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JANUARY, 1903.



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WESTERN FEDERATION OF MINERS

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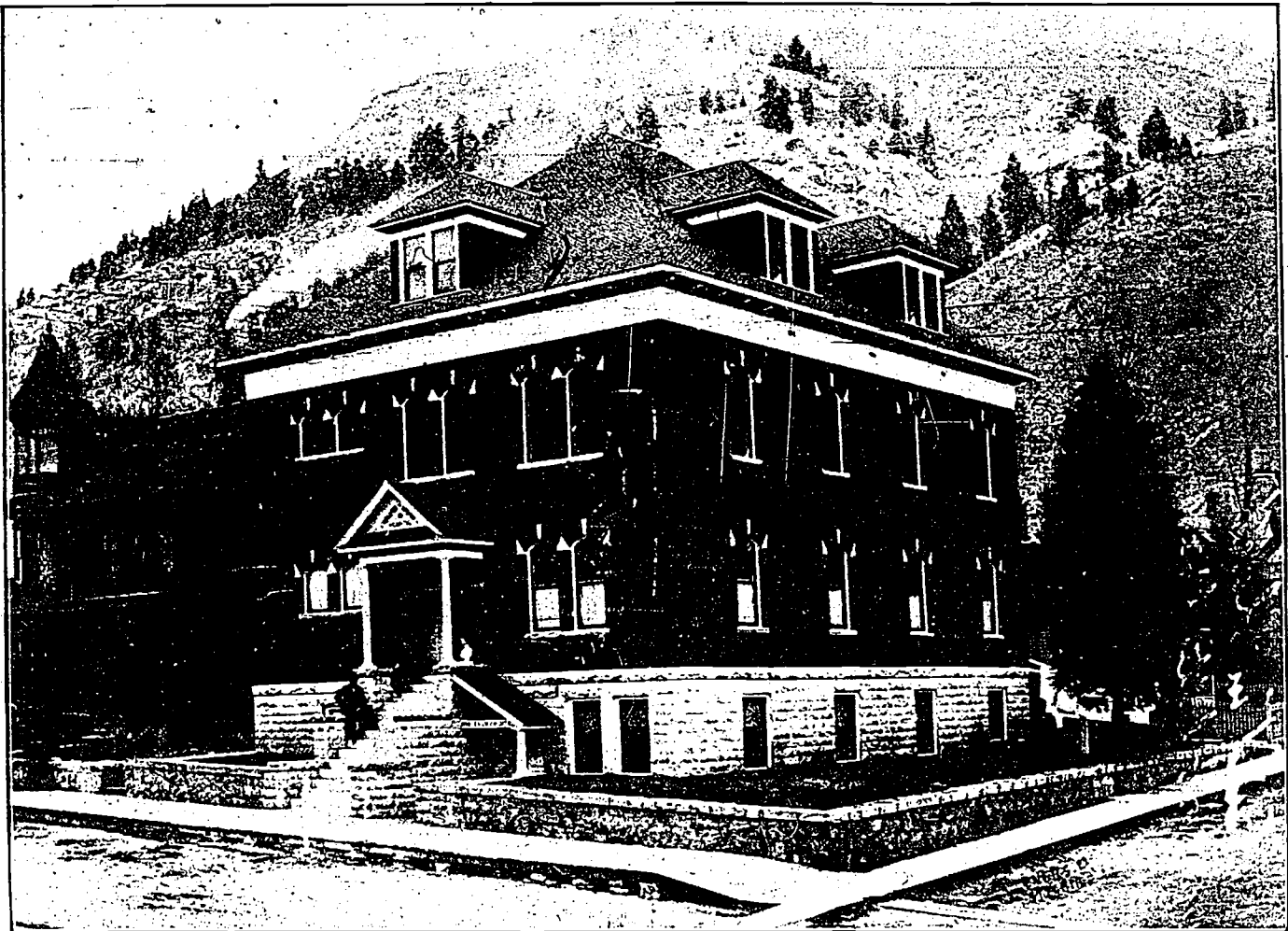
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MINERS' UNION NO. 63, TELLURIDE, COLO.**

THE Miners' Magazine

JANUARY, 1903.

JOHN M. O'NEILL, Editor.

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READ AND DIGEST.

When this issue of the Magazine shall reach the members of the Western Federation of Miners they will be standing on the threshold of a New Year. It has been natural for men facing the twelve months of another cycle in the century of time to look with critical eye upon the past and endeavor to find the weak places in their armor that have been responsible for wrecked resolutions that sometimes crowd the memory with feelings of bitterness and despondency. An intelligent investigation of mistakes that may have been committed fortifies the individual to surround himself with the necessary safeguards to meet the future. As it is with individuals, so it should be with organizations.

The members of the Western Federation of Miners should look into the coming year and each member should ask him-

self the question: What suggestion can I advance that will bring closer together the toilers of the land, and make more formidable the organization to which I belong? We believe that organized labor throughout the West is approaching a crisis. The merging of railroads and the coalition of millionaires in the industries of manufacture are the signals that should warn the forces beneath the banner of unionism to prepare for the fray. "In times of peace, prepare for war." There is generally a lull before a storm and the temporary calm sometimes gathers the force of a cyclone to render impotent a weak and staggering resistance. The question arises: What shall the members of the Federation do to neutralize the ominous portending shadows that point to a measuring of strength between labor and capital? We would suggest that every member who is employed contribute to the treasury of his local one day's pay each month for a period of one year. By doing this organized labor will be placing in its arsenal some of the ammunition that is necessary to cope with capital on the field of conflict. The initiation fee and monthly dues of many of the locals are so small that the funds in the treasury scarcely meet the running expenses of the organization. Depleted treasuries in the locals render the Federation less powerful in carrying on the work of education and organization. We will illustrate this by a plain and simple supposition. If in any mining camp differences arise between the union and the employers which result in a strike, an empty treasury in the local necessitates the men who are on strike to make an immediate appeal for funds on the general secretary-treasurer. Locals with empty treasuries, totally unprepared to meet emergencies, must draw upon the funds at headquarters, and in so doing tie up the hands of the executive board (to a great extent), and this drain on the general treasury limits the work throughout the whole jurisdiction. In carrying on the mis-

sion of the Western Federation of Miners, organizers must be kept continually in the field, and when the members realize that all the mining states and territories of the West and British Columbia must be covered every year by organizers preaching the gospel of unionism, they should have some conception of the funds that must be available. We believe that it would be advisable for the members of every union whose finances are at a low ebb to discuss the suggestion that we have offered and make some sacrifices and self-denial in building up the local treasuries.

THE ASSASSINATION OF COLLINS.

For more than a month the press of the state of Colorado has teemed with editorial comments and long drawn out articles concerning the assassination of Arthur L. Collins, the manager of the Smuggler-Union property at Telluride. Fabrications of imaginations that have been poisoned by the influence of corporation coin have flowed from the pen of the sensational writer to array public sentiment against the Miners' Union at Telluride, and to administer an indirect stab to the Western Federation of Miners, an organization which is the most powerful antagonist that capital has been forced to meet in the domain of the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific slope. Society that is honest and tinctured with sympathy for ceaseless sacrifices to elevate the standard of humanity in the struggle for more salutary environments, has brought in its verdict and denominated the strike breaker with the opprobrious epithet of "scab," but the mental hireling in the field of journalism who uses his unfiltered and scurrilous brain in an attempt to blast with infamy the reputation of an organization whose principles stand between manhood and soulless greed, has no name in the lexicon of contempt to portray the features of the unclean thing that enslaves its intellectuality for mammon. The man or woman whose mental garret is populated with goblins of fiction and whose honor is the smallest atom in their character, should have no license to abuse the freedom of the press by expressing through its columns convictions that bear the earmarks of purchase. It is no wonder that the great mass of humanity whose shoulders are weighted by the monopoly of nature's resources which corrupt legislation has cunningly

placed in the hands of the privileged few, should look with suspicion upon many of the daily journals whose treasury draws its sustenance through editorials that have been made to order.

The great journals, with but few exceptions, mould their policy and frame their sentences to merit the approbation of the "cheerful giver," whose profits wrung from ill-paid labor enables the exploiter to not only debauch the press, but divest even the temple of God of that purity of purpose that should canonize the church as the "Holy of Holies." Since the assassin's finger pressed the trigger and extinguished the lamp of life in the person of Manager Collins the scribbling element who would deck "Eliot's scab" with the honors of a hero have opened the flood gates of their reservoirs of ignominious vituperation, and by pusillanimous innuendo intimated that the homicide is hidden behind the curtain of the "inner circle" that dominates the unionism of the San Juan. In the eagerness of this element to smirch the character of the Western Federation of Miners with the crimson crime of murder, they have built a high board fence around the vision of the people and left but one gate open through which to pass in search of the criminal. In their anxiety to fasten the blood stains upon the linen of organized labor, they have become (in all probability) involuntary accessories in covering the tracks that might have led to the lair of the degenerate who slaked his insane thirst for revenge in the annihilation of a human life. We have mingled with the miners of the West for a quarter of a century. We have scrutinized closely the noble and generous impulses of his nature, as well as the faults from which no class of men are exempt. We have learned to believe, from study and observation, that the miner acts upon the impulse of the moment and scarcely ever imbrues his hands in the blood of his fellow man except in the fever of excitement and uncontrollable passion.

The man who delves in the dark recesses of the mines has suffered and has witnessed suffering, and the bruised and mangled bodies of companions that he has aided in lifting from beneath the fallen rock and borne to the surface has warmed his heart with tenderness for distress and taken the gnarled knots out of his rugged nature and made him as compassionate as a mother. Such a man did not murder Collins. It was a man whose extreme polish and apparent refinement would captivate the silk and satined damsels at a select ball, and whose etiquette would escape the criticism of a Chesterfield. It was a man whose brain was not singed or burned in the fumes and gas of dynamite, and who gave eight hours of

his life per day in the gloomy rock-ribbed dungeons of the San Juan mountains. His brain was clear and his nervous organization was not affected by the poison of powder smoke and fetid air.

The murderer was well acquainted with the history of the conflict that occurred between the miners of Telluride and the Smuggler-Union company in the year 1901. He knew all the facts connected with the affair of the ever-memorable third day of July, when suppressed passion overlapped the boundaries of reason and spent its fury in a clash between strikers and scabs. He knew that the public mind still retained an impression that all was not harmony between the miners and Manager Collins, and knowing that his crime would point the finger of suspicion at the membership of the union, his fertile brain conceived the plans to execute the deed, feeling that his identity would hide itself behind the resurrected remembrance of the strike of 1901.

The press has stated that Manager Collins received numerous anonymous letters threatening his life. Whether this statement is a fact or not, the party or parties who penned menacing epistles never committed the crime. The murderer does not believe in advertising. The man who consumes time in the mental digestion of the plans by which he is to remove his victim writes no note of warning to put his target on his guard. The letters will furnish but a puny thread in the web that will ensnare the guilty man in its meshes.

The yellow dog journal of Denver, whose proprietors have been adepts in policy shops and who have obtained a corner on reputations that smell with unenviable notoriety, dispatched their petticoat artist to Telluride to paint pen pictures of the cold-blooded drama, and to make huge drafts upon her vivid imagination in support of the phantoms that arose like apparitions in a brain which, environed by corporation surroundings, seems to have been as flexible and as susceptible as dough. The smiling and affable Kemp, who chaperoned the peerless Polly while on her sleuthing expedition in Pandora, unveiled all the reminiscences of days gone by to warp the penetrating but delicate acumen of the only "lady" in Colorado, who but a few short months ago transformed herself into a ghoul and with the merciless glee of a hyena dragged from the cemetery the character of Winfield Scott Stratton and appeased the cravings of society wantons with sensual morsels of human depravity. The woman who would lift from the grave and tear from the casket the secrets of a man's life and parade his frailties in the columns of a newspaper to win prestige from an element

that is rotting and reeking with the leprosy of filth, is hardened and callous to every generous sentiment that covers the dead with the mantle of charity. The words of Christ, "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone," never knocked at the door of Polly's memory as she wrote her obloquy upon the dead millionaire, for had the words of the meek and merciful Nazarene stole to her unfeeling heart, the ice of her frozen nature would have melted in the recollection that there might be some chapters in the history of her own life unfit for publication. Polly Pry is a significant name. According to Noah Webster, Pry is defined as "narrow inspection" or "impertinent peeping." No woman who has lofty conceptions of the goal which the gentler sex should strive to attain would willingly appropriate a pseudonym that savors of burglarizing the closets that conceal the domestic irregularities of private lives to hold them up to the arc lights of public inspection. The reviler who flung the contents of her slop bucket on the character of the voiceless dead ventilated the pent up emotions of her mind in the Post of November 27th in the following language:

"Panting for breath in the lofty altitude, I followed my guide from floor to floor of the big stamp mill until I stood at the very top, where I looked out upon the white desolation of mountain and vale, and shivering with the cold, mentally thanked God that fate had not condemned me to such a place."

This eruption from the mental crater of the Stratton slanderer demonstrates that the lady with the *nom de plume* indicative of peeping proclivities could not look beyond the horizon of her circumscribed selfishness to waste a thought of sympathy for the hundreds of men who for days, months and years serve their sentences within the prisons of these desolate mountains whose snow-capped crags are the only monuments of art which nature has reared to break the monotony of the San Juan miner's life.

When inquisitive Polly had satiated her curiosity through a "Prying" examination of the Smuggler-Union property, she directed her steps to the headquarters of the Miners' Union and called upon Vincent St. John, whom she expected to hypnotize with the mere announcement: "I am Polly Pry." She did not seem to know that the young labor leader sprang from the soil of the same state that gave the nation an Abraham Lincoln, and that the air of "old Kentucky" had infused into his being some of the steel that armed the "rail splitter" to strike the shackles of slavery from the limbs of four millions of serfs. Polly's presence failed to disconcert St. John, and when her vanity was slighted by his cool equipoise and non-

chance, she took a shot at his clothes, his pipe, and even his gait did not escape the missiles of her displeasure.

St. John made a mistake. When Polly notified him that she was going to make a call he should have borrowed a claw-hammer coat and a vest that would have exposed an acre of starched shirt front, and upon the virgin snow of the linen that covered his manly bosom a headlight should have sparkled in honor of the gowned literary pearl who "stooped to conquer." He should have entertained his distinguished visitor with a basket of champagne and when she had loaded her tank with the sparkling nectar "from the vine clad hills of sunny France," he should have assumed the attitude of an elocutionist and rehearsed the royal orgies which Polly enjoyed while attending a banquet of drunken lawyers, whose ribald jests and nude obscenity failed to shake the citadel of her besieged modesty.

He should have recited "Sapolio," and wrinkles of unblushing laughter would have wreathed the physiognomy of his fair guest, and instead of being branded by Polly as a "typical anarchist" he would have been heralded to the world in the poetic language of the song, "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow." Polly has endeavored to convey the impression that Molly Maguireism among the miners is responsible for the reign of terror which compels the "law and order" element of Telluride to "barricade the doors." When a man in a mining camp attains prominence through arbitrary domination and is mysteriously removed, the miners who have patiently suffered his impositions are generally stamped as Molly Maguires, but when a lone and defenseless woman is slugged or knifed in close proximity to the mansions of the elite on Capitol Hill, the unknown villain is carelessly referred to as a thug or a "Jack the Ripper." Polly has been severe in her denunciation of Molly Maguireism in the San Juan, but we do not remember to have read any condemnation from her pen when the proprietors of the Post invited a disciple of Blackstone to their editorial sanctum, and when they had their unsuspecting victim within the reach of their vengeance, pounced upon him with all the brutal instincts of cowards. Was this Molly Maguireism when Anderson bore the scars of her employers, or was it a mere frolic to exhaust some of the reserved vitality of the prize fight promoters.

