

VOLUME 1.

NUMBER 11.

THE
MINERS'
MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER, 1900

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE WESTERN FEDERATION
OF MINERS.

Publication Office, 1613 Court Place, Denver, Colorado.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

UNION MEN

Smoke Union Made Cigars.

THE ROYAL SEAL CIGAR

Is admitted to be the best Union Made Cigar in Western Canada
See that the Blue Label is on the box.

KOOTENAY CIGAR MANUFACTURING CO.,
NELSON, B. C.

GEORGE H. MULLETT,

Practical Tailor,

1412 Curtis Street, Denver, Colorado.



A new and complete stock of fall and winter goods have
been received. Come and look at them.

FOR

Strictly Union Made Clothing

..GO TO THE..

FASHION CLOTHING CO., Telluride, Colo.

The Cripple Creek Daily Press

The Only Daily Paper in the
World Owned and Controlled
✕ by Organized Labor ✕

Stock Issued to Members of Organized Labor only

It Appeals to Organized Labor Everywhere for
Support.

Capital Stock\$12,000.00
Shares \$3.00 each

PRICE OF SUBSCRIPTION:


One Year\$6.00
Six Months 3.00
Three Months 1.50
One Month60

All orders for stock or subscriptions should be addressed to

The Press Printing and Publishing Co.

120 Bennett Ave., Cripple Creek, Colo.

N. B.—All applicants for stock must be vouched for by the secretaries of the Unions to which they belong.



THE CLASS WAR

IN IDAHO.

An Indictment of Combined Capital, in Conspiracy with the Democratic State Officers and the Republican National Administration, for Atrocities Committed Against the Miners of the Cœur d'Alenes.

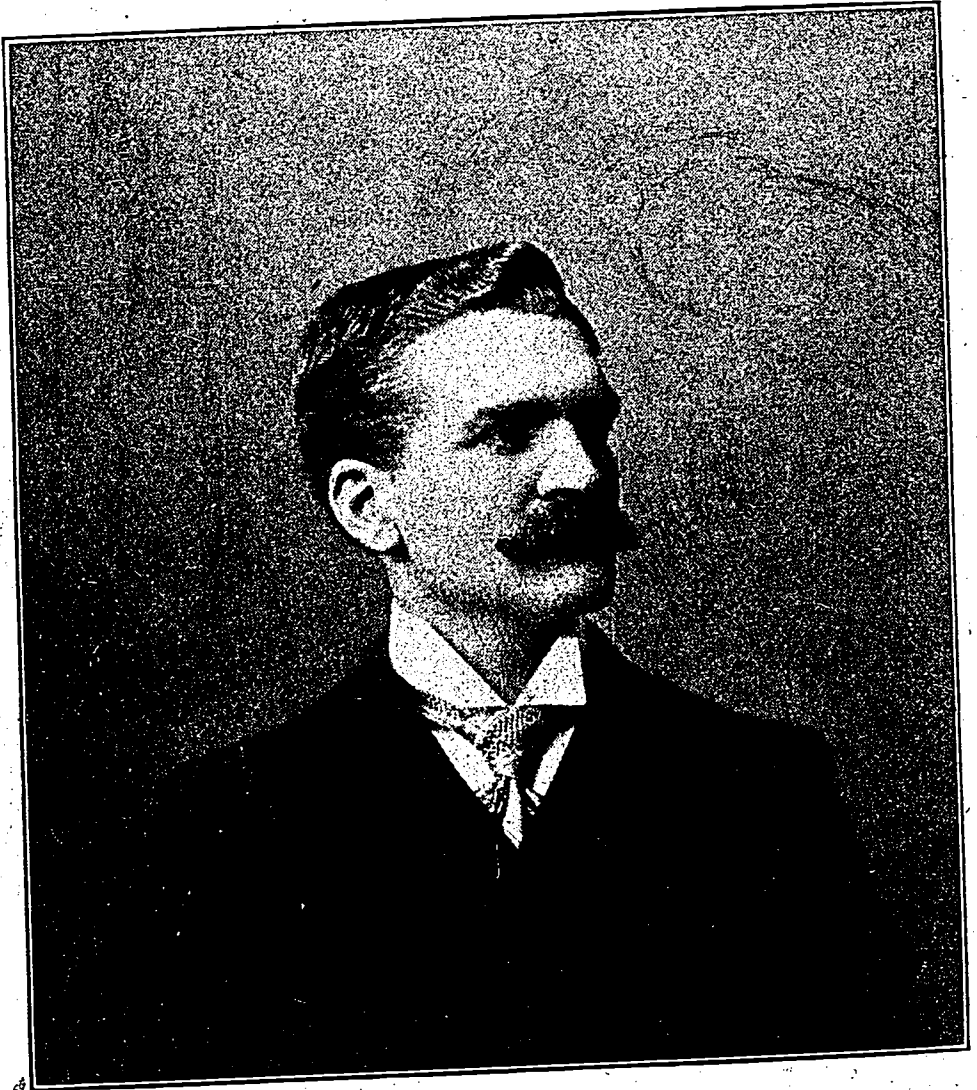
The True Story of the Bull Pen

BY JOB HARRIMAN.

Single copies 5 cents. In quantities to party organizations or to dealers, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ cents each.

Sold by the Publishers at 148 Williams Street,
New York, N. Y.

BUY IT, READ IT,
CIRCULATE IT.



DAVID C. COATES.

The Miners' Magazine

Published by the Western Federation of Miners at 1613 Court
Place, Denver, Colorado; P. O. Box 1615. \$1.00 a Year.

EDWARD BOYCE, Editor.

Unions are requested to write some communication each month for publication.

Write plainly, on one side of paper only; where ruled paper is used write only on every second line.

Communications not in conformity with this notice will not be published.

Subscribers not receiving their Magazine will please notify this office by postal card, stating the numbers not received. Write plainly, as these communications will be forwarded to the postal authorities.

Entered at the Postoffice at Denver, Colorado, as second-class matter.

William McKinley

CANTON, OHIO

Teddy Roosevelt

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

The Greatest Opponents of Organized Labor
A Combination of Weakness and Impudence,
Catering to Power and Privilege

VOTE AGAINST THEM

NOTICE.

We have ordered 10,000 pamphlets of Job Harriman's "Class War in Idaho" for distribution among the different unions of the W. F. of M. We hope none of our members are too busy working for a corporation to take a lay-off and read it and hand it to their neighbors. It will help you. This is the only true and correct history of the situation in the Cœur d'Alenes ever published.

HOLD-UPS.

During the early part of the coal strike some deputies, sons of business men, who had been sworn in to make the miners behave, were themselves arrested for holding up citizens, thus taking the cue from the mine owners they were protecting, who hold up the miners on one side and the consuming public on the other. It is a game of hold-up all around.

D. P. MCGINLEY RE-ELECTED.

The numerous friends of D. P. McGinley who met him at the last two conventions of the Western Federation of Miners will be delighted to know that the members of the Free Coinage Union appointed him secretary after Charles Dillon's death and at the regular election in September re-elected him without opposition. We are glad that his union used such good judgment, for few unions in the Federation have a secretary so well qualified for that position as Dan McGinley.

STEUNENBERG REGRETS.

The day after the San Quentin men were ordered released by the Circuit Court of Appeals, Governor Steunenberg was interviewed and said he regretted the decision. Think of the monumental impudence it must take for an ignorant yahoo like this to comment on the action of this court. The reasons for the court's decision is something that never could penetrate his thick skull, even were he to express himself as he pleased instead of conforming his views to the Standard Oil gauge.

FOLEY NOMINATED FOR PARLIAMENT.

In the city of Nelson, British Columbia, October 4th, the Independent Labor party in convention assembled nominated Chris Foley for the dominion House of Parliament, an act that all who participated in can well feel proud of.

It has been our good fortune to be associated with Mr.

Foley for three years and we can truthfully say that we believe no man ever received a nomination from a body of workingmen more deserving than this worthy gentleman.

The workingmen who placed him in nomination deserve great credit for displaying such good judgment and we hope to be able to congratulate them and their worthy candidate after election day.

THE PEOPLE OF THE BLACK HILLS.

After a sojourn of two weeks in the Black Hills, where we attended a meeting almost every night and spoke in public and private, we can say we never received such kind treatment from the people of any community.

We feel under everlasting obligations to the unions, and the Working Girls' Union in particular, that did so much to make our visit one of pleasure.

The kindness of Charles Moyer and Si Oliver, who accompanied us to all the towns, will long be remembered, and to Judge Moore we feel that we owe him a debt of gratitude for his many favors and generous hospitality.

We wish the honorable judge success in his race for Congress and hope to be able to congratulate him upon his election.

WHAT DEMOCRACY MEANS.

Governor Roosevelt, in a Kentucky speech, said: "In Illinois Democracy means Altgeltism; in Kentucky it means Goebelism." It is a great compliment to Illinois Democracy to say that it resembles Altgelt, the bravest politician that any state in the Union has yet produced. But is it not queer to say in Kentucky Democracy means Goebelism? If this is so, Republicanism means anti-Goebelism, and anti-Goebelism, as practiced in Kentucky last winter, meant murder. On second thought it isn't so queer. People who call the killing of whole populations "benevolent assimilation" do not object very strongly to murder, and besides did not Roosevelt himself shoot a running Spaniard in the back? So he would hardly have a word of reproof for the Howards, Powers, Coombs, Youtseys and the rest of the murderous crew who were giving us an example of the "strenuous life" last January.

PARTIES AND PERSONS.

Apart from any political preferences that we may have for either of the two principal political parties, or adherence to their platforms, we cannot help comparing the personnel of their leaders. Beginning with the heads of the tickets, com-

pare the insignificant McKinley with the strongly individualized Bryan; the loud-mouthed blowhard Roosevelt with the dignified Stevenson; the blustering Wolcott with the brave Pettigrew; the brazen Hanna with the cultured Towne.

Among the former we find that vulgar ostentation and worship of wealth, no matter how ill gotten; in the latter class we find, with few exceptions, the poor, but not poor through lack of capacity, but poor because they are not toadying to all the forms of legalized robbery. One would suppose that the plutocracy, always standing ready to buy the talent as it shows itself, would have managed to bring some brains into its camp. But it seems that either the brains are not all for sale to the first comer, or they do not know where to get them. Whatever the cause, one thing is evident, and that is the campaign of 1900 will go into history as the greatest example of stupid apologies for villainy by the Republicans that a long-suffering public were ever called upon to endure.

JOHN HAYES HAMMOND.

The newspapers of Denver, Colorado, tell us that John Hayes Hammond has concluded to make Denver his home. This wretch will feel more secure in Denver than he would in Johannesburg.

The Denver four hundred and labor persecutors have received a worthy member into their ranks who will grace their festive boards with his presence and add dignity to the Denver Club with General Merriam, Senator Wolcott and Judge Goddard.

It was Hammond who organized the Mine Owners' Association in Idaho when he was president of the Bunker Hill and Sullivan Mining Company for the purpose of reducing miners' wages in the West to \$2.50 per day. It was Hammond who went upon the witness stand and perjured his black soul to send innocent men to the penitentiary. It was Hammond who shipped guns and thugs into the Cœur d'Alenes to disrupt organized labor. It was Hammond who went to South Africa and organized the Jamison raid on the unoffending Boers and was by that government condemned to death for treason, but was pardoned by the leniency of Oom Paul Kruger upon the petition of the United States government.

It is this same Hammond, the friend of President McKinley, that figured so conspicuously in the inauguration of martial law in Idaho, as will be seen by the following telegram:

Chicago, Ill., April 30, 1899.

J. Addison Porter, Secretary to the President:

An armed mob has destroyed valuable property in Wardner, Idaho, in which Jack Hammond, James Haughteling and

others of your friends are interested: The government has asked for federal troops. Please lend your interest to this appeal with the President.

HERMAN B. BUTLER.

Hammond, McKinley's friend, will not be long in Colorado until he succeeds in organizing another mine owners' association to reduce wages and establish bull pens, if his friend McKinley is elected.

THAT VICTOR AFFAIR.

The eastern newspapers are much exercised over what they call the Victor outrage, and are trying to make it appear that only in the wilds of Colorado where Bryanism is rampant do such outrages occur. Now the fact of the matter is simply this—there was no attack on Roosevelt although the audience were somewhat restive when Mr. Wolcott was making a show of himself, and the whole affair was a row between members of the Roosevelt-Wolcott party on their way to the depot, who were mistakenly fighting one another while some small boys were carrying Bryan banners and yelling. It is because Colorado has only four little electoral votes and these are going for Bryan that the abuse continues. In several of the central states there have been rows, both parties being to blame, but no one says that Illinois or Ohio are uncivilized, because there is too big a vote there to be antagonized, and those states are doubtful. On October 17th Mr. Roosevelt was struck on the head by a rock in Cleveland, Ohio. Of course those of us who believe in peace condemn this as an outrage, but to Teddy and his followers who believe in the "strenuous life" these brutalities are what makes life worth living, and they do not stop at throwing rocks, but extend to bullets and shells. Of course Teddy may say the boy who threw the rock did not give him an even chance because he had no rocks and was not throwing anything but mud at present. But then we must remember that Teddy himself was not very particular in the past whether his antagonist was prepared to defend himself when he attacked him.

E. O. WOLCOTT.

E. O. Wolcott, who is trying to be re-elected United States senator from Colorado, is a great advocate of law and order. He fairly froths at the mouth when denouncing acts of lawlessness, either real or supposed, when workingmen have or are supposed to have committed them. But how different when the lawbreaker is one of his own ilk. At the Republican national convention last summer, over which Mr. Wolcott presided, ex-

We have no confidence in the political parties that those men represent, for neither offer any protection to the people in their struggle against the money power which will in a few years control every avenue of industry, making the people entirely dependent upon their mechanism. The Democratic party is composed of men who are devoid of all principle so far as government is concerned. Their only object in the party is to ride into office on Bryan's popularity, and because decent people will not support them in their selfish ends they do not hesitate to proclaim that all men who thus disagree with them are traitors to Bryan and in the pay of Mark Hanna.

Take for example Governor Steunenberg of Idaho, Governor Smith of Montana and Governor Thomas of Colorado, all Democrats; and it would almost be impossible to find three men in the Republican party of such prominence so antagonistic to labor.

We are sorry to acknowledge that the members of the Western Federation of Miners, after adopting a set of principles at their last convention, lost sight of them so quickly, and fell back into the ranks of the two old parties that do not offer anything to the toilers.

Debs and Harriman come nearer representing the views of the Western Federation of Miners as expressed in its set of principles, and it is our duty, if we are sincere in our work, to vote for the men who represent the principles which we have already adopted.

