiting the poor miners, and like a good angel that she is, nursing their sick, burying their dead, ministering to them, counseling them, mourning with them, and dividing her last dollar with them.

Ten years ago I knew her personally. I have sat in one of the largest auditoriums in San Francisco crowded to the doors, and listened to this grand old woman tell of the sufferings of the poor miners. Gently, modestly and yet sometimes energetically and with thrilling eloquence the silver-white-haired old grandmother portrayed the awful conditions under which the white slaves of West Virginia were compelled to work by the brutal owners of those coal mines. I saw strong men shed tears at her recital of those wrongs, and I am not ashamed to say that I too sobbed like a baby.

And this is the same dear old gentle soul, who, ten years later, is dragged into a trumped up military court, so they might imprison her by a court martial in which she would be deprived of a jury trial in a civil court. The dispatches say she was so shocked at the brutal treatment that she fainted several times and had to be carried from the room.

Emma F. Langdon, in a late issue of the "St. Louis Labor," says the Associated Press have carefully suppressed accounts of the infamous treatment of this old friend of the oppressed. She says:

Mother Jones has stood in the vanguard for forty years; her labors have covered a continent and reached every class of workers. Her speech is a summons to action. Patience with wrong is a crime with her. She can "touch the hearts of men as the storm god touches the ocean's keys." No sorrow of humanity is alien to her.

The labor press has spoken of her as the "the Angel of the Miners." She is all of that and more—the workers' refuge and inspiration. "Mother" is the cry when, overawed by corporation hirelings, they seek to join hands in a common struggle, and again when the troops, re-enforced by hunger, are beating them into earth.

The exploiters of the poor and helpless fear and hate her as no other one individual, and well they may. I am sure they would murder her—would have done so years ago—if they had dared. Well, they may be afraid; it is true they dare most anything to keep the workers in servitude, but even yet there are some things they dare not do, and one of them is murder Mother Jones. If Americans have any of the spirit of their forefathers, blood will flow freely if they dare harm a hair of her head! Woe be unto the "blue-bloods" of the proud state of West Virginia if any harm comes to this snow-crowned "Mother" of the poor!

Mr. Editor: Knowing Mother Jones personally, being well informed of her grand work for humanity, hearing of the outrageous treatment she has received, my heart throbs in profound sympathy for the grand old soul, and I have a struggle with my better nature to keep me from uttering bitter maledictions upon the brutal men who are thus inhumanly treating her. I know, however, that the fierce age of competition—"the system"—is the cause of brutalizing men. In a later and kindlier age of the world historians

will place the name of "Mother" Mary Jones at the very top of the list of earth's best and greatest women.

A little more than half a century ago the rich and powerful of Virglnla choked to death on a scaffold a white-haired old man because he opposed negro slavery. A great war ensued that cost a million of lives and destruction of billions of property, and the wiping out of a system of industry that brutalized the men who murdered the old man. Today John Brown's soul goes marching on. He is one of the world's honored martyrs, while the names of his murderers have been forgotten, or if remembered, are despised—execrated. Will now the rich and powerful of West Virginia repeat history by killing kind-hearted, white-haired old Grandmother Jones because she has opposed white slavery?

We shall see.

Creston, Iowa.

REPORT FROM JAMES CUTHBERTSON.

To the Officers and Members of District Association, No. 6, W. F. M. Brothers:—

As delegate to the third annual convention of the B. C. Provincial Federation of Labor, held at Victoria, B. C., therewith submit my report.

The convention was called to order on Monday, January 13th, 1913, at 10 a. m., by Delegate Sheen, president of Victoria Trades and Labor Council, who, after addressing a few words of welcome to the delegates, 78 in number, handed the gavel to President J. W. Wilkinson. President Wilkinson's report followed, and it proved an interesting one, laden with food for thought on the problems confronting organized labor in this province.

Of all the matters touched upon the president's report, perhaps the most vital is the attitude shown by the present government towards the needs and requirements of labor, as presented by the B. C. P. of Labor convention last year. A commission has been appointed by the government to go over the province for the alleged purpose of inquiring into the needs of labor. I fail to see the necessity of such a step in view of the fact that labor brings its needs from all parts of the province and presents them to the government from year to year. This action on the part of the government would indicate either that they do not credit us with intelligence enough to know our requirements or, that it is a graceful way of side-stepping the whole matter and at the same time giving fat jobs to a few friends; if the latter be true, then the wage workers must cease voting for those who when in office take no notice of said wage workers or their interests. The question of united political action for the workers is, unfortunately, one on which we are somewhat divided at present, but we have reached the stage in the organized labor movement when we must unite on the political field; then and not until then, shall we get what we are now demanding. And, there is need of much legislation for the protection of the workers; the maimed and crippled victims of industrial life point out this need. If we have the welfare of these men at heart we must elect men of our own class to the law making bodies.

Mr. J. H. Wallace addressed the convention as a fraternal delegate from the Washington State Federation of Labor. He explained the workings of the Washington insurance act, which is one of the best in the world. Under this act the injured workers receive as compensation the sum of \$700, where \$100 previous to the act coming into force was received, and the state federation is now demanding legislation to make the industries pay for the hospital and medical treatment of all wage workers of the state. This should be of interest to the wage workers of British Columbia, as our present compensation act is altogether inadequate in providing for the wants of the dependants of the deceased, with the result that homes are broken up perhaps never to be reunited. The greatest benefit is received indirectly by the workers as the act encourages the companies to be more careful with the lives of their workmen. Taking into consideration the deficiencies of the present act, it is my opinion, that we should try for a new act similar to the Washington state act, rather than seek to patch up our old one.

An important step taken by the convention was to secure a one-half interest in the B. C. Federationist. This paper has been fighting our battles and expressing our political views and it was considered only right that we should give it all the support possible, which was done by shouldering one-half of its burdens.

Mr. Parker Williams addressed the convention, and it was indeed refreshing to listen to him. British Columbia, he says, is dominated by a certain financial group who are more greedy than a horse leech, and more hungry than the devil; and yet the majority of workers line up an election day with such sharks. Is it any wonder that the premier takes no notice of our resolutions?

About one hundred resolutions were brought before the convention, all of which were given space in the Federationist; all of the resolutions forwarded from District No. 6, were passed and those calling for provincial legislation were presented to the premier.

President Wilkinson and Vice Presidents McVety, Grant and Pettipiece refused to stand for re-election. This is much to be regretted as we have no more able men than these in the labor movement.

The new officers are:

President, C. Sivertz, Victoria, B. C.; Sec-Treas., V. R. Midgley, Victoria. Vice Presidents: J. Kavanaugh, Vancouver; J. J. Taylor, Ladysmith; J. Gray, Fernie; Ferris and Burns, Victoria; A. Watchman, Vancouver, J. Cuthbertson, Greenwood.

The Unionists of the coast are pretty well satisfied that the miners of the interior form the backbone of the B. C. Provincial Federation of Labor at the present time.

A strong and determined effort should be made to have the railroad workers affiliate with the federation, particularly in view of the fact that their support would lend much weight to any efforts made to secure a new insurance for the benefit of all workers in the province. Only through the united efforts of the workers can we accomplish that which we are aiming for—the right of the worker to the full product of his toil.

Respectfully submitted,

JAMES CUTHBERTSON.

PHOSSY JAW.

Agnes Thecla Fair.

Working girls get this terrible disease who work in match factories. Ever see a case of phossy jaw? If not, why not. It's your sisters who get it in Rockefeller's Diamond match factory at Chico, California, and to get a job and a terrible disease girls are recruited from the ranks of toilers.

No, Beva Rockefeller does not work in her father's factory; she is busy at Sunday school teaching the young to be good slaves, that father can be three times more a billionaire.

No, Should Grow Wilson is not going to stop phossy jaw spreading among the daughters of workingmen. It's up to you.

That you may think phossy jaw is not contagious, remember, a sack of pus is drawn from the jaw or breast of the girl affected and leaves her a cripple for life, as some bones must be removed also, lest the entire body rot away; and this for the princely wage of 90 cents a day.

Life for us female wage slaves is a serious proposition; but we must have cheap matches and cheap labor. By all means, let's have cheap labor sings California.

Phosphorus is one of the most deadly poisons known, and no one can work in this industry without getting blood poison, and blood diseases are terribly contagious.

What are you going to do about phossy jaw? These crippled girls are asking you.



HIS FATHER'S HAIR.

One of the first things noticed about the "little stranger" is the color of its hair. The color of baby's hair depends to a great extent upon the color of the hair of its parents.

Here is one rule which very rarely has an exception. If you are red-headed and you marry a lady whose hair is of the same cheerful hue, then it is a hundred chances to one that every one of your children will be nicknamed "Ginger" at school.

It is the same with light-haired or dark-haired people marrying. As a rule, their children will all be fair or dark. When a dark-haired man marries a woman with light hair, then the majority of his children will be dark-haired, the minority taking after their mother.

That the color and texture of the hair is strongly hereditary is easily shown. Certain tribes, which have never intermarried with other tribes, will be found to have exactly the same type of hair, man, woman and child. The Eskimos are an instance of this. All of them have the same straight, black hair.

The hair of a baby at birth is not always the same color as it will be when it grows up, unless it is born with red hair. Once red-headed, always red-headed.

As a rule, a baby's hair is lighter than it will be in the long run. Baby's eyebrows will generally tell you what color the hair on its head is going to be. The eyebrows are usually darker than the rest of the hair at birth. Hair, as a rule, turns darker and darker until middle age arrives, and then gray hairs begin to show.—Exchange.

MORGAN'S DEATH.

By Frederick Monroe.

Some days ago, across the water, in the city of Rome, died an old man, surrounded by relatives and friends, who mourned his passing just as do all who lose one near and dear. His name was John Pierpont Morgan. It was a name extolled and reviled; revered and hated; feared and despised. He was in turn the wizard of finance or the robber of the poor. He was to his friends a captain of finance, a constructive builder of national credit; to some of his enemies he appeared to be the exploiter of the helpless; the ruthless crusher of competitors.