Polly admits that St. John escorted her through the hospital, but while on her tour of inspection it did not seem to have occurred to her that this home and asylum for the invalids and victims of corporation negligence was built by the hard

earnings of men upon whom the law and order vigilantes would be delighted to fasten the assassination. It did not occur to her that the indifference of the Smuggler-Union management as to the fate of stricken employes welded the members of the union in closer bonds of fraternity, and from the treasury of the union which she would taint with Molly Maguireism arose an institution in which the sick and dying miner would not feel the sting of niggardly charity. Polly has followed in the footsteps of the law and order element in every mining town and city of the West, who, by covered insinuations, place the unknown perpetrator of a crime within the ranks of organized labor when the skill of the detective is baffled in ferreting out the criminal. It is but a year ago when the people of the Cripple Creek district were almost palsied with horror when the dead body of Martin Gleason, the superintendent of the Wild Horse mine, was found in the bottom of an abandoned shaft. The defamers of unionism, with the supreme intelligence of an all-seeing eye, "rushed in where angels fear to tread" with the unsolicited prophecy that the Miners' Union must be responsible for the heinous crime. The best detective brain of the country came to the district in the hope of capturing the criminal and obtaining the fabulous reward that was offered, but all efforts to track the murderer of Martin Gleason to the door of organized labor were in vain. It now appears from recent reports in the press that the detectives have discovered a clew that leads to a prominent mining man, who was interested in a contract and mining stock that were in the possession of the murdered man.

In the Cripple Creek strike of 1894 the fawning, parasitical element who court favors from men with dollars, denounced organized labor, and yet with the courts of Colorado Springs biased against the unions of the great gold district, there were but few convictions secured through testimony that conveyed a suspicion of being purchased. After the great Leadville strike of 1896 a grand jury reviewed the many reported acts of lawlessness, and though the jurors were free and untrammelled in their investigation they absolutely failed to bring in one solitary indictment against the members of an organization who had been painted by press and pulpit as red-handed anarchists. The history of the Coeur d'Alene strike is familiar to the people of the West. They know that more than 1,200 men were imprisoned in a "bull pen" without warrant or due process of law, and when a judiciary that was controlled by the Standard Oil Company had sifted all the evidence which corporate wealth could collect, there was but one man around whom

perjury could fasten its coils. The Western Federation of Miners appealed the case to Washington. The congressional investigation that followed showed that the miners were law-abiding citizens, when compared with the so-called "law and order" element, who were the paid mercenaries of the mining companies to create a reign of terror and fasten the odium on the members of the union. The evidence before a congressional committee demonstrated that not only were the miners taunted by deputy sheriffs and the soldiers of Uncle Sam beyond the point of endurance, but that their wives, daughters, sisters, and even grayhaired mothers were forced to protect their honor at the point of a pistol from deputized ruffians and federal libertines who wore the uniform of the gallant soldier. The evidence that was brought out by the congressional committee stamped the "law and order" element with the brand of anarchy, and the administration at the nation's capital absolutely refused to publish the fiendish acts of brutality which characterized the upholders of the law's majesty as imps from the infernal realms of Tartarus. The "law and order" element of Telluride have climbed over the walls of the state's prison in their search for evidence to connect some member of the union with the assassination of Manager Collins. In their zeal they would be willing to take testimony from the lips of a convict whose hands are red with the commission of a capital crime. They have manifested a disposition to even rely upon the testimony which they hoped to drag from the mouth of a self-confessed perjurer. A grand jury was selected by the sheriff of San Miguel county and the men selected shows that Mr. Rutan was loyal to the interests of the "law and order" element, as care was taken that no miner should have a voice in the deliberations of the jury.

This grand jury was free and unrestrained in summoning witnesses, and after a session of thirteen days they were unable to connect the members of the Miners' Union with the assassination of Manager Collins. They summoned numerous individuals who have earned the unsavory reputation of strike breakers and scabs, and with the testimony of these capitalistic allies the jury have brought in indictments against twenty-two men who are charged with violations of law. In the anxiety of the "law and order" element to start a "reign of terror," they have brought into the county man-killers of the Tom Horn stripe, with the expectation that bandits with notches in their pistols would goad the miners to deeds of desperation. With all the red rags of insult that have been flaunted to arouse the ire of the miners, they have remained

cool and collected, and when the facts are recorded in the journal of an honest and impartial judiciary public opinion will be violently "Wrench"-ed by the reaction.

Men and parties die, but principles are eternal.

The automobile monomaniac is now called "the anarchist of the streets."

The tyrant becomes more oppressive as humanity degenerates mentally.

Conservatism in a labor organization is rapidly becoming a synonym for cowardice.

The greatest energy expended by capitalism is the labor performed in working the workers.

The working man who voluntarily remains in ignorance is an enemy not only to himself but to all humanity.

The press has contained no mention of the "scabs" sending Eliot a memorial in consideration of his eulogizing them as "heroes."

It is about as foolish for a man to exclaim that the people are not yet ready for Socialism as it is for a hungry man to declare that he is not ready to eat.

The wages that are paid to the child slaves working in the factories of the South, where Democracy rules uninterruptedly, refutes the argument that Socialism will come through the Democratic party. The voice of the moneyed power in the councils of Democracy is more potent than the wail of the wage slave.

Max Hayes of the Cleveland Citizen goes to England as the fraternal delegate of the American Federation of Labor. Mr. Hayes is an outspoken advocate of Socialism, and his election in a convention whose leading officials in the past have spared no effort to check the growth of Socialism signifies that in the near future the men who cry "no politics in the union" will be swept from the pedestal of conservatism to give room to men who dare to beard plutocracy in its lair.

COMMENTS ON THE AMERICAN FEDERATION CONVENTION.

The actions of the delegates who met in the convention of the American Federation of Labor in New Orleans have passed into history, and the progressive thought that issued from the lips of the brave and fearless have decked the sky of labor with new stars of hope. The conservative element which has ruled this great organized army for years will soon be forced to accept the new creed that is knocking at the door of unionism for admission, or pass into oblivion as lacking the intellectual and moral stamina to bare their breasts to meet the coming storms that are registered on the barometer of concentrated wealth. With the machinery of the executive council arrayed against the doctrines which mean the overthrow of capitalism, Gompersism came near being strangled in the growing sentiment that is taking possession of the best brain in the American Federation of Labor. Two years ago a resolution committing the convention to Socialism was slaughtered by a vote of 4,169 to 685. One year ago the resolution for Socialism was shelved by the shrewd manipulation of the gang who preach "conservatism and no politics in the union," but in the year 1902, after a royal debate, the Socialist orators of the convention caused conservatism to tremble on its throne and came within 400 votes out of a representation of over 9,000 of enlisting the power of the American Federation in the great class struggle, whose volcanic rumbling is heard in every civilized nation on earth. In the next convention conservatism and "no politics in the union" will be laid in its coffin and no delegate in the convention will be so poor as to do reverence to the corpse.

* * *

A noticeable feature of Mr. Gompers' address to the convention was an incorporation of a part of Roosevelt's message to Congress. This veneered scheme of "no politics" Samuel was a compliment to the administration that permits his beloved son to wax fat and comfortable on the public graft that his father has secured him. No sane member of organized labor for one moment will contend that the federal plum which the Federation leader captured for his son was a reward for the gallant fight which Samuel has made against the intrenched power of capitalism. The fact that his son has been honored politically is an evidence that his father has used the prestige of his office in the ranks of labor to command recognition from

Washington. Gompers has lifted his hands in horror against the rank and file entering the political arena and demanding at the ballot box as an organized body the created product of labor, but he with his pet henchmen will loaf around the lobby of the national capitol squandering thousands of the federation money for legislation that is as worthless in the solution of the labor problem as the paper upon which it is written. Gompers is nearing the close of his career and in a few years he will be relegated to the same scrap pile as Powderly.

* * *

A brave spirit in the convention desired to carry the war into Africa, and introduced a resolution providing for the removal of headquarters from Washington to Denver. Apparently this delegate had not consulted the wishes of his chief, or he would not have dared to brook the displeasure of the inspired Samuel, who longs to taste the pleasures of the gay life that pervades the capitol of the nation. He certainly did not take into consideration the farewells that would have to be said by his boss, nor the tears that would have flowed down his cheeks and mingled with the waters of the Potomac as the heart-broken labor leader clasped the hand of the statesmen in whose society life becomes a delightful dream. He had not thought of the "bunco" bills that will be dished out to Samuel through his mighty presence in the temple of national legislation. Sam must be in Washington armed with per capita tax to beg politically what his organization is commanded to refrain from demanding at the ballot box. "No politics in the union" is the ladder which has enabled Samuel to climb to enviable heights, and as he gazes upon the multitude below he must murmur to himself in the felicity of satiated ambition: "What fools these mortals be!"

* * *

The convention reaffirmed a resolution that denounced the effort of railroad corporations to bring about any legislation, or to restrain by injunctions from courts, the ticket brokers from gambling in the business known as scalping. The conservative element feared that if the voice of the American Federation of Labor was not heard on this important measure that the labor world would face the awful calamity of the wage slave being prevented from witnessing the wonders of the St. Louis exposition. The convention was silent as to the manner in which the penniless disciple of manual toil was to reach this mammoth exhibition. The man whose pockets are empty can find no consolation in the resolution which arraigns

the railroad companies for conspiring to dishonor their own paper. The man who can afford to take from his capital the amount necessary to purchase a scalper's ticket in defraying the cost of his transportation to St. Louis, will not stay at home on account of the difference between the ticket of the broker and the ticket sold direct by the railroad company. Every toiler within the confines of this nation should have an opportunity to feast his eyes and brain upon the works of art and genius that have been gathered from every clime, but the adoption of this resolution will not crowd the streets of St. Louis with anthracite miners, with the factory serfs of New England and the southern states, nor will the "Jerry" who repairs the road bed for the excursion train have his modesty shocked by gazing on the voluptuous contortions in the "Midway Plaisance."

* * *

There was a patriot in the convention, and when his heroic voice was heard demanding an appropriation for a starry banner to lead the Federation hosts to victory the nation bulged and expanded to such an extent that a Tipperary stone thrower standing in the city of San Francisco could land a pebble in the city of Manila. When John B. Lennon, who holds the keys to the strong box of the American Federation, declared that the Federation must have a flag, the bronze-hued rebels in the islands of the Pacific crawled from their retreats and caressed the soldier physicians who have attained fame in the medical world in their specialty of administering a prescription known as the "water cure." In the future when the federal troops and the state militia shoot down the members of the American Federation because they refuse to starve, it will be a consoling thought to the fellow whose anatomy has been perforated with Krag-Jorgenson bullets to know that the leaden food that has found a refuge in his empty stomach was belched from under the folds of the same banner that stirred the patriotism of a Lennon to ask for an appropriation. The martyr to the cause of labor will close his eyes upon the sunset of his life, buoyed up with the hope that the flag is one of the sacred souvenirs of the American Federation and that Samuel still lives at Washington. It is to be hoped that no one will attempt to tarnish the patriotism of Lennon by charging him with receiving a commission as agent for a flag factory.

* * *

Victor L. Berger of Milwaukee introduced a resolution empowering the executive board to use its best efforts in

having Congress pass a bill providing pensions for old age, but this humane resolution received a black eye from the patriot that worshipped the flag, who declared that labor wanted justice and not charity. The contracted denunciation of Lennon marks him as a fossil whose brain is ossifying in its mental indolence. His conservatism in the lexicon of the advanced thinker is an accurate definition for ignorance, and the man whose mental vision has not as yet grasped the indisputable fact that labor has created the wealth of the world, should have some friend to use an application of sand paper to scour the rust from the gray matter in his temple of thought. In the next convention there will be more delegates of the heroic mould of Berger, Hayes, Barnes and Wilson, and these now defeated but unconquered Spartans in the grand and glorious mission of humanity's emancipation will be invulnerable in the convention of 1903. When the delegates of the American Federation convention meet in the historic city of Boston the hallowed dust of the Sons of Liberty will fire the eloquence of the Trojans of Socialism and the flame of economic liberty will blaze in every heart and continue to burn until the brotherhood of man can exclaim in an anthem of joy: "Peace on earth; good will to men."

President Roosevelt finished his hunt in the canebrakes of Mississippi, and it is said that while he was tramping the jungles of the southern state he failed to get a shot at Bruin. We have no objection to the Chief Magistrate taking some recreation in a hunting expedition, but we believe if he would expend some of his strenuousness in hunting through the poverty jungles of the great cities and map out a program of war to annihilate the system which infuriates the animalism of greed to devour the weak, his hunting would be hailed as a national blessing and his record as a hunter would be immortal when time dimmed the memory of such plainmen as Buffalo Bill, Kit Carson and Davy Crockett.

Representative McCartney, one of the Socialist members of the Massachusetts Legislature, will introduce a memorial to be forwarded to Congress petitioning Washington law makers to secure the national ownership of the coal mines. The Socialist member will likewise introduce an amendment to the state constitution permitting municipalities to own and conduct coal yards for the purpose of selling coal at cost. The cultured people of the old Bay state are giving the Socialist member their hearty support by circulating and signing petitions.

The indictments which have been pending in the criminal courts of Texas against John D. Rockefeller, Henry M. Flagler and other members of the Standard Oil Company for violations of the anti-trust law of Texas have been dismissed owing to the fact that the governors of New York and Florida refused to honor requisitions. This proves beyond dispute that multi-millionaires are more powerful than law and that governors wielding the scepter of state sovereignty dare not court the displeasure of the mighty plutocrat who laughs at legislative commands to halt the giant known as the trust, which has developed from crumbling competition. The governors know their masters.

The vote of the militia company of Blair county, Pennsylvania was as follows: For Pennypacker (Republican), 11; Pattison (Democrat), 10; Adams (Socialist Labor), 36; Slayton, (Socialist), 61. This vote is an evidence that the old parties who remunerate the corporations with the use of the state militia to suppress the spirit of independence in the industrial army of the nation in exchange for campaign contributions can no longer depend on "the boys in blue" to vote for a continuation of the system that calls them from their armories to murder men who are struggling against starvation. The men who compose the state militia will be found vulnerable to the unanswerable logic of Socialism.

The labor press throughout the country has severely castigated Mr. Mac Veagh for his insolent and rigid examination of John Mitchell, the president of the United Mine Workers. Mr. Mac Veagh is the hired attorney of the coal barons, and in consideration of a handsome fee is rendering his best legal service to defend arrogant monopoly. The fact that Clarence Darrow is the attorney of the United Mine Workers, does not prove him to be a friend of organized labor. Mr. Darrow, like Mac Veagh, is paid for his service, and the monetary consideration which organized labor has paid him is probably the only stimulant which has actuated him in defending poverty against wealth and justice against injustice. Had the coal corporations recognized in Mr. Darrow a powerful legal intellect and retained him in their service, he would, in all probability, have proved himself as haughty a foeman of the oppressed miner as the criticised Mac Veagh. The lawyer is a product of our system, and the vast majority of them are for sale for cash, regardless of the merits of the case.