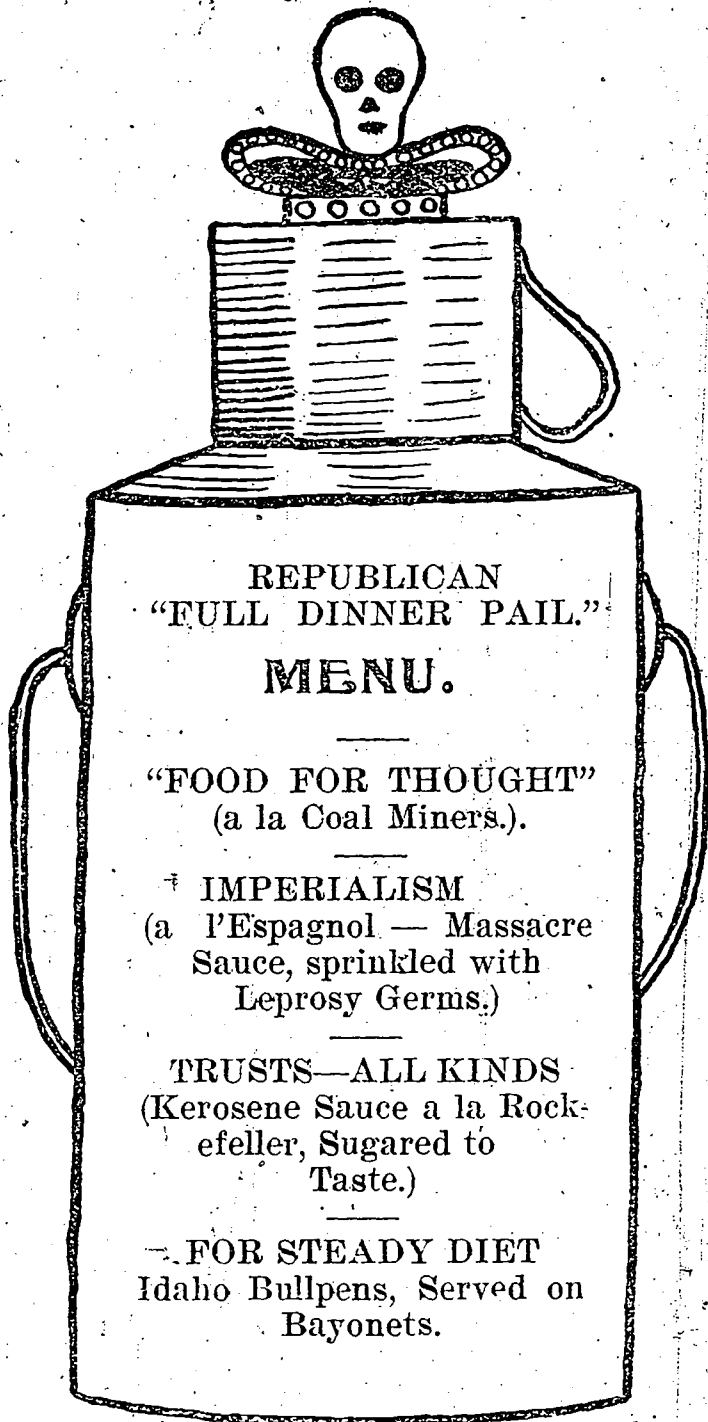
So far as the Republican party and its candidates are concerned, it would be preposterous to even mention them in this article were it not for the fact that in our own ranks there are men so devoid of all reason and self-respect that they actually parade around with the brazenness of a cast-iron statue wearing McKinley and Rosevelt buttons, as it were, to make a further display of their ignorance.

"Ignorance" is a mild term to be applied to the western miner who supports McKinley after the persecution he has imposed upon their fellow craftsmen in Idaho for the past eighteen months, and maintains troops in the center of the mining district for the purpose of perpetuating a permit system unequalled in the history of the world.

If McKinley is elected it will be done by the votes of workingmen; then all we can say is this: "Forge the chains of slavery; prepare the shackles of oppression, for the laboring men of this Republic—the self-styled sovereigns stand ready to receive them."

Men of the mining regions of the West, show by your votes—at least—next Tuesday, that you will not wear them without a struggle. When you go to the polls remember the Wardner

bull pen, and then think of your children, who must reap where you sow.



THE REPUBLICAN WAR CRY.

Four years more of the full dinner pail continues to be the battle cry of the Republican party and it is surprising to see the number of deluded fools among the working men who be-

lieve that this appeal to their animal nature is something grand, lofty, elevating, never stopping to consider that the jackass climbing the mountains in a pack train, the mule trudging wearily along the canal bank, the oxen in the lumber woods, the draft horse on the city streets and on the farm, work for a full trough without any thought of the Republican party or its glories.

The negro on the southern plantation had a full dinner pail three times each day and at night rested upon a comfortable bed; his body was protected from the inclemency of the weather and when sick he received medical attention. He had no fear of the work house, in fact he never heard of such an institution, and when death claimed him he never filled a pauper's grave.

When the evening sun sank behind the distant horizon, his day's labor being performed, his stomach supplied, his heart rose within him and his voice rang out upon the clear Southern air while he sang—he was happy, but a slave.

And now in the dying moments of the nineteenth century a political party in this republic that said those conditions should not prevail under the Stars and Stripes, in less than forty years attempts to establish the same system of slavery by appealing to the working men through their stomachs.

This cry of a "full dinner pail" is an insult not only to the laboring men, but a disgrace to the nation. It is an acknowledgement that the laborer is nothing but a machine unfitted for any use except to produce wealth for the rich.

The miners of Pennsylvania, who are striking for living wages, and the miners of Idaho, who have been imprisoned, shot, blacklisted and banished from their homes by those who cry "Full dinner pail," should be a warning to laboring men. If there is no higher object in life for the producers of all wealth than a full dinner pail, we are in a fair way to return to the days when all laborers were slaves. If children are to be born into this world to be the slaves of unscrupulous politicians that are legislating them into bondage from which there is no escape except through the gates of death, then is freedom and progress and civilization indeed a dream.

DAVID C. COATES; FUSION CANDIDATE FOR LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR.

David C. Coates was born at Brandon, in Yorkshire, England, August 9, 1868. His parents removed to this country and came to Pueblo in 1881, where they have lived since. His father is a machinist and came to Pueblo to assist in the building of the steel mills. David went into the mills and worked as a boy at making steel rails until nearly fifteen years old.

Then he decided to learn another trade, and going into a printing office put in the years necessary to carry a union card of the Typographical union. He graduated from the preparatory school of the fourth estate in 1888, and spent some years in Denver at that avocation. In the fall of 1892 he married Miss Sadie Pearce, the daughter of a prominent builder. After a stay in the East Mr. Coates established himself in Pueblo, and later with Otto F. Thum, purchased a labor paper in that city and rechristened it The Courier. He still conducts the paper and has made a great success of it.

One of the best of the reform papers ever printed was called The Twentieth Century, and it had for its motto, "Hear the Other Side." No one can tell until they have heard the other side whether a man is radical or not. To those who have kept to the cool sequestered vale of life even the very mildest statement of the horrors of the sweatshops of our eastern cities, or the conditions of the coal miners of Pennsylvania seems overdrawn and exaggerated. Mr. Coates has been in touch with laboring men, actually, not academically, all his life, and he knows existing labor conditions very much better than ninety-nine men out of 100.

It was Mr. Coates who introduced the resolution in the Pueblo Trades Assembly calling for a convention of labor organizations to be held in Pueblo, in May, 1896. The succeeding year, at Victor, he was unanimously elected secretary of the Federation of Labor, and re-elected in 1898, and last year, when the Federation met in Denver he was chosen president without a dissenting vote, and was again elected at the convention held at Cripple Creek last June.

Mr. Coates was not a candidate for any office before any convention. He was placed on the fusion state ticket as candidate for lieutenant-governor, as a concession to the laboring men of the state.

Mr. Coates has always taken an active part in politics, and was one of the supporters of Weaver and Field. In 1896 he worked for Bryan and Sewall. He believes, as many do, that the present crisis is as momentous as that which confronted the nation when Lowell wrote:

"There comes to every man and nation a moment to decide." He has the fear of militarism that is felt more keenly, perhaps, among working people than it can be among others, for two reasons: First, the danger of bayonet rule, and, second, because in the event of the European system of standing armies being foisted upon the people of the United States, it is the sons of the poor who go to make up standing armies.

It was during the great smelter strike that Mr. Coates came into large prominence before the public. His influence throughout was conservative and largely through his advice

and sentence twelve men to Boise jail for six months for contempt of court and four men to Detroit reformatory for conspiracy, where they remained until liberated by the Supreme Court of the United States. So this is the second time that the higher courts have turned him down.

The liberation of the men in San Quentin is similar to the liberation of the men in 1893, which is a complete vindication of the miners and organized labor in Shoshone county, notwithstanding the lying assertions of the martial law tyrants and serfs of the Standard Oil monopoly. It proves that in Idaho there is no justice for members of organized labor. It proves that Steunenberg, that perambulating monument of corruption who maintains martial law in Shoshone county and forces all men to obtain a permit before seeking employment, has used his high office to persecute innocent men.

Towering above all else, it is a vindication of that grand old Roman, Patrick Reddy, who is now in his grave, that the argument he prepared on his death bed, completing it three days before his death, was filled with logic and truth. How could it be otherwise? Here lay a Christian in the presence of his Creator, before Whom he knew he would soon appear, and dictated his argument while the angel of death stood guard impatiently awaiting the last words before he would summon him to appear to a higher court far removed from all earthly influence, not to defend a poor client, as he had often done, but to be himself judged. Upon this argument, which was prepared in the presence of death, the Circuit Court of Appeals based its decision and ordered the release of ten innocent men, and, practically speaking, declared that justice still lives, though traitors seek its destruction.

All hail to the noble judges of the Circuit Court of Appeals that rendered such a just decision. Like grand Patrick Reddy their names shall be revered by their countrymen when the memory and name of those miserable lackeys of corporate greed shall be held up to scorn by generations yet unborn.

In the meantime the miners of the Coeur d'Alenes who have suffered as the early Christians suffered in the catacombs of Rome, will emerge from the reign of persecution and terror to lead men on to a higher and nobler standard of civilization when the names of their persecutors will appear in the same category with Judas Iscariot.

TWO WEEKS IN THE BLACK HILLS.

For those traveling to the Black Hills from Colorado the trip is no longer one to be dreaded, as the new line of the Burlington railroad from Denver north to Alliance reduces the time between Denver and Deadwood to half.

Leaving Denver at 11:30 p. m. October 5th, we arrived in Deadwood the following evening at 7 o'clock and were met by Charles Moyer of the executive board, in company with the following gentlemen appointed by the unions of the district to act as a committee and see that the president of the W. F. of M.'s conduct was equal to his office, at least this was the explanation offered by Si Olliver, the acknowledged sage of the Black Hills. Charles McAlister, Thomas Nichols, Si Olliver, George Hendy, James Roberts, George Redmond, Dan Kennedy and Sam Burton.

Deadwood being the county seat of Lawrence county is the terminal of the two railroads, but there are no mines closer than the Homestake at Lead, consequently it was necessary to proceed to Lead that evening to meet with a committee that was to arrange a program for our stay in the country.

The following morning, in company with Charles Moyer, Charles Schaad, Thomas Sidner and Si Olliver as driver, guide and entertainer, we drove to a number of small mines fifteen miles from Deadwood over a rough country till we reached the Spear Fish river. However, the weather was delightful, and although it became necessary to abandon our wagon to complete the journey in one day, all enjoyed the experience of climbing over fallen timber and rough boulders of lime rock.

While there is much work being done by the Homestake company at Lead, and that city presents a flourishing appearance, the other towns are unusually quiet and are not at all inviting for men seeking employment.

Monday evening we attended the regular meeting of Lead City Miners' Union, which we were glad to notice has made wonderful progress during the past year, all on account of the business-like management of Secretary McLemore.

Tuesday evening it was our pleasure to address the people of Lead in the Miners' Union opera house, which was filled to suffocation. This was largely due to the kindness of the Homestake management, who gave all employes a lay off to attend the meeting, and the generosity of the A. O. U. W band that tendered its service for the evening gratuitously.

Wednesday evening Terry's Peak union held one of its usual enthusiastic meetings. Every seat in the hall was occupied and all the members were interested in the proceedings.

Leaving Terry, the next on our program was Deadwood Labor Union, which is composed of the men employed in the mills and smelters located close to the town of Deadwood.

This union, although young, like all the other unions in the Black Hills, has a beautiful hall well arranged and nicely furnished. Nearly every member of the union who was not on the night shift attended the meeting.

After transacting routine business the members of the

Black Hills Working Girls' Union, who had prepared a nice banquet, were invited to take seats, and it was our pleasure to have the privilege of addressing a joint meeting of both unions.

After the meeting Misses Peek, president of the union; Mansfield, vice president; Lynch, secretary; Gilmore, treasurer; Russell, Hilliker, Silverthorn and two Misses Caughlins, assisted by other ladies, served at an artistically arranged banquet table, which was a credit to the ladies and greatly appreciated by all who partook of their hospitality.

No better illustration could be found to prove that the Western Federation of Miners at its next convention should organize a ladies auxiliary. This has proved to be a valuable acquisition to fraternal and other labor organizations and we know from experience that the women in the mining towns of the West are more steadfast and true to the principles of unionism than the men. This has been fully demonstrated in the Coeur d'Alenes, Cripple Creek and Leadville, where the women in many instances under trying circumstances proved more loyal than the men did under similar conditions.

Friday evening we attended the meeting of Lead Labor Union, organized by Charles Moyer a short time ago under the auspices of the Western Labor Union. Here we met with the largest audience of any other union in the state, and although the union is young it is in good working condition and will in the near future work a wonderful change in Lead for the benefit of all laboring men within its jurisdiction.

Saturday evening we visited the old town of Central, that at one time was the metropolis of the Black Hills when the early prospectors flocked to Deadwood gulch that yielded such fabulous wealth. The landmarks of the old placer mining excitement are visible in the gulch, where stand some of the old cabins and remnants of flumes and gravel banks.

The old town presents a deserted appearance on account of the number of unoccupied houses, however, our meeting was well attended, which made us inquire where all the people lived.

In Central there are a few old, true, tried men, who have kept the union alive under great difficulties, until now it looks as though it would soon regain some of its old-time prestige, as the Homestake company is preparing to again resume operations on that side of the range.

On Monday under the auspices of Deadwood Labor Union a public meeting was held in the city hall which was filled to suffocation when Chairman McAllister took the chair.

This was the first time we ever addressed a public meeting in Deadwood, and we are frank to acknowledge that in all our travels we never met with such attention and courteous treatment from the people of any city.

Leaving Deadwood we proceeded to Terry, where a public meeting was held in the Miners' Union hall which was arranged by Charles Schaad, secretary of the union.

When Charles Moyer, George Hendy and Charles Schaad stepped upon the platform and President Schaad rapped for order the hall was taxed to its fullest extent to accommodate the people who on former occasions had given us large audiences, but far from the magnificent attendance that greeted us upon this occasion.

Leaving Terry Wednesday with Messrs. Moyer, Oliver and Conners, the journey to Galena was begun over a rough mountain road, but our clever guide and entertainer, Mr. Oliver, being an ex-stage driver who had many narrow escapes from the Indians, who in years gone by made the name of the Black Hills famous, was equal to the occasion.

Galena is one of the oldest towns in the Black Hills and at one time had 3,000 population; but the demonetization ruined the mining industry as men were forced to abandon their claims and seek employment elsewhere. The town, which is composed of one street one mile in length, is situated in a beautiful little valley surrounded by low mountains, making it the most unique site for a town in all the Black Hills.

After enjoying the hospitality of our most estimable friends, Mr. and Mrs. Leech, who prepared such a nice entertainment for us, we proceeded to the hall where nearly all the people in Galena had assembled.

After the public meeting adjourned a meeting of the union was held to discuss some questions of importance, as it was our first opportunity to address the members of Galena union.

Upon adjournment we undertook the journey to Lead, still depending upon the wisdom of our expert driver, and arrived there at 2 a. m., which completed our engagements in the northern Black Hills.

We next proceeded to Keystone and Custer in the southern hills, where two unions have been in existence in name.

Both towns are nearly deserted and the few miners who are employed have scarcely enough energy left to maintain a union.