In fact, he was none of these things. He was simply a cog in the wheel of the great system called by various names—Big Business, Frenzied Finance, The System, The Octopus. The system is Capitalism.

Morgan is dead. But the firm of J. P. Morgan & Company lives. So do the hundreds of banks, trust companies, railroads, mines, factories, workshops, industrial and manufacturing corporations of every kind and description, of which Morgan & Company, or the Morgan Company, with two, three, a dozen, or a hundred affiliated groups, hold the controlling interest.

The passing of Morgan means nothing to the hundreds of thousands of those who paid toll to the system which he typified. The system goes on unmindful of his passing. The system was not built on Morgan or any other man. Morgan and every other capitalist are creatures of the system. They are just as much a product of the system as are the slaves of the steel mills. The production of the Morgans is as inevitable under the system of Capitalism as is the production of paupers. The same cause produces both effects. Capitalism lives on the production of surplus values. Of the total produce produced by the workers, the worker receives a portion, called wages. The balance—the surplus value—goes to capital. As the share of the one increases, the share of the other necessarily decreases. If labor takes more, capital necessarily gets less, and if capital gets more, labor necessarily gets less. Morgan happened simply to be born into the class which got more—not less.

His passing illustrates more graphically than anything else the fallacy of attacking men instead of the system. There be those among us—of whom our President, Mr. Wilson, is one—who believe that the jailing of a few trust officials would have some kind of effect in stopping the exploitation of the many by the few. Morgan was not jailed—but he was actually removed from the earth. Yet no man is simple enough to predict that exploitation will cease with the passing of Morgan. So it was with Harriman. So it will be with George F. Baker, Henry P. Davison, J. P. Morgan, Jr. Men count for nothing; the system is everything. These men play the game according to the rules laid down—WHICH WE PERMIT TO BE LAID DOWN. It is foolish to blame these men because they win under the rules, while we lose.

The passing of Morgan, with all that it does and DOES NOT signify, should act as a lesson to us who hold in our hands the power TO CHANGE THE RULES!—National Socialist.

ECHO OF THE AKRON RUBBER STRIKE.

In the last issue of "The People," official newspaper of the Akron Central Labor Union, is found the real facts of the recent rubber strike. The paper remained neutral during the trouble, as did the Akron labor movement. The paper now shows how the working class politicians who donated their hall for the strikers' first meeting, refused to allow the Central Labor Union officials to address the meeting, and how the strike was then handed over to the Wonder Workers through this trick.

The story of the I. W. W.'s miserable failure, despite their bluster and noise, is as follows:

The big strike in the rubber factories of Akron has been declared at an end. This action was taken at a meeting held last Sunday, which was attended by a remnant of the strikers and addressed by two of the prominent I. W. W. leaders.

The strike at one time involved between 12,000 and 16,000 men and women employed in the rubber factories of Akron, and was one of the series of spasmodic strikes that marks the social unrest of wagers whose wages are continually being lowered and who are being subjected to a speeding-up system that soon saps their life and throws them on the scrap pile.

The rubber employers have successfully fought every effort to organize their employes, and it is well known that they maintain an elaborate spy system in order to keep the men in mortal fear of the loss of their jobs. But the men in the labor movement knew that it was only a question of time until there would be a revolt of such proportions as to bring consternation to the employers and result in an organization.

It was unfortunate that at the time this last protest was made and the men decided to organize that they were misled into casting their lot with the I. W. W.

Representatives of the Central Labor Union were present at the first meeting of the strikers, but those in charge, and who had ex-

tended the strikers the courtesy of their hall, did not permit the local union men to speak or to take part.

Hence the fatal mistake of the men not acquainted with the great labor movement under the direction of the American Federation of Labor.

A. F. of L. organizers arrived here as soon as possible for them to leave the work of organizing in the Pennsylvania steel centers, but as this was after the I. W. W. leaders had their campaign thoroughly under way, the only course left was to await the final collapse of the strike, which was inevitable.

As stated above, the strike now is a matter of history, and all strikers whom the companies will accept have returned to work. But there are at least two lessons that the strike has taught—one to the workers: that to make a protest and get results you must be organized in a bona fide labor union that has the backing of the labor organizations of the world, and not tie to a discredited band of alleged leaders who, in many cases, have been expelled from the legitimate labor movement. To the employers the lesson teaches that they are never secure in the steady operation of their plants without organization.—Toledo Union Leader.

LABOR.

The greatest of all the forces of human progress, culture, and civilization is labor.

Labor, mental and manual, has transformed into gardens, and made the bowels of the earth yield fuel and light, which enable a man to overcome the terrors of frost and the fears of the night; it has made the savage a civilized man, and man the master of the forces of nature.

But notwithstanding the leading part labor has taken in the shaping of our social world, the laboring man has always been regarded as an inferior being, as a mere beast of burden in human form, incapable of any higher intellectual and moral efforts, with but little sensibility, a very second rate citizen at his best. In spite of his importance as the creator of culture and the producer of the essential material elements of our civilization, the worker has never been permitted to occupy a position in society commensurable to the importance of his work. And however rich the harvest of his toil—he has never had a chance to enjoy in full measure the fruits of his labor.

Engrossing all his time, his work had prevented him from thinking seriously about the relations existing between himself and society, and from taking an active part in the framing and directing of social institutions and policies, until he came to recognize the formidable power of organization. But by organizing with his brothers in misery, he found the key to the door of social influence as well as the means of emancipation from his ignorance. He has become a power proportionately to the growth of his organizations, and whatever he may be able to accomplish in the future, his organizations will be the means by which it will be done.

The workers will come into their own by collective action only, for the individual man, be he ever so intelligent and noble and brave, does not count in the arena where the gigantic class struggle of our times is fought.—Buffalo Socialist.

THE KIND HE WANTED.

A man went into a clothing store in Topeka a few days ago to buy an overcoat. He had the money to buy it, and of course he was welcomed and was extended the glad hand. They had plenty of overcoats—all colors, all styles and all prices. Their line of overcoats was their special pride, so the clerk said.

The customer examined several garments, but each time completed the inspection with a shake of the head. They didn't suit. The salesman began to show nervousness. He evidently was puzzled.

"If you will tell me what kind of a coat you want," he ventured at last, "I will try to accommodate you. We have all kinds.

"No, you haven't my kind," was the reply. "My first test of an overcoat is to look at the inside pocket."

"Oh, I see," says the clerk, brightening up, "you are looking for the union label. Why didn't you say so? We have lots of 'em."

So the search began. The main floor was ransacked, then the basement, and finally a pile of left-overs from last season's stock. Still no label.

"Is it absolutely necessary that you should have the label in your coat?" the perspiring salesman at last blurted out in despair.

"Absolutely necessary," replied the man grimly. And there was a twinkle in his eye as he murmured ironically, "Lots of 'em."

Then the unhappy clerk grew bolder and started to give a little lecture: "Of course, it's all right to stick to principle," he began, "but it seems to me that you—"

"Never mind that," broke in the would-be customer, with a wave of his hand. "You are losing ground now. Just look once more. Perhaps you can find a coat with the label in it, after all."

And so he did. Just one lonesome Benjamin with the label in the inside pocket. It was a little bit large, to be sure, and the pattern didn't quite suit, but the man took it, and he left this behind him as he started for the door:

"Just one garment in your store that represents living wages; among the hundreds of overcoats on your shelves, just one that stands for the elevation of labor; just one protest against unsanitary workshops; only one that bears the stamp which means the abolition of child labor and the sweat shop, and the protection of the home and the uplifting of citizenship. And now you haven't any," he shot back as he bowed himself out.—Topeka Capital.

A SINGLE TAXER'S LAMENT.

By William Marion Reedy.

Every time I vote in the county I'm amused as I think of all the hulla-balloo that is raised about crooked elections in the city. Say! If the country elections don't "outcrook" the city affairs, you can shoot me. There's no registration of voters in the country. Anybody can step in and vote in his turn. The country politician isn't above having the judges and clerks "right." And the counting—why, if we had city elections as unguarded as they are in the country, the "gang" would never lose. Human nature is much the same in city and country. Moreover, country elections are not watched. The honest farmer—did you ever trade with him, on his own stamping-ground? We've seen what he could do in the way of crooked elections in rural counties in Ohio and West Virginia and Illinois. Whenever I think of the honest farmer I think of a recent joke in Life that ran thus: "Boswer: There is honor among thieves. Towser: Oh, I don't know. Thieves, after all, are just like other people." There's the farmer and the single tax. He's against it because it is dishonest. But the honest farmer doesn't kick against being taxed at as low as 20 per cent. on his value, while the city man is taxed upon a 65 per cent. valuation. The guileless, the oppressed farmer! In my eye. He has the politicians in all parties, the preachers, the press, the country merchant, the country doctor and lawyer and dentist bluffed to a fare-you-well. Everybody is eating to him. And he's a fine proscriptionist, too. He won't let you talk if he's not with you. He talks tar-and-feathers, and eggs, and riding on rails, and even ropes. Those are his arguments—at least in bourbon Missouri. The only way to get along

in the country is to conform—oh, not religiously. The farmer has about as much religion left as the rest of us. But you must conform to him on economics or you're in danger. He's a hot reformer when it comes to getting after banks and railroads and grain brokers and insurance companies and such. Soak 'em, Louie! But let any reform touch him; then there's trouble. His special interest is sacred. He must not be touched. He must be protected. And if you favor anything he doesn't like, you're an anarchist, a Socialist, a moral leper, an agent of the St. Louis breweries. As Senator Charles F. Krone said at Columbia, Mo., some weeks ago, "The farmer has been called 'honest' so long, he actually believes it." And yet when you come to think about it, the farmer is no worse than the rest of us—no more class conscious than bankers, brokers, shoe manufacturers, real estate men, brewers, trades unionists. None of us is tolerant of economic heretics who threaten our particular graft under the system under which we live. We are all ready in degree to proscribe and to boycott when our toes are in danger of being trampled.