THE BOARD A UNIT.

The executive board of the Western Federation of Miners, in their recent session held in the city of Denver, reaffirmed the political policy as adopted in the tenth annual convention. There is no ambiguity or equivocation in the language used to enable the scrutinizing eye of the critic to detect any disposition upon the part of the board to dodge the grand fundamental principle whose adoption in the last convention gave the Federation a prestige and character that won encomiums from the advanced thinkers of the world. The executive board has handed to the Magazine the following clear cut pronunciamento reiterating the political creed of the Federation:

Believing it to be incumbent upon the members of the executive board and the officers of the Western Federation of Miners to adhere strictly to the policy of the organization as promulgated by the tenth annual convention, and realizing the necessity of unanimity of action by all the locals and their officers, we take advantage of this opportunity to pledge our undivided support to the political policy of the Federation. In order to better carry out this policy, we pledge ourselves to refuse all proffers of political emolument at the hands of any of the old political parties, and furthermore, that we will use our influence both in an official and individual capacity to impress upon the officers and members of local unions the necessity of strictly carrying out this policy to the end that the W. F. of M. may become an organization of class-conscious political workers and constitute itself the vanguard of the army that is destined to accomplish the economic freedom of the producers of all wealth.

CHAS. H. MOYER, President.
 EDWARD HUGHES, Vice President.
 W. D. HAYWOOD, Secretary.
 J. T. LEWIS.
 L. J. SIMPKINS.
 PHILIP BOWDEN.
 D. C. COPLEY.
 JAMES A. BAKER,

Executive Board.

Mark Hanna is now preaching the Golden Rule. "Do unto others as ye would that others do unto you" comes with poor grace from the lips of a man who has cornered thirty millions. No sentence of scripture is too sacred for the politician.

THE EMPEROR ORATES.

The Kaiser has had a spasm and belched the burning lava of his vengeance against the agitators and Socialists of Germany. The Emperor, before a deputation of working men, was severe in his verbal castigation of the slanderers who defamed the memory of his friend, Herr Krupp. He endeavored to persuade the deputation who waited on his Divine Right Majesty that the working classes always commanded his deepest solicitude and that Socialism was an enemy to the working class by arraying labor against employer, against the altar and against the throne. The Emperor concluded his address by requesting the deputation to send a "simple and unpretending man from the workshop into the national Parliament. Such a man would be gladly welcomed as a working representative of the German working class. The representatives of other classes would willingly work together with such representatives, however many they might be." The Emperor knows that the breach between the employe and employer can never be closed as long as the natural resources and the inventions of man's genius are privately owned by the privileged few to tax the many for the means to live. He knows that the "altar and throne" and the powerful influence of his departed friend, Herr Krupp, have been cemented in an unholy coalition to keep in humiliated subjection the subjects of the empire who are the sheep to be shorn by royal wolves and corporation exploiters. The meat famine in Germany has not only affected the stomach of the proletariat, but his brain is awakening to a realization of the fact that thrones, altars and personages of the Krupp pedigree are inimical to the welfare of the real producer, whose sweat and misery are the legacies of throne rule, church pomp and arrogant monopoly. Socialism has wounded the sensitive feelings of the Kaiser because the press that is battling for the industrial liberty of the masses failed to weave garlands of immortality around the memory of Krupp, whose life has been devoted to the invention and manufacture of machines of murder. The people are being roused to a consciousness that the man whose time has been employed in the construction of weapons of war is no benefactor to society, but a powerful auxiliary in the hands of licentious royalty and soulless capitalism to enable the titled drones and commercial plunderers to continue their reign of magnificent luxury at the cost of the intellectual starvation and physical degradation of labor. The masses are growing weary of splendor and squalor, of palaces and hovels, of banquets and crusts.

and propose to apply a remedy that will snatch the scepter of tyranny from the hands of kings and queens and span the gulf that lies between patrician and plebeian with the bridge of brotherhood. The Kaiser will fail to stem the rising tide of Socialism in Germany by appealing to his hungry and ragged subjects to send "a simple and unpretentious man from the workshops into the national Parliament." Labor will select representatives who will scorn to beg, but will demand the restoration of those inalienable rights which have been stolen by the royal highwayman, and Socialism will not halt in its onward march until the crash of thrones and the downfall of regal despotism signalizes the victory of the oppressed. The diplomatic charity of the Emperor will fail to deceive the working classes because they know that verbal generosity from the lips of a royal ruler is a cheap commodity that can be handed out to the discontented in extravagant excessiveness without diminishing the supply. The Emperor beholds the approaching storm and the head that wears the crown is becoming uneasy at the army that is being gathered under the banner of Socialism to right the wrongs of downtrodden humanity. Germany is trembling in the throes of an industrial revolution and autocracy sees its Waterloo in the co-operative commonwealth.

Mark Hanna has earned a reputation for long-range sagacity for predicting the future antagonist of the Republican party. The politicians of the old parties will become nervous as they behold the migration of the industrial class from non-partisan trades unionism into class-conscious partisan Socialism. The working men through unions are advancing to a point of intelligence that bids defiance to the harangues of orators whose eloquence draws a salary from the profits of unpaid labor. Intelligence is marching against capitalism and soulless avarice is doomed.

David M. Parry, the president of the Manufacturers' Association, has sent out a circular to the manufacturers of the country making a strong appeal to his brethren in the business of exploitation to rally to his support in defeating the eight-hour bill that is pending in Congress. It is needless to say that the Manufacturers' Association will be represented by lobbyists who will command the respectful attention of the national law makers. Such lobbyists are generally supplied with material arguments which carry conviction to the average congressman.

Discontent is an indication of intelligence.

Capitalism is fighting Socialism. It is a fight between brains and money and intelligence will win.

The poor will be decked with nasal diamonds during the coming winter. They have voted for nose sparklers.

The fellow who branded Socialism as an ephemeral hallucination has a serious expression on his face since election.

Armour & Co. have cornered the potato market. With beef and spuds beyond the reach of the poor, the way of the political transgressor looks tough.

At New Orleans Sam Gompers said: "I have always acted with a single eye to the interest of the working man." What does he do with the other eye?—Butte Journal.

The other eye has secured a federal job for his son. The other eye has kept the American Federation of Labor out of politics so that Samuel could pose as a commanding giant in making candidates for political honors "see" Sam. The other eye has never overlooked a bet.

During the anthracite strike the poor of the large cities soaked cinders in coal oil and used the same for fuel. The consumption of coal oil in the saturation of cinders was a handsome contribution to the trust controlled by John D. Rockefeller. No substitute that can be used for another staple article of consumption interferes with the growth of the trust. The few are masters of the means of life, and all the ingenuity of the poor cannot escape the tribute which the trusts levy upon their subjects. There is but one solution. The people must own the trusts.

After the press had announced the Socialist vote that was polled in the various state elections the railroad corporations announced an increase in the wages of their employes. The increase of wages has been made with the expectation that the rising tide of Socialism will be stemmed by a little more restitution in the shape of wages to the fellow whose labor creates all wealth. This strategic movement on the part of capitalism will have no influence on the convicted Socialist. The battle is on until wage slavery is abolished and equal opportunity becomes the inheritance of all.

INGRATITUDE.

Eugene F. Ware, the pension commissioner, has written a letter to the secretary of the interior recommending the passage of a law retiring on a civil pension the superannuated clerks in the service of the government. This innovation on the part of the pension commissioner has raised considerable discussion in Washington circles. James A. Garfield, Jr., the son of the martyred President, has declared that the recommendation of Commissioner Ware "is too broad and sweeping." It is but a little more than twenty years ago since the solons of the national Legislature placed his maternal ancestor on the pension list with a salary of \$5,000 per annum because his father while in the service of the government succumbed to the bullet of an assassin. Not only was Mrs. Garfield placed upon the pension roll, but scarcely had the report of the assassin's pistol died away in the distance when the generosity of the American people responded to assuage the grief of the stricken wife and mother, and before death snatched into eternity the husband and father, the pillow of his dying hours was smoothed with the consolation of knowing that a fund aggregating a quarter of a million of dollars was at the disposal of the widow and orphans as a testimonial of the sympathy and charity of the masses, who mingled their tears with the agony of the bereft wife and fatherless children. For eighty days Columbia watched at the bedside of the dying President, and the best medical skill of the nation was secured to save the life of him who was in the service of the government. The exorbitant bills of the famed physicians and surgeons who waited on the distinguished patient were charged to Uncle Sam, and now this edition of his lamented father rises in the magnitude of his wisdom and declares that the recommendation of Commissioner Ware "is too broad and sweeping" when it proposes to save from the almshouse the men and women whose hairs have whitened in the service of the nation. He seems to have forgotten that the pension paid by the government and the fortune that was raised to commensurate in some measure the loss of a father, secured him a position in society from whose lofty summit he now gazes upon the aged with indifference. James A. Garfield, Jr., should be the last man in America to raise the slightest barrier against the old and worn-out clerks in the service of the government. The remembrance of the charity and sympathy of the American people for the Garfield family should have at least sealed his lips, if his heart was calloused to the tired and weary

octogenarian clerk struggling in governmental harness to evade the crusts and rags, of the poorhouse. The man who carries the rifle and at the bidding of the government becomes wounded in expanding the commercial domain of capitalism is pensioned, and why should not the man whose brow has been furrowed with years and the clerical toil of a life time be permitted to draw on the treasury of a nation whose interests he has faithfully served? The army and the navy are pensioned for committing legalized murder, then why should not the civilian who grows old and broken down in a peaceful avocation draw from the bounty of a government to whose power he has humbly ministered? Commissioner Ware is actuated by a spirit of justice, and his recommendation will hasten the day when old age and feeble manhood and womanhood will not be haunted by the skeleton fingers of want, and the Garfields who oppose the reign of justice will be relegated to the cemetery of a barbaric past.

THE UNION GRAFTER.

In this age of commercialism there is a disposition on the part of many men to bring into operation every device and scheme to subserve personal interests. It is a well-known fact that in nearly every mining town within the jurisdiction of the Western Federation of Miners men of various occupations and in different departments of business have endeavored to crawl into the unions for the purpose of working organized labor for revenue. This class of men, to avoid suspicion and to conceal the real purpose of their desire to be numbered in the membership of the Western Federation, are eloquent in the barroom and on the street corner in defending the principles of unionism, and severe in their denunciation of any inmate of the mines whose fraternity has failed to prompt him in becoming initiated in the brotherhood of his craft. This eloquence and denunciation has a wonderful influence upon the thoughtless, who fail to perceive the hidden mercenary design of the "business grafter," who is boosting unionism for patronage. When these defenders of unionism for "business" make application for membership the unsuspecting remember with gratitude the hot air bouquets that have been wafted from the lungs of the masked impostors, and overlook the fact that it is the hope of commercial reward that actuates the majority of men in business to long for a seat in the councils of the union. The unions of the Federation should confine the eligibility of membership to men who work in and around mines,

mills and smelters, and if the local is able to bring into the union every man who is directly or indirectly connected with the vocation of mining, milling or smelting, the organization will be fully competent to get along without the assistance of the "business" champion of organized labor in the union. Our personal observation and experience has taught us that the man who joins any society or organized body for personal aggrandizement is dangerous, and unions in the past have been almost wrecked by the venal corruption of men who concealed their hypocrisy with a lip fidelity and outward show of appreciation for the principles which banded men together. The unions have been cursed with an element who, having attained some distinction in the ranks of organized labor, convert that popularity into cash by becoming the proprietor of a few jugs of whisky and using the record they have made in the union, steal the brains and graft the pocketbook of the guileless who fail to detect the counterfeit. The Western Federation of Miners discourages such membership in the union, and it is to be hoped that organized labor will secure and lock the doors against the admission of such men in the future.

Senator Hanna has paid the following tribute to John Mitchell, the president of the United Mine Workers:

"Instead of fighting Mitchell the anthracite people ought to thank their lucky stars they have him to reckon with in the end. They could well afford to spend \$1,000,000 to keep him where he is instead of trying to destroy him and bringing a radical and trouble maker to the front to take his place."

The cunning Marcus realizes that Mr. Mitchell stands high in the estimation of the rank and file of the organization of which he is a leader. He entertains the opinion that a compliment paid by him to Mitchell will be appreciated by the thousands whose lives of poverty give them but little time for the investigation of the great problem which is every day demanding a solution. His compliment to Mitchell is a bid for the votes of the miners if he becomes the standard bearer of the Republican party in 1904. We believe that Mr. Mitchell and the brainy men of his organization will not be hypnotized by the wily political gladiator of Ohio, who has accumulated his thirty millions through the starvation of labor. The vote of the United Mine Workers in the American Federation convention at New Orleans is an evidence that the franchise grabber of Cleveland will be disappointed in his expectations.

King Leopold of Belgium, the royal scapegrace of Europe, is closing the chapters of a life drama that is black with a violation of every commandment in the decalogue. Outside the few sensual wantons who boast of patrician blood and the dunghill aristocracy who fawn in sycophancy in the presence of titled lepers, the dissolute Leopold is without a friend. The Leopold dynasty has shown the utmost contempt for the working classes and the exorbitant tax which has flowed into the treasury of the profligate monarch has been showered upon the demi-monde with a lavish hand to indulge the lustful appetite of the licentious debauchee. The appeals of a wife whose heart was broken in shame failed to halt the royal rouse in his dissipation, and his daughter is now an outcast, hurled from the regal palace through the mandate of her brutal parent. Verily, rotten royalty is crumbling.

The Merchants' Protective Association of Globe, Arizona, has passed a resolution that all monthly accounts will be made out from pay day to pay day, instead of from the first of each month to the first of the following month. The business men of Globe who live upon the earnings of labor are not willing to share the burdens which corporations impose upon the employes. Daniel Webster displayed the logic of a philosopher when he declared that "the laboring man was the prey of all." The man whose position in life dooms him to manual servitude must carry upon his back the cross of the world and this will continue until labor becomes conscious of its political power at the ballot box. Such impositions are the lessons which will graduate the toiling masses from wage slavery to economic freedom. The mile posts are being rapidly passed in the onward march towards collective ownership.

The Amador County Miners' Union, a journal published by the Jackson Miners' Union No. 115, W. F. M., is on our desk and its bright and logical editorials will commend it to every reader and student who is investigating the great problem which confronts the industrial world. Under the rustling management of Frank O'Connell and the vitriol pen of W. R. Selkirk the official organ of the Jackson Miners' Union is destined to accomplish far-reaching results in the cause of organized labor. The push and the energy manifested by Jackson union will stimulate the membership of the Western Federation of Miners in other localities to emulate the example of the Amador county miners of California.

Let the nation own the trusts, and let the workers own the nation, will be the national battle-cry of wedded Socialism and unionism in the campaign of 1904.