After a very successful as well as agreeable visit to all the towns in the Black Hills mining country, where we met with her excellent people and many personal friends, we boarded the Burlington train for Butte Saturday morning carrying with us the pleasant memories of our visit.

MILITARY DESPOTS BANQUETING IN DENVER.

At the Loyal Legion banquet held in the Windsor hotel in Denver, Colorado, October 2nd, contrary to the rules and regu-

lations that govern this legion of army decrepits who re-fight all the battles of the civil war except Bull Run, Generals Hale and Merriam took for their theme the battle of Victor, where Teddy Roosevelt charged through the streets surrounded by a staff of newspaper reporters and escorted by a regiment of Rough Riders in uniform, and assisted by Senator Wolcott, who appeared to be suffering from an acute attack of delirium tremens after his night's debauchery at Wolhurst.

These are the men who are supporting McKinley and Roosevelt, and we ask laboring men in all sincerity if they can conscientiously vote for them after reading the following speech of those two would-be warriors:

General Merriam says: "I have in my desk the names of thirty men, murderers and violators of the law at the Coeur d'Alene, who were housed at Victor just before the incident alluded to. Places were prepared for them. The names were furnished me by the detectives who are placed in all mining camps throughout the mining regions."

What further proof do working men require, and especially the miners of the West, than the words of General Merriam, that President McKinley is in collusion with the mine owners of the West to destroy organized labor?

We have repeatedly asserted that the present administration had detectives in the local miners' unions and in this we have been sustained by the words of General Merriam.

Merriam further says: "I hope soon to have evidence at hand and some will be called to answer indictments found against them in Idaho."

This shows that the detectives in the mining camps report to General Merriam and are under his instructions, which proves that they are employed by the government; if not, General Merriam is in the employ of the mining companies.

The day previous to General Merriam's attack upon the people of Victor and the Coeur d'Alene miners the Circuit Court of Appeals in San Francisco rendered a decision liberating the men from San Quentin penitentiary that were railroaded there by the martial law methods of General Merriam in the Coeur d'Alenes.

Now this blustering bully in uniform has the audacity to say that he, by means of his detectives, will commit the same outrages in other mining camps.

We demand that General Merriam produce those thirty "murderers and violators of the law at Victor" and surrender them to the proper authorities for trial. If he fails to do this it will confirm us in our belief that in addition to being a treacherous coward he is a falsifier of the lowest type.

When a general of the army makes such a statement the people have a right to demand the proof, and the "Miners' Mag-

azine" will not cease to expose Merriam in his cowardly attacks upon the Coeur d'Alene miners until he brings those thirty murderers to justice.

Reader, study the following language carefully and ask yourself if you are doing justice to yourself and family by voting for a president that approves of fostering such a system of militarism upon the people of this republic:

"The disturbance at Victor anent the visit there of Governor Theodore Roosevelt, was ascribed to a plot on the part of former Coeur d'Alene strikers by General Henry C. Merriam and General Irving Hale, who spoke last evening at the bi-monthly banquet of the Colorado commandery of the Loyal Legion at the Windsor hotel. It was charged that some thirty of the former strikers had been housed at Victor just a few days before the incident occurred and they were the leaders in the so-called riotous demonstration; that they are now under detective surveillance and may expect to be arrested at any moment and taken to Idaho to answer indictments found against them.

"The matter was referred to at the banquet and brought forth unexpected replies. General Hale was introduced as 'our equal this evening,' and immediately launched forth on his subject, speaking as follows:

"My experience in the last three weeks entitles me to a vacation, I think. One incident occurred in that experience which is worthy of consideration and appropriate for thought here this evening. When at Victor, an allusion was made to the flag and at the affair at Coeur d'Alene, it seeming to be the impression that I was mistaken for my worthy friend on the right (General Merriam); but maybe the fact is that the men at Victor were opposed to me, opposed to the flag, opposed to law and order. Lawlessness and disorder were prevented at the Coeur d'Alene. There is a feeling in this country that the country is in danger of militarism, but I think the real danger is anti-militarism, which borders on anarchy. I throw this out as a suggestion worthy of serious thought on the part of the American people."

"General Hale's remarks were heard with surprise, but there was some applause. The incident seemed to bring the matter up to General Merriam, who was present, and he was called upon to speak and was introduced as a representative American soldier, who had fought himself and has risen from an unimportant position to a command of great responsibility.

"General Merriam is a man who can stand abuse," was said of him by the toastmaster, and rising to speak, the commander of the Department of the Colorado said:

"I did not intend to make a speech, but some incidents

that have been referred to come close to me and call for a few words. We have heard of General's Hale's experience in Victor, when things were thrown his way. I want to tell you in this connection that I have in my desk the names of thirty men, murderers and violators of law at the Coeur d'Alene, who were housed at Victor just before the incident alluded to. Places were prepared for them. The names were furnished me by the detectives who are placed in all the mining camps throughout the mining regions, and I tell you their discourtesy to the flag dates from the time of the riots in the Coeur d'Alene. Many of these men wore the United States uniform and the flag as a mask there. The flag was therefore particularly attended to when it had unmasked them and it is not strange that the flag when seen stationed on the stage should provoke them as a red flag does a bull. I hope soon to have evidence at hand and some will be called to answer indictments found against them in Idaho.

"Let me tell you something of the incidents at Coeur d'Alene. Five-sixths of the men were in the mining unions and the other fifth were saloon keepers, boarding house keepers and others entirely dependent on the miners. It is in evidence that for months the miners had been meeting in halls and, masked, they seized a train of the Northern Pacific road and ran their train from camp to camp with arms. They committed all these outrages and then claimed there was no insurrection and no breach of the law in Idaho.

"Five-sixths were on the train and the other sixth were subordinate to them. So great was their faith that no one would dare identify them that few presumed to leave the country. Yet arrests were made, and by the state officials, but backed by a United States soldier. The abuse of the press has never caused me the loss of sleep one night. Duty of this kind was the last that the soldier covets, but does not hesitate to perform, and for this we hear the cry of militarism and by the same men who were yelling it in 1864. But militarism does not apply to the American soldier to-day any more than it did then. Does any one believe that the American soldier would follow a dictator or justify an act that would imperil the liberties of his country or the safeguarding of them?"

"The banquet was the first of the bi-monthly ones observed this winter and was attended by about 100 members of the legion, some of whom attended from out of the city. Colonel Edgar Ensign of Colorado Springs, vice commander, presided. There were many brief speeches, including one by ex-Congressman S. B. Dick, and another by Wolfe Londoner, who became somewhat partisan and referred to Governor Waite and other Populists as people 'who got into trouble with their own kind

of people, who didn't like the flag and never will.'"—R. M. News.

IN THE CRIPPLE CREEK DISTRICT.

After completing a successful tour of the San Juan country and saying farewell to its hospitable people, whose generosity is as great as its inspiring mountains that hide their snow-capped peaks among the clouds, the Cripple Creek gold mining district was next on our list, and after a short stay in Denver we alighted at the depot in Victor, September 24th, in the midst of many old and worthy friends who delighted in making life as pleasant upon that occasion as they had on all other occasions when it was our good fortune to visit the Cripple Creek district. Among the number was D. P. McGinley, secretary of Free Coinage Miners' Union; Jerry Kelley, secretary of Victor union, and W. F. Lalley, ex-secretary of Cripple Creek union.

A special meeting of Victor Miners' Union was called for that evening to consider the advisability of acting on the obnoxious order of some mining companies which compelled all miners to undress after coming out of the mine and pass from one room to another in the presence of watchmen to prove to the respective companies that they had no ore on their person. This order being such an outrage on decency, the men refused to comply with it and nearly all men employed at the Independence mine quit work.

However, this company receded from the order and requested the men to return to work, which they did the following morning, and thus what promised to be a general cessation of work was avoided and the mine started with a full force of men.

The order had the effect of bringing out a large attendance to the special meeting, which proved to be of great interest, and many members attended who neglected this obligation in the past, and after the meeting adjourned all retired well satisfied.

The following evening, in company with D. P. McGinley and W. F. Lalley, who visited the miners' union meeting in Anaconda, which was well attended, and during the meeting many questions were brought up that took a wide range in discussion which was of great importance to the union and organized labor in general.

D. P. McGinley, as the delegates to the last convention know, is of a quiet, conservative disposition, had some difficulty in withstanding the attacks made upon him by President Curry and Secretary Kelly of Victor union and Lally of

Cripple Creek. However, he was fortunate in getting on the good side of the presiding officer, and President Rorke decided all points in his favor, notwithstanding the vigorous protests of Secretary John Manning.

Wednesday evening being the regular meeting of Cripple Creek Stationary Engineers' Union, it was deemed advisable to transact business and hear Roosevelt and Wolcott tell the people of Cripple Creek all about the full dinner pail. In this we were sadly disappointed, for Teddy confined himself to waving his rawhide hat and abusing Bryan, while Wolcott, who was suffering from the effects of a "jag," everlastingly thrashed the people of Victor for refusing to listen to him narrate his experience in London at the expense of Uncle Sam.

Thursday evening being the regular meeting of Victor union, the hall was well filled and after the election of a recording secretary, it was unanimously decided that the union should purchase two lots in the center of the city and instructed the committee to proceed with the erection of a new hall immediately.

Friday afternoon, under the directions of Mr. McGinley, we set out for Gillett on horseback to meet with the members of the mill and smeltermen's union in the afternoon, who are locked out because they refused to accept a reduction of wages in these days of McKinley prosperity and full dinner pail oratory.

The meeting was well attended, and although the men are all idle, no more cheerful body of men ever fought for their rights in a more cheerful spirit—not one of them was dismayed at the outlook of a severe winter in idleness at the base of Pike's Peak.

Returning to Altman in the evening for the meeting of Free Coinage union, where we spent a pleasant evening with the old veterans of Bull Hill who are filled with the same old-time enthusiasm. It was a pleasure to be one of the audience and listen to the interesting discussion on the advancement of the laboring people and the best method of procedure.

Saturday evening, in company with D. P. McGinley, Jerry Kelley and other members of the miners' union and engineers' union of Victor, and delegations from all the other unions in the district outside of the miners' union, we attended a meeting in G. A. R. hall that was called by the District Trades Assembly for the purpose of organizing the men employed in the mills and samplers.

The credit for organizing the first union of this kind in the Cripple Creek district is due to the assembly. It was the work of its special committee appointed to visit the mills of the district that made it possible for us to organize the Banner Mill

and Samplers' Union of Victor, which promises to be one of the best unions in the district.

This completed our sojourn in the richest gold mining district in the world, where men have grown fabulously rich in a few years on the labor of others; which should open the eyes of the miners employed in the mines to their position.

How strange that men will continue to work year after year in those rich mines and produce millions of dollars at the risk of their lives and turn it over to men in Europe or elsewhere who never saw the mines, or the men who operate them.

Surely this is enough to convince any sane working man that he is nothing but an instrument of production to produce wealth while his health and vitality continues and be cast aside when that has gone. Surely it is time for them to know that the wealth produced by labor under a just system would go to the producer.

Above all it is time they should realize that a just system of this nature will not occur while they continue to vote as most of them have in the past.

It is like taking a bottle of celery compound to cure a cancer.

EUROPEAN COUNTRIES WANT WORK OF DENVER PUPILS.

At a time when the people of the western states are being represented as semi-civilized it is particularly gratifying to us to print the following which shows that the work of a western city has received recognition greater than that shown to cultured Massachusetts or plutocratic New York.

Superintendent Aaron Gove received yesterday a letter from Horace J. Rogers, director of the education exhibit at the Paris exposition, in which he says: "Your exhibit of the Denver schools has attracted so much favorable attention that I am in receipt of many requests from France, Russia, Austria, England and Italy to give their educational representatives specimen work of the pupils. May I ask whether you are willing to release a part or all of the exhibit for this purpose? If fifty per cent. of the bound volumes could be given to meet these requests I think that the courtesy would be highly appreciated by the foreign administrative departments of education."

Mr. Gove has communicated with Mr. Dudley of the state historical rooms, asking him if he would like to put on file for posterity any of the work sent to Paris, offering him the choice of the material. Mr. Dudley will meet Mr. Gove this morning and go over the list.

WHAT OTHERS SAY

WANTED.

To know the whereabouts of Thomas F. Lynn, popularly known as Red Lynn. Address Mrs. Thomas F. Lynn, 338 East Second South street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

JAMES CREELMAN ON THE COAL MINERS' STRIKE.

New York, Sept. 14.—As the 140,000 miners come forth from the mouths of the black pits of Pennsylvania to fight for their homes and their wives and children, the American public should understand the cause of this great strike against organized human-greed.

For a number of days I have been wandering from shanty to shanty in the dreary anthracite coal settlements, gathering from the miners and their wives the actual facts of the situation.

No exaggeration is necessary to this story of patient suffering, for the moderate statement of the truth is enough to damn the industrial system which has darkened the homes and blighted the lives of something like a million men, women and children.

One does not have to be a profound economist to understand the nature of this struggle for life. The humblest man in the country is capable of pointing out the real seat of responsibility.

The miners of the anthracite coal regions are striking because the trusts have so raised the cost of living that the men cannot support life on their wages. This great multitude of toilers deserves the sympathy and support of every good man and woman in the United States.

Nearly every Republican newspaper has given evidence of the coldness with which the trusts and their allies have met the desperate protest and appeal of the desperate mine workers. The cruelest element in the whole scene is the light tone of scorn adopted by the organs of the coal trust.

Three days ago we were in McAdoo, and there we ate with the miners in their houses, and such pitiful shelters for human beings to live in.

We were at the very heart of the trust question—the dinner table of the workingman. It would have been interesting had Mr. McKinley and Mr. Hanna been there to talk about prosperity and the full dinner pail.

The grizzled father sat at the head of the table, his hands

roughened by a lifetime of labor, his three daughters—all compelled to work in the flower of their youth—sat around him. The mother, with face seamed and puckered by the struggle against starvation, waited on the rest.

For twenty-four years the miner and his wife had lived in that little shanty. Ten children had been born there. Some were dead, and the living were all engaged in the battle for bread. Not a dollar had been saved.

And this year the trusts had put up the price of everything. The coal trust has kept wages down.

The mine owners say that they have not been approached by their own employes, and that the demand for better conditions comes from an outside organization. This is a deliberate falsehood. The invitation to the mine owners of the Pennsylvania anthracite coal fields to meet and adjust the Mine Workers' grievances was signed on August 16th by J. P. Gallagher of Silver Brook, Pennsylvania, John T. Dempsey of Scranton, Pennsylvania, and George Hertline of Shamokin, Pennsylvania. These are the representatives of the local Mine Workers.

There is every reason to believe that the mine owners and the coal railroad owners have really invited this strike, in the hope of destroying the Mine Workers' Union and then having the men at their mercy.—Rocky Mountain News.

DOOLEY ON TEDDY.

Mr. Dooley was eagerly scanning the columns of his daily paper when Mr. Hennessey dropped in.

"What ar-re ye lookin' fur?" Mr. Hennessey asked.

"I'm lookin' f'r th' daily cowardly assault on me friend Tiddy Rosenfeldt," said Mr. Dooley. "Ne'r a twinty-four hours passes but some fiend in human form disguised assails this young agaent of pãthreetism. For a man that's as pop'lar as he is with th' masses iv th' people, he seems to be blame unpop'lar. He can't dhrop off his private car f'r to make a speech but th' quiet village where he stops is thransformed into a rag-in' hell iv hisses an' cat calls, varied be an occasional bat on th' head be a two-be-four. Th' appearance iv his janial face at a public meetin' is the signal f'r a fite. But lave him speak two wurruds av refined an' scholarly advise to th' free but ignorant voters av th' desolate West where wanst he plugged th' cattymount, an' th' gun fighter, an' the populace is thrown into a frenzy.