Well, I stood at the polls and talked to the farmers and a few railroad and ice-plant workers. They were smart fellows, too. What did they talk? They talked good times. They talked anti-single tax. Don't tell me there's any danger to our institutions in the initiative, referendum and recall. There is not a bit. The people are not radical. They are afraid of radicalism. They don't believe in "dividing up property." They are conservatives to the marrow of their bones. They are for nothing but prosperity. They are for nothing that will raise taxes, yet they want a lot of things which cannot be paid for save with money raised by taxes. They are afraid of names. Socialism throws them in a fit. Single tax on the land! It gives them hydrophobia to think of it. The land! Their very worship of it proves the contention that the land should belong to everybody. Still, I don't know that they are any more demented as to the sanctity of stocks and bonds. They are pretty good folks, like the rest of us, when you let them have their own way. Like the rest of us, they are always ready to reform and to tax the other fellow.—St. Louis Mirror.

LAST WHEEL TURNED IN THE MERCUR MINE.

With the passing of Sunday, March 30, ends the largest and most historic of the gold producing mines of the state of Utah, for early yesterday morning the Consolidated Mercur Gold Mines Company of the Mercur district turned the last wheel. With a simple yet deeply significant ceremony this famous old dividend payer closed its career of usefulness much after the fashion of a successful man, yielding to the demands of nature after a long and well spent life.

Sunday morning, guided by the hand of the oldest miner in the employ of the company, the last car was lowered into the mine, filled and again brought to the surface. Old Glory was hoisted to the topmost point of the flagpole, and the whistle that had called the thousands to and from their work during the many years of operation was tied down and for one hour filled the ears of Mercur for the last time.

End Expected.

When a mine, like a man, lives to a ripe old age the end comes not unexpected, but in each case there is regret, despite the knowledge that nothing remains to be done by either. The closing of the old Consolidated Mercur mine is especially unfortunate, as it was the remaining big labor employer of the camp. Its miners and mill men in numerous instances have been on the payroll of the company for years. They have comfortable homes there, and their children, young men and women, born and reared in the camp, know no other home. In Mercur are their homes, their churches and all the connections of a lifetime, which must be broken, and while the camp will remain, it can never be the same without the Consolidated Mercur with its payrolls carrying hundreds of men.

Produces Many Millions.

The properties within the Consolidated Mercur boundaries have produced many millions of gold ore, and several millions have been paid out in the form of dividends. The property has been one of the most famous of schools for metallurgists, the ores being especially refractory and hard to reduce to bullion. With passing years the problems multiplied, but with each new and intricate problem presented there was the talent at hand to solve it, and not the least of the problems have been faced and solved by General Manager George H. Dern, who was forced to pound dividend money from continually decreasing gold values. For several years past the ores of the property have carried less than \$5 per ton in the yellow metal, and the lower in value the ore the more refractory it became until the final stages developed into as close a proposition as the world holds.

End Was Forecast.

The end of this producer was forecast in the annual report of President John Dern for 1911. He emphasized the fact that the property was near its last hour in his 1912 report, and the shareholders during 1912 were asked to authorize the directors to dispose of the machinery and other assets as they saw fit. This authorization was granted, and it is likely that the Consolidated Mercur equipment soon will be distributed all over the country.

General Manager George H. Dern stated last night that it would take two weeks or more to clean up around the mill, gathering together the metal that has succeeded in escaping the keen eye of the management during the many years of concentration, from which time the company will cease as a producing proposition, and Utah will lose one of its most important sources of gold.

For many months past the company has been reducing its forces, working down from 600 or 700 to 200 men, who were released by the company yesterday. A great many have left Mercur for other fields, and a great many of the men released Sunday will find other places to work, but it is doubtful if any of the old men will ever run across any place that will suit them better than the old camp which has been for so long their home.—Exchange.

WHAT IS COAL LAND?

United States Geological Survey Outlines Manner in Which Coal Deposits Occur and Shows Why Land May Be Classified as "Coal Land" When No Coal Is to Be Seen for Many Miles.

It is so often the unpleasant duty of the United States Geological Survey to refuse to reclassify as noncoal land areas that have been classified as coal land, because the evidence and affidavits submitted for reclassification are inadequate, that a word of explanation on what is considered "adequate" may make clearer the position of the Survey in the matter.

It is a widespread popular impression that if coal is found outcropping on a tract, the land is coal land, and that if no coal is to be found outcropping the land is noncoal land. If this were true probably more than one-half of the coal produced in the country (in some states more than 95 per cent) would be coming from mines not on coal land.

As an illustration, 196 mines in Indiana in 1908 produced 11,997,304 tons of coal. Of these 196 mines, 15 were working the coal from the outcrop and produced 400,733 tons, or a little over 3 per cent of the total. The rest was mined from land, the surface of which showed no coal. In Illinois the percentage is still less, and in both states the average production of the mines working on the outcrop is small, compared with the average of all the mines. The percentage of coal worked from the outcrop is greater in Pennsylvania, West Virginia and the southern Appalachian states than in the two just

cited, but not much if any greater in the Michigan field, the western interior field, or some others of the large fields of the country. It is true that in many of the fields when first exploited mines were mostly driven in on the outcrop, but for two reasons that condition has greatly changed. First, the coal close to the outcrop has been mined out; and second, after a time it has been found to be cheaper to mine the coal from shafts sunk to the bed from a point some distance back from the outcrop than to haul the coal, water and waste up the slope of the bed as it pitches into the ground.

If, therefore, any producing coal field is examined there will usually be found a belt of outcrop in which the coal-bearing rocks rise to the surface of the ground, and outside of that belt an area, which may amount to thousands of square miles, where the coals are all below the surface and the surface rocks may even be of entirely different age and perhaps not coal bearing at all. In Indiana shafts have been sunk to coal beds at a depth of 250 feet without any preliminary drilling where the coal bed did not outcrop nearer than 15 miles, and many of the mines of Illinois are 25 to 50 miles from the nearest outcrop of the coal they are working.

In classifying land as to its coal character a few general principles are involved:

1. If the land is known to be underlain only by groups of rocks known nowhere to contain coal, the land is assumed not to be underlain by coal and to be noncoal land.

2. If land is known to be underlain by one or more groups of rocks known to contain workable beds of coal, and a study of the dips shows that those groups are not too deep for the coals they contain to be worked, the land may be presumed to be coal land.

In nearly all cases where public lands have been withdrawn pending examination and classification it is known or believed that the land is underlain by groups of rocks known elsewhere to contain workable beds of coal. In probably a majority of cases it is also known or later examination demonstrates that coal does not outcrop on most of the land withdrawn but underlies it, perhaps at a considerable depth.

The evidence obtained by the Survey consists of observed outcrops and measured sections, properly located and described on the spot, and analyses made in the government laboratories from coal samples collected in a definite prescribed way, supplemented when necessary by such second-hand data as appear to be accurate and reliable and to be in accord with the personal observations of the field men.

OPPORTUNITY RESTORED.

Woodrow Wilson has fixed the date upon which the Democratic party will enter into the shadow and valley of death.

In a statement to the press, Mr. Wilson says:

"I shall call Congress together in extraordinary session not later than April 15. I shall do this only because I think the pledges of the party ought to be redeemed as promptly as possible, but also because I know it to be in the interest of business that all uncertainty as to what the particular items of tariff revision are to be, should be removed as soon as possible."

The Democratic party is pledged to a tariff for revenue only. It has condemned protective duties as robbery of the consumer in defiance of the constitution.

If the Democratic party shall keep its pledges to the people, if it shall meet the hopes and expectations of its supporters, it will wipe out every trace and vestige of protectionism.

Protectionism—what a vile and odious thing it has been to Democratic orators. "The communism of self," the tribute wrung from the pockets of the poor to fatten the swollen purses of privilege. Tariff bandits, Pittsburgh pirates, thieves, corruptionists, knaves and ballot box stuffers, and vote bribers—the beneficiaries of the tariff swindle—have been the seven devils that have possessed the American people and brought them to the very verge of destitution and despair.

The Democrats now have the tariff bandits on the hip. They have them at their mercy, as they did when Cleveland, with Waterson croaking at his heels, marched through a bloody slaughter house to an open grave.

Cleveland was elected on the issue that protection is robbery. He was pledged to free the people from the burden of legalized loot and wrench the republic from the clutches of greed.

When in office Cleveland turned aside to slay the menace and peril of free silver. The Sherman silver-purchase act was repealed and with Morgan's assistance the credit of the nation was kept from falling below par.

The Democratic party saved the nation's credit and lost its opportunity to rout the tariff bandits. A year after Cleveland's inauguration, a Democratic Congress turned its attention to the protective infamy.

The Wilson-Gorman act was born and the Democratic party all but died. Profiting from the experience of Grover Cleveland, whom he so closely resembles, Woodrow Wilson purposes to descend upon the den of forty thieves and rout them, bag and baggage, before they have time to recover from their surprise. He will not give them a year in which to prepare to meet the attacks of an untamed Democracy.

There is in retirement at Sheboygan Falls, a Democratic statesman, the Hon. Charles Weisse. Mr. Weisse expresses the fear that Wilson and the Democratic party will bring disappointment to the American people. The people, he complains, expect too much from the coming administration. They expect the Democratic party to keep its promises, fulfill its pledges and make good.

If protectionism shall not be destroyed, if the trusts shall not be rooted out, if opportunity shall not be restored and the cost of living reduced, the people will set up a cry that they have been buncoed and demand their money back.

If, by some unforeseen and impossible circumstance the Democratic party should keep its pledges, if it should turn a deaf ear to Morgan and Ryan and Belmont and Rockefeller, if it should destroy the trusts, dismember the great railway systems, put a premium on the stage coach and beckon the ox-cart to come forth from its seclusion, if it should extinguish the tariff and free the people from the exactions and tributes of privilege, what would the harvest be?