Down in some of the good old Democratic states of the South the proprietor of a newspaper measures the type set by the printer with a yard stick. In some of the cities the "rat" establishments are operated by girls, who receive the princely salary of 60 cents per day, providing they set up 10,000 ems. The typographical unions are now fighting a battle to force these mercenary followers of Jefferson and Jackson to pay the union scale, which for 10,000 ems would amount to \$2.20 per day. It is safe to say that the union is up against a big undertaking when it attempts the abolition of the yard stick.

The press declares that there is a meat famine in Germany. The report should state that the meager wages paid to the laborer has placed beef beyond his reach. The Kaiser and his indolent army of titled satellites are not suffering on account of a beef famine. The larder of nobility groans with its burden of plenty, while the industrious serf with an empty stomach doffs his hat to the aristocracy whose prodigal profligacy has bequeathed him long intermissions between meals and a bill of fare with the bovine "cut out." In a few years, if the present system continues, the meatless meal will be an every day affair with the working man. Intelligent discontent and class-conscious action will fill the toiler's life with holidays.

The Socialist vote in the late state elections has appalled the corporations and the old party politicians. The most fertile and cunning brain in the field of journalism will be employed to misrepresent the principles of Socialism, and to arouse the prejudice of the masses. Money controls the leading metropolitan organs, which have in the past been moulders of public opinion, but the conditions which the concentration of wealth has created will require something more logical than appeals to prejudice to allay the discontent that is forcing intelligence to probe the causes that are making the few richer and the many poorer. Capitalism may hurl from its arsenal the shot and shell of its most polished rhetoric to stunt the growth of Socialism, but its cannonading will only have the effect of stimulating the Socialists with renewed activity.

CHILD LABOR.

The great journals of the various states of the Union tell us heartrending and blood-curdling stories of hundreds and thousands of boys and girls whose childhood is imprisoned in the contaminated atmosphere of sweat shop and factory. The verbal dynamite of press and pulpit is sometimes hurled at this outrage on our civilization, but with all the denunciation that child labor merits the youthful army is increasing, and no plank of Democracy or Republicanism contains a pledge that means the obliteration of this blot and infamous disgrace that blackens the dawn of the twentieth century. In the states where a compulsory educational law graces the statutes the factory and the mine are swarming with miniature working representatives of manhood and womanhood. Why does the law command no respect or obedience? Why are its provisions openly violated and childhood robbed of an education, robbed of recreation and dwarfed in the bud of physical and intellectual development? The capitalistic parties formulate no plan of action or procedure to stay the ravages of this blasting blight that is withering and stunting the mentality of the rising generation. Not a glimpse of hope rises from the platform of Democracy or Republicanism to thwart the hand of greed in its continuation of minting childhood into profit. Why are the Democratic and Republican parties powerless to snatch the child from the rapacious maw of commercial avarice? Simply because both parties are the property of plutocracy. The campaign contributions that have come from the coffers of corporations have mortgaged the public servants to carry out the will of capitalism at the expense of industrial liberty. The Democratic or Republican parties have raised no honest, sincere and earnest protest against the exploitation of the laboring man, who, under our competitive system, is the legalized prey of every consuming vulture that feeds and fattens in idleness on the muscle of the producer. The man who labors and receives but one-fifth of that which his labor produces cannot hope to educate his child. The law of necessity demands that the child shall confiscate its youth and education and enter the factory and the mine to earn the paltry pittance that secures it the means to sustain a suffering and lingering existence. A father robbed through the exploiting process of corporate avarice, is forced to violate the compulsory educational law because necessity knows no law. Self-preservation is the first law of nature, and when the system under which we live protects the employer in abstracting from labor four-

fifths of that which labor produces as a tariff on the privilege to toil, no sane man or woman can wonder that the parent whose only capital is his muscle is forced to sentence his child to the factory and the mine to take upon its infant shoulders the burdens of full-grown manhood. The compulsory education law which many think is a remedy for child labor only forces the father and mother to blacken their souls with the crime of perjury in order that the tiny fingers of their offspring may be granted the opportunity to toil and add to the family store a meager addition to keep from the door of want the grim and gaunt skeleton of famine and starvation. The child of the pauperized laborer will never be educated until the brave, fearless, independent thought and action of the masses shall crystallize and unite at the ballot box, a power that will strangle unto death the wrong economic conditions that have built palaces and hovels, that have spawned millionaires and generated tramps. The brain of labor's child will shrink and shrivel in decay and never break the barriers of ignorance to soar and expand in the sunlight of intellectual splendor until labor united uses the constitutional weapon of liberty to assassinate wage slavery. Wage slavery will never be abolished until the great labor army of the world shall resolve itself into Socialism and capture with the elective franchise the sovereign powers of government and bring back to the whole people their God-given inheritance—the collective ownership of the land and the machinery of production and distribution. As long as the few are masters of the conditions under which humanity toils, there can be no bright pages in the history of labor's life. As long as Morgans and Baers are permitted to reap colossal fortunes on the sweat of labor and the natural resources of the earth, "the dignity of labor" will be a travesty and a burlesque and the goddess of justice that decks the domes of our judicial temples will become as vulgar a spectacle for the vision of man as the unblushing harlot behind the red-curtained window of a den of shame. As long as the masses are vagrants and penniless beggars through the exploitation of combination despots who own the jobs and name the conditions under which men and women shall be permitted to toil, the door of the school house will be locked against the child of the Lazarus. Labor has been battling on the industrial field with the strike and boycott, but labor has been scabbing in the political arena where the ballot of the pauper is as powerful as that of the Croesus, when wielded with class-conscious intelligence. Labor has been voting for the perpetuation and maintenance of the system that has stripped human-

ity of its birthright and crowned commercial piracy with a license to levy tribute upon the nations of the world. Labor must vote for its own emancipation. Labor must vote for the complete overthrow of profit brigandage before the children of men can feast their starved intellects on the mental provender that come to us in the volumes of sages and philosophers. Labor in the rags of poverty struggling from the dawn of day until the mantle of night drapes the world in darkness can command no seats in the temples of learning. When labor strikes at the ballot box for all that labor produces the school houses will become the factories where little boys and girls will be coined into men and women.

The Republican journals of the Northwest are telling the Democratic party how it happened in the following terse language:

“Well, Idaho, we thought you would get into line after awhile. No western state can afford to enjoy the sun of prosperity under Republican policy as has Idaho during the past few years and continue to show a thankless spirit for the favors of Divine Providence and its ally—Republicanism.”

The spirit of Baerism seems to pervade the moulders of Republican rot in the wild and woolly West when they attribute the crowning of Republicanism with the wreaths of victory to the ingratitude of Democracy to God. If the Great Jehovah has been an instrument in the success of the Republican party He has lost our good opinion of His matchless honor and integrity. The jolt that Democracy received in the solar plexus, in our opinion, was due to the fact that Socialism is taking organized labor out of the Democratic party and transplanting the wage earner into a new movement that is destined to conquer the world. We presume that when Socialism wrecks the power of Republicanism the G. O. P. editors will place the blame on his satanic majesty.

All the great metropolitan journals of the leading cities of the country contained lengthy reports of the charity organizations making elaborate preparations to feed the hungry and clothe the naked in memory of the glad anniversary when Christ was born to redeem the world. Under present social conditions it is as necessary to give expression to charity in the shape of food and clothes to the victims of poverty as it is to give medicine to the invalid or furnish the cripple with a crutch. This temporary alleviation of human misery are the bones that have been picked by capitalism and flung to the

homeless outcast to allay the discontent that is telling the world that "man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn." The man or woman who receives charity feels that their stature has shrunk, and the dignity which should crown "the noblest work of God" has lost its luster when it stoops as a mendicant at the shrine of charity. Remove the causes which have given birth to charity organizations and the homeless outcast will be fed and clothed on the equal opportunity that will spring from justice.

The members of the city council in Denver, Colorado and Butte City, Montana, have granted franchises which make the people victims of corporation greed. The Rocky Mountain Bell Telephone Company boodled the servants of the people of Butte and the Denver Street Railway Company of Denver captured the custodians of the people's rights, ere the home rule amendment could balk the traitors in this infamous scheme of handing over public property for corporation profit. The cities that have franchises left will be forced to imitate the example of the people of Kansas City and Chicago, who gathered in the council chambers with ropes as protests against boodlers giving away public franchises in exchange for bribes. It is needless to say that the ropes prevented the consummation of the unholy deals. A few aldermen suspended at the end of a rope would have a far-reaching influence in raising the standard of official honesty.

According to statistics the labor of every adult in the United States produces in value \$10 per day. The same statistician makes the statement that labor receives but one-fifth of the value which it produces. Such being the case, how is it possible for the working classes to conquer on the industrial field through the strike or boycott when the wealth necessary to carry on the strike to ultimate victory remains in the hands of the capitalists? What can be gained by a strike or boycott when the trusts are assuming such proportions that enables them to squeeze out the last vestige of competition? In a contest between bank vaults and empty stomachs the human machine must succumb to the inevitable. The neutrality or division of working men in the field of politics should be as criminal in the eyes of unionism as the action of a scab who usurps the place of a striker to win a battle for the employer. Labor must solidify on the political as well as the industrial field, and then the conflict will end in the triumph of the masses.

A DESERVED INDORSEMENT.

The executive board, while in session recently in Denver, paid a deserved compliment to three of the leading labor publications of the West, whose editors have had the courage to attack arrogant wealth and hold up to the impoverished masses the mirror in which labor can behold the wrongs that must be righted ere humanity can hope to dwell in peace. The following is the tribute paid to the journals whose columns are dedicated to the redemption of man from the bondage of wage slavery:

Whereas, The Colorado Chronicle of Denver, Colorado, the Labor World of Butte, Montana, and the Western Socialist of Vancouver, B. C., have been brave and unflinching in the promulgation of the real and genuine remedies that mean the industrial emancipation of humanity; and,

Whereas, These above named journals have been in complete harmony with the political policy as adopted by the tenth annual convention of the Western Federation of Miners; now, therefore, be it

Resolved, That the executive board of the W. F. of M. extend our most sincere thanks and appreciation to the Colorado Chronicle, Labor World and the Western Socialist for the advanced stand they have taken in defense of the policy of the organization we have the honor to represent.

EXECUTIVE BOARD W. F. M.

Chas. H. Moyer, President; Edward Hughes, Vice President; Wm. D. Haywood, Secretary-Treasurer; J. T. Lewis, L. J. Simpkins, Philip Bowden, D. C. Copley, James A. Baker.

ORGANIZE!

Every man and woman who is engaged in a mental or manual occupation should be a member of organized labor, and should not hesitate for one moment in contributing their individual share in building up an organization that has for its object the preservation and the maintenance of a wage scale that will enable the human family to enjoy some of the comforts of life. The union is to the wage earner what the army and the navy is to a nation. The fragmentary power of individuals would be hopeless in demanding recognition from capitalistic combinations. It is only where individuals unite in organization that they become strong and are able, through collective strength, to face the dangers that are menacing the rights and liberties of the people. Individuals,

when separated, are ineffectual to command a fair and reasonable remuneration. The union is the collective agent of labor, wielding a united power for the common interest of all. The men or women who stand outside the pales of organized labor receiving the benefits which accrue through organization and are unwilling to bear their pro rata share of meeting the expenses of maintaining such an organization, will never be found in the van battling for that justice which should crown every well-directed effort with an honest reward. The labor organizations of the country are becoming more powerful as they become educated in wielding the ballot in self-defense. The man in the union who objects to the discussion of political questions in the organization is becoming obsolete, for the reason that conditions are forcing the dullest brain to propound questions that must be answered. When the great mass of fathers and mothers behold their children clad in shoddy fabrics and existing on the coarsest fare, while the offspring of the privileged class are decked in costly silk and lace and live on the choicest labor produces, there arises a problem that demands a solution. The intelligent men and women of the world are joining hands and the amalgamation of brotherhood and sisterhood will go on until the united power of the human family will vanquish the few in their struggle to corner the treasures of the earth. The trusts are teaching object lessons to the people, and those lessons are leaving impressions upon the memory of humanity that will never be erased until oppression dies strangled to death in the strong hand of the common people. The organized crafts of the world are drifting into the Socialist ranks, and when unionism throughout the length and breadth of the land shall resolve itself into Socialism the sun of liberty will shed its rays of equal opportunity upon every human being that dots the bosom of the globe.

THE POLITICAL FUTURE.

In a few days the people of Colorado, Montana, Idaho and other western states will be under a Republican administration. There will be no change in the system of government. The corporation will lose none of its power in the executive, judicial and legislative departments of state. The officials in whose hands have been placed the administration of public affairs will cringe like spaniel dogs beneath the lash of a master's whip. The chambers of state Legislatures will be crowded with the paid lobbyists of associated wealth to murder every measure that has for its object the amelioration of present con-

ditions. Capitalism will employ the brightest brain and the most conscienceless political cunning to devise and draft masked legislation to place the masses more at the mercy of pitiless greed, and for two long years the labor lobster who voted for the same system under a different name will have an opportunity to meditate on his blunted stupidity. With the recent election has disappeared the fusion polygamy of Democrat, Silver Republican and Populist in the West, and the two old parties have at last lined up straight in battle array to contest for the spoils of office. With the exit of fusion there remains three political parties in the West, two of which sail under different names but are the same in policy, so far as the laboring man is concerned. As time rolls on the man who labors will be convinced of this fact when he beholds the manipulators of the machinery of the two old parties blending their forces to stay the conquering power of a movement whose logic appeals to the humanity of every clime.

Republicanism and Democracy, at the bidding of capitalism will join hands to defeat Socialism, but the amalgamation will only delay a little longer the dawn of industrial emancipation. The political fight in the near future will be stripped of every delusion and the impoverished wage slave on election day will not be keeping company with a class whose life of luxury is coined from the ignorance of laboring humanity. There is a class-conscious intelligence that is taking possession of the toiler that will prohibit him from entering into political partnership with capital to debase his manhood through the confiscation of his only constitutional weapon of defense.

The proletariat of America is awakening to the cold, unvarnished fact that the labor problem is as broad as the world and that Republican tariff or Democratic tariff for revenue only will not remove the ills that burden the race. The orators of Republicanism and Democracy in America can command no audience among the working people of other lands, but the man who is grounded in the principles of Socialism can preach the doctrine of equal opportunity to the nationalities of the world, and the brotherhood that is involved in the new creed will arrest the attention of every man and woman whose heart beats with an inspiration to enjoy the fruition of economic freedom. The Socialist of England, Ireland, Scotland, Germany, France, Italy and every nation of the globe can stand on the Socialist platform of America and present its planks to the laboring millions of the world and its clear-cut, unanswerable declarations will carry the conviction that Socialism has the only scientific remedy that will heal the industrial cancer

that is pauperizing the toiling millions of every nation. The platform of Republicanism and Democracy has no hopeful significance to the laboring classes of the old world, therefore the doctrines preached by the old parties contain no solution of the labor problem. The fact that Socialism is being embraced by the exploited classes of every nation is conclusive evidence that the political parties of the world will die through absorption, and that the theories advanced by Marx will become realities in the restoration of the reign of justice.