"What's th' matter with him an' what's the matther with th' affectionate but enraged people? They love him; they'se no doubt av that. He's th' pop'lar idol. Thin why do they heave hard coal at eight dollars a ton at him? No wan's hurl-



NEW IN THE "BUSINESS.

Uncle Sam: "I'm afraid some one will see me doing this."
The Others: "Don't get nervous, Uncle; you'll get used to it if you keep on traveling with us."—From the Evening News (Detroit).

in' fuel at Adly when he takes his knittin' out on th' public platform? What's th' matther with Tiddy?

"Where's this daily assault an' batthry? Ah, here it is. M-m, m-m. Well, this is scand'lous, to be sure. 'Tis a cryin' shame. Here's Tiddy come to town an' bein worn out with th' sinful folly of th' campaign, says to his secretary: 'Find where there's some quiet church where,' he says, 'I can worship f'r a change,' he says. 'Don't lave anny wan but th' reporthers know av it,' he says. I don't want to disthracht th' minister,' he says. 'I would put no more thin a few small lithographs in th' windows,' he says. 'There,' he says, 'in seclusion,' he says, 'far from the maddin' throng,' he says, 'I will thry to raymimber that in spite of what manney well informed men f'r whom I have th' greatest raspict in th' worruld say I, too,' he says, 'am mortal,' he says. An' dhressin' himsilf quite ly in a sombrero an' leather leggins an' wearin' his guns under his modest khaki coat, he proceeds onobsarved to his orisons.

"Lave us, Hennessy, not intrude on th' solemn scene. They'se not room. Let us sthand outside in th' throng that's heard be inconcaveable means, p'raps th' newspapers, that Tiddy is within an' is waitin' f'r him. Ye're a Dimmicrat in pollytics an' I keep a liquor store, but we'll sthand in th' r-rain f'r a minit to see how a New York pollytician looks comin' out av church. As he emerges glancin' nayther to th' right nor th' left, but up in th' air, a wild cheer fr'm th' congregation; but in a minyit sullen cries av 'Mornin' paper,' an' 'Shine, sir,' is heard in th' crowd, an' th' worshipers sthop cheerin' an' sthand aghast at th' intrusion.

"Frinds av Colonel Rosenfelt gathered ar-round him an' prepared to make a stern resistance to what was plainly a premeditated attack on his life. Th' hero av San Joan Hill brushed thim aside, though his face was slightly paler thin usual an' he seemed disthurbed, he did not bethray th' slightest symptoms av fear.

"'Mis'erable scoundhrels!' he says, in a low tone, that was perfectly distinct. 'Have ye got that down, boys?' 'Mis'erable scoundhrels,' he says, 'be quite!'

"Befure his starn an' penethratin' gaze th' ruffians rethreated an' was silent f'r a moment. But e'er he reached th' modest band wagon that was waitin' to convey him to his hotel th' shameful villainy broke out again.

"'Mornin' poiper,' yelled th' arnychist crew. 'All about th' stock yards murder!' Wan scoundhrel brandished what looked like a newspaper, but undoubtedly consaled a dinnymite bomb, an' shrieked:

"'Want a poiper, Tiddy?'

"Th' gov'nor flushed a deep crimson an' rushed f'r his assailant.

"'Coward an' dog,' he says, 'how dare ye?' he says. 'Will ye nayther rayspict this sanchury,' he says, 'nor even me?' he says.

"Th' desperadoes escaped between th' legs of th' pastor av th' church an' th' governor's fiinds, who recognized th' peril iv th' position even thin betther than he did, an' forced him into his equipage. Still th' vile wurruk went on. All th' way back to th' hotel th' cries iv 'mornin' poiper' filled th' air.

"Ividently it was a carefully arrangement conspiracy, fr th' same language was used be all th' rioters, siv'ral iv whom wint as far as th' dure in th' Audjitoroom, where they hurled their insultin' epithets at th' unruffled statesman. Further ividence iv a conspiracy is found in the rayport iv a reliable man to ye'er corryspondint that he was in th' Dimmycratic headquarters th' other day whin Chairman Jim Jones come in an' says, 'Is they annything about th' New Orleans hoss races in the mornin' poiper?' It will be seen that this indescribably foul wurrud was used both be Jones an' his hired ruffians, th' canal iv th' sthreets. Th' polis made no attempt to prevint th' assassination, which undoubtedly was to be th' climax iv th' assault, but, thanks to Burglar Bill, th' Rough Rider, who accompanied th' gov'nor, wan iv th' wretches was apprihinded thryin' to hurl a copy iv th' Inther-Ocean in th' carredge. He was took to th' station, where he gave his name as Timmy (or Timothy) Mangan, eight years old, th' son iv a washin' family on th' West Side. Th' homicide rayfused to be interviewed, bein' engaged in cryin' at th' time th' rayporther called. He will be hanged to-morra.

"Gov'nor Rosenfeldt was seen at th' hotel afther th' horrible affray. He appeared entirely unmoved.

"'It was a close call,' he said, 'but excitin'. Just th' sort iv a thing I like. Couldn't live without these narrow escapes,' he continued, laughin' in his boyish way.

"'Where is ye're nex' assault?'

"'At Bloomin'ton, where a demonsthration had been planned again' me be th' Daughters iv th' King. Fr'm there I go to Quincy, where my life will be endangered be th' Margherita Creche. Furthr thin that I know nawthin'. Me perils is in th' hands iv th' comity.'

"'Don't ye find these attacks on ye're life onhealthy?' asked th' rayporther.

"'No,' says th' gov'nor, 'I'm takin' on flesh. But,' he says, 'I'm losin' me voice be sayin' scoundhrel.'"

"It depinds," said Mr. Dooley, "on what amount iv assault and batthery is rayquired be th' comity. They may call on him to sacrifice an ear or two f'r campaign purposes befure he's through. He'd rather lose a leg thin be defeated. Annyhow, 'tis an original method iv campaignin'. I've heerd iv men

bein' elected to office an' buyin' their way in, but I niver before heerd iv a man mobbin' himsilf into th' vice prisidincy."—Chicago American.

MARY JONES—THE LIFE STORY OF THE MOTHER OF THE STRIKERS.

There is only one Mother Jones. Her field is all her own.

Clara Barton has her work of mercy, Susan B. Anthony has her equal suffrage, Mother Jones has her "boys"—the great patient army that sweats and strives and suffers wherever there is work to be done.

It is a big brood she mothers—a big, toilsome, troublesome brood, scattered all over the face of the land, delving in the earth and under the earth, swarming in mills and factories and sweatshops. There is seldom a time when some part of it is not on the ragged edge of hunger and in need of a mother's help.

This is the time of Mother Jones. She has been called the stormy petrel of industry. Her appearance is a signal for those who grow rich by grinding the faces of the poor to "go slow;" and if they disregard the warning, so much the worse for them and the better for organized labor.

For Mother Jones is the most successful organizer and sustainer of strikes in the country. That is why she is at Wilkesbarre now. That is why the miners expect to win. That is why the mine owners accompany her name with anathemas.

How does she do it? By the greatest of all powers, the power of love. She loves her "boys"—be they Polish or Bohemian, or Irish or American—and she teaches them to love her. The ranks of the toilers stand firm at her bidding, and the strategy dictated by her woman's intuition does the rest.

It might be thought that she is an Amazon in physique and in voice and gesture; that she sweeps her forces along with her by the sheer power of her vitality. Or that she is endowed with the youth and beauty and mysterious spiritual influence of a Joan of Arc.

But no; Mother Jones fulfills none of the preconceptions of a woman leader of men. She is anything but an Amazon. Her physique is frail. True, she has an immense store of vitality, but one would not suspect it if one did not see her when she is warmed up to her self-appointed work.

She is not young, and so far from being swayed by the supernatural inspiration of a Joan of Arc, her intellectual processes are intensely practical and she is scornfully impatient of the religion that bids men to be content in the sphere to which heaven has ordained them.

Nor is she at the age when her sex wields the greatest pow-

er. Mother in name, she might as well be a grandmother in fact. Her earnest face is crowned with a mass of silvery hair and seamed with lines of sympathy and compassion.

It is in the eyes one reads her power—gray, Irish eyes, heavily fringed with auburn lashes.

Combined in her are the spirit of the Celt and the Gael. Her grandfather was Irish, her grandmother Welsh. Their son, her father, was an Irish patriot who fled to this country with a price on his head and established a home almost in the shadow of the houses of parliament in Ottawa.

In Canada he found the freedom that he craved. He turned his attention to bettering his condition and to educating his family. His daughter Mary became the intellectual flower of the household. When she grew up she taught school in Canada. The changes that come to a schoolmarm led her into different parts of the country, and finally across into the states. Through the New England states she taught in public schools in country places and in private families.

In a Maine city she met the man of her choice. His name was Jones, and she married him.

At that time it was not one of her vocations to address labor unions, but she was interested in the labor question. The fact that six and ten-year-old children were working in the cotton mills of Lewiston, Lowell and Fall River, roused her wrath. Writing to her old father in Canada about it, she said that in America there were as great abuses of the poor as there were in old Ireland.

Drifting south and west with her husband, she became interested in the first great battles of the Knights of Labor. Her husband encouraged her in the study of the labor statistics of the various states.

While the other women were joining women's clubs and discussing Shakespeare, she was talking with street car conductors in Chicago, the miners of Hazleton, the mill girls in Fall River, telling them that it was their duty to strike and to drive their employers into giving them the wages that they earned.

The great coal miners' strike of 1891 brought her into public attention, though she had before that been prominent in many affairs of the kind. In the American Railway Union strike she did a great deal of campaigning, and her strong, womanly voice rang from many a stage, and her white head and bent shoulders were seen in many places of danger during the troubles.

In 1898 the miners of Arnott were practically beaten and the owners were preparing to dictate terms to them at starvation prices when one night a lone woman arrived in town.

She was driven by a teamster from an adjoining town, and

she went to the headquarters of the strikers and interrupted the leaders, who were talking of surrender. She delivered a speech that aroused the utmost enthusiasm and the heartiest support of the cause. She organized the women and children and aroused their enthusiasm.

How she did it will never be told, but for nine months she held the strikers together and fed them by co-operative methods, which she knows so well how to organize. At the end of that time financial ruin stared the mine owners in the face, and she in turn dictated terms to them that they were glad to accept.

Mother Jones has a sweet old face, as fresh as a rose in spite of the fine lines that are creeping into it, and her snow-white hair makes a queenly frame for her countenance. Her eyes are sharp and steel gray. They are the kind that look through and through one and make deception hard in their light. It is said of her that she is deeply religious at heart.

At Elkton, Maryland, last May, she took hold of the strike as it was on the point of falling through. She saved the situation. On June 3d she addressed 3,000 miners in Braddock park, at Frostburg, and the next morning was in the midst of a mob at Lonaconing, trying to forestall the break that discontented miners were making. She strengthened the lines and that night was at the head of 3,000 marching strikers.

At Wilkesbarre just now Mother Jones has full sway. She is one of the rulers of the majority of the strikers. The mine owners and operators object to recognizing her as the leader of the trouble, but have to in order to hold any communication with the men. Her eloquent presentation of the wrongs suffered by the miners has made many new members for the United Mine Workers' Union.

"We want the laws of the state recognized," she said to a World reporter, "2,240 pounds of coal make a ton in this state. The mine owners oblige the miners to turn out 3,300 pounds to the ton. This is only one of the things. We are going to keep on, little by little, till we have secured the best conditions for the miners.

"Then the company store is another evil. If you have to buy all your goods from the man you work for, he comes pretty near being your master.

"I want the people to own all the public monopolies. The poor will then have the chance to enjoy educative and civilizing things the same as the rich."

Mother Jones is a resourceful woman. From reading of the troubles of the laboring people she took to talking of them. Her hands are small, white and strong. Her emphasis of a statement is made with the hand—a gentle wave.

And there is nothing so convincing as the wave of a wo-

man's white hand, especially to men whose days are passed among the blackness of the coal mine. They follow her with their eyes, and probably would sit still for days listening to her if she did but talk to them.

To see Mother Jones holding a sick infant and cheering the mother of it, as the reporter did this week, one can readily understand how she gains her power over them.—New York World.

LENTZ ANSWERS DICK.

“You and your party associates, pretending how hypocritically to censure me for preventing legislation for three days, were informed at the outset and throughout the controversy that if you would permit the printing of this testimony, I would make no further objection, but through my objections, I have held you and your party associates up to the view and contempt of 75,000,000 of people. I accomplished my purpose. I have shown this country that you and your party and Mr. McKinley were willing to do anything to bury the testimony in the Cœur d'Alene case, and I say to you now, with deliberation, that if Congress had remained in session for three weeks or three months, I would have continued my objection until you had done with the Cœur d'Alene testimony what it is customary to do with the testimony taken before all the committees. You know that the hearings before the military committee on tariff questions, and the like, are printed and can be had for the asking, but you have failed to explain to the American people why you were so zealous and persistent in your determination to bury or burn the testimony with reference to your Idaho bull pen, rather than allow the people to read it and compare the testimony with the report made by yourself and your Republican associates. The only deduction to be made is that you and your partisan associates are ashamed of the report.

Do you suppose the American people are so ignorant as not to know why you, as agent of Hanna, McKinley & Co., saw fit to prevent a single copy of this testimony getting into the hands of the fair-minded voters of the country? Have you explained why you print the testimony taken in an ordinary election contest for a seat in the House of Representatives, and yet refuse to print the testimony which demonstrates that many hundreds of men were denied the right of trial by jury and were imprisoned for many months at the point of bayonets under the control of William McKinley, as commander-in-chief of the army, although the men had never been indicted for any offense, nor convicted, and although not even so much as a warrant or an affidavit had been made out against any of them?

“Is a candle brought to be put under a bushel or under a

bed, and not to be set on a candidate?" Why were the Democrats so anxious to have this testimony published? You know, and every man possessed of sense enough to be entitled to a vote in this country, knows that the Democrats wanted this testimony published because it sustains every statement in their report, and demonstrates beyond a reasonable doubt the falsehood of every material statement set forth in the report prepared by you and signed by your partisan associates, which partisan report, as you know, was repudiated by every Democratic member of the committee.

You know that the testimony demonstrates that under the statutes of Idaho it is a penal offense to discriminate between union and non-union labor, and you know that there is a penal statute in Idaho requiring arbitration in cases of difference between employer and employes. You know that the testimony demonstrated that the Bunker Hill and Sullivan mine owners first brought on the strike by paying lower wages than was paid by all the other operators with one exception in the Cœur d'Alene district. You know that the testimony demonstrated that when the Bunker Hill and Sullivan agreed to raise their wages to the scale paid in the other mines, they served notice, in violation of the statutes of the state, that no union laborers should go back into their mines. You know that when the men went out again on a strike as a result of this notice, the Bunker Hill and Sullivan mine owners wired Governor Steunenberg. You know that the governor wired back suggesting arbitration. You know that the owners of the mines treated the governor's suggestion with contempt, and said they had nothing to arbitrate. You know that when the mill was blown up, Governor Steunenberg wired to the President for troops. You know that the President did not order the troops on the governor's request, but he waited until the next day when D. O. Mills and Banker William F. Crocker of San Francisco and Herman V. Butler of Chicago wired him endorsing the governor's request. You know that the President knew that these capitalists were a thousand miles away, and had no information which they could communicate to the President. You know that it was rather significant that the President did not order the troops until the day after the governor requested them, and that so far as the evidence discloses, the President acted on the telegrams sent by the capitalists, rather than the telegram sent the day before by the governor. You know that in your report, of which you seem to be ashamed, you made the statement that the mill which was destroyed was worth \$250,000, and you also know that the sworn testimony, uncontradicted by any witness, showed that the mine owners had sworn before the county commissioners, shortly before the explosion, that their mill was worth only \$50,000, and that by that perjurer-

ed statement they succeeded in evading taxes on \$200,000 worth of property, and thus imposed the burden of their own taxes upon their poorer neighbors in that community.