The Democratic party's opportunity has been restored, but unfortunately—for if the condition which it faces is, as Grover Cleveland on a like occasion remarked, quite dissimilar from the theory to which it professes to be devoted.—Milwaukee Leader.

IMPORTANT MINERAL REGION.

The "Hanging Rock" Coal and Iron District of Kentucky and Ohio Described in Part in a Report by the United States Geological Survey.

The Kenova folio, No. 184 of the Geologic Atlas of the United States, has been issued recently by the Geological Survey. It describes an area lying in the three states of Kentucky, Ohio and West Virginia. This area is in the "Hanging Rock" region of the Ohio River valley, a region of great industrial importance from its coal and iron industries and not many decades ago the center of several important charcoal iron furnaces. Though the charcoal-iron industry disappeared long ago it served a useful purpose in paving the way for the more modern steel and iron works in the city of Ashland, Ky., in the northeastern part of the area covered by the folio. The region is the center of thriving coal and clay industries, and within the last few years explorations for oil and gas have been vigorously prosecuted in some parts of it.

Catlettsburg, Ashland and Louisa, W. Va., and Kenova, W. Va., are all busy

and flourishing cities within the area. The Ohio river traverses its northeastern part and the Big Sandy, an important tributary of the Ohio, flows near its eastern edge. These streams not only furnish easy and cheap transportation, but have facilitated the construction of some of the important trunk lines of railway which traverse the area.

The Kenova area contains much of scientific as well as of economic interest. The peculiar drainage, both within and to the east and west of the area, the high gravel deposits back of Ashland and along Ohio and Big Sandy rivers, and the peridotite dikes in the western part of the area, are striking geologic features that are described in detail in the folio, which will prove of interest to the scientist devoted to the study of pure geology.

Of interest to the practical mining and business man are the descriptions of the minerals of economic importance—coal, flint and plastic clay, oil and gas, shale, limestone, iron ore, building stone, glass sand and salt. The relations of the valuable economic beds and those of stratigraphic importance are given in a columnar-section sheet.

Workable coal and clay beds are fairly well scattered over approximately two-thirds of the area, and the structure in the remaining third is such that at least a portion of the valuable beds will be found below drainage level. The location of the outcropping edges of these coal and clay beds is shown on the structure and economic geology sheet in the folio.

The coal beds vary in character, but include most varieties of the bituminous class, generally the harder kinds. As a rule they are not suitable for manufacture into coke, but when washed some of them give fair satisfaction. All are excellent for generating steam and for domestic use, and all bear transportation and stocking well. Certain of the coal beds in the western and southern parts of the area include benches of cannel coal which contains more than 50 per cent of volatile matter and which is especially suitable for use in open grates and in the manufacture of gas. Much of the good coal in the area occurring above drainage level and in proximity to the railroads has been removed, but there is still a considerable amount which, owing to its present inaccessible position, remains untouched.

The clays of the area are of both the plastic and nonplastic varieties, the latter being also known as flint clay. These clays are of considerable present importance and a variety of clay products are turned out annually, including common or building brick, fire brick and pottery. Many of the clay and shale beds of the area could if necessary be used in the manufacture of paving brick, sewer pipes, etc., for which an inferior clay is suitable.

The position of the oil and gas bearing beds in the different parts of the area is shown on the columnar-section sheet.

The geology of the Kenova quadrangle was worked out by W. C. Phalen of the United States Geological Survey, under the direction of G. H. Ashley, who also mapped some areas in the western and northwestern parts.

The folio comprises sixteen pages of text, one columnar-section sheet and three maps, one showing topography, a second showing the areal distribution of the different formations, and a third delineating the structure and economic geology. It may be purchased for 25 cents by application to the Director of the Geological Survey, Washington, D. C. The folio is also obtainable in octavo form for 50 cents.

THE PANAMA TOLLS CONTROVERSY.

No opinion has been so far expressed in this journal as to the merits of the controversy concerning the Panama Canal tolls and the British protest against the free passage of American coastwise shipping through the big ditch.

The Call on this matter remains neutral, though it might be supposed that being "unpatriotic" and "un-American," as a Socialist publication is usually assumed to be, it would take the British side of the controversy. However, we don't.

And it is not because of the fact that the bulk of the great capitalist newspapers seemingly favor that side, and that the "patriotic" Hearst is almost alone in screeching his journalistic lungs out against the impudent pretensions of John Bull to control the canal "we" have dugged on "our" own territory and paid for with our own good money.

The really interesting point about the whole matter is why it is that the great capitalist journals of this country apparently take a pro-British view of the matter.

Hearst declares them lacking in patriotism, Anglomaniacs toadying to British pretensions, and aping things British in every possible manner. On the other hand, these journals declare they are taking a stand for the preservation of American honor, and the faithful carrying out of treaty stipulations. Both these explanations comprise the version of the affair as given to the public, and they can take their choice of either.

To the Socialist, however, the matter has really nothing to do with either patriotism, nationalism, Anglomania or Anglophobia, or even the "honor" of the nation. It is an economic controversy and absolutely nothing more. It merely represents capitalism in its international guise pitted against the narrow, restricted capitalism that has not yet crossed national boundaries.

The great American-born capitalists whose exploitative activities cover the earth have ceased to be "American" so far as their capitalism is concerned, and have become international. And the reason that they sustain the apparently "British" side of the question is that as regards their capitalism they are about as much "British" as they are "American."

The Hearst idea is that every vessel which flies a British ensign must necessarily be owned by a British capitalist, and conversely every vessel flying the Stars and Stripes must be owned by an American capitalist, and that where one gains the other must necessarily lose.

The real fact is, however, that the flag flown on the taffrail of an ocean steamer is no guarantee whatever of her ownership. She may belong to an owner or owners of the country whose flag she flies, and then again she may not.

And the further fact is that American-born capitalists are already sole owners of hundreds of vessels flying the British and other flags, and part owners of thousand of other such vessels. The network of international capitalist interests that now covers the world is so immense and complicated that the so-called "nationality" of property of any kind counts for little or nothing, and it is diminishing every year. The great international capitalist interests, of which "American" capitalists form a part, have nothing to lose by permitting all vessels to go through the canal on equal terms, but, on the contrary, everything to gain. Capitalists who happen to live on this side of the water will send hundreds of ships under the flags of other peoples through the canal, and millions of tons of freight in similar vessels which they may partly own or own nothing whatever of, but they will naturally want to get their freight through on the lowest possible terms.

And this is the real status of the controversy, and it is this which explains the apparently pro-British attitude of most of our great American newspapers.

It is altogether likely that this view will ultimately prevail, too. But

at present it affords an excellent opportunity to the Hearsts and other "tail twisters" to make a grand stand, patriotic play and their opponents to pose as upholders of the "honor of the American people." And such opportunities are never overlooked while the bulk of the public still conceive that capitalism and nationality are inseparable, and that the world's exploiters have the slightest regard for nationality when private profit is involved.—New York Call.

PATRIOTIC, BUT IMPRACTICABLE.

That versatile and enterprising gentleman whose copy is syndicated for the capitalist press under the feminine title of "Marquise de Fontenoy," now comes to the front with a suggestion, which, we are glad to say, meets with our unreserved approval. He has discovered that many of the most powerful ships of the Greek navy have been the gift of wealthy Greek magnates to the nation, and bear their names, and that these ships have done excellent work in standing off any possible attack on the Greek coasts from Turkish warships.

He thinks the idea should be copied over here, and observes that "were the American people to have it brought home to them that their shores and their maritime trade were being protected by floating monsters known as the 'Morgan,' the 'Rockefeller,' the 'Astor,' the 'Vanderbilt,' the 'Hetty Green,' or even the 'Andrew Carnegie,' they might be less inclined to grumble against exaggerated fortunes and the unequal distribution of wealth."

Now there's certainly "some class" to that suggestion in every sense of the word. In fact, if it has a fault at all, it is rather that there is too much "class" to it. And we very much fear that the astute exploiters above mentioned would be instinctively inclined to reject it upon that account, which is exactly the reason why we recommend it.

It is not, to be sure, that they are niggardly or lacking in "patriotism" or reluctant to have their names blazoned forth as lovers of their country. But the suggestion too broadly and literally intimates the fact that it is "their country," and the launching of warships bearing their names and constructed at their individual expense would almost certainly bring into public prominence the idea that they were merely paying for the defense of their own possessions. And it is not, from their standpoint, a healthy idea to disseminate that they are the real owners of America. It would, in fact, be playing into the hands of the Socialists, a consideration which is probably beneath the notice of the aristocratic "Marquise," but which certainly would not escape the perception of those upon whom his suggestion is urged.

The Rockefellers, Carnegies, Morgans and others for the present will have to content themselves with the organization of privately armed forces operating inland. They can build stockades with electrically charged wires around them, they can mount machine guns around coal mines and steel plants and raise battalions of armed thugs to terrorize striking workers, but they must not, in their own proper names, venture on the sea with instruments of offense and defense. These things must be done in the name of the "nation," and they will have to content themselves with being really the "nation" themselves without having their names exhibited from the sterns of superdreadnoughts and battle cruisers.

Their names can appear on other structures, such as churches, hospitals and libraries, with tolerable safety. The American people at most "grumble" about these things, and refer to them as "blood-stained," as in the case of Andrew's libraries, but while they go no further, this is safe enough. Their names on warships, however, and perhaps their counterfeit presentments as figureheads—we should take extreme delight in seeing the steel prow of a dreadnought ornamented with the bulbous "mug" of a Morgan or the shabby draperies of a Hetty Green—might evoke something much more dangerous than mere grumbling; it might, in short, and most probably would, incite the "American people" to thinking, and instead of intensifying patriotism would probably tend to give that much-distorted national characteristic a twist that might head it in the wrong direction—so far as the donors of warships are concerned.