In this nation the Democratic party is endeavoring to perform the spectacular feat of serving God and Mammon. Democracy is attempting to pose on both sides of the chasm that is growing broader and deeper between the working classes and the employers who privately own the means of life. This yawning chasm that lies between the laboring masses and the capitalistic classes will be the political tomb in which the remains of compromisers and harmony reformers will be buried. Nervous and trembling equivocators of the Hearst, Johnson and Bryan brand, will be forced to either join the brave and fearless army that is marching on towards the goal of man's regeneration, or bear the stigma and anathemas that attach themselves to mental cowards. A compromise with wrong or reform in industrial conditions will never solve the problem. A few crumbs from the loaf of capitalism will not appease the sharpened appetite of the thinkers in the ranks of organized labor. The war will be waged on the political battlefield until right shall triumph over might and the cry of the slave is transformed into the shout of universal liberty. Capitalism has about reached the zenith of its tyranny, and Socialism must be the next step in the onward march of the race.

Senator Hoar of Massachusetts, with a vision unclouded by his more than four score years, sees in the trusts the elimination of competition, the debauching of elections, the corruption of courts and an indifference to public sentiment. The venerable senator of the cultured New England state has formed correct conclusions as to the results of commercial amalgamation, but the public would have been far more interested in the remedy which (in his opinion) would render harmless the power which threatens the purity and stability of the nation's political machinery. Senator Hoar, if he lives but a few years longer, will be forced to tune his eloquence to harmonize with advanced economic thought or be numbered with the few whose despairing shrieks will signalize the end of class sovereignty.

The capitalists of America are merged into associations whose object is to extract from labor as much profit as possible. The larger the dividend the less is paid to the man who toils. As a natural consequence, the standard of living depreciates, and men degenerate. From a capitalistic standpoint the commercial vultures of America are weaving a web that if continued will eventually bring about their destruction. The coolie of the Orient is the lowest paid wage slave on earth, and as a result of a niggardly pittance, China is the prey of almost every powerful nation on earth. As wages depreciate in America her citizenship will degenerate, and instead of America invading the nations of the earth to find a market the nations of the earth will invade America and the capitalist of this country will discover that the system which he has utilized to become powerful at the expense of man's degradation, will result in disaster.

The Civic Federation, of which Mark Hanna is president, has met and adjourned. There were present at the conference some of the notable labor leaders, church dignitaries, famed professors and moneyed magnates. President Eliot of Harvard University, who in a recent address moulded a "scab" into a hero, was there to keep company with Samuel Gompers, John Mitchell, James Duncan and other representatives of organized labor. It is strange and singular how men who have risen high in the opinion of the great mass who toil, can loan their presence to an association that is but a political machine to further the interests of the Buckeye aspirant for White House honors. Strange that there can be any congruity of opinion in honest labor demanding the full product of its toil and those who profit by labor being a slave. We do not blame the employers who play a game to hoodwink their serfs, but we scorn the truckling of salaried representatives of labor who aid the exploiter in clogging the wheels of progress and delaying the evolution that must come before the wage slave can develop into a free man.

Dick Adams, who won corporation gratitude for his distinguished services as a hired thug during the Coeur d'Alene troubles of 1892 and 1899, was killed a few weeks ago in the Bunker Hill mill. According to the account in the Idaho State Tribune "he was caught by a set screw in the line shaft and wound up and instantly killed. His neck was broken, his head nearly severed from the body, his arms and legs broken and the body badly crushed." Throughout the mining states and

territories of the West there are many miners who know and have heard of this cold-blooded hireling, and some who have felt the sting of his sneers and jeers, and it is safe to say that among the miners few tears will be shed over the tidings that he met an untimely end. When he ceased to be useful in carrying out the cruel mandates issued by Standard Oil brutality, he was given a job like any other wage slave, and in the performance of his duties in the mill he met his death. His remains have been shipped to Oregon for interment, and it may be that Rockefeller and the other mining magnates of Idaho will pass the hat around for a collection to place a slab at his grave that will bear the following inscription: "Here lies our servile tool."

Since assuming the editorial management of the Miners' Magazine we have noticed that many of the exchanges that come to our table contain clippings from the Magazine without due credit being given. We would more fully appreciate the compliment to our humble ability if the Magazine was mentioned. We are not particularly interested in the personal prominence that we may attain, but we are deeply interested in the official organ that is endeavoring to mould the sentiments of a more powerful unionism among the working classes. Therefore, brothers of the quill, be kind and considerate.

Rev. Daniel Shepardson, an evangelist minister who occupied the pulpit of Rev. G. B. Vosburgh, horrified the congregation of the First Baptist Church at Denver a few weeks ago when he produced a letter written by a prominent church leader confessing that he led a double life. The sinner and Christian who wrote the epistle was a leader in the Endeavor society and a Sunday school teacher. When the evangelist waved the letter of confession above his head announcing the infamy of the hypocrite the audience cried shame! and the pastor's face exhibited all the symptoms of scarlet fever. There was a disposition upon the part of the pastor and many of the congregation to smother the contents of the sensational document, but the evangelist had the courage to boldly declare that this Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde was now teaching a class in the Sunday school. We admire that kind of an evangelist, who dares to expose the tares that grow among the wheat of Christianity. No congregation can afford to allow this leper to debauch youth while wearing the livery of religion. Hypocrisy can only be rendered harmless through exposure. Such a man is safer in prison than in church.

Father McGrady, the Socialist priest of Kentucky, has tendered his resignation to the bishop who controls his parish. For some time the bishop has importuned the famed pulpit orator to renounce the doctrines of Socialism, but all his urgent appeals were fruitless in restraining this tribune of the people to silence his voice in the expression of those honest convictions which have carried hope to the faltering and depressed. Father McGrady will now, in all probability, devote his whole time to the propagation of that pure Christianity which nailed the Man God upon a cross and condemned him to die between two thieves. With Father McGrady and Father Hagerty on the rostrum for Socialism, the battle against oppression will be waged with renewed vigor and determination. More Christian soldiers of this brand are wanted.

In the state of New Jersey, where the trusts have found such fertile soil the Trades Council of Plainfield have started an organization known as the American League of Workmen. The members of the organization are pledged to refuse to work with unnaturalized foreigners. We believe that every man who breaks the ties of kindred in the old world and seeks a home in the new should become a citizen of the United States as soon as possible. But this organization in New Jersey has not been launched for the honest purpose of converting the foreigner to American citizenship. The smooth hand of capitalism is exposed in this new organization, and the corpse of A. P. A.-ism is again resurrected from its grave to fan the flame of race prejudice for the benefit of the exploiter, whose dividends grow larger as internecine war spreads among the laboring classes. The spirit of bigotry in the ranks of unionism should be strangled wherever it lifts its serpent head and the man or men who are attempting to kindle the fires of hate under the mask of a labor organization should be consigned to the same infamy as a scab.

District Attorney Jerome of New York, at an annual dinner of the New York Society of the Mayflower Descendants at Delmonico's, committed a blasphemy against the immortalized idol of Democracy when he intimated that Thomas Jefferson was a fakir and that liberty and equality was sentimental "rot." Mr. Jerome, whose declarations have created somewhat of a sensation, is absolutely correct in his assertions, and the practical observer can advance indisputable evidence to corroborate his statements. There can be no liberty or equality among men until humanity votes for the means and opportuni-

ties whose monopoly in the hands of the few has brought about physical as well as mental degeneration in the race. The child whom poverty has committed to the coal mine or the factory in the morning of its life, cannot hope to cope intellectually with the favored child of fortune, who can face the world armed with a diploma from a university. The child that has been starved through life on a bare subsistence cannot hope to be either a Sampson or a Solomon, but these glaring inequalities of which the district attorney speaks are giving birth to a liberty and an equality that will excel in splendor the brightest sentiment expressed in Jefferson's document of human freedom.

The message of President Roosevelt to Congress was a disappointment. The man who has been lauded for his courage has become weak and wavering before the great problems that are demanding a solution. The bear hunter and lion tamer presented a pitiable spectacle as he attempted through his message to straddle the chasm that yawns between labor and capital. The man who attempts to mix oil with water, who endeavors to bring peace between the hungry wolf and the gentle lamb, is wasting his time, and is not the man who has in him the stamina to stand erect and face the storm that is darkening the horizon of this nation. Patting labor on the back with flattering adulation while admonishing Congress to enact no legislation that might cause even a ripple on the sea of commercialism, is a lame and vacillating document to put faith and hope in the hearts of the millions. Teddy has been put upon the scales and the people have discovered that he is a light weight statesman. He may look like a soldier on dress parade, but when confronted with the trust guns from the fortifications of intrenched capitalism, he seems to be troubled with palpitation of the heart.

WESTERN FEDERATION NOTES.

The union at Durango, Colorado, shows a large increase in membership.

During the past month three unions have been organized in Nevada, at Edgemont, Robinson and Weed Kind.

The Selby Smelter Workers' Union of Crockett, California, which was formerly affiliated with the Blast Furnace and Smelter Workers, have joined the Western Federation of Min-

ers in a body. The smelter workers of Crockett have an organization of 362 members in good standing.

J. T. Lewis of the executive board has organized a new union at Gold Roads, Arizona.

The unions in the Crow's Nest valley in British Columbia have organized a district union.

The unions throughout Utah show an increase in membership and are in a flourishing condition.

The unions in Tuolumne county, California, have organized a district union and the locals are taking on new life as the mines are starting up and new men coming in.

Charles H. Moyer, president of the Western Federation of Miners, recently visited the unions of the Cripple Creek district and was highly elated with the push and energy of the miners of the far-famed gold belt of Colorado.

Victor Miners' Union No. 32, at Victor, Colorado, has liquidated the debt on their hall which is one of the handsomest structures in the Cripple Creek district. The property has cost over \$30,000 and is now paying a rental of nearly \$500 per month.

The Nanaimo coal miners of Vancouver, British Columbia, voted unanimously to affiliate with the Western Federation of Miners and James A. Baker of the executive board is now on the ground instructing the coal miners in the work of thorough organization.

To show that unionism is alive and growing in the Black Hills, we clip the following from the Register, published in Central City, South Dakota:

"As a result of a little missionary work among the men employed in the new works of Deadwood, Sawpit, Blacktail and Sheeptail gulches and the Garden City district by a committee from Central City Miners' Union, twenty-two new members were taken into the union last Saturday evening. About the same number have made application and will be initiated when they are changed from the night to the day shifts. Quite a number of members have been taken in by virtue of transfers from other locals and many old union men who had allowed

themselves to become delinquent have paid up their back dues and are again in good standing.

"The work of the committee has resulted in adding nearly 100 names to the membership of Central City union.

"At the close of the business session refreshments and cigars were served and the new and the old members became better acquainted."

REPORT OF EXECUTIVE BOARD.

Denver, Colorado, December 4, 1902.

To the Local Unions of the Western Federation of Miners:

We, your executive board, beg leave to submit for your consideration the following report:

In response to a call issued by your president and secretary-treasurer the board convened and went into executive session at headquarters of the Western Federation of Miners on November 24, 1902, at 9 a. m., and held daily sessions until the evening of December 4, 1902, upon which date it adjourned.

We note with regret the absence of Brother Otto Peterson of South Dakota, who was unavoidably detained at home on account of serious illness of his family. We extend to Brother Peterson and family our heartfelt sympathy and hope to hear of a speedy recovery of the afflicted ones. We have missed the congenial countenance and wise council of our absent brother.

After an exhaustive and careful examination of the books of the Federation we are pleased to report that we find the same have been kept in a satisfactory and business-like manner in every particular, and we beg to express our appreciation of the prompt and efficient manner in which the secretary-treasurer has discharged his duties.

At the time of convening we found an unusual amount of business to be considered. After ten days' deliberation we have been able to dispose of all business before us, with one exception, which is the matter of formulating a plan for the organization of the Women's Auxiliary, which was recommended by the tenth annual convention. At this time matters of importance makes it absolutely necessary that some member of the board be in their respective districts at once, therefore we deem it advisable to defer this matter until the next meeting of the board.

Since the adjournment of the tenth annual convention we have been successful in organizing twenty new unions, which

has increased our numerical strength in a very satisfactory degree.

In perusing the reports of members of the various districts we find there are numerous small camps and small bodies of unorganized miners and prospectors who are, under our present system, unavoidably deprived of membership, and the benefits to be derived therefrom, who are desirous of becoming affiliated with our organization. Therefore we deem it wise to in some manner provide for the affiliation and protection of these men. In view of this condition we have seen fit to outline a plan to be put in effect at once, full details of which will be mailed to the secretaries of all locals of the Federation, as early as possible.

We have outlined a plan for more thorough organization within the present limits of our jurisdiction, and expect to be in a position in the very near future to extend our jurisdiction to Old Mexico, which, if successful, will increase our membership materially.

After consideration of the co-operative mining proposition in all its details, we recommend that the officers and members in their respective districts investigate as to suitable and favorable looking properties and submit a definite plan for the consideration of the eleventh annual convention. Furthermore, we ask the assistance of the locals along these lines.

We regret to learn that certain unscrupulous and avowed enemies of organized labor are using every effort in their power to lay the cowardly assassination of A. L. Collins, late general manager of the Smuggler-Union mine at Telluride, Colorado, at the door of organized labor. This cowardly act we most sincerely deplore and denounce the perpetrators thereof as unfit for the society of any class of humanity, and we hereby call upon our members to use every means in their power to bring the guilty party to justice and thus purge our name from the stigma that those unscrupulous enemies of society are endeavoring to cast upon it.

We desire to call your attention to the rule or ruin policy being pursued by the American Federation of Labor. This organization, with its boasted strength and confronted with thousands of unorganized wage workers in the United States, seems to be carried away with an insane desire to break into the ranks of other labor organizations that have spent years in a desperate struggle to maintain living conditions. We believe that the time has arrived when our organization should say in no uncertain language to this band of disruptionists,

"hands off." We have no desire to interfere with their organization and demand that they discontinue their efforts to create dissension in our ranks.

We desire to call your attention to the conditions in district No. 6, where the organizing field offered the greatest inducement, and in view of this fact the board at its last meeting instructed the member from that district to devote his entire time and attention, so far as possible, to the organizing work. We regret, however, that owing to the conditions in the Crow's Nest country, where, owing to the aggressive, unfair and inhuman action of the Crow's Nest Pass Coal Company the men in their employ have been repeatedly forced out on strike, thus occupying the major portion of the time of the member from that district, also considerable time of the president, owing to this fact the organizing proposition in that field has been very materially neglected. We are pleased to state, however, that matters are now so adjusted that we hope future trouble in that locality will be obviated for some time to come and that we will now be enabled to conduct the general work of the organization in that district in a more satisfactory manner.

We are also pleased to report that the smelter strike at East Helena, Montana, that was on during the tenth annual convention was declared off July 7th, the union gaining recognition and reinstating all members of the union.

We regret to say that at this time we are confronted with a strike of smeltermen and miners at Keswick and Iron Mountain, California, and as far as advised, we consider the conditions favorable to a satisfactory settlement of this difficulty in the near future.

We have had some few differences at several points in the jurisdiction, most of which have been settled, while some are still pending which we have every reason to believe will be satisfactorily adjusted in the near future.

Taking the jurisdiction as a whole, we have reason to feel encouraged at the progress made and predict a large measure of success during the remaining portion of the fiscal year.

Respectfully submitted.