You know that the evidence disclosed that while McKinley and Steunenberg kept hundreds of men imprisoned in the bull pen, without trial and without warrant for many months, neither one of them ever concerned himself that the wives and children of these men should be provided with even so much as a loaf of bread. You know that William McKinley and Governor Steunenberg, acting in concert, were as indifferent to the needs and wants of the women and children of that district as if their hearts were made of stone, and you know that had it not been for the charity of the labor unions in other communities and other states, these women and children would have gone hungry and naked for want of food and clothing while their husbands and fathers were imprisoned under martial law and denied the right of habeas corpus and denied the right to give bail or bond, and denied the right to be confronted with a warrant or an indictment, and denied the right of a speedy trial. In fact, denied every right guaranteed by the constitution, the laws and customs of all civilized countries.

You know that Levi R. Miller was imprisoned by this same martial law although he was a member of the Grand Army of the Republic and had been in a hospital eleven miles away from the scene of the strike. You know that Levi Miller was guilty of no offense, not even your modern offense of being a member of a labor union. His only offense was in being guilty of sympathizing with labor unions. You know that the uncontradicted testimony shows that another imprisoned member of the Grand Army of the Republic took off his badge of honor and crushed it into the earth under his heel, and cried like a child, saying: "Has it come to this in the republic that I fought to maintain?" You know that the uncontradicted testimony of Bartlett Sinclair and Dr. France, whom you praise in your report, admitted that the "permit system" could not have been instituted and could not now be maintained except by the use of William McKinley's troops. You know that under this permit system, which has well been denominated "A permit to live," no man is allowed to go to work in the mines unless he renounces all allegiance to and affiliation with a labor union, and that even after that has been done many of them have been denied the right to earn a living.

You know that the testimony shows that 1,500 men with their wives and children were driven out of that community at the arbitrary word of Dr. Hugh France, the company doctor, the company tool of the Bunker Hill and Sullivan corporation. You know that this Dr. France received in his dollar rake-off from each miner each month, withheld by the company from

the miners' wages, and was thus the catering recipient of a salary approximating \$8,000 to \$10,000 a year. You know that were there any legal right to maintain this permit system, that of all the men in Idaho no man could be less fitted for this arbitrary right of determining who shall live and who shall starve in the Cœur d'Alenes than this henchman of this great corporation, which guarantees to him an income five times as large as his ability or services would command in any other community.

You know that this Dr. France, the hireling of the Bunker Hill and Sullivan corporation, is issuing a permit to live in substance in these words and in this form:

"Permit to seek employment. No. 4132. November 16, 1899. This is to certify that J. H. Simonton, a laborer by occupation, is qualified to seek employment in any of the mines in Shoshone county, and has permission by virtue hereof to do so. This card is to be deposited with the manager of the mine and must be held for periodical inspection. Witness my hand this 10th day of November, 1899. Dr. Hugh France."

You know that should you agree to debate these facts, and the many others demonstrated by the testimony taken, the people would learn that these men did not destroy property merely because they were wicked or insane. The destruction of this mill, unreasonable as it may have been, was simply the outcry and protest of men who saw a greedy corporation bent upon depriving them and their children of any hope in life except that of being mere beasts of burden. These men who destroyed this mill in their helplessness to secure their rights under the statute for arbitration, or their rights under the statutes against discrimination, like a child in misery or in pain, made this explosion their outcry that fairminded men might hear them and inquire into the matter, since the governor of the state had shown no disposition to compel the mining corporation to perform its obligations specifically provided for in the statutes of the state.

The Republican majority of the committee complimented the governor in his courage. The Democratic minority of the committee would have congratulated him much more for his courage had he shown that kind of courage as an executive which would stand up and compel the capitalists owning the mines to obey the laws of the state even though it should make the mining corporations such an enemy of the governor that the governor might not secure a seat in the United States Senate a little later on, by and through the agency of the mine owners.

You say the Democratic associates on the committee blue penciled the report prepared by me, and struck out that which was too severe. This statement is a falsehood, which you

know, or had the means of knowing. Let me quote for your benefit from the minority report a few sentences as follows:

"It may be a conspiracy on the part of the officers of the Bunker Hill and Sullivan mine and of those who sympathize with them to drive from Shoshone county all union miners by the device of the permit system, which system it is admitted can only be maintained by the use of the United States soldiers.

"Common sense and common decency would have suggested to the governor of the state, as well as the President of the United States, that the Legislature of Idaho should have been called at once in session, and their deliberations and decisions should have controlled the rights and liberties of these thousands of men, women and children in the Cœur d'Alene district."

"Prudence and a respectful concern on the part of the President of the United States for the rights of the labor unions of that district, ought to have suggested to him that he demand of the governor that rather than resort to his arbitrary and despotic will, he should call the Legislature in session and let them determine what course should be pursued; and the President should have notified the governor that unless the ironclad and blacklisting system against the members of labor unions was abolished, the United States troops would be immediately withdrawn. There appears in the evidence nowhere any necessity or justification for tolerating the use of the troops to enforce the permit system. * * * We hold that the arbitrary and tyrannical power exercised in establishing the blacklisting system of union labor, was not a Republican form of government, nor even a civilized form of government, and we hold as we believe all self-respecting citizens of America will hold, that the President of the United States is not and was not justified in sending the troops in the state of Idaho, and leaving them indefinitely or forever in that jurisdiction without exercising any discretion or control over them."

"We contend that the President of the United States cannot relieve himself of the responsibility, nor for a day divorce himself from the depest concern as to what the troops of which he is commander-in-chief are doing, and being used for. Neither law nor order, nor justice, nor equity, nor decency, nor humanity would tolerate the despotic system which perpetrated upon thousands of men, women and children the brutality of the bull pen and the blacklisting system, which has driven some 1,500 members of the miners' unions, together with their wives and children from Shoshone county, and denied them the privilege of earning a livelihood among their neighbors and their friends, and has thrown them upon the world as outcasts and tramps without even having so much as an affidavit or an

indictment gainst them, much less a conviction for any offense, even of the petty degree of a misdemeanor. Let it be confessed with shame and humiliation that our chief executive and our army officials have become so callous to rights and liberties of labor that these things could have been perpetrated in this year of our Lord, 1899 and 1900."

WINIFRED BLACK'S VISIT TO THE STRIKING MINERS.

The miners of Pennsylvania are on strike again.

Have you seen the mines of Pennsylvania and the men who work in them? I have.

Three years ago there was a strike. A man who had all the coal he wanted just then thought he would like to force some men who did not have so much coal to the wall.

So he had a strike. How did he manage it?

Easily enough.

A few more exactions, a few more turnings of the screw, a little more starvation, a little lower degradation—the men did what he wanted them to—and struck. And then he made a million dollars, more or less.

The strikers—Oh, they starved and fought and died like rats in a trap.

When the gentleman had made his million, more or less, he opened the trap and the men who lived through the strike went to work again.

I went down to see the strike.

A capitalist I know told me not to go.

"They'll kill you down there," he said. "They are nothing but wild beasts, those miners."

But I went, and they did not kill me.

But the things I saw there were burned into my brain and as long as I live I shall remember them.

The coal district of Pennsylvania covers about 376 square miles. I saw about one-third of this district, acre for acre. That was enough for me.

We went out from Pittsburg, the artist who went with me, and I. The train rushed through the mountains like a wild thing, up grades, through valleys, skirting the sides of the precipices, across brawling streams black with the refuse of the mines, out of civilization into barbarism.

We stopped at a little station in a bowl of the hills, found a man with a horse and a rough wagon and started out to see the mines. We went first to a village which had not yet gone out on a strike. I wanted to see the miners at work.

The village was perched on the barren side of a bleak hill. It was a little collection of squalid huts that looked like some kind of hideous fungus sprouting from the fetid ground.

"What are those sheds for?" said I to the driver. "Do they use so many horses in the mines?" The driver turned and looked at me.

"Horses," he said. "Those are houses. Miners live there." And he spoke the truth. Miners did live there—heaven forgive the men who built them. Men and women did live there.

Big, brawny men with muscles of steel and with dull, dazed, hopeless faces. Their wives and children—have you ever seen a Pennsylvania coal miner's wife? No?

I have.

I saw them by the miserable hundred. Young and old and pretty and ugly, they all looked alike.

Hopeless drudgery had stamped its seal upon their haggard faces and there was not a woman among them who looked as if she wanted to live. I mean what I say. Not one woman.

The children were at work when I arrived at the first village, the Patch, they call it there. The Pennsylvania laws do not allow children to work in the mines, but I saw them working there.

Boys and girls from five years old to ten, they stood on the bleak hill and sorted coal from the screens.

All day long they stood there and the trees in the fringing forest beckoned with their long arms and the brawling river called to them in vain.

They had no time to play.

"Aren't you tired?" I said to a little girl who stood at the head of the screen and sorted.

"Yes," she said. Her voice was full of dull surprise, as if I had asked her whether it was the sun which shone by day or the moon.

"Can't you rest?" said I.

"No," said the little girl.

"How much money do you make?"

"Ten cents a day."

"Is your father a miner?"

"Yes."

"How much money does he make?"

"A dollar and a quarter a day."

"Why," said I, "that isn't so bad. Living must be cheap here."

I talked to all the children on the screen work. Some said they were tired and some said they were not. But their wistful eyes all told the same story, a dreadful, dreadful story of pain and fatigue and of little children cheated of their birthright. I could not understand it.

The men told me about their work. They began at 7 in the morning and worked until 6 at night. They had an hour for noon; some of them made good wages; \$2 a day was the average

among the best men. The huts they lived in were owned by the company and cost them \$8 or \$10 a month—rather a good rent for a filthy shell of rotten timbers. But still there was \$38 a month to live on.

A man who was talking to me called to his wife.

"Mary," he said, "what did my slip bring last week?"

Mary came to the door to answer him.

She was a trim little woman with a pair of timid blue eyes and cheeks that had been as fair as a lily before the blight of hopeless poverty had marked them.

"Three dollars," she said.

"Three dollars?" said I. "Were you off work?"

"No," said the miner, "fines and company stores. They have a system of fines that keep us from making too much money, and then things cost a good deal here. I have to buy my blasting powder at the company stores, the oil for my lamp costs five times as much here as it does anywhere else. It's dark down in the shaft and I can't see perfectly distinctly. Sometimes I get slate in my coal. When it goes up the dicker gets to work and no matter whether he is honest or dishonest with you you can't say a word. When he docks you're docked. Our food comes from the company stores.

"We got along on very little last week; my wife ain't so very well and we're trying to save a few dollars for the doctor, so this week I had three dollars in money coming to me. Lots of weeks at the end of it I'm in debt to the company."

That miner was a Cornishman, a big, good humored, heavy fellow with the sturdy honesty of a race of honest workers shining in his blue eyes.

I talked with many like him.

They all told me the same story.

Hard work, long hours, starvation wages and company stores. I saw the bills for groceries and added up the credit and debit accounts myself. I went into the company store and asked the company price of things.

I cannot remember these prices now, but when I went back to Pittsburg I compared my list carefully with the prices in open market, and I decided that the man who started the company store idea knew how to make money easily, and cared little at what expense of human blood and tears he made it.

The prices at the company store were at least three times what they should have been.

The men in that first village were mostly Cornish or Englishmen. Their wives were Cornish or English women. There was an attempt at home making now and then. A poor patch of faded red calico fluttered at the window in token of an effort at making a little spot of cheer in the dreary world of heart breaking toil.

One woman showed me a little pot of English bergamot, blooming gaily in the squalor of her hut. "I tried to keep things redded up," she said, "but it gets tedious. Tom gets home tired. He eats, smokes his pipe and goes to bed. He's too tired to sit up and talk.

"The children are tired, too; sometimes they can hardly keep awake to eat, and so we're all abed by half past 7. Sundays we rest. Are you going all around through the mines? It must be nice to have so much time."

The first village was the best one I saw.

We went from mine to mine, and every collection of huddled huts grew more unsightly than the last, and every hut told a more revolting story.

A story written by devils in human blood. Starvation, disease and despair huddled together out there in the mountains of Pennsylvania. The Hike and Hunks were the worst. The Hikes are Italians. They and the Hunks huddle their misery close together.

They make about \$6 a month. The Hunks are Pollaks and Hungarians. They are ignorant, vicious caricatures of human beings.

Their dull eyes have scarce the intelligence of a hunted beast.

They have no morals whatever.

They will stab a man in the back just for the fun of hearing him groan.

They steal and lie as naturally as they breathe.

They would blow up a mine with every soul on earth they knew in it, if some enterprising competitor would pay them money enough for it.

They mat together like pigs in a foul sty. Twenty of them in one hideous den. All sleeping on the floor with no bed but the boards, and no covering but the clothes they wear all day.

They feed like hogs at a trough, they work like driven oxen and they do not know what the word think means.

The Hikes and the Hunks do not like to strike.

They do not see what it is all about. They have sleep and food, they are born, work awhile and then die. What's the use of striking? A man who strikes may get hurt and then he is almost sure to go without a meal or so.

But let some crafty leader who wants to favor his own ends, as crafty leaders have been known to do, call to them and the Hikes and the Hunks will starve and die at his bidding. They are the human animals who do the mob murders we hear so much about during the strikes. I went from town to town.

I saw women dying of slow starvation, and little children laying their heads down upon the quiet earth and saying thankful prayers that they were done with work forever.

I went to a little miner's funeral one Sunday afternoon down there in Pennsylvania.

We climbed a hill to a barren slope and laid the tired little boy in the gentle earth.

The mother who bore him stood at his open grave dry eyed. "He was so tired," she said, "he'll be glad to rest."

A child's funeral is a common thing in the mines.

The women all approve of the strike. "We'll starve any way," they echoed again and again. "We might as well starve trying to help our men," and they did starve, hundreds and hundreds of them.

I sat at the bedside of a dying woman in the bottom of a black valley close to a rushing black river.

The woman's husband sat beside me.

The woman's little baby lay at her feet cold and dead. "Joe," she said, "don't fret, I'll pull through all right; you did right, dear, you did right to stand by the boys. You couldn't go on like this. Don't you be sorry, dear. No, never be sorry, Joe"—her voice grew weaker and weaker, but she never took her fawn's brown eyes from her husband's face.

"They told us it would be different here in America," she said, "didn't they, Joe? But I suppose it's alike all over the world for folks like us. Poor folks is poor folks. America or England."

"Yes, dear, yes," said Joe, smoothing her hand with his rough fingers. "Try to sleep, dear; try to sleep. The doctor will come soon."

"No," said the woman, smiling faintly, "we ain't paid him yet and he knows we ain't got the money now. Doctors have to live too. I don't blame him. Why, Joe!"

"What, dear?"

"Is that the May blossom I smell?"

"Where did it come from? Why, Joe, look! look"—she raised herself upon her fragile arm—"there is a hedge of May blossoms just like the one by father's garden, the one where we used to sit, and Joe, why—" and with a smile of joyful home coming a home-sick woman died.