These things may go perhaps in Greece, where the people have evidently forgotten their own ancient proverb bidding them beware of gift-bearing Greeks. Their hatred for the Turks may not unnaturally have blinded them in this matter, but as we have no particular "Turks" against whom national hatred could be exclusively directed, the experiment on this side lacks the factors that make it comparatively safe over there.

The Marquise's suggestion does him all kinds of credit, and there is no doubt that his intentions in making it are excellent. He is only mistaken in assuming that the people he mentions are altogether fools and that their "patriotism" is as uncalculating and unsophisticated as that of the rest of their countrymen, the "American people." We ourselves hate to recognize that fact, but such is the case, and we are sorry to say that it makes the Marquise's suggestion, creditable as it is to him, utterly impracticable.—New York Call.

A SLAVE'S CONVERSION.

How He Was Set Thinking in the Right Direction.

My friend was a son of toil, of the horny-handed persuasion, as proud as Punch of it, too. When he exhibits his leathery-looking, corn-grained, toil-distorted ham, his mouth stretches across the dial like that of a mandrill (a specie of monkey with a face resembling that of a human) so broad is his grin. You'd think to look at them he walked through life on his hands along a cinder track. He wharf lumps for a crust, and considers himself the freest man under the stars. I had been expatiating on Socialism, and placing him in the category of a slave. It touched him. His feelings were wounded, his pride pierced. After letting himself go as above described, he shot out his forepaws and asked me if ever slave bore hands like these? Why, man alive, yes, you bear them yourself! That flabbergasted him. I asked him how he got his living, and out came the hand-feet again. "With these," he retorted with pride. Then I pointed out the commodity nature of labor

power, how this commodity was sold to the capitalist class, and how the force of human necessity compelled him to sell the energy stored within his soul-case, and which was part of himself, to the boss-owners of the wharves on which he toiled, and emphatically informed him that as he was forced to sell his energy, and with it himself, to the owner or owners of a plant in order to vegetate on this planet, he was no more free than a chattel slave was, that is economically speaking, of course. The difference in the position was mainly in the fact that the modern wage-slave was endowed with the liberty to change owners. My poor friend of the horny hand hazily admitted there was something in what I was saying, but—, I jumped in and sailed away. His attention was next drawn to the old auction block and the newer labor market, and a parallel shown. Before venturing further let me inform you that I am talking to you just at this moment, for my lumping friend is no doubt exercising his freedom to his mind's content. That's his share under capitalism! See? Today we had the wheat market, the pig market, the cattle market, the sheep market, and alongside these a labor market. This was indisputable because the papers say so, the capitalist papers, of course. But where comes the analogy between the slave of yesterday and the worker of today? In this: Buying and selling (and stealing) is the method by which society carries on its business of living, and as the worker has nothing to sell but his labor-power to get the means to buy the wherewithal to exist, he first must sell himself by the hour, day, or week. Secondly, in the case of wharf-laboring the modern slave is subject to the humiliation of passing before the scrutinous eye of a hired slave driver (pannikin boss) before selection. Here we have a crowd of men eager to sell themselves for food and shelter—a body of human beings mobbed together like so many sheep, horny handed and hard-headed. Anxiously do they await the arrival of the "fellow worm" who is invested with the right of selection and rejection. These men wanted work to get money—many were in a bad way, too. With chest expanded, bearing carriage of great importance, his bosship struts towards the place of sale, and mounts a barrel. There is slight commotion in the crowd. In the anxiety not to be out of sight a short struggle takes place for position, those of smaller stature, or forced to the rear standing on tip-toe and elongating their necks like hungry giraffes in an endeavor not to escape notice. The selector rapidly runs an eye over the stuff he is about to buy for his boss. More humiliation comes. "I want you—you—you—" and so on until the complement required is picked from the mob, then "that's all." The rejected ones with heavy hearts turn away, and go elsewhere to undergo a similar painful operation. I put all that to my friend and inquired of him what he thought about it. His reply was that when one came to look at conditions a little closely, workingmen and workingwomen, also, were treated much as are sheep and cattle in their respective markets, the buyers picking what they want, rejecting the rest. And although he couldn't quite realize that he was a slave, yet there was so much logic in the contentions of the Socialists that he wouldn't attempt to combat the foregoing statements. That worker has been set thinking. And the very next time he is mobbed up for selection, and, probably, suffers rejection, he will be stung to the quick with the humiliation of degradation to which he has been subjected, realize the freedom to the worker under capitalism is a myth and the seller of labor-power in reality only a wage slave. Then will the fires of discontent burn hot within him.—The Vag, in Sydney People.

PRAYER AND PRIZE FIGHTING.

Religious literature teems with anecdotes purporting to demonstrate the efficacy of prayer, but an incident has just been cabled from England, which, while it apparently might be utilized for this purpose, we venture to say, will never be cited either as an inspiration and example to the true believer, or to confute the sceptic.

It relates how a British prize fighter, before "putting up his dooks" in a twenty-round championship bout, knelt in his corner, crossed himself, pulled a rosary out of his fighting shoes and prayed devoutly, while his opponent glared at him from across the ring, and the assembled "sports" looked on with mixed feelings of surprise and respect for what the item calls his "simple faith."

When he got through he toed the mark, and at once proceeded to whale the stuffing out of his adversary. Between each round he emitted a short supplication, and when finally he was declared victor, he devoutly gave thanks for the triumph in the same manner. Evidently the prayer of this righteous pugilist availed much.

The incident was deemed worthy of being cabled across here, and it has extracted many jocular and satirical editorial comments from the press. There seems to be an idea that the connection between prayer and prize fighting is in some way incongruous.

When men set out to murder each other in bulk, however, there is always prayer—elaborate prayer, too—and nobody thinks it in the least incongruous. In fact, it is regarded as not only highly appropriate, but were it omitted, it would be considered that the Almighty had been ignored, slighted, and treated most disrespectfully by His creatures, who failed to ask His blessing under such solemn circumstances.

And yet this prize fighter, it is safe to say, was infinitely more in earnest than nine-tenths of the innumerable hosts of men who, before going forth to war, invoke the Divine blessing upon their enterprise.

This pugilist did not hurt his adversary. He "won on points," as the account says. He merely got the decision of the referee. His opponent probably suffered nothing worse than a bloody nose or a contused eye, and as is the usual custom on such occasions, shook hands with him after the bout was over.

But when men go to war after invoking the Divine assistance, they murder each other in scores of thousands. Instead of a few drops of blood on the rosined surface of a twenty-four-foot ring, this is the picture that war presents. We select from among multitudes of others, a sample account from one of the most famous war correspondents, who described the great battle of Sedan:

"Fancy masses of colored rags glued together with blood and brains,

planned into strange shapes by fragments of bones. Conceive men's bodies without legs, and legs without bodies, heaps of human entrails attached to red and blue cloth, and disemboweled corpses in uniform, bodies lying about in all attitudes, with skulls shattered, faces blown off, hips smashed, bones, flesh and gay clothing all pounded together as if brayed in a mortar, extending for miles, not very thick in any one place, but recurring perpetually for weary hours, and then one cannot, with the most vivid imagination, come up to the sickening reality of that butchery."

And before this "sickening reality," prayers were sent up to the Almighty, that it might occur, and prayers of thankfulness after it did occur. That was perfectly proper, and not at all incongruous. God—that is the horror popularly conceived of as God—stooped down and smelt the sweet savor arising from the battlefield of Sedan, and it was pleasant in His nostrils, while half an ounce of blood in a boxing ring is a stench in the same nostrils.

And religious literature is full of accounts of prayers before battles, and Kipling's "Recessional," asking for something like what is contained in the above account, is listed as one of the "noblest hymns in the English language." Things of that kind find a high place in the most devout and respectable literature, while the prayer of the prize fighter cannot be even mentioned for shame, and is supposed to bring discredit and contempt on prayer and religion generally.

This horrible contradiction is perhaps too unpleasant a theme to pursue further. Besides, some malignantly hostile critics might possibly be inclined to accuse us of being "opposed to religion" if we did so, and our reputation is none too good already in that line, though the whole matter might appear as one of sanity or insanity, rather than a question of prayer. —New York Call.

MACHINES THAT WORK MIRACLES.

Manual Labor is Being Displaced By Mechanical Contrivances at a Rapid Rate.

In this age of miracles, when one revolutionary invention succeeds another with bewildering rapidity, there are few things more amazing than the devices by which man is making machinery do the work of his hands, and even of his brain, more perfectly and infinitely more quickly than he could do it himself.

Certainly it seems that, before very long, the occupation of clerks, like that of Othello, will be gone, their places being taken by a variety of machines manipulated by boys at a few dollars a week, each being able to do the work of half a dozen, more accurately than any human being could do it. Of such machines there are already nearly 100 varieties adapted to as many different purposes, in existence.

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

This machine, weighing about fifteen pounds, makes the most elaborate calculations at a speed which takes the breath away. "What is 479 times £15 14s 7¾d?" you ask; and almost before you can ejaculate "Jack Robinson" the typed answer is forthcoming, correct to the last farthing. And the machine is equally swift in its response, whether your sum is one of addition, subtraction or division. Two sums can be worked on the same keyboard of some of these mechanical calculators, and separate totals given; while, if the operator should be called away, the machine holds the figures until his return, and then completes its work, allowing no one to disturb it during his absence.

Five thousand items, we are told, can be registered in an hour; the machine is incapable of making a mistake; and if it falls downstairs and its gear gets out of order, it automatically locks itself. Even the shorthand writer is no longer indispensable to the busy merchant who has his scores of letters to answer daily. He dictates them to the wax cylinder of a phonograph, which repeats them to the typist. Each surface can take 1,200 words; and as the surface of a cylinder can be shaved over 100 times, the cost is absurdly small.

If our man of business wishes to send out a few thousand circulars he can produce them on his "Printograph," which costs but a quarter's salary of a junior clerk, at the rate of 2,000 or 3,000 an hour, each sheet looking exactly as if it had been produced by his own pen. And these are but a very few samples of the hundred or so mechanical devices for office work alone, which range from a machine which will open a large stack of envelopes, a whole day's correspondence, by a single operation of an instant, to a machine which stamps on every check the amount below which it is drawn, and thus makes it secure against all the arts of the forger.