ED HUGHES.
J. T. LEWIS.
L. J. SIMPKINS.
PHIL BOWDEN.
D. C. COPLEY.
J. A. BAKER.

NOTICE.

To the Secretaries of All Unions of the W. F. M.

On October 7, 1902, I visited on a working basis the Kimberly Miners' Union No. 100, W. F. M., the same having been in a dormant condition for the past ten months, owing to the closing down of the mines and the absence of all mine officials and nearly all the members.

I found in the accumulated mail (which had remained unopened) many applications for transfers and other communications of importance to various locals.

Therefore I take this means of informing you of the communication addressed to Brother Richard Joyce, District Secretary Kimberly Miners' Union No. 100, W. F. M., Kimberly, B. C., will receive prompt attention.

J. A. BAKER.

Member Ex. Board Dist. No. 6, W. F. M.

WITHHOLD THEIR SUPPORT.

Whereas, The Denver Post has in its columns attempted to lay the blame for the assassination of the late Arthur L. Collins, manager of the Smuggler-Union mine, at the door of Telluride Miners' Union No. 63, W. F. M., and,

Whereas, One Polly Pry, reporter for said paper, has while in the employ of said paper, written articles for publication in the Post maligning members of the Western Federation of Miners, and particularly Brother Vincent St. John, president of Telluride union, an anarchist, and making the absolutely false statement that in an interview he (St. John) had said to her that certain people in the vicinity of Telluride should be put out of the way; therefore, be it

Resolved, That Engineers' Union No. 75, W. F. M., through its members, hereby protests against any newspaper which attempts by absolute falsehood and misstatements to establish the guilt upon members of the W. F. M. while there is no evidence to show that any member of Telluride Union or of the W. F. M. is in any way connected with said crime; and be it further

Resolved, That we consider the Denver Post unfair to the W. F. M. and wish our membership to withhold their support from said paper; and that a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of this meeting and be printed in the Miners' Magazine, Colorado Chronicle and the Cripple Creek Press.

ALTMAN ENGINEERS' UNION NO. 75, W. F. M.

S. H. DANIELS, President. E. S. HOLDEN, Secretary.

December 16, 1902.

COMMUNICATIONS.

BRINGING FORTH THE LEGISLATURE.

PR

of the Colorado Miners' Union, No. 23 are
 The resolutions to present a bill to the legislature
 and to make a bill out of the
 and to present out the
 and to present out the
 and to present out the

As you are aware, the eight hour law has been
 carried in the state by a large majority.

Already the corporations whose employes are affected
 (mines, smelters, etc.) have raised a fund of \$100,000 to prevent
 this measure from becoming a law, or if it does become a law,
 to make it so that it will be ineffective and inoperative.

Leadville and a few smaller camps are most vitally af-
 fected, as everywhere throughout the state the various unions
 have already procured an eight hour day.

Your welfare as well as that of your families is at stake
 and we therefore call upon you to do your duty and attend the
 meetings of this union at least once a month and thus help to
 promote the interests and welfare of all.

Questions and business of vital importance will come up
 for discussion and transaction from now on and your presence
 will greatly enable us to dispose of them in the proper manner.

Fraternally yours,
 C. R. BURR, President.
 JAMES M'KEON, Secretary.

UNIONISM GROWING.

Colorado City, Colo., Dec. 9, 1902.

Editor Miners' Magazine—Our union has not had very
 much trouble in organizing. While there have been some of
 the men afraid to act boldly for unionism, other old standbys
 scattered through the mills have not been idle. The fruit is
 appearing. We have been initiating several members at our
 meetings each week. Our membership has more than doubled
 in the last month. I have a good many applications before me
 for next meeting night. Our ranks are pretty well filled with
 men who are wise enough to strike at the ballot box, the place
 to make themselves felt. Socialism is no foreign theme to our

members. The way you handled the Colorado Springs Labor Journal in your last issue was certainly correct. A labor journal that is too good to talk politics is so good that it is good for nothing. Fraternally,
 W. R. ENNIS,
 Sec.-Treas. Colo. City M. and S. U. No. 125.

NOTICE.

Maurice O'Donnell of Silver Brook, Pennsylvania, has written a letter to Secretary W. D. Haywood making inquiries as to the whereabouts of his brother, Charles J. O'Donnell. When last heard from was in Denver, Colorado. His mother is very ill and any member of the Western Federation of Miners who can furnish any information concerning the missing man will confer a great favor by communicating with Maurice O'Donnell, Silver Brook, Pennsylvania.

FREE COINAGE MINERS' UNION NO. 19.

Altman, Colo., Dec. 6, 1902.

Editor Miners' Magazine—It may be of interest to some of the readers to know how things are going on Bull hill. We are progressing nicely, taking in new members every week or as often as new men come into the district. We are working along the lines adopted by the W. F. M. convention—education and organization. We are giving our members a dose of educational literature by taking a bundle of most all of the leading labor and Socialist papers, and when administered on first application to some of the "dyed-in-the-wool" Republicans or Democrats the effect is like "hopoke" on a cat, but by continued application they will begin to think for themselves and see that there is something radically wrong with the present competitive system. We are breaking the links of the two old parties and welding thought of freedom which will, in time, put Free Coinage, No. 19, in the front rank as an educator of Socialism. Yours fraternally,
 W. B. E.

THE KESWICK AND IRON MOUNTAIN STRIKE.

On the night of the 20th of November, 1902, commenced what has proven so far to be one of the most remarkable strikes in the history of the Western Federation of Miners. At 6 p. m. of that day every smelterman on the day shift at the Keswick smelters quit work; not a man of the night shift reported for duty, and ever since not a curl of smoke has issued

from the big smokestacks. And never again will this smelter run till it is cleansed of scabs and unionized from one end to the other. This company, operating the mines at Iron Mountain, eight miles above Keswick, and the smelter at Keswick, is an English one, viz: The Mountain Copper Company, Limited, of 3 Lombard street, London, England, and it is one of many branches of an English money-grabbing octopus with mines in Spain and Rio Tinto and elsewhere. It is reported, also, that the Rothschilds are at the back of this trust.

This company is composed of such a bloodless outfit of stock-jobbing sharpers that it cares nothing for the welfare of the country it gouges. Keswick, California, might as well be in Siberia, so far as control of its acts by American laws is concerned, for its general manager, Lewis T. Wright, is a British autocrat, who cares no more for the lives of his employes, or their comfort, than does the Czar for his wretched convicts. This company has bought up and stolen through its hirelings a big tract of country around its smelter and mines and the whole place is run like a bit of feudal Britain. Lewis T. Wright demands worship like an Egyptian god. No decent, self-respecting man can stand his dictatorial fashion of doing business for any length of time, and the consequence is that his staff of superintendents, clerks, etc., is composed of poor, inefficient menials who hold their places so long as they consent to abdicate their manhood for mean salaries. This conduct of Lewis T. Wright, who is a man of only average ability, but who has the cunning to utilize men's brains selfishly and get the credit for their work for himself, has gradually brought about this strike. To unionism he is deadly opposed.

The Mountain Copper Company wants no union because the moment the union gets power its officials and directors of the company fear that it would demand eight hours and decent wages for the camp. Its profits have been enormous on its California business, and it was evidently hoping to go along its old damnable scabbing way unmolested till it had scooped Shasta county and made its directors richer than they had ever dreamed.

The Western Federation of Miners, however, has had its eyes on this scab outfit, and when I appeared on the scene to make another attempt to establish a union the death knell of its infamy was struck. A union had been formed in 1901, with J. W. Kitzmiller as president, but the company had summarily dismissed him and his active brother members, and the union became defunct. I first went up to the mines at Iron Mountain to work underground, and in a few days had the camp union-

ized. Of course I was soon discovered and fired out. Keswick was like a barrel of gunpowder when I went down there, and I had only to touch it off with the match of straight Federation unionism and the camp went solid. When everything was in good working order I went south to attend to another part of the state.

Shortly after my departure the Mountain Copper Company commenced action to destroy local union No. 143, and Wright's superintendent of smelter, A. S. Haskell, a poor, brainless, subservient tool, who simply exists to do Wright's dirty work, began to clean out union men. Haskell's one point of excellence in Wright's eyes is that besides being a crawler he had broken a strike once before in his life. Haskell, by the way, is a surveyor by trade. He managed to get a job in this company as roaster superintendent, and then conspired with Wright to get rid of the smelter superintendent above him, viz., J. W. Bennie, the man who really made the Keswick smelters a success. Wright was jealous of Bennie and was afraid Bennie would oust him from the managership by his sheer ability. So Haskell stepped in when Bennie was worried out, and between Wright and Haskell, who knows nothing about smelters but what he has learned in Keswick, the place has been mismanaged into a strike. Jack Chapman, who was foreman of the smelter, took charge of Haskell on his elevation as superintendent, and the smelter has run successfully in spite of mismanagement simply through the following of Bennie's policy. Bennie went to La Cananea and is now in Clifton, Arizona.

The attack on union No. 143 started with the discharge of two prominent unionists, Crain and Reed. They were in charge of the electric slag dumping train, and when returning to the smelter with their cars, they ran over a man, damaging one of his legs quite badly. The man had been twice warned from the track, where he had no business to be, but he did not get off. The motorman, however, had his train so completely under control that he stopped it after only one wheel had passed over the man's legs. Everybody who saw the accident agreed that it was no fault of Crain and Reed, but shortly afterwards J. J. Murray, Haskell's man-of-all-work, a young fellow from the London center sent out to learn the practical smelting business here, came down and ordered Crain to go and get his time. Murray asked no questions and gave the man no time or chance to explain the accident. Reed got the same dose from Chapman at Murray's orders. This specimen of British capitalistic tyranny made the smeltermen hot, but they decided in special meeting not to strike till the policy of

the company against unionism became absolutely clear. An important fact is that the day after their discharge the two men interviewed W. S. Cole, who was acting manager in Wright's temporary absence, and he said that if they had been in his division and the accident had happened on the railroad he would not have discharged them, but that as Murray had done so, he could not interfere in the matter. This was equivalent to clinching the discharge. Cole is in reality the "joker" of the company and needs close watching for the future.

DONNELLY'S CASE.

It was known that J. L. Donnelly was the president of local union No. 143. Shortly afterwards he asked for and got a lay-off from Jack Chapman, his foreman, and at its expiration he presented himself for work. Chapman told him that "it had come at last," which meant his discharge. Everybody had been anticipating this because of his activity in union affairs. Donnelly went to headquarters to endeavor to find out what he was discharged for, but he could not get a hearing from Superintendent Haskell. The union realizing the fact that their former president, J. W. Kitzmiller, had been discharged in like manner, and that the old union had become defunct through wholesale decapitation of its active members, determined to ask for Donnelly's reinstatement or have good reasons for his discharge.

DEHAVEN'S CASE.

DeHaven, of the power plant, was known to be a union man, and his foreman, C. S. Brush—a young man who has lost his head entirely in this strike—told him that if he did not quit the union he would be discharged. DeHaven refused to do this and accordingly got his time. Brush is one of Haskell's chief supporters.

There are many other cases similar to those specifically mentioned above.

In conjunction with the strike committee there was issued a statement of our case of which part is as follows:

"We have enumerated the leading causes of the strike, and while we insist on the reinstatement of the above men, we also insist on the recognition of the union. We Americans are reasonable men and ask for nothing hurtful to the Mountain Copper Company. It is a notorious fact that where unions are strongest the best work is done and companies get the best service. By recognition of the union we mean this: The men in their union appoint a committee to wait on the manager, whoever he may be, to lay before him and settle any grievances

that may arise from time to time. What could be more reasonable? It is only natural to expect that friction must sometimes arise in the handling of so many men. It is therefore surely the strictest economy, commercially speaking, to have a body of responsible men who can meet the management and settle disputes peaceably, and thus avoid disastrous strikes. The union does not back drunken or negligent workmen. It does not and never has dictated who an employer will or will not employ, whether he be union or non-union man. When the committee went to Mr. Wright with their troubles, not only would he not see them, but he would not hear of the message they had come to deliver, and to this day he does not know what the men wanted. Whether he has acted with wisdom or with folly, the public must judge.

To sum up: The Mountain Copper Company has discharged good and able workmen, not for proved negligence or disobedience to orders. It has seized the flimsiest pretexts for the discharge of men who have been loyal and faithful employes. The Western Federation of Miners possesses undisputable evidence of the truth of the above facts, and if the Mountain Copper Company finds anything false in them, let it obtain redress in the courts of Shasta county. We are ready to prove our case. We beg nothing, and merely stand to fight on a fair field and no favor. If it is impossible for the company to run its works decently and up to the American standard—a standard that leads in the world's markets to-day—let it sell out and make way for some corporation that will. The Federation awaits the pleasure of Lewis T. Wright and his directors. Win we shall. It is only a matter of time, whether short or long."

I wish to emphasize the importance of this strike to the Federation. Upon its success depends the unionization of most of California. Our success will stiffen the backbones of those men who are on the fence and will spread unionism far and wide. We struck and the company has threatened a shut-down for a year if we do not crawl back as slaves. From the very start we have conducted an aggressive campaign. And we should not rest till we have fully exposed the gross blundering and mismanagement of Lewis T. Wright and his underlings which are the direct cause of the strike.

Lewis T. Wright has recently returned from a visit to his fellow stock-jobbing schemers in London, and it is possible they have forced this strike with a view to depressing stocks and gobbling them up cheap "on 'change in Lunnon, don't ye know." This shut-down for a year is a bluff. And unlike the Northport strike, we shall force the fighting here till this

company will either have to open as a union camp or sell out and get out of America.

Our picket organization is perfect. J. Edwards, chief of the pickets, and his sergeants, have the lines drawn round the smelter tight, and all along the lines are tents and camp fires in regular military fashion. We have been threatened with whitecapping and assault by a body of armed citizens from Redding and other places, but we are ready to defend ourselves from any and all attacks. Our commissary department feeds a small army of men, many of them with large families. We have free barber and cobbler shops, also a bath house. Scabs have been handled in workmanlike fashion, and the few scabs inside the smelter doing laboring work will be attended to at an early date.

We shall win the fight, for our men are grim and determined. Money must come in steadily. It is hard cash against hard cash; determination and brains against capitalism, arrogance and brutality. In my next article I shall treat of the criminal mismanagement of the mines at Iron Mountain, which are death traps of the most approved kind and a disgrace to California.

In the meantime, keep your eyes on Keswick. Send help without delay. This is another of the opening skirmishes in the impending war between organized labor and irresponsible capital.

B. F. BARBEE,

State Organizer W. F. of M.

TELLURIDE MINERS' UNION NO. 63.

Telluride, Colorado, Dec. 7, 1902.