Starved to death. She and the baby at her feet. Starved by the coal mines of Pennsylvania. In the country she and her husband came looking for freedom and a chance to live.

She was only one of the hundreds. There are hundreds such now, now, this very moment—hundreds and hundreds of them dying down there in the black valleys of Pennsylvania.

Oh it is easy for us to shrug our shoulders and say, well, they're meant for such work; they are not fitted for anything else. It is easy for us to philosophize on the eternal fitness of things. We have comfortable homes, we eat three meals a day,

we wear decent clothes, we have respectable friends and a fine standing in the church.

Our brains and our education have let us earn all these things, but do we owe nothing to these, our weaker brothers?

A mine owner was talking to me just the other day about the strike. "Why," he said, "they're nothing but wild beasts, these miners. Those Hunks and Pollacks would just as soon murder you or me as to eat a dinner. You can't reason with them or drive them when they get out on a strike; you can't do a thing on earth but shoot them down like the savage animals they are.

"Who brought them here?" said I; "the English and Cornish and American miners they are driving out?"

"Or did you and your companions get them because they were cheap?"

"Cheap material does not always wear, my friend; you must expect that when you buy it.

"Did you ever read the story of Frankenstein?"

"No," said the mine owner.

"It is an interesting story," said I.

"A man created a monster and endowed it with life and then the monster broke loose and people blamed the man and held him to account for it. Unjust world, isn't it?"

"Why," said the mine owner, "you're a regular anarchist."

"Dear me," said I, "am I, really?"

And perhaps I am. If believing that the men who are driving honest, competent miners out to make way for wild beasts in human form are responsible in a measure for what these wild beasts do, is anarchy, then am I in good faith—an anarchist.—Denver Post.

TOWNE ANSWERS HUSTON.

My friends, I received to-day a very interesting communication from a distinguished citizen of your state, which I will read before replying to it, in order that, as I reply to it, you may have in mind the whole communication. I shall endeavor to treat this letter frankly and fairly and to reply to it, so far as the time will permit, to the best of my ability.

Boise City, Sept. 7, 1900.

Hon. Charles A. Towne: Sir—Assuming that you, as an instructor and guide of the people [the gentleman flatters me] in their political action in the present campaign, are not actuated or controlled by any other than the most patriotic motives, uninfluenced by personal motives or aspirations, I desire, in behalf of that consummation which you and I and all other honest and patriotic Americans desire, to-wit: The best interests of the republic, that you would honestly and candidly answer

the following questions. I might add that, having been a Republican for forty years; I supported Mr. Bryan in 1896 solely upon the question of the remonetization of silver. Being a Republican upon principle, I do not see my way clear to support him in this campaign. The questions I desire you to answer are as follows:

First—Were you ever a Republican?

Second—If so, why were you a Republican?

Third—What do you understand the term "imperialism," as used by the Democratic party in this campaign, to imply?

Fourth—Do you believe that any member of either the Democratic, Populist or Republican party ever entertained the thought of changing our present form of government?

Fifth—If not, what becomes of your paramount issue?

(If you will remember, the Democratic platform declares this question of imperialism to be the paramount issue of the campaign.)

Sixth—Do you understand that it is the policy of the Democratic party, as outlined in Mr. Bryan's acceptance speech, in case of his election, to immediately withdraw our forces from the Philippines, and to withdraw authority from the islands entirely; and if so, does this policy include the withdrawing of American authority from Porto Rico and Hawaii?

Very respectfully JO. WALDO HUSTON.

The writer is, I believe, chief justice of Idaho.

My friends, the distinguished writer of this letter states, first, that he is a Republican from principle. Of course, a man ought to be a Republican, or a Democrat, or a Populist, or a Silver Republican, or whatever other political thing he is, upon principle. It was almost unnecessary to say that he is a Republican upon principle. How should he be a Republican upon anything else? (Laughter and applause.) It is almost a commentary upon the existing political situation, that the distinguished gentleman should find it necessary to state that his convictions are convictions on principle. But what principle makes him a Republican? Is it the old Republican principle of bimetallism, or the new Republican principle of its opposite, the gold standard? It will be in order to answer that if he will permit me respectfully now to ask the question. (Pauses a moment.)

If a Republican upon principle, is he in favor of the greenbacks, an original cent Republican doctrine? If a Republican upon principle, is he opposed to the trusts, as his party declared it was in 1888 and 1892..or is he in favor of the trusts, as Mark Hanna and all the other leaders of his party are? (Great applause and cheering.) If he is a Republican upon principle, does he believe in this proposition—"That while providing revenue for the support of the general government by duties of im-

posts, sound policy requires such an adjustment of those imposts as to encourage the development of the material interests of the whole country?" This, the first Republican utterance on protection, from the platform of 1860, was that the Republicans were in favor of so adjusting the duty in raising the necessary revenue for the general government as to protect domestic industry. The new doctrine is to lay the duties for the duties' sake, in order to build up great trusts that may fleece the American people for the benefit of a few men, who make the laws. (Applause.) Which kind of protection does this gentleman indorse, the old one of Lincoln, or the new one of Hanna? (Applause.)

During the war, the Republican party, for the purpose of defraying the expenses of that awful contest, resorted to an income tax. To-day they are opposed to it. Which is the honorable gentleman's "principle" of Republicanism, the original one or the modern one?

The gentleman says he is a Republican from principle. Let me call his attention to this declaration, the very first resolution adopted by the first national convention of his party that ever assembled, in the city of Philadelphia, in June, 1856. The first resolution of that first Republican national convention read as follows, the first part of it:

"Resolved, that the maintenance of the principles promulgated in the Declaration of Independence and embodied in the federal constitution is essential to the preservation of our republican institutions." That was in 1856. In 1860, the Republican convention said (it met at Chicago in May) that "the maintenance of the principles promulgated in the Declaration of Independence and embodied in the federal constitution, that 'All men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, that to secure these rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed,' is essential to the preservation of our Republican institutions."

That is the old original Republican doctrine. Does the gentleman's "principle" indorse that to-day, or is he rather in favor of the convention's declaration at Philadelphia last June to this effect: "The largest measure of self-government consistent with their welfare and our duty shall be secured to them (the islands got from Spain) by law?" (Great applause and cheers.) The platform which I have just read repeals the Declaration of Independence. This platform says that it belongs to McKinley and his administration to say what measure of liberty shall be given to some men, while the Declaration of Independence says that God Almighty gave liberty to all men. (Great applause.) "Under which flag, Bezonian (?)" If he

be in favor of Republicanism on "principle," what principle is it, the Declaration of Independence, which was Lincoln's doctrine, or the repeal of it, which is Mark Hanna's doctrine? (Great cheering and applause.) He says he is a Republican upon principle. Let me read him and you this, from that same Republican platform of 1856: "The dearest constitutional rights of the people of Kansas have been fraudulently and violently taken from them." Kansas was then a territory. The first Republicans held that the territories have certain constitutional rights. The Republican party to-day claims that the constitution does not, of its own force, extend to a territory. Which doctrine does the gentleman believe in; which shall it be, judge? (Applause and laughter.)

When one is speaking of the "principle" of the Republican party, he must distinguish between the original Republican party, which stood for something, and the recent Republican party which stands for somebody. (Great applause.)

Now, the gentleman asks whether I was ever a Republican? Of course he knows I was, and I say, "yes." He says, "If so, why were you a Republican?" Well, my friends, almost the earliest recollection I have is of anxious faces in a little room where we used to gather to get the letters from the front, where my mother's two brothers were facing shot and shell to make true the Republican party's affirmation of the Declaration of Independence. I drank in Republicanism of that sort with my mother's milk. I was taught it at my father's knee, and when I grew maturer and went to the public schools, and read the famous Gettysburg declaration of Lincoln, and the magnificent speeches of Sumner and the sentiments of all the early Republican patriots—full of love for humanity, full of devotion to the fundamental principles of free self-government—my gradually maturing faculties were nurtured in the same faith, and when I grew older yet, and the people of my district drafted me into the public service, I advocated those original Republican principles in which I had come to believe. When I was elected to Congress, I was elected as a defender and exponent of the principle of bimetallism. I have continued so from that hour until now, but, in order now to remain so, I had to get out of the Republican party. (Applause.)

The gentleman does not ask me why I left. (Applause.) And I think it is very significant that he does not. He asks me, "Were you a Republican and why were you?" Now, the next question naturally would be, "Why are you not now?" I do not want to do the honorable gentleman any injustice, but I shrewdly suspect that the reason why I left the party in 1896, was because he left it at the same time and for the same reason. (Laughter and applause.) My friends, he and I both went out because the Republican party threatened to betray

the American people. Now that it actually has betrayed the people, I stay out and he goes back. (Applause.)

He asks, "What do you understand the word 'imperialism' as used by the Democratic party in this campaign, to imply?" The best answer, perhaps, that can be made to that is to be found in the platform of the recent liberty congress that met at Indianapolis, for the purpose of denouncing the present so-called imperialistic policy of the administration. One of the most distinguished lawyers of New England, Mr. Morefield Storey, is said to be the author of the plank, which I now read. I desire that it shall be carefully taken down by the reporters, in order that it may serve as an answer to the distinguished judge's inquiry as to what I understand imperialism to be. It is as follows:

"The struggle of man for freedom has ever been a struggle for constitutional liberty. There is no liberty if the citizen has no rights which the Legislature may not invade, if he may be taxed by the Legislature in which he is not represented; or if he is not protected by the fundamental law against the arbitrary action of executive power. The policy of the President offers the inhabitant of Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippines no hope of independence, no prospect of American citizenship, no constitutional protection, no representation in the Congress which taxes him. [This is not quite true of Hawaii in this one respect. Their present territorial government gives them a territorial delegate in Congress. But it is true of Porto Rico and the Philippines.] It is a government of men (proceeds this plank) by arbitrary power, without their consent. This is imperialism." My friends, the government under which we have assembled to-night, was founded by men who rebelled against imperialism. The American colonists, as I said earlier in my remarks to-night, went to war against Great Britain for their national independence, because Great Britain claimed the right to tax them by the action of a legislative body in which they had no voice. Shame upon the American name, if the American people, at this election, shall deliberately endorse the action of an administration in doing now to Porto Rico and the Philippines what George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Patrick Henry, James Otis, Adams, Hancock, Dickinson, and all the patriots of one hundred and twenty-five years ago, rebelled against the British empire for doing to the American colonies. (Great applause.) If it was imperialism to tax the American colonies 3 cents a pound on tea, what is it to tax the Porto Ricans, who are not represented in our government, who have no member of Congress, who have no voice in our system, to tax them fifteen per cent. of the Dingley rate on goods of theirs which we import, and on all our goods which they import from this country? My friends, we are governing the Porto Ricans

to-day—and it is proposed to govern the Philippine islands in the same way—arbitrarily, without their consent. We are treating them worse than even Spain treated them (somebody is astonished at that), for Porto Rico, until we took possession of her, had three senators and sixteen representatives in the Spanish cortes. She has not even one in the American Congress. (Applause.) Not a single thing can be effectively done in Porto Rico, under our present government, without the cooperation of the upper branch of her legislature, and that is practically named by the President of the United States. They have no liberty. It is a stain upon the American people that we cannot too soon wipe out. When we went into Porto Rico, those simple-minded people desired to come to us, they welcomed our army as it marched with flying colors and beating drums, with “all the pomp and circumstance of glorious” peace, across that island upon a carpet of flowers spread by the enthusiastic confidence of the Porto Rican people. Our great General Miles, who wears on his brow the untarnished chaplets of three great wars, in the full assurance that he represented the honorable intentions of America, knowing himself to be in full harmony with the traditions of the people, issued a proclamation to the Porto Ricans, saying, “you will receive the immunities and privileges of citizens of the United States,” and even our own President, in his message of December, 1899, declared that the Porto Ricans ought to be treated in this spirit. “It is our plain duty,” said he, PLAIN DUTY were the words, to put Porto Rico upon a basis of free trade with the United States. But it was not done. Our plain duty either shifted (?) or we violated it. One or the other.

My friends, I say to you, and I believe every man, woman and child in this audience responds to the sentiment that when our general, in the face of the open welcome of the people of Porto Rico, told them that they should receive the immunities and privileges of American citizenship, and they gave up their country to us upon that assurance, for us now to go back upon the traditions of a century and a quarter, to repudiate the fundamental principles of our constitution, and the immortal guaranties of that great instrument of liberty, the Declaration of Independence, is to commit a national crime of colossal proportions, for which we shall surely be arraigned at the bar of justice. (Great applause.)

“Fourth,” says the judge, “do you believe that any member of either the Democratic, Populist or Republican party (it is very kind of him to put in the Democrats and Populists with the Republicans) ever entertained the thought of changing our present form of government?” Yes, frankly, I do; I do not think any Populist or Democrat ever did, for it is not in accordance with their principles and is absolutely against their platforms.

as just adopted; but most distinctly I affirm that certain influential members of the Republican party do entertain the thought of changing our present form of government, and that its present policy, if continued must lead to exactly that. When Augustus Cæsar was gradually having himself elected to all the offices in Rome, although he did not call himself a king, don't you think an old Roman, with his back turned to the future, and thinking only of the past, would have been shocked if some fellow-citizen had told him that Augustus Octavius was engaged in changing the very form of the state? He called himself only the first citizen. He was really "Imperator," which means commander, that is, commander of the army. You and I have named emperors from that name of his, but at the time the Romans did not have the association of the name to make them aware of the reality of the thing, and so, good, easy people, they drifted into imperialism without knowing it, simply because the man who was doing it disavowed that he was making any change in the state. You are not only in danger of changing the form of this government, fellow citizens, but you have changed it already, if you approve which has been done. Never, until we enacted the law taxing Porto Rico without her consent and undertook a policy looking toward the maintenance of colonies that shall be under our flag but without the guarantees and protection of our constitution, have we done anything inconsistent with Republican government. But this new policy is imperialism. They use the word "expansion" sometimes. I dare say the distinguished writer of this letter would do so, since he speaks of imperialism as being a term used by the Democratic party; and Roosevelt and the rest, persist in employing the term "expansion." Now, my friends, let me remind you that the modern leaders of the Republican party are very shrewd in the use of terms. They will deceive you and they are deceiving you now by the cunningness of words. They got you to vote for the gold standard by calling it "honest money." If they had said gold standard they would not have carried ten states in the American Union. They do not like to say "trusts." When they distinguish between bad and good ones, they call them "combinations of capital." It is all right, you know, to be in favor of "combinations of capital." (Applause.) So over in the Philippine islands, the President of the United States has negotiated a treaty with the Sultan of Sulu, whereby the American flag is raised over the auction block in spite of the Thirteenth amendment to the constitution, which old soldiers in this audience fought and imperiled their lives to put into the constitution, and vowing to support which I saw the present President of the United States raise his hand solemnly to heaven in the presence of two hundred thousand American citizens, and touch with his lips the

Holy Book. And yet, that President has negotiated a treaty with the naked chieftain of the Sulu archipelago, in which he expressly stipulates that the American flag shall float over the inviolable institutions of the Moros, among which is domestic slavery. Lincoln, you remember, gave the world a proclamation of emancipation, McKinley made an agreement, Article 10 of which says, "Any slave in the Sulu archipelago may purchase his liberty by paying to his master the usual market price." (Laughter and applause.) That is the most infamous document in American history. Think of it, my old Republican friend, with the memory of Lincoln fresh in your mind and his precepts sacredly enshrined in your heart. Think of it; particularly if you be one of that noble and honorable body of citizenship that became soldiers in order to exemplify the highest functions of citizens in a free government, namely, to vindicate liberty. You, whose sacrifices put that guarantee of liberty into the Thirteenth amendment, think of it; your President has negotiated a treaty perpetuating slavery under the American flag. My friends, in all sober earnestness, a President that would do that should not receive the vote of a single man or woman in the United States. (Great applause.)