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

Even railway tickets are now printed "while you wait," at 1,000 stations on the continent, and on at least one English railway, the Lancashire and Yorkshire. The machine for this purpose is charged with rolls of thin cardboard; and prints, cuts and numbers the tickets as the booking clerk requires them. It has a dial with an indicator like the long hand of a clock. If the clerk requires a score of tickets, he moves the indicator to the number, 20, pushes a lever, and, presto! twenty tickets are discharged into a little tray, each bearing the name of the company, the amount of the fare.

and names of the stations from and to which the traveler is going. The tickets can be produced at the rate of ninety per minutes and at a cost of two-pence per 1,000—a sixth of the price usually paid by the companies for their tickets.

And in every other field of labor we find man being similarly supplanted by the machinery he has designed for his own undoing. In the great wheat lands of the West they have today a wonderful machine, motor-driven, which will clear a 100-acre field in a day—cutting, threshing, discharging the grain into sacks and dropping the straw as it goes in neatly-tied bundles, producing as many as 1,500 sacks of grain, at a cost less than two shillings for each acre cleared. In the cotton field you will find equally ingenious machinery, which does the work of a small army of men, not only picking the bolls, but effectually cleansing them at a mere fraction of the cost of hand labor.

In many a tobacco factory you will see a machine which will pour out perfectly rolled cigarettes at the rate of 20,000 an hour, performing with untiring precision the work of scores of men; and in the modern laundry a single machine will wash shirts at the rate of 200 an hour, iron and gloss one every minute, or complete collars and cuffs at the rate of one in four seconds.

Where, a generation or so ago, it took a baker forty-eight hours of hard labor to prepare, roll and cut 1,000 pounds of dough, the same work can be done today by machinery in as many minutes, one machine thus doing the work of sixty men. Boots are now produced in one-tenth of the time and at a tenth of the cost of manual labor; and the up-to-date bricklayer, equipped with his machine, can do the work of seven men at a mere fraction of the cost. The automatic cashier is able to count 21,000 or more coins in sixty minutes, and separate bags, without the possibility of mistake, doing the work of three or four experts at less than the cost of one.

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

THE TOILERS AND THE SPOILERS.

"The furnace blasts and the clanging sound
Of fire and steam and steel,
And the sweaty man that slings the sledge,
Too weary and wasted to feel,
While the park drives streams with gay and proud
And selfish employers—why
Are men strong and sinewed and crazed with heat
Pinned up in the mills to die?"

"The hammers pelt like hail in hell,
And hissing fires glare,
And the ill-shaped work-worm slaves toil on,
And who in the park drives care?
While the August sun makes lovers seek
The shadiest glen in the park,
The hammers swing in these sweltering rooms
Where the red beams sputter and spark.

"They bathe bare-limbed on the docks at sea,
And sit starched up in the shade,
But the steel mills' inhuman sweat-soaked dregs
Are the soul-sick sights they've made.
They sip iced drinks and idly stretch,
As the hours tinkle away,
While men are driven to death in hell
With the food of a beast in pay.

"Then ill-kept poverty's sadden dregs
Come bent with the empty pail
From the Carnegie mills where the blood-smeared steel
Rolls out as a railroad rail.
The dukes and dames and lice of the earth,
Who wouldn't pick up a pin,
Ride forth in their beautiful cars made bright
With the paint and flowers of sin."
—Clarence Sjobblom, in United Mine Workers' Journal.

In Memoriam.

Miami, Ariz., April 12, 1913.

To Officers and Members of Miami Miners' Union No. 70.

Your committee on condolence begs leave to submit the following:
Whereas, The inevitable has decreed the removing from our midst the staunch and loyal brother, Thomas Prisk, and

Whereas, We mourn the loss of Brother Prisk and deeply regret his calling away, be it

Resolved, That we extend our sympathy to his friends and relatives in this their hour of bereavement, and that we drape our charter for the period of thirty days, and, further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to relatives and a copy for publication in Miners' Magazine.

A. CARMICHAEL,
J. A. LILES,
Committee.

POETICAL

THE COST OF LIVING.

"I do not see why folks complain,
Said Jorkins, "of the price of meat;
For 50 cents a pound you get
A sirloin steak that can't be beat.
For the same money you can buy
A luscious English mutton chop.
Why should you ask for more than that?"—
Yes, Jorkins keeps a butcher shop.

"The cost of living ain't so high,"
Said Jobkins. "Why should folks find fault?"
For half a dollar you can buy
A full three months' supply of salt.
Just think what people had to pay
Right after our great Civil War!
I tell you, flour cost money then!"—
Yes, Jobkins keeps a grocery store.

But Jobkins went to buy some meat,
And said that Jorkins was a skin;
And Jorkins, paying Jobkins' bill,
Declared he had been taken in.
And when the coal man asked for pay,
They both set up a mighty shout;
And just as they were feeling worst,
The plumber came and cleaned them out!
—Somerville Journal.

RETRIBUTION.

By "Who's Allen?" Butte, Montana.

"Thou art weighed in the balance—found wanting.
Thou art guilty of treason world wide.
With all of thy knowledge and vaunting
Thou forget'st on the Cross I once died."

"I taught 'Come to Me with your burden;
Come sick and forlorn and distressed.'
To those who accepted—a guerdon
Awaits them at Home with the blessed."

"I taught that all men should be loving;
That all should be equal from birth;
That men should be kind and forgiving—
Live peaceful and happy on earth."

"But My temples have been desecrated
By King, Politician and Pope.
No more is My name venerated—
My world is without love, without hope."

"The rich with exclusive opinions,
Strive ever to rule o'er My poor;
Strive yet to make slaves of My minions;
Strive yet to keep truth from their door."

"I meant individual endeavor
Should merit My world and it's wealth.
I meant that My world forever
Be free from all grasping and stealth."

"My sunlight shall yet pierce the sombre
And threatening clouds of despair.
In My world those who slave without number
Shall yet My created wealth share."

"To those who have bonded and driven
And shackled and fettered and slain—
To them shall the cup yet be given
And all of its dregs shall they drain."

"To the toilers of earth shall be given
It's riches and fulness and love.
From their minds shall the shackles be riven
By the God who rules all from above."

LIFE'S MISSION.

The dream of wealth will but deceive
And fill my heart with care,
If selfishly I seek to gain,
Nor with my brethern share
The pleasures God has given man,
Life's joyousness to give;
Why should I, while my brothers starve,
Upon their earnings live?

Should I forget the brotherhood
That should be in our hearts,
And feel another's suffering,
No grief to me imparts?
Are we not all God's family,
To love and care for all?
Then how can we ignore the cares
That on each other fall?

We must reach out the helping hand;
The sympathetic heart
And join our lives with that sweet bond
That never drives apart;
While love and charity shall rule
And make our lives ideal;
We then shall know the joy of life,
Its mission, learn to feel.
—Martha Shepard Lippincott, Columbia Ave., Philadel-
phia, Pa.

THE ONES THAT "GOD" FORGETS.

W. E. Hanson, Butte.

There are rows of mounds of shifting sand,
With slabs that like silent sentinels stand,
Beneath them, unhonored, unsung there lie,
Thousands unknown to the passersby.
What tales could be told by that moldering flesh,
Of wrongs and injustice and wounds bleed afresh,
At the thought of it all, ere they came to lie
In the damp narrow bed, where you and I
Must come some day and take our place,
After we've finished and lost in the race,
For life is a race that we slaves must run,
And only ends, when that life is done.

The choking sobs and sighs one hears
For the poor have no time to spend in tearse.
A prayer for the living, a sigh for the dead.
No time for aught, save the struggle for bread.
Sweat and toil for the meagre crust,
And roll up profits for wealth and lust,
From dawn of morn 'til twilight gray,
Like a cog in the wheel with nothing to say—
Nothing to say, but oh, God the thought
That our lives for a pittance, the Master bought,
And as a return for what we have given,
Are damned on earth and forgotten in heaven.

A plain pine box, unpainted, unlined,
In the narrow space, a body confined;
The form of a woman, pallid and thin,
Who made her home in the marts of sin.
With her skeleton face and hair of gray
Is all that is left of this mortal clay
That once was pulsing, bleeding life,
Ere it entered the ranks of unequal strife,
For women must work if they care to live,
And for love and life their all they give—
When they truly love they count not the cost,
Give all the world, count the world well lost.

Life to women is sweet when they long to win
A place of honor, are blind to sin.
Their lives are grist in the "mills for gain,"
They may struggle long, but battle in vain,
For the system is mighty: the system is strong,
And profits are double when women go wrong,
For the wants are few, of this fallen brood,
Joined by bonds of a common sisterhood,
They drink to the dregs the cup of woe,
And never a thought on the future bestow,
But envy the ones who have ended the race,
And rest—"in their final abiding place."

Men and women and children as well,
If skulls could speak, the tale would tell
Of how this system for profits and spoils
Enmeshed their lives in its crushing coils—
For the system is mighty, the poor are weak,
If they toil for bread, they dare not speak.
What had they to live for? Life was a hell
Though oily tongued, well-fed "ministers" tell
That a "God" so ordained it; He knows best—
What is wisest for us, as His works attest—
Thrown down the gauntlet, fling back the lie,
Let this "minister's God" tell us "how and why."

HOW DID YOU VOTE?

How Did You Vote Last Time?

Ah! union men, who strike to win!
The cause you feel is just.
How did you cast your vote last time?
For men whom you could trust
To look out for the public good,
Or greed and selfishness?
If voting for the rule of greed,
Your cause it will not bless.

Next vote for men who will do right
And not let pocketbooks
Be bribing them to cater to
All kinds of selfish crooks.
Put not the power in the hands
Of men who'll fight your cause,
And all the time be trying to
By making unjust laws.