Editor Miners' Magazine—Telluride has again come to the front, with at this time a very unpleasant notoriety and unjust reflections on the union and malicious lying against us and our officers. Everything here was serene, all things running smoothly, not a speck of distrust illumined the horizon, when the community was horrified to hear that Mr. A. L. Collins had been shot while playing a friendly game of cards. The death of Mr. Collins is to be deplored, but the great howl that has gone forth and up from those to whose interest it is to stir up strife is nauseating in the extreme. The darkly dim twilight twinkler of this burg, in its fulsome flattery, states that there was greater gloom cast over the town when the news spread that Mr. Collins had been shot than there was a year ago when twenty-six miners were killed by criminal negligence, which goes to show that "the reputable and conservative business ele-

ment" take more stock in a man of position who contributes hardly a cent to their maintenance, than they do to twenty-five or fifty men who directly support them. Possibly, however, that was merely the private opinion of the so-called editor of the aforesaid twinkler, whose fat head cannot conceive an idea, whose principle is nil, whose god is Mammon, whose motto is "The stuff is the thing;" in fact so far did he carry his motto that whilst mayor of this beautiful town he prates of, he disappeared one dark night, and for monumental nerve, or rather gall, he takes the cake, bakery, bunery and in fact the whole cheese, for when Father Time had healed the festering sores of enmity he came back and is still here with his co-partner, the manager of the Journal, a man tarred with the same brush.

Brothers, allow us to introduce to you—no, we guess not; we will not sully our hands or reputations with an introduction, but we will point out to you our two greatest specimens of gall in the state of Colorado, Curry and Painter, editor and manager, respectively, of our small thunderer, the Daily Bladder, otherwise known as the Daily Journal. These are the yahoos that are slandering their betters, are posing before the public as the simon pure, unadulterated white winged angels of peace. These are the unconvicted pin-headed degenerates that are stirring up strife and trouble, that are calling for the militia, yelling anarchy, Molly Maguireism and other such tommy-rot, getting brilliant space writers in from Denver to write up and listen to their tale of woe.

These are the yaps that are the mouthpiece of the Mine Managers' Association, that howl, howl, howl, like a coyote howling in the darkness of the night, that endeavor to blame the union for the shooting of Mr. Collins and yet were as silent as the tomb when others were assassinated when there was no union in the camp. Ex-Marshal Clark shot from ambush in the streets of Telluride; his friend, "Doc" Shores, who came to investigate, which would not have cost the county or city a cent for expenses, given twenty-four hours to leave town, yet not a word in condemnation, not a howl concerning Molly Maguireism; not a cry for militia, but silence, golden silence; Ceber killed in his own house at Pandora, the murderer being known and no action taken to apprehend him; Joe Savignac shot through window; still no howl; strange, ain't it?

One of their space writers was a woman, whose pen name is Polly Pry—quite appropriate—who interviewed St. John and when the interview appeared it contained nothing more than a hot roast and abuse—not a particle of truth only as

regards his private history. She made it appear that St. John took her into his confidence, told her who was going to be removed, or should be removed, said he was a typical anarchist, being that he was dressed in rough clothes (so look out, boys, always have a boiled shirt on when being interviewed), and the whole interview tended to the belief that Telluride was terror stricken and that St. John was either a d—d fool or an insane galoot moseying and mouthing around with dynamite and other combustibles concealed around his person, when he advocated, publicly or otherwise, the removal of some of "the eminent and respectable citizens" of this beautiful little village of Telluride. Absurd? Sure.

The German poet, Goethe, tells us in that tragic poem, "Faust" how women can be won over or bought by the insidious means of presenting gifts of costly jewelry, but poor Polly Pry has prostituted her brilliant intellect for a few paltry dollars to a sensational-mongering newspaper, whose owners are so well known that they need no comment. Polly, poor Poll, we extend our sympathy and pity to you, for 'tis a sad commentary on our social condition when men and women of brains are forced to use their intellect to villify and maliciously lie to create strife, malice, envy, antagonism and murderous thoughts in order that they may live.

Poor, cynical, weary, weakly, worldly-wise Polly Pry, we pity you and sympathize with you, and hope that when you lay down life's cares that you will go with an enlightened heart and chastened spirit to

"A land that is fairer than this,
Where the newspapers cease their lying
And the weary are at rest."

PRESS COMMITTEE NO. 63.

PRICE LIST OF SUPPLIES.

Charters	\$25.00	Each
Rituals	1.00	Each
Warrant Books	1.00	Each
Receipt Books	1.00	Each
Federation Emblems	1.00	Each
Constitution and By-Laws, per copy05	Each
Withdrawal cards01	Each
Delinquent Notices01	Each
Application Blanks01	Each
Membership Cards05	Each
Canceling Stamp65	Each
Séals	3.00	Each

Due Stamps at ratio of per capita tax, six for \$1.00.

Officers' Bond Blanks and Quarterly Report Blanks furnished free.

W. D. HAYWOOD,

Secretary-Treasurer, Denver, Colo.

Room 625, Mining Exchange.

TOLD IN RHYME.

THE CRY OF THE PENNSYLVANIA COAL MINERS.

For wage, oh, my masters,
 For the price of daily bread;
 For wage, oh, my masters,
 That our children may be fed.
 What, though we live in hovels
 Scarce fit for brutes—less men—
 We will seize our picks and shovels
 And be your slaves again.

For wages, oh, my masters,
 And for labor's rights we've stood,
 And many a noble hero
 In that cause has shed his blood.
 But we cannot see our children
 Suffering hunger's awful pain;
 For wages, oh, my masters,
 We will be your slaves again.

Have pity, oh, my masters,
 For our lot is hard, indeed,
 With the dangers of our calling
 And the avarice and greed;
 And save us, oh, my masters,
 For we've surely had our share
 Of the bullets of a Gobin
 And the growlings of a Baer.

For wages, oh, my masters,
 In this "great land of the free,"
 Again we ask the question:
 Oh, why should such things be?
 As soldiers facing workmen
 With the orders, "Shoot to kill,"
 Yet we prate about our "freedom"
 And the "people's sovereign will."

For wages, oh, my masters,
 Grant us the boon we crave—
 The chance to earn our living
 'Mid the darkness of the grave.
 While death lurks all around us
 Our children's bread we'll win,
 Draw nearer, then, my masters,
 Let us feel we still are kin.

Then listen, oh, my masters,
 In your stately mansions grand—
 Ye, who own the mines and railroads,
 The ocean ships and land—
 Give heed to our petition,
 Ye rulers, every one,
 In the name of God and common weal
 How long shall this go on?

—William McCormick.

Victor, Colo.

THE UNDERCURRENT.

A new order of thought is abroad in the land. While at the top the corporations are strangling justice and robbing the people, underneath there is growing and rapidly spreading a general demand for more equitable conditions. All classes are expressing discontent with existing wrong, and a condemnation of the degrading commercialism of our time. An entirely new literature, which breathes the spirit of human brotherhood, is filling the land. The pen of the age is on the side of truth. Only the hired scribblers for the press and the capitalistic magazines are on the other side. The immediate future seems dark with much tribulation, but the hirelings who now torture labor and assassinate liberty will be buried in their own infamy. A new morning will dawn, radiant with the splendor of freedom, and the children of toil will come into their inheritance.—Idaho World.

The Executive Board of the W. F. M. endorsed the Benn Greenhood Union Garment Factory at Helena, Montana. The product of this factory bears the American Labor Union label.

IN MEMORIAM.

Hall of Tuscarora Miners' Union No. 31, W. F. M.
Tuscarora, Nev., Dec. 3, 1902.

Whereas, It has pleased an all-wise Providence to remove from our midst Brother L. F. Harris; and,

Whereas, He has been a faithful member of this union and an upright citizen in all the walks of life; and,

Whereas, It is fitting that we should offer these resolutions of respect; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, the members of this union, do sincerely mourn the loss of our brother and extend our heartfelt sympathy to his sorrowing family and relatives; and be it further

Resolved, That our charter be draped for a period of thirty days and these resolutions be spread on the minutes of this union and a copy be sent to the family of our deceased brother and copies sent for publication to the Miners' Magazine and to the Tuscarora Times-Review.

W. I. PLUMB,
ROGER DOHERTY,
S. H. TURNER,

Committee.

Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God in the wisdom of His All-seeing Providence, to remove from our midst our late brother, Alec Bjorkyren; therefore, be it

Resolved, That in the death of Brother Bjorkyren Woods Creek Miners' Union has sustained a severe loss in the withdrawal from the ranks of one of the earnest workers, a cheerful comrade, a faithful friend; and be it further

Resolved, That Woods Creek Miners' Union extends to the relatives of Alec Bjorkyren, our late brother, this expression of our heartfelt sympathy for them in their hour of sorrow and bereavement; and be it further

Resolved, That as a further mark of our esteem, the char-

ter of this union be draped in mourning for a period of thirty days; and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to his relatives; also a copy furnished the press for publication and these resolutions be spread on the minutes of this union.

W. T. DANIEL.

J. WHITE.

J. S. BURCH.

Chinese Camp, California, Dec. 12, 1902.

Whereas, Bourne Miners' Union No. 42, W. F. of M., has lost by death our dearly beloved brother, Harry O. Moore, who was cut down in the prime of life by a very short illness with typhoid pneumonia; therefore, be it

Resolved, That this union extend to the relatives and friends of the deceased our heartfelt sympathy and condolence in this their time of grief; and be it further

Resolved, That the charter of this union be draped for a period of two weeks and that a copy of these resolutions be published in the Bourne News and in the Miners' Magazine, the official organ of the W. F. of M.

J. D. McDONALD,

JAKE GREEN,

F. E. HOLMAN,

Committee.

At the regular meeting of Golden Smelters' Union No. 94, W. F. of M., the following resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, It was the will of the Almighty God to remove from our midst on the evening of December 1, 1902, our brother, John Ebenhack; and,

Whereas, This union has lost a loyal and faithful member by the death of brother Ebenhack; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we extend our heartfelt sympathy to the relatives of our deceased brother; and be it further

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

WILLIAM H. ELLIOTT,

HENRY LEESMAN,

W. T. NICHOLAS,

Committee.

The Western Federation of Miners.

CHAS. H. MOYER, President.....No 625 Mining Ex. Bldg., Denver, Colo.
 EDWARD HUGHES, Vice President.....Butte, Mont.
 W. D. HAYWOOD, Sec'y-Treas.,.....625 Mining Ex. Bldg., Denver, Colo.
 JOHN H. MURPHY, Attorney.....503 Kittridge Bldg., Denver, Colo.

EXECUTIVE BOARD:

J. T. LEWIS.....Globe, Ariz. | D. C. COPLEY.....Independence, Colo.
 L. J. SIMPKINS.....Wardner, Idaho. | O. A. PETERSON.....Terraville, S. D.
 PHILIP BOWDEN.. BOX 1063 Butte, Mont. | JAMES A. BAKER.....Slocan City, B. C.

Directory of Local Unions and Officers.

No.	NAME	Moet's Night	PRESIDENT	SECRETARY	P. O. Box	ADDRESS
ARIZONA.						
77	Chloride	Wed	W. H. Cassady	Chas. Parisia	0	Chloride
155	Congress					Congress
150	Gleason	Fri	Thos. Cowan	L. J. Langley		Gleason
60	Globe	Tues	G. G. Stephens	A. J. Bennett	1082	Globe
34	Gold Road		M. Owens	Hank Brenton		Acme
154	Groom Creek	Sat		Jno. O'Connell	291	Prescott
101	Jerome	Wed	T. J. Morrison	Albert Ryan	120	Jerome
96	Kofa		Jos. Juleff	Axel Lindh		MohawkSumit
118	McCabe	Sat	J. A. Hartsfield	S. D. Murray		McCabe
153	Poland	Tues	O. Ardrey	Allen Marks	25	Poland
135						
124	Snow Ball		P. W. Doyle	Mike Koster		Acme
102	Troy	Sun	J. J. Hand	Chas. Peters		Troy
78	Val Minta	Sat	F. G. Mitte	Frank Willis		Val Minta
65	Walker	Wed	D. A. Curtis	J. C. Crowley	18	Walker
160	Weaver		Dan O'Sullivan	Dan Cribbs		Octave
BRIT. COLUMBIA						
43	Camp McKinney	Thurs	Robert Barrow	E. E. Eastwood		C'p. M'Kinney
134	Fairview	Tues	F. Darragh	W. H. Morrison		Fairview
152	Frank	Sat	Wm. Slack	S. Sutherland		Frank, Alb'rt
76	Greenstone	Sat	John Galvin	Edwin Neale	11	Fernie
22	Greenwood	Sat	D. McGlashen	Geo. Dougherty	134	Greenwood
69	Kaslo	Sat	M. P. McAndrew	Geo. T. Kane	75	Kaslo
100	Kimberly	Sat	Fred Mitchell	Richard Joyce	C	Kimberly
112	Kamloops	Sat	W. H. Fawler	Mich. Delaney	92	Kamloops
119	Lardeau			A. J. Gordon		Ferguson
166	Michel	Sat	Wm. H. Evans	John Buie		E. Kootney
120	Morrissey	Sun		Frank Elliot		Morrissey
71	Moyie	Tues	Jno. Blackburn	P. T. Smyth	32	Moyie
96	Nelson	Sat	Thos. Roynon	F. Phillips	106	Nelson
97	New Denver	Sat	H. McWilliams	D. J. Weir	40	New Denver
8	Phoenix	Sat	Leo. McMullan	John Riordan	58	Phoenix
38	Rossland	Wed		M. Villeneuve	42	Rossland
81	Sandon	Sat	J. W. Manning	A. Shilland	K	Sandon
95	Silverton	Sat	S. E. Watson	J. C. Tyree	85	Silverton
62	Slocan	Wed	Wm. Davidson	D. B. O'Neil		Slocan City
113	Texada	Sat	J. D. Fraser	Alfred Raper	888	Van Anda
79	Whitewater	Sat	J. D. Burke	J. J. MacDonald		Whitewater
85	Ymir	Wed	J. H. Alexander	M. MacInnis	18	Ymir
CALIFORNIA						
61	Bodie	Tues	F. Sumafrank	A. MacMillan	6	Bodie
128	Bullion	Wed	D. J. Donahue	D. M. Brown	25	Mt. Bullion
55	Calaveras	Sun	W. W. Wilson	H. Mitchell		Angel's Camp
47	Confidence	Thurs	Fred Grifflie	Edward Goegg	26	Confidence
141	French Gulch		John Eagan	F. F. Keer		French Gulch
70	Gold Cross	Tues	R. M. Hicks	J. A. Vaughn		Hedges
90	Grass Valley	Fri	Sam Butler	R. D. Gluyas	199	Grass Valley
169	Iron Mountain	Sat	R. M. Rogers	M. J. Hall		Fielding
163	Ivanpah		A. H. Shipway	Fred O. Godbe		Manvel

Directory of Local Unions and Officers.