There is not a Republican in this audience that would vote for that thing, if it were presented to him as a proposition by itself; and I invite any subsequent speaker from this platform to tell an audience like this why he supports a President who would and did negotiate that treaty with the Sultan of Sulu. (Applause.) You cannot tell me it was a necessity, else why did you not negotiate with Aguinaldo? Aguinaldo wants his liberty and you fight with him. (Great Applause.) I will tell you why they did it. Prof. Schurman, the president of the first Philippine commission, says that these Moros with whom the treaty was made, are large, fierce fellows; and war, he says, would have been precipitated had we interfered with their domestic institutions; one of the bloodiest wars we ever had; that it is part of their religion and belief that if they die killing Christians they will go straight to heaven. (Laughter and applause.) There is so little satisfaction, you know, in killing a man that doesn't care anything about it. (Laughter.) Schurman reminds me of the character in the comic opera "La Grande Duchesse," who, panoplied in all the exterior accoutrements of war, fierce to look upon, with clanking sword and jingling spur, walks upon the stage, draws his sword, and asks heaven to send him a "small-sized enemy." (Laughter.) We want to fight the little brown men up in the north of the Philippines, and we turn our guns on them to get possession of their country, while we make a treaty with this big, blood-thirsty fellow, and protect his domestic institutions, including slavery. (Applause.) Dr. Schurman says that it is not slav-

ery. He says it it "a mere mild form of domestic bondage." That is different, you know. The constitution only says that you shall not have "slavery" under the American flag; while this does not contravene the constitution, because it is not slavery, but only a "mild form of domestic bondage." (Laughter.) The press dispatches last month showed us how mild a form it is. One of the chieftain's slaves, subject to his "mild domestic bondage," had escaped, as it appears, and it is said that some of the American soldiers—as I think they are bound to do under this treaty—helped catch him and bring him back; and this chief, desirous, no doubt, of impressing upon other slaves the dangers involved in attempting to get free from this mild bondage by running away, promptly took his kris, a beautiful long, circular knife, and severed the man's head from his body. The man died. (Laughter.) He had to. (Laughter.) They didn't torture him. No, they ended his life painlessly, a mere "mild form of domestic bondage." (Applause and laughter.)

My friend asks me if I believe we should withdraw from the Philippines. Let me before I close call his attention to the Democratic platform upon that proposition. Let me summarize it by saying, that the promise in the Democratic platform and of Mr. Bryan representing that party in his letter of acceptance, is substantially what we promised Cuba. When we said Cuba should be free, we promised that we would ask nothing for ourselves, that when the islands were pacified and Spain conquered we would withdraw, leaving the government of the island to the people thereof. If we had offered the same to the Filipinos there never would have been any war. (Applause.) If we would offer the same thing to-day, it would stop the war, and the promise of the Democratic platform is, that we will, if we come into power (and Mr. Bryan supplements it further by saying that he will call an extra session of Congress to attend to it at once) tell the Filipinos to establish their own government, that, when they do so, we will withdraw and that we will see that no foreign power interferes with their righteous experiment. (Great cheers and applause.) Is that not just and reasonable? Is it not worthy the traditions of this republic?

It has been discovered that the officers of the big prison in Manila—which contains thousands of persons—have been allowing prisoners with money to hire substitutes to serve their terms, and that various other forms of corruption exist. This is very bad. How strange it is that these Filipinos will not take to heart the lessons of good government furnished them by American Republicans in office—in the Postal Department of Cuba, for example!—Stockton Mail.

COMMUNICATIONS

RESOLUTIONS.

Granite, Montana, Oct. 10, 1900.

Whereas, that in the death of Brother John Neumeyer organized labor has lost an earnest and zealous worker, his wisdom and counsel will be sadly missed in the councils of the Granite Miners' Union, where his energy, uprightness and sincerity greatly aided in building up and promoting organization and maintaining it through trying circumstances. "By their works we shall know them." This can be well said of Brother Neumeyer. His labor is worthy of emulation. Be it

Resolved, that we extend to his wife and family and relatives our heartfelt sympathy in this their sad bereavement and great loss, and we bow our heads in grief with them. Yet, while the scythe of time cuts swaths in our ranks which we can ill afford to spare, we bow to the wisdom of Him who doeth all things well. Be it further

Resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be sent to his wife and family and relatives, a copy inserted in the Miners' Magazine, a copy sent to the local press and a copy spread on our minutes.

Signed :

JOHN PEARCE,
M. D. HOWLETT,
PHILIP CHRISTOPHER.

RESOLUTIONS ON THE DEATH OF THE LATE ROBERT GRAHAM.

Camp McKinney, B. C., Sept. 29.

We, the committee appointed to draft resolutions on the death of our late brother, Robert Graham, respectfully submit the following:

Whereas, the hand of time has removed one from our midst and the Supreme Ruler of the Universe has seen fit to call from us to the celestial union our beloved brother, Robert Graham; and

Whereas, the members of this union have been called upon to part with an honored and highly esteemed member and this community with an upright and honorable man and good citizen, and parents, brothers and sisters with a kind, loving son and brother. Therefore, be it

Resolved, that we, the members of McKinney Miners' Union No. 43, realizing the great grief that has befallen the be-

reaved mother, brother and sisters, and the darkness of the shadow of death that has fallen upon their home, we tender to them in their hour of greatest affliction our sincerest sympathy and condolence, pointing them away from the clouds which darken this life to that brighter life beyond the grave, where we shall meet our loved ones gone before and where sorrow and parting shall be no more. And be it further

Resolved, that our charter be draped in mourning for the usual period of time and that these resolutions of sympathy be published in the Miners' Magazine and in our local papers.

COMMITTEE.

ALLAN F. LUSK,

Secretary Camp McKinney Miners' Union No. 43, W. F. of M.

POPULISM—NEW AND OLD.

Still the battle is raging between capital and labor. In the year 1890 there was a labor organization of which the writer was a member, called the Farmers' Alliance. We, as farmers, representing the parent industry of the country, saw that no matter how hard we worked and economized, keeping our children from school to do their little part, year after year we were getting more and more in debt.

And year after year we saw the old homesteads rapidly passing into the hands of the artificial man called a corporation or syndicate. We resolved to organize for the purpose of bettering our condition, socially, morally and financially. By meeting together and discussing the science of government and economic questions we bettered our condition socially. And upon the question of how we could better our condition financially, we naturally attributed all our ills and misfortunes to our competitive system, and believed that the nearer we could approach a perfect system of co-operation the sooner we would again be on the high road to prosperity. But a careful investigation of the question revealed to us that it was not our competitive system that was at fault. But on the contrary our competitive system had been destroyed by corporate power, trusts, pools and combines, and the remedy lies with the law-making power of our government. Hence we formulated our demands into a bill, placed it in the hands of Senator Vance, sent C. L. Polk, C. W. McClure, L. F. Livingston (now congressman from Georgia) to Washington to present our demands before a Senate committee—and these gentlemen discussed the labor question more ably than ever before in the history of our government. What was the result? The bill was referred to a committee and has been sleeping that Rip Van Winkle sleep in the hands of that committee from that day to this. Why? Because labor was not represented in the halls of Congress.

Who were there? Corporation lawyers and professional politicians, the scum of creation.

We, as members of the Farmers' Alliance, relying on the judgment and wisdom of the leaders of that great organization, resolved that we would support either of the two dominant political parties that would endeavor to place our demands on the statute books of the country. But we found that neither would even give us a respectful hearing. Hence the rise of the Populist party; demanding government issue of money direct to the people without the intervention of any irresponsible corporation, and the land loan system, providing that the government issue and loan money on land security at the same rate of interest they loan to banks, or the sub-treasury and warehouse system, the government to loan money on the products of the farm deposited in these bonded warehouses. Either of the above plans was offered as a means to increase the circulating medium and provide for a flexible currency beyond the control of corporate greed. We ask is there any reference made to the two essential measures mentioned in the Sioux City platform, made by a People's party convention? No. Why, we ask? Because that convention was dominated by Democratic politicians claiming to be Populists. And all the leaders of the so-called reform forces to-day, including Bryan, are responsible for the destruction of the Populist party and principles of financial reform, and are enemies to labor and have the unmitigated gall to expect the support of the Populists and organized labor in the coming election.

D. C. Coates should receive the votes of all laboring men in this state, because he has been weighed in the balance and found to be a true friend of labor.

In conclusion, my laboring friends, take my advice and vote for no man or any ticket unless you have reason to believe he is a friend to labor, and if you will do this, with the rapid strides made by organized labor in the last few years, the old ship of state will be turned about face and manned by the honest yeomanry of the country, and then, and not until then, will the old flag wave once more over the land of the free and the home of the brave.

J. B. DOUGLASS.

Victor, Colo.

McDONELL TO CULBREATH.

Robert E. Culbreath, editor of the City Argus of San Francisco, one of the renegades of society endeavoring to assume the role of a newspaper man in California, is an old galvanized crank, too vile to live and too mean to die, who dubs himself Robert E. Culbreath, sole proprietor of the San Francisco City Argus, a miserably-edited blackmailing pamphlet, published

once a week in some obscure alley of the city. This contemptible production is utterly destitute of every element of merit which would recommend its perusal to our great enlightened reading public. Its columns are continually filled with the most trashy, incoherent matter, which could only be duplicated by the ravings of a maniac confined within the precincts of a lunatic asylum, or the mutterings dictated by a man whose brain power had degenerated to the level of the lower animals of creation.

It is a remarkable fact that this old imbecile has got the idea into his head that he has been placed upon the surface of this mundane sphere as a special missionary to block the movements of organized labor along the lines of policy mapped out by the wage-earners of this great republic.

We have often heard the old saying that a jumping-jack is the same the world over, and when you meet one, just keep your weather eye upon him and the dangerous end of the animal becomes harmless. Old Culbreath of the City Argus is possessed of all the qualities which constitute a full-fledged specimen of the jumping-jack creation; his heels are continually in the air trying to injure respectable people as they pass along, and his brayings are loud and long, as he incessantly paws the dust in his corral. This slimy old jack arrogates to himself the right to continually publish tirades of abuse against the Virginia City Miners' Union, unmindful of the fact that the union pays as little attention to his scurrilous notes as it does to the brayings of a yellow cur endeavoring to attract the attention of the man in the moon.

The Virginia City Miners' Union has existed and dominated the wage problem of the Comstock lode for a period of over thirty-three years, and its membership is composed of brain, muscle and manhood second to nothing in Nevada or elsewhere. This union's self-respect and love of fair dealing has made its sphere of usefulness honored and revered throughout the length and breadth of this broad land as the beacon light by which the miners of the Comstock can see and maintain their rights. All the sister unions of America regard the Virginia City Miners' Union as the pioneer of labor organizations in the West, and its transcendent genius will go down the corridors of time as a benefactor of mankind, long after the worthless carcass of old Culbreath shall have sunk into the shades of oblivion and hopeless decay.

This intolerable old idiot is undertaking the task of his life when he attempts to cross swords with organized labor, and like the senseless bear in the fable, which overturned the beehive and got stung to death for his temerity, has undertaken a work which greater men than he have failed to accomplish, and the rebound of the boomerang, which he has so ruth-

lessly tried to throw at organized labor, will return with double fury and send to the shades all his plans of destruction. There is absolutely nothing to be feared or hoped from a man who wears a number 11 shoe and a number 6 hat, showing his phrenological conformity is beyond redemption. That being the case, the Virginia City Miners' Union has nothing to fear from the mouthings of this brainless nonentity of intellectual degeneracy, whose physical proportions outbalance his mentality so enormously that the former sinks into insignificance completely shadowed by the cloud of the latter.

The Miners' Magazine is the watchdog of organized labor in the West, and it circulates over a territory of nearly 2,500,000 square miles; and through its columns we can give old Culbreath hot shot indefinitely.

Signed, JOHN F. McDONELL,
Recording and Financial Secretary Virginia City (Nevada) Miners' Union.

SENATOR W. M. STEWART OF NEVADA.

A SYNOPSIS OF HIS CAREER.

Editor Miners' Magazine: One of the most renowned political acrobats of the age is Senator W. M. Stewart of Nevada. This gentleman has again jumped from one political party to another, and the silver Fusionists of Nevada congratulate themselves in getting rid of a man on whom they have always looked with grave suspicion. In the earlier years of this man's career we find him posing as a Democrat, and later on as a copperhead Democrat. But at this period of his life, towards the close of the Civil War, and at a time when the cause of secession had become hopeless, a movement was made to have the Territory of Nevada admitted as one of the sovereign states of the Union, which was finally consummated.

At this period of Nevada's history W. M. Stewart was a lawyer of considerable ability and forensic fame. It was at this juncture of events that Mr. Stewart saw the opportunity of his life present itself in vivid flashes before his longing gaze. Two United States senators were to be elected from Nevada, but no Democrat had a ghost of a show to be elected at that period.

It was then that Stewart saw the evil tenor of his past life as a copperhead Democrat, and lost no time in making a public declaration of his desire to cast his fortune with the National Union Republican party of Lincoln, and repudiated all he had formerly said in favor of secession and was the loudest man to denounce Jefferson Davis and the southern traitors, as he never failed to call them in his later Republican harangues.

On the admission of Nevada as a state, in 1864, Stewart announced himself as a candidate for United States senator, with the result that he and James W. Nye were elected the first senators from the new state then famous for its silver production. The first grave act of traitorism on the part of Stewart to the state which had bestowed upon him the highest honors and emoluments in her gift was Stewart's vote in the United States senate in 1873 demonetizing silver, Nevada's staple product at that time.

When the evils of this measure became known and began to tell against the silver industry of the country in general, and Nevada in particular, a hue and cry went up against Stewart from his constituents which made him shake in his boots, which endangered his re-election to the United States Senate, resulting in Stewart's retirement and the election of the late William Sharon as Nevada's senator.

Stewart, in the meantime, seeing the gravity of his mistake in voting against silver, subsequently came to Nevada, and with that patronizing whine so characteristic of the man in a campaign speech, made the very bold and plausible assertion that when he voted for the bill which killed silver, he was unaware of the fact that the bill contained a demonetizing clause, and, furthermore, had he known such a clause was a part of the bill, he would have suffered his right arm to be severed from his body rather than to have voted for such a measure.

On the strength of this assertion, and believing him sincere, the people of Nevada allowed themselves to be duped by this all-round political trickster, and again elected him as their representative in the highest branch of Congress.

At this juncture of events, and in order to make a master move in remonetizing silver. Nevadans, under the leadership of that modern Nestor of the people, Congressman F. G. Newlands, formed the Silver Party of Nevada and fought a giant battle in Congress for the remonetization of silver. It was then that Stewart began to fear Newland's popularity would make him his rival in the next contest for senatorial honors, and in order to offset this rivalry, Stewart, with the dexterity of an African lion, leaped into the silver fold, repudiated the Republican party, and denounced President Harrison and the Republicans in Congress opposed to bimetallism, thus again floating into the United States Senate on the tidal wave of popular opinion, made possible by the efforts of Mr. Newlands.

As soon as Congressman Newlands announced himself as a candidate for the Senate from Nevada, and knowing his own waning popularity among Nevada's silver forces, we find W. M. Stewart crawling out under the lower rail of the silver enclosure, and knocking at the gate of the Republican corral, asking

that party to kill the fatted calf and welcome the return of their prodigal son.