So they can keep you where they wish
And make you humbly serve
To build the millions of their wealth
That they do not deserve.
While you send selfish men to rule
And make our country's laws,
You will not find them looking out
To aid the workers' cause.

You have the power with your votes
To save our land from greed,
If you will vote for just the men
The country seems to need.
Then be above gold's bribery
And vote for your own rights;
Then will the world be guided by
The just and truer lights.

Do not forget how you have erred
And let greed hold the sway!
So it has turned to fight you now
And make a sorry day.
Be men henceforth and vote to call
The nobler men to rule;
Then you will find we're living in
A better kind of school.

MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT.

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

OFFICERS.

CHAS. H. MOYER, President 605 Railroad Bldg., Denver, Colo.
 C. E. MAHONEY, Vice President 605 Railroad Bldg., Denver, Colo.
 ERNEST MILLS, Secretary-Treasurer 605 Railroad Bldg., Denver, Colo.
 JNO. M. O'NEILL, Editor Miners' Magazine 605 Railroad Bldg., Denver, Colo.

EXECUTIVE BOARD.

J. C. LOWNEY 450 North Idaho Street, Butte, Montana
 YANCO PERZICH 605 Railroad Building, Denver, Colorado
 WILLIAM DAVIDSON New Denver, British Columbia
 GUY E. MILLER Box 300, Joplin, Missouri

LIST OF UNIONS

LIST OF UNIONS

No.	Name	Meet'g Night	President	Secretary	P. O. Box	Address
ALASKA						
109	Douglas Island	Wed	P. J. Downs	F. L. Alstrom	188	Douglas
194	Knik M. U.			Frank Boyer		Knik
152	Ketchikan	Thurs	A. R. MacDonald	G. E. Paup	75	Kotchikan
240	Nome	Sat	J. J. Wachouheim	er. Albert Braten	209	Nome
193	Tanana M. W.	Tues	Emil Pozza	Daniel McCabe		Fairbanks
188	Valdez	Tues	Thos. Williams	C. F. McCallum	252	Valdez
ARIZONA						
106	Bisbee	Sun	P. H. Finn	G. S. Routh	238	Bisbee
77	Chloride	Wed	Wm. P. Mahoney	Paul E. White	53	Chloride
89	Crown King	Sat	Eric Bloom	O. A. Tyler	30	Crown King
150	Douglas M & S	Tues	M. J. Dunn	F. A. Ballinger	211	Douglas
60	Globe	Tues	Louis Page	Matt. A. Kaleb	1809	Globe
79	Jerome	Thur	Wm. J. Grey	T. D. Phifer	725	Jerome
118	McCabe	Sat	Walter Marcus	A. E. Comer	30	McCabe
836	Miami M. U.	Wed	Kenneth Clayton	J. A. Liles	836	Miami
228	Pinto Creek	Wed	R. L. Henderson	C. L. Johnson		Bellevue
124	Snowball	Wed	F. J. Bell	Thos. A. French	446	Goldroads
136	Superior M. U.	Tues	Clayton Brown	W. H. Dowling		Superior
156	Swansea M. U.		John Duke	N. Knowles		Swansea
BRIT. COLUMBIA						
216	Britannia		Albert Gill	K. MacNeil		Brita. Mines Howe Sound
22	Greenwood	Sat	Fred Axam	Wm. Lakewood	124	Greenwood
161	Hedley M & M	Wed	O. M. Stevens	T. R. Willey	375	Hedley
100	Kimberly	Sat	Wm. Fleming	M. P. Villeneuve		Kimberly
96	Nelson	Sat	C. Harmon	Frank Phillips	106	Nelson
8	Phoenix	Sat	Dan Paterson	D. A. Vignaux	294	Phoenix
181	Portland Canal	12th	Dan Bartholomew	Cas Davis	27	Stewart
38	Rossland	Wed	Samuel Stevens	Herbert Varcoe	421	Rossland
91	Sandon M. U.	Sat		A. Shiland		K Sandon
85	Silverton	Sat	Alex Matheson	Kenny McInnis	85	Silverton
113	Texada	Sat	B. E. Thornton	Harry McGregor		Van Anda
105	Trail M & S	Mon	Geo. Castel	Frank Campbell	26	Trail
86	Ymir	Wed	A. Burgess	W. B. McIsaac	506	Ymir
CALIFORNIA						
135	Amador Co. M. M.	Fri	Jas. Stapleton	James Giambruno		Sutter Creek
61	Bodie	Tues	F. T. Roach	J. M. Donohue	5	Bodie
55	Calaveras	Wed	W. E. Thompson	W. S. Reid	227	Angel's Camp
141	French Gulch	SuAft	Alex McSween	Wm. Maguire	12	French Gulch
90	Grass Valley	Fri	John H. Pascoe	C. W. Jenkins	199	Grass Valley
169	Graniteville	Sat	W. E. Kyle	A. C. Travis		Graniteville
99	Hart	Tues	Chas. Fransen	J. M. Snorf	37	Hart
174	Kennett	Thur	Geo. Simington	N. N. Enemark	3	Kennett
44	Randsburg	Sat	J. P. Burris	E. A. Stockton	248	Randsburg
211	Skidoo	Thur	Pat Moore	V. Henderson	355	Skidoo
127	Wood's Creek	Sat	Fred Daniels	C. L. Anthony	16	Ohinese Camp
COLORADO						
64	Bryan	Sat	Jas. Penaluna	James Spurrier	82	Ophir
142	Castle Rock M & S		John S. Adlock	Frank M. Nigro	527	Salida
33	Oloud City	Mon	John Mahoney	Abe Waldron	3	Leadville
20	Creede	Tue	Wm. Symes	Ernest Pearson	543	Creede
234	Cripple Creek D U	Wed	Wm. Nolan	John Turney		Victor
130	Dunton		Chas. A. Goble	Robt B Lippincott	9	Dunton
41	Eight Hr. M & S U		Tony Romeo	M. M. Hickey	933	Denver
38	Kerber Creek			P. J. Byrne		Bonanza
15	Ouray	Sat	John Kneisler	J. E. Commins	293	Ouray
6	Pitkin County	Tues	W. R. Cole	Geo. W. Smith	1046	Aspen
43	Pueblo S. Union	Tues	Steve Carlino	Chas. Pogorelec	755	Pueblo
36	Rico	Sat	John A. Shaver	Harry E. Fry	470	Rico
40	St. Elmo M. U.		James Diegman	P. O'Brien		St. Elmo
26	Silverton	Sat	Theo. A. Boak	R. R. MacKenzie	168	Silverton
63	Telluride	Wed	Russell Foster	B. B. Shute	278	Telluride
59	Ward	Fri	Lew Nichols	J. D. Orme	126	Ward
IDAHO						
10	Burke	Fri	Tom Clark	Wm. Toms	158	Burke
53	De Lamar	Mon	A. Easterbrook	Wm. Hawkins	19	De Lamar
11	Gem	Tues	Ed. Johnston	N. L. Lindsten	117	Gem
9	Mullan	Sat	L. A. Bishop	B. G. Yocum	30	Mullan
86	Silver City	Sat	H. A. Snyder	Henry Olson	67	Silver City
17	Wallace	Sat	J. S. Hall	Herbert Johnson	107	Wallace
ILLINOIS						
210	Alton S. U.	Sun	F. O. Britt	Frank A. Lovell	804 S.	L. Sta., St. Louis, Mo.
207	Collinsville S. U.	Wed	Leon. Fernandez	Carl Kreider	102 C	Collinsville
185	Sandoval S. U.	Tues	Cerilo Blanco, Sp	anish Secy		Sandoval
KANSAS						
218	Blue Rapids M & M	1-3 Sat	W. B. Scott	Guy Kidd		Blue Rapids
237	Dearing S. U.		George Morrison	Geo. W. Morrison	146	Collinsville
239	Pittsburg S. U.					Pittsburg
238	Altoona S. U.		John Morrison	W. J. Green		Altoona
227	Caney S. U.	Tues	W. R. Frick	B. Hobson	74	Caney
KENTUCKY						
245	Craigs M. U.		Holt Warren	Hoyt Warren		Owingsville
MICHIGAN						
214	Amasa, M. W.	1-3 Su	Jacob Talso	John Kivimaki	184	Amasa, Mich.
204	Bessemer	Wed	Matti Kewari	H. B. Snellman	381	Bessemer
203	Copper	Suam	Peter Jemma	John E. Autila	26	Calumet
198	Crystal Falls. 1st & 3d	Sun	Antti Rysberg	Axel Kolinen		K Crystal Falls
200	Hancock Copper	Sun	Nick Urbanac	Carl E. Hietala	217	Hancock
177	Iron Mountain			Axel Fredrickson	323	Iron Mountain
153	Ironwood		Lorence Verbos	Emar Tossava	13	Ironwood
215	Mass City M. U.	1-3 Su	A. E. Butts	Jacob Vainioupaa	91	Mass City
128	Negaunee	Sun9a	Antti Luttinen	K. O. Saarista		Negaunee
209	Palatka	Sun	V. B. Mason	Fahle Burman	441	Iron River
196	South Range	1-3 Sat	Arvid Viitanen	Henry Kaski	202	South Range
223	Winthrop M W.	Mon	Adolph Stuen	Thos. Clayton	74	National Mine