No.	NAME	Meetg Night	PRESIDENT	SECRETARY	P. O. Box	ADDRESS
CALIF.—Con						
115	Jackson	Sun	F. O'Connell	John Casey		Jackson
143	Keswick M & S	Mon	J. L. Donnelly	R. W. Saunders		Taylor
51	Mojave	Sat	T. F. Delaney	W. O. Emery	1	Mojave
44	Pinion Blanco	Wed	J. Trumbetta	Wm. Wivell	5	Coulterville
48	Randsburg	Wed	Frank B. Hand	F. S. Jones	398	Randsburg
173	Selby S. W.		F. J. Ferguson	Albert Johnson		Crockett
39	Sierra Gorda	Thurs	H. Meyertholen	John Baird		Groveland
109	Soulsbyville		J. T. Tonkins	Thos. J. Benny		Soulsbyville
87	Summerville		Robt. Plumber	R. L. Dillon		Carters
73	Toulumne	Thurs	John Forbes	W. McElvaine	63	Stent
167	Winthrop		C. B. Hight	E. A. Sheridan		Winthrop
127	Wood's Creek	Fri	F. Fairburn	W. F. Daniel	16	Chinese Camp
COLORADO						
75	Altman Eng	Tues	S. H. Daniels	E. S. Holden	77	Independence
21	Anaconda	Tues	T. H. Kestle	J. J. Mangan	296	Anaconda
13	Baldwin			A. Dohman		Baldwin
89	Battle Mountain	Sun	Chas. Baldauf	W. McConnel	27	Gilman
64	Bryan	Sat	Alma Neilson	Jas. Spurrier	134	Ophir
106	Ranner M. & S.	Thurs	C. M. Greene	P. J. H. Peterson	254	Victor
157	Black Hawk	Wed	Wm. Cecil	G. E. Bolander	105	Black Hawk
33	Cloud City	Thurs	Jno. McGillis	Jas. McKeon	132	Leadville
125	Colorado City		L. M. Edwards	W. R. Ennis		Colorado City
20	Creede		Geo. Kemble	Thos. Wilson		Creede
40	Cripple Creek	Sat	George Seitz	Geo. D. Hill	1148	Cripple Creek
82	Cripple Crk S. Eng	Wed	A. F. Lindgren	E. L. Whitney	279	Cripple Creek
56	Central City	Mon	J. McKullough	M. A. Swanson		Central City
93	Denver S. M.	Tues	W. McNamara	B. P. Smith		Denver
165	Dunton	Sat	D. L. Shaw	H. E. Haney		Dunton
58	Durango M & S.	Sat	Frank Wride	Robert Carter	1273	Durango
80	Excelsior Eng	Mon	A. J. McCaughan	F. W. Frewen		Victor
110	Florence M & S.			E. J. Conibear		Florence
19	Free Coinage	Fri	W. F. Davis	S. Parker	91	Altman
159	Fulford	Sat	B. S. Morgan	John Jubb	2	Fulford
30	Georgetown	Wed	Julius Keller	Wm. Charles	498	Georgetown
92	Gillett M. & S.		Thos. Kearns	O. W. Adams		Gillett
94	Golden S. M.		Theo. A. Boak	R. M. Nichols	8	Golden
50	Henson	Sat	John S. Boon	Eugene Otis	205	Lake City
136	Idaho Springs	Wed	Edward Smith	J. E. Chandler	412	Idaho Springs
45	Jamestown		N. T. Pennock	O. O. Collins		Jamestown
15	Ourray	Sat	F. E. Loring	H. A. McLean	1111	Ourray
158	Pearl		F. H. Hill	P. J. Byrne		Pearl
24	Pewabic Mount'n		Chas. H. Rice	W. G. Evans	8	Russell Gulch
6	Pitkin County	Tues	Jos. Connors	Theo. Saurer	562	Aspen
133	Pueblo S. M.		J. A. Kinningham	J. O. Peak		Pueblo
36	Rico	Sat	Thos. C. Young	Adolp Laube	427	Rico
174	Ruby Silver		C. Witherspoon	C. H. Campbell		Montezuma
145	Salina	Tues	Fred Meyers	John Munson		Salina
26	Silverton	Sat	F. Schmeltzer	Jas. Clifford	23	Silverton
27	Sky City	Tues	Nels Carlson	A. J. Horn		Red Mountain
63	Telluride	Sat	V. St. John	O. M. Carpenter	537	Telluride
41	Ten Mile	Tues	A. T. Francis	W. J. Kappus	212	Kokomo
32	Victor	Sat	John Harper	Dan Griffiths	134	Victor
84	Vulcan	Sat		J. W. Henderson	38	Vulcan
146	Wall Street		Geo. Brown	A. S. Shipley		Wall Street
59	Ward	Sat	George Brown	Lew. Nichols	78	Ward
108	Whitepine	Thurs	W. S. Barker	M. C. Smith		White Pine
IDAHO.						
10	Burke	Tues	Samuel Norman	Wm. Nichols	156	Burke
52	Custer	Sat	R. N. Howell	G. W. Cherry		Custer
53	DeLamar	Mon	Richard Temby	Albert Tallon	25	DeLamar
11	Gem	Wed	John Hayes	A. S. Balch	107	Gem
37	Gibbonsville	Wed	H. Eickwald	R. R. Dodge	19	Gibbonsville

Directory of Local Unions and Officers.

No.	NAME	Meet'n Night	PRESIDENT.	SECRETARY	P. O. Box	ADDRESS
9	Idaho—Con Mullan	Sat		J. Hendrickson	30	Mullan
161	MacKay		P. J. McGuire	W. H. Waite	21	MacKay
66	Silver City	Sat	Alex Main	H. H. Holloway		Silver City
18	Wardner	Sat	M. Cambell	John Conley	162	Wardner
KANSAS						
149						
147	Gas City S. M.	Mon	J. T. Woods	Harry Fowler	76	Gas City
123	Iola M. & S.		Chas. Chadd	G. F. Titus		Iola
148	LaHarpe S. U.	Tues	Wm. Alexander	R. E. Deist	478	LaHarpe
MONTANA						
117	Anaconda M. & S.	Sat	Dan. O'Leary	P. McNerney	473	Anaconda
114	Anaconda Eng.	Mon	R. P. Kyle	David Storrar		Anaconda
57	Aldridge	Sat	John Curdy	George Reeb	97	Aldridge
12	Barker	Thurs	Henry Daniels	Mike Wilson	5	Barker
23	Basin		John Person	John Mulcahy	1	Basin
7	Belt	Sat	J. J. McLeod	Robt. Wedlock		Niehart
1	Butte	Tues	Wm. Hagerty	John Shea	498	Butte
74	Butte M & S.	Wed	S. S. Updergroff	J. W. Whitely	841	Butte
83	Butte Eng.	Wed	Dan. Meaney	P. A. Stevens	1625	Butte
88						
126	E. Helena M. & S.	Wed	D. McGinty	Jas. McCormick		East Helena
86	Geo. Dewey Eng.	Mon	Alfred Jose	J. M. Carlisle	284	Granite
4	Granite	Tues	John Benan	Wm. Enderlien	D	Granite
162	Granite M & S.	Thurs	C. Calhoun	Chas. Howland	51	Phillipsburg
16	Grt. Falls M. & S.	Sat	J. B. Finlay	Jas. Lithgow	790	Great Falls
35	Hassell	Sat	Ed. Blewett	A. Scharnke	71	Hassel
54	Horr	Fri	T. E. McKernan	Jos. Harmon		Horr
139	Jardine		Thos. Bailey	John McGann		Jardine
107	Judith Mountain	Sat	A. H. Sellers	J. J. Lewis	8	Maiden
103	Marysville	Sat	Adolph Still	N. S. Murphy	73	Marysville
105	Mayflower	Tues	Jerry O'Rourke	Jas. Foster		Whitehall
138	Mount Helena		J. R. Hunter	Nick Hoffman		Helena
104	Norris	Sat	W. A. Lawlor	B. G. Crawford		Norris
111	North Moccasin	Sat	W. R. Woodson	E. E. Phillips		Kendall
131	Pony		Berry Knutson	Thos. Davidson		Pony
25	Winston	Sat	E. J. Brewer	R. F. Whyte	A	Winston
129	Virginia City	Sat	E. J. Gainan	J. E. Reid		Virginia City
NEVADA						
122	Berlin	Mon	I. J. Farley	O. A. Fuller		Berlin
171	Edgemont		C C Myer	W. E. Clawson		Edgemont
72	Lincoln	Wed	D. Marguards'n	R. J. Gordon	51	DeLamar
175	Robinson			Alex Baird		Robinson
164	Searchlight		A. H. Smith	W. Bainbridge		Searchlight
49	Silver City	Tues	C. G. Hamilton	Dave Armstrong	76	Silver City
121	Tonapah	Tues	Henry Spenker	Wm. Enger	92	Tonapah
31	Tuscarora	Wed	J. C. Doughty	S. H. Turner	67	Tuscarora
46	Virginia City	Fri	John W. Kitson	J. W. Kinnikin	1	Virginia City
172	Wedekind		G. W. Lindsay	Geo. Rawlins		Wedekind
OREGON						
130	Alamo		E. P. McCurry	L. Steinmetzer		Alamo
42	Bourne	Tues	Albert French	J. D. McDonald		Bourne
91	Cornucopia	Sat	A. T. Russell	B. M. Patterson		Cornucopia
132	Greenhorn Mt.	Fri	F. E. Holman	E. G. Stevenson		Greenhorn
29	Susanville	Thurs	Chas. Graham	R. O. Ingraham		Susanville
140	Virtue	Tues	W. H. Johnston	S. H. Washburn		Baker City
SO. DAKOTA						
8	Central	Sat	Otto Peterson	W. G. Friggens	23	Central City
14	Deadwood Labor	Thurs	John Neeland	M. T. Commack	590	Deadwood
170	Hill City			J. M. Howell		Hill City
2	Lead	Mon	G. W. Holvey	Thos. J. Ryan	290	Lead City
5	Terry Peak	Wed	Roy Skutt	Geo. Hendy	174	Terry
68	Galena	Wed	Geo. Leach	J. H. Gardner	51	Galena
116	Perry	Wed	Jas. Rawling	E. G. Sligar		Roubaix

Directory of Local Unions and Officers

No.	NAME	Meet'g Night	PRESIDENT	SECRETARY	P. O. Box	ADDRESS
UTAH						
67	Bingham.....	Sat	Peter Streed...	E. G. Lock.....	31	Bingham
151	Eureka.....	Thurs	Godfrey Scherer	Nick Cones	228	Eureka
144	Park City.....	Sat	J. P. Langford.	O. C. Lockhart.	891	Park City....
99	Valley S. U.....	Sat	E. J. Smith....	Jos. Ulmer.....	Murray
WASHINGTON.						
17	Cascade.....	Sat	Patrick Reddy.	Floyd Harman.	Silverton.....
142	Deertrail.....	Tues	Wm. Sparks. ..	J. O'Leary jr	Deer Trail ...
168	Index.....	Sat	H. J. Plumer ..	Ben Evans.....	Index
28	Republic.....	Tues	Alex McKay ...	J. E. Keyes....	157	Republic.....
WYOMING						
157	Continental.....	Wm. Mow	Wm. Malady....	Battle.....
156

STATE UNIONS.

British Columbia, No. 6, Geo. Dougherty, President; Wm. Wilson, Secretary, Pheonix, British Columbia.

DISTRICT UNIONS.

- Cripple Creek, No. 1, J. J. Mangan, President; Dan Griffiths, Secretary, 414 5th st. Victor, Colorado.
- San Juan, No. 2, V. St. John, President; O. M. Carpenter, Secretary, Telluride, Colorado.
- Black Hills, No. 3, C. H. Shaad, Secretary, Terry, So. Dakota.
- Kansas Gas Belt, No. 4, J. A. Bales, President; Jos. Kauffman, Secretary, La Harpe, Kansas.
- Gilpin & Clear Creek, No. 5, Wm. J. Bailey, Secretary, Black Hawk, Colorado.
- Toulumne, No. 6, John Ham, President; John Forbes, Secretary, Carters, Calif.
- Crow's Nest Valley, No. 7, Edwin Neale, Secretary, Fernie, British Columbia.

The American Labor Union.

- DANIEL McDONALD, President..... Box 1067, Butte, Mont.
- D. F. O'SHEA, Vice President..... Cripple Creek, Colo.
- OLARENCE SMITH, Secretary-Treasurer..... Box 1067, Butte, Mont.

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- | | |
|--------------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| H. N. BANKS..... Denver, Colo. | H. L. HUGHES..... Spokane, Wash. |
| FRANK J. PELLETIER..... Butte, Mont. | FRED W. WALTON..... Wallace, Idaho |
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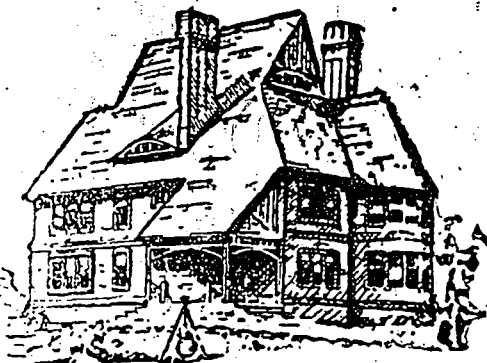


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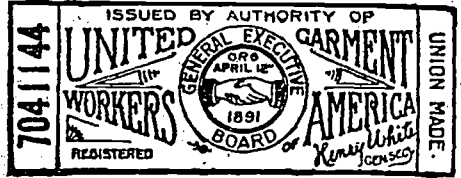
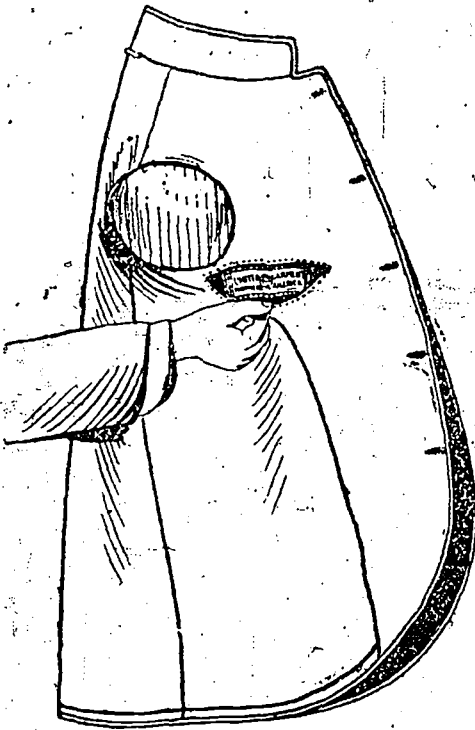
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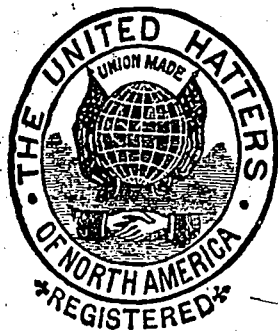
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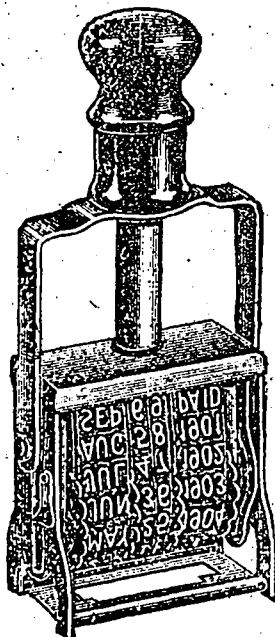
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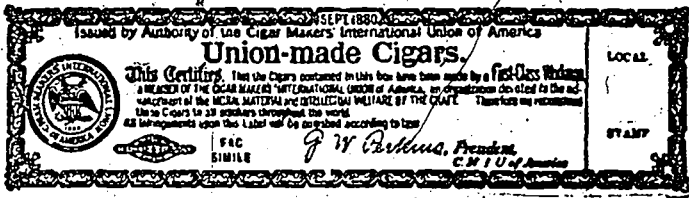
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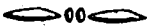
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