No.	Name	Meet'g Night	President	Secretary	P. O. Box	Address
MINNESOTA						
155	Hibbing M. U.			H. W. Riihonen		Hibbing
MISSOURI						
231	Bonne Terre		Fred Wright	Preston Shunake	435	Bonne Terre
221	Cartersville M. U.		Jas. A. Housman	Frank Short	231	Cartersville
229	Dosloge	Sat	M. C. Dufour	John Thurman	538	Desloge
230	Doe Run	Thur	James Mitchell	W. E. Williams		Doe Run
242	Elvins M. M.	Tues	Wm. Kinney	Rufus Blaylock	236	Elvins
225	Flat River	Mon	J. O. Beers	J. L. Johnson	574	Flat River
205	Fredricktown M & S		M. M. Walker	A. C. Loonard		Fredricktown
249	Herculaneum Smoltermen's U.		Willard Lackey	A. L. Hill	123	Herculaneum
217	Joplin	Wed	J. D. Hunter	John A. Lackay	300	Joplin
236	Leadwood	Tues	Wm. A. Barton	W. G. Pinkerton	202	Leadwood
192	Mine La Motte M	U.	J. C. Spray	D. L. Abby		Mine La Motte
258	St. Louis S. U.	Mon	Jose Roduquez	Manuel Mendoc	7211	S. Bdwy, St. L.
232	Prosperity		Sam Blackledge	D. A. Johnson	27	Prosperity
226	Webb City	Thur	C. C. Davis	G. Paxton. RR N	o. 1	Webb City
219	Zinc Lodge			I. M. Sidenstricker		Neck City
MONTANA						
117	Anaconda M & S	Fri	Bernard McCarthy	Martin Judge	473	Anaconda
23	Basin	Wed	Henry Berg	D. R. McCard	156	Basin
7	Belt Mountain	Sat	Fred Milton	Chas. Schoberg		Neihart
1	Butte	Tues	Dennis Murphy	James Cassidy	1407	Butte
83	Butte Engineers	John	Hartigan, Rec. Secy	Fin. S		Butte
191	Corbin M & M	Wed	W. T. Sodden	A. O. Dawe	229	Corbin
82	Garnet	Thur	Al Smitcher	James Belcher	3	Garnet
4	Granite	Tues	Peter Schiveland	Frank W. Holmes		Phillipsburg
16	Great Falls M & S	Tues	M. McDonald	O. H. True	280	Great Falls
52	Hughesville M. U.		A. H. Race	A. B. Pettigrew	1720	Hughesville
175	Iron Mountain		Olem Finley	E. W. Pickett		Superior
107	Judith Mountain	Sat	M. M. Dryden	John DeMullan		Maiden
112	Maryville M. U.	Mon	Chas. Thornes	Mike Millan	56	Marysville
111	North Moccasin	Sat	Wm. A. Cameron	H. J. McDonald	68	Kendall
131	Pony M & M	1-3 Sa	E. M. Freeman	J. F. Milligan	205	Pony
120	Radersburg	Mon	Ed. Slavins	Mike McLaughlin	137	Radersburg
208	Ruby L & D W	2-4 Sat	Louis Miller	O. O. Sweeney		Ruby
25	Winston		R. F. Whyte	Geo. Ballentine	A	Winston
190	Zortman	Tues	Fred Bronson	E. L. R. Snow		Whitcomb
NEVADA						
252	Blair M & M	1-3 Tu	John Inman	S. H. Hartwig	83	Blair
235	Bonanza	Sat	A. J. Gingles	J. B. Williams	14	Rhyolite
246	Bullion	Tues	Wm. Kidd	Al Morgan		Hilltop
265	Eureka	Thur	William Gibson	J. H. Jury	18	Eureka
243	Fairview	Wed	William Dunne	J. A. Herndon	26	Fairview
259	Goldfield M. U.					Goldfield
54	Gold Hill	Mon	Thos. Leehy	F. L. Clark	115	Gold Hill
251	Lane	Thur	J. D. McDonald	Arthur McDonald	28	Kimberly
261	Lyon & Ormsby Co	2-4 Mo	Hugh Farley	Henry S. Rice		Mound House
248	Lucky Boy	Thurs	Wm. McCall	J. M. Krippner	87	Lucky Boy
241	Manhattan	Tues	Sam Ed. Smith	Wm. Hess	158	Manhattan
262	Mason	Fri	H. Young	Fred Maxwell	54	Mason
264	Millers	Wed	Joe Hutchinson	Chas. Sheaff	75	Millers
263	Pioche	Mon		W. B. Martin		Pioche
247	Round Mountain	Fri	F. M. Witt	W. J. Burke		Round M'tn
256	Seven Troughs	Fri	A. M. Clark	W. J. Lavey	44	Seven Trough
92	Silver City	2-4 Tu	W. D. Robohm	J. W. Hickey	76	Silver City
253	Silver Peak	Tues	Joe Gynot	J. S. Norman	90	Blair
233	Steptoe M & S	Mon	Bert Thayer	John Donohue	338	McGill
255	Thompson M & S	Tues	John Wright	Joe O. Yeager		Thompson
121	Tonopah	Tues	Thos. M. Fagan	Thos. McManus	11	Tonopah
31	Tuscarora	Wed	Chester D. Lamar	Herman Seivers	67	Tuscarora
46	Virginia	Fri	Jas. P. Sullivan	Wm. O'Leary	1	Virginia City
250	Wonder M. U.	Fri	A. A. Smith	J. K. Henderson		Wonder
NEW JERSEY						
266	Franklin Fur. M.S		Mark Sedusky	Mike Zagarsky		Franklin Furnace
267	Perth Amboy S.U		Geo. Pastrik	Marjan Masiowski		Perth Amboy
268	Wharton M. U.		Wm. Stanlick	P. H. O'Brien		Wharton
NEW MEXICO						
32	Mogollon M U		H. A. Amott	C. A. Eckert		1 Mogollon
OKLAHOMA						
132	Bartlesville M & S	Mon	Jos. Irick	Wm. Ransom	515	421 Cheyenne
133	Collinsville S. U.	Wed	J. W. McWilliams	Willi Lawless	1115	Collinsville
ONTARIO						
146	Cobait	Sun	Anthony Mailloux	A. Nap Gauthier	446	Cobait
147	Cordova M. U.	SuAft	Terry Fitzpatrick	Louis Meyer		Cordova Mine
140	Elk Lake	Sun	W. H. McCauley	Thos. H. Johnson	348	Elk Lake
182	Garson M. U.			John Pentinen		Sudbury
154	Gowganda	Sun	Dan McMillan	Pat Dwyer	610	Gowganda
145	Porcupine, M. U.	Sun	M. P. Guiney	James Dogue	521	So. Porcupine
148	Silver Center	Sun	Frank Gaffney	Jos. E. Redmond		Silver Center
OREGON						
186	Cornucopia	Sat	Wm. Bentley	Louis Schneider	52	Cornucopia
42	Bourne		C. B. Shaw	J. N. Gams		Bourne
SOUTH DAKOTA						
12	Black Hills D. U.		J. Norman	Thos. Gorman		Lead
68	Galena	Wed	Chas. Larson	E. L. Delaney	51	Galena
19	Maitland M & M	Thur	John Sanford	J. A. Sanford		Maitland
UTAH						
156	Alta M. U.	Wed	Joe McMillan	Harry Kemp		Alta
67	Bingham	Sat	P. J. McKenna	E. G. Locke		

Three different kinds of tobaccos carefully blended are in Dry Climate Cigars.

They are made by skilled, satisfied union labor.

You will like the rich, pleasing aroma and the delicate, mild flavor of

Dry Climate Havana Cigars

The Sells Cigar Co., Maker, Denver.



Exact length and shape of Dry Climate—Mohawk Size. 2 FOR 25 CTS.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE MINERS' MAGAZINE

OFFICIAL ORGAN of the WESTERN FEDERATION OF MINERS

SUBSCRIPTION \$1 PER YEAR

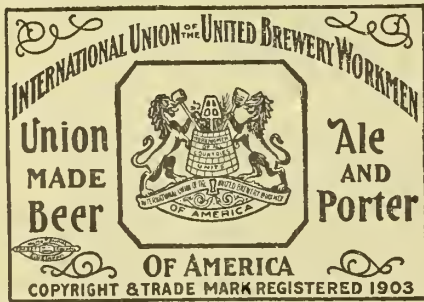
Address

Miners' Magazine
605 Railroad Building
DENVER, COLO.

PATRONIZE YOUR FRIENDS BY PATRONIZING OUR ADVERTISERS

B. C. FEDERATIONIST

Published weekly at Vancouver, B. C. Owned jointly by the B. C. Federation of Labor and Vancouver Trades and Labor Council. R. P. Pettipiece, Editor. Only labor paper in Western Canada west of Winnipeg. Send for sample, \$1.00 per year. Address Labor Temple, Vancouver.



DEMAND THIS LABEL ON ALL KEGS AND BARRELS AND ON ALL BOXES OF BOTTLE BEER.



BADGES BANNERS

Seals, Rubber Stamps, Steel Stamps, Society Pins, Metal Checks, Signs; Door and Bell Plates

Strictly Union House ALL GOODS Advertising Novelties BEAR THE UNION LABEL
1752 Champa Street Denver, Colorado

HOT LUNCH FOR EVERYONE SIMPLEX LUNCH OUTFIT



The Greatest Innovation of the Age

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

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

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

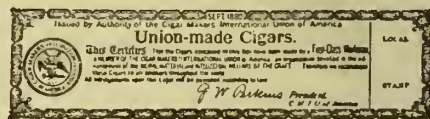
Theo. Petri Co., Importers
1474 MYRTLE AVE., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

EMANUEL BROS. 1110 Sixteenth Street

The only store in Denver that gives the Union Label a square deal

Suits, Overcoats and Furnishings

Cigars bearing this label insures the smoker a good smoke at the right price. Look for it when you buy a cigar.



CIGAR MAKERS' UNION, NO. 129, DENVER.

JOSEPH RICHARDS, INC. FUNERAL DIRECTOR

15 to 19 South Montana Street. Butte, Montana.
The Oldest Undertaker in the City. Both Phones.

Great Western Publishing Co.

PRINTERS--LITHOGRAPHERS--BINDERS

1728-30 Arapahoe St., Denver, Colo.

The Miners Magazine

WEEKLY PUBLICATION

of the

WESTERN FEDERATION OF MINERS

JOHN M. O'NEILL, Editor

Subscription Price \$1.00 A YEAR