These are the historical acts of the most renowned political acrobat of the age, and for duplicity of action, stand unrivaled in the world's history.

Signed,

JOHN F. McDONELL.

Virginia City, Nev., October 19, 1900.

THE STRANGE OCCURRENCES IN CANTERSTONE JAIL.

(Continued from last number.)

Putting his hands under his coattails, the chaplain looked up at the ceiling with a resolute air.

"If you do fight Slater, Hardinge, I should certainly commence by giving the chaplain a punch in the eye."

So saying, the governor leaned back in his chair and began drumming on the table with the tips of his fingers. The doctor rose from his seat. He gave the inspector a hearty slap upon the back.

"Give him beans" he cried. "You ought to be able to knock an over-fed animal like Slater into the middle of next week before he's counted five."

"I've no quarrel with Slater," the inspector growled, "and I've no intention of fighting him; but as the chaplain seems to be so anxious for a row, I'll fight him with the greater pleasure."

"If there's goin' to be any fighting," interpose the chief warden, "don't you think I'd better get a couple of sponges and a pail of water?"

"I don't know about the sponges," said the governor; "I don't fancy you will find any just at hand. But you might get a pail of water, I think."

The chief warden left the room.

"I'm not a fighting man," the chaplain announced; "and in any case, I should decline to soil my hands by touching such an ill-mannered ruffian as Major Hardinge."

"I say," exclaimed the doctor, "Hardinge, you're not going to stand that?"

The major sprang from his seat, tore off his coat, and flung it on to the ground with considerable less care than Warden Slater had done. He strode up to the chaplain.

"Beg my pardon, or take a licking!"

The major clenched his fists. He assumed an attitude which, if not exactly reminiscent of the pets of the fancy, was at least intended to be pugilistic. The chaplain did not flinch.

"You dare to lay a finger on me, you bullying blackguard."

The major did dare. He struck out, if not with considera-

ble science, at any rate with considerable execution. The chaplain went down like a log. At that moment the chief warder entered the room. He had a pail of water in his hand. For some reason which was not altogether plain, he threw its contents upon the chaplain as he lay upon the floor.

While these—considering the persons engaged—somewhat irregular proceedings had been taking place, Mankell remained motionless, his hand upraised—still with that smile upon his face. Now he lowered his hand.

“Thank you, very much,” he said.

There was silence again—a tolerably prolonged silence. While it lasted a change seemed to be passing over the chief actors in the scene. They seemed to be awakening, with more or less rapidity, to the fact that a certain incongruity characterized their actions and their language. There stood Warder Slater, apparently surprised and overwhelmed at the discovery that his hat and coat were off, and his shirt sleeves tucked up above his elbows. The chief warder, with the empty pail in hand, presented a really ludicrous picture of amazement. He seemed quite unable to realize the fact that he had thrown the contents over the chaplain. The inspectors surprise appeared to be no less on finding that, in his pugilistic ardor, he had torn off his coat and knocked the chaplain down. The doctor, supporting him in the rear, seemed to be taken a little aback. The governor, smoothing his hair with his hand, seemed to be in a hopeless mist. It was the chaplain, who rose from the floor with his handkerchief to his nose, who brought it home to them that the scene which had just transpired had not been the grotesque imaginings of some waking dream.

“I call you to witness that Major Hardinge has struck me to the ground, and the chief warder has thrown on me a pail of water. What conduct may be expected from ignorant criminals when such is the behavior of those who are in charge of them, must be left for others to judge.”

They looked at one another. Their feelings were momentarily too deep for words.

“I think,” suggested the governor, with quavering intonation, “I think—that this man—had better—be taken away.”

Warder Slater picked up his hat and coat and left the room, Mankell walking quietly beside him. Mr. Murray followed after, seeming particularly anxious to conceal the presence of the pail. Mr. Hewett, still staunching the blood which flowed from his nose, fixed his eyes on the inspector.

“Major Hardinge, if twenty-four hours after this you are still an inspector of prisons, all England shall ring with your shame. Behind bureaucracy—above it—is the English press.” The chaplain moved towards the door. On the threshold he paused. “As for the chief warder, I shall commence by indict-

ing him for assault.' He took another step and paused again. "Nor shall I forget that the governor aided and abetted the inspector, and that the doctor egged him on."

"But a man's not answerable for what he does when he's bewitched," persisted the chief warder, with characteristic sturdiness.

"It is exactly that reflection which has constrained me to return."

They looked up. There was the chaplain standing in the door—still with his handkerchief to his nose.

"Mr. Murray, you threw a pail of water over me. If you assert that you did it under the influence of witchcraft, I, who have myself been under a spell, am willing to excuse you."

"Mr Hewett, sir, you yourself know I was bewitched."

"I do; as I believe it of myself. Murray, give me your hand." The chaplain and the chief warder solemnly shook hands. "There is an end of the matter as it concerns us two. Major Hardinge, do I understand you to assert that you too were under the influence of witchcraft?"

This was rather a delicate inquiry to address to the Major. Apparently the Major seemed to find it so.

"I don't know about witchcraft," he growled; "but I am prepared to take my oath in any court in England that I had no more intention of striking you than I had of striking the moon."

"That is sufficient, Major Hardinge. I forgive you from my heart. Perhaps you too will take my hand."

The Major took it—rather awkwardly—much more awkwardly than the chief warder had done. When the chaplain relinquished it, he turned aside, and picking up his coat, began to put it on—scarcely with that air of dignity which is proper to a prison inspector.

"I presume," continued Mr. Hewett, "that we all allow that what has occurred has been owing to the malign influence of the man Oliver Mankell?"

(To be Continued.)

CHRONOLOGY OF THE MONTH.

Sept. 18—The first effect of the great coal strike was the announcement in several cities that the price of coal would be advanced at once.

Sept. 19—Lieutenant Hobson says Dewey did not sink the Spanish ships, but that they were scuttled by the Spaniards themselves. Now if Hobson did not sink the Merimac, our hero list will diminish.

Sept. 20—Martial law will cease in Galveston at noon tomorrow. The citizens of that community are luckier that

those of the Cœur d'Alenes as far as martial law is concerned.

Sept. 21—The copper plate printers and engravers working for Tiffany in New York went on strike recently. They presented an odd sight while picketing, dressed as they were in silk hats, Prince Albert suits and patent leather shoes.

Sept. 22—Shenandoah is now a great armed camp. Twenty-seven hundred soldiers, infantry, cavalry and artillery are camped upon the heights surrounding the city.

Sept. 23—Orders have been posted in the shaft houses of a number of mines in the Cripple Creek district requiring the men to strip naked and pass into the dressing room under the eye of a watchman.

Sept. 25—England and America are now opposing the aggressive German policy in China.

Sept. 26—Roosevelt and Wolcott invaded the Cripple Creek district, but the people having no patience with traitors and blatherskites would not listen to their nonsense. ?

Sept. 27—The War Department at Washington is preparing figures to show the great cost of recruiting and maintaining a volunteer force, and will ask Congress to increase the standing army to 100,000 men.

Sept. 28—A monster meeting of anti-impelialists was held in Cooper Union. Carl Schurz was the speaker of the evening and delivered a fine address, which was enthusiastically received.

Oct. 1—America and Russia are beginning the evacuation of Pekin.

Oct. 2—In the English elections the conservatives are holding their own. It was supposed that the crushing of the Boer republics would give them a great increase, but such has not been the case.

Oct. 5—A report from Philadelphia says the individual coal operators will offer a ten-per-cent. increase to the striking coal miners.

Oct. 7—The Denver Union of Woodworkers have declared a general strike. This step is made necessary by the action of one mill which was on strike trying to get the other mills to fill their orders.

Oct. 7—A tornado in Minnesota killed eight people and wounded quite a number.

Oct. 9—Requisition papers issued by Governor Sayers of Texas were served on Governor Roosevelt at the Planters' hotel, St. Louis, for the extradition of John D. Rockefeller, Henry Flagler and other Standard Oil magnates. The defendants are wanted in Texas for alleged violation of the anti-trust laws. Governor Roosevelt said he could not act on the requisition as long as he was out of the state of New York, as he was technically not governor.

Rocky Mountain News

Denver, Colorado.

DAILY AND WEEKLY.

The great representative Newspaper of the Rocky Mountain States and Territories,

"At the present time a majority of the members of the organization read nothing but the metropolitan dailies—the avowed and everlasting enemies of labor; there is not a daily of any note from the Atlantic to the Pacific (the Rocky Mountain News excepted) that is friendly to labor; it is your duty not to patronize them, nor the men who advertise in them." From President Edward Boyce's address to the Miners' convention at Salt Lake, May 12, 1897.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

Daily, by mail.....75 cents per month.
 Daily.....\$9.00 a year
 Weekly.....\$1.00 a year

Address

ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS,
 Denver, Colorado.

LEADER S	Walker Commercial Company.			LEADER S
	Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Groceries	Hardware, Stoves, Furniture.	Drugs, Tinware, Hay and Grain.	
	Dorsey Block.	Miners' Union Hall.	Mitchell Block.	
	Wholesale and Retail, Granite, Montana.			

BADGES, Flags and Banners

JOHN O'CALLAHAN & SONS.

Eighth and Sansom Sts., Philadelphia, Penn.

Designs for Every Organization.

ALL WE ASK IS AN OPPORTUNITY TO SUBMIT SAMPLES AND PRICES. DROP US A POSTAL.

MONEY LOANED AT SMALL COST.

One-half of One Per Cent. a Year. No Commission.

READ... **MUTUAL BANKING** By WM. B. GREENE

SEE HOW IT IS DONE.

Price 10c.

Mailed post-paid from this office.

The Western Federation of Miners.

EDWARD BOYCE, President.

JOHN F. McDONELL, Vice President, Virginia City, Nevada.

JAMES MAHER, Secretary-Treasurer, Box 307, Butte, Mont.

EXECUTIVE BOARD.

John C. Williams.....Grass Valley, California

W. D. Haywood.....Silver City, Idaho

James B. Furey.....Butte, Montana

W. N. Burns.....Ouray, Colorado

Charles H. Moyer.....Lead City, South Dakota

Chris Foley.....Rossland, British Columbia

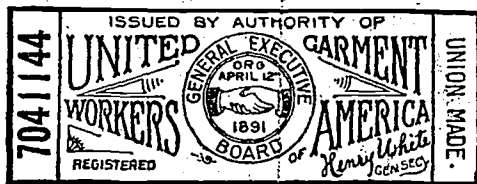
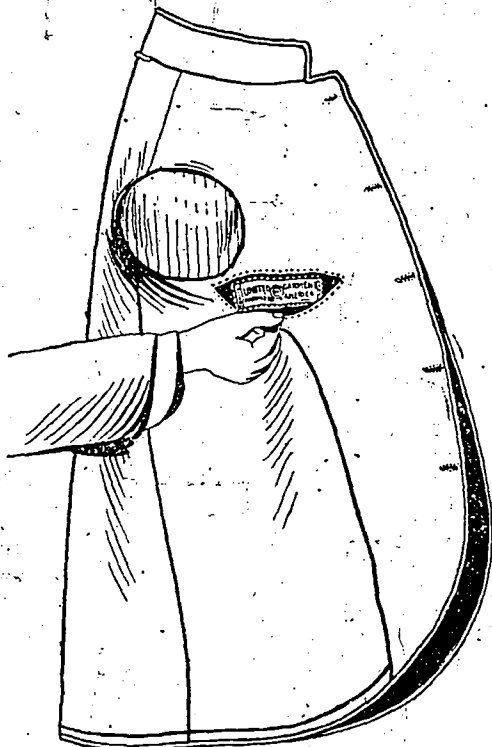


DIRECTORY OF LOCAL UNIONS AND OFFICERS.

No.....	Name.....	Meeting Night.....	President	Secretary	P.O. Box..	Address..
ARIZONA.						
77	Chloride.....	Wed.	Thomas Roe....	Wesley Frazer..	...	Chloride.....
60	Globe.....	Tue..	Sam Leeds.....	R. L. Williams..	120	Globe.....
17	Helvetia.....	Thur	Albert Gorman..	A. C. Lamb.....	...	Helvetia.....
101	Jerome.....	Thur	T. F. Casey....	P. J. Keohane..	120	Jerome.....
102	Wray.....	Thur	J. G. Henning..	W. A. Weeks....	...	Wray.....
BRIT. COL' BIA						
76	Gladstone.....	Sat..	John Hescott...	Wm. Goddard...	...	Fernie.....
22	Greenwood.....	Sat..	Walter Long...	M. H. Kane.....	134	Greenwood....
69	Kaslo.....	Fri..	Robert Pollock..	D. McPhall.....	...	Kaslo.....
100	Kimberly.....	Harvey White..	...	Kimberly.....
43	McKinney.....	Sat..	Walter Hunter..	Allan F. Lusk..	...	CampM'Kinney
71	Moyle.....	Tue..	H. H. Dimock..	P. T. Smyth....	...	Moyle.....
96	Nelson.....	Sat..	Ed F. Blewitt..	James Wilks...	106	Nelson.....
97	New Denver....	Sat..	D. J. Weir.....	C. M. Nesbitt..	...	New Denver...
8	Phoenix.....	Tue..	James Marshall	John Rlordan..	...	Phoenix.....
94	Rossland Mech't	Fri..	D. C. Coakley..	W. W. Dotey....	164	Rossland.....
38	Rossland.....	Wed.	W. O'Brine.....	F. E. Woodside	421	Rossland.....
81	Sandon.....	Sat..	Wm. Davidson..	Wm. L. Hagler..	S	Sandon.....
95	Silverton.....	Sat..	John R. Roberts.	John C. Tyre...	...	Silverton.....
62	Slocan.....	Wed.	J. A. Baker....	A. E. Teeter...	...	Slocan City...
79	Whitewater....	Sat..	J. J. McDonald.	B. F. McIsaac..	...	Whitewater...
85	Ymir.....	Wed.	Dennis Shea...	Alfred Parr....	...	Ymir.....
CALIFORNIA.						
61	Bodie.....	Tue..	H.H.Carpenter..	Jas. Kavanaugh	61	Bodie.....
47	Confidence....	Thur	Bert Gibbs.....	A. Somers.....	...	Confidence....
70	Gold Cross....	Tue..	Tom West.....	J. A. Vaughn...	...	Hedges.....
90	Grass Valley...	Fri..	E. G. Swift.....	M. M. Mitchell..	...	Grass Valley...
51	Mojave.....	Thur	T. F. Delaney..	O. W. Marten..	...	Mojave.....
48	Pinlon Blanco..	...	George E. Hope	Ed Padberg....	...	Coulterville...
44	Randsburg....	Tue..	Jos. W. Green..	T. H. Reed.....	...	Randsburg....
73	Tuolumne.....	Sat..	James Ople....	W. T. Luddy....	...	Stent.....
87	Summerville....	...	F. M. Grant....	F. I. Kelley....	35	Carters P.O..
39	Sierra Gorda...	D. W. Winters..	...	Big Oak Flat..
COLORADO.						
75	Altman St. Eng'	Tue..	E. J. Rice.....	D. C. Copley....	106	Independence..
21	Anaconda.....	Tue..	C. W. Rorke...	R. S. Mitchell..	296	Anaconda.....
13	Baldwin.....	Sat..	Henry Dahl....	W. A. Triplett..	...	Baldwin.....
89	Battle Mountain	Sat..	C. L. Gilmer...	R. F. Stinson...	...	Gilman.....
64	Bryan.....	Sat..	James Ferguson	John C. Prinn..	134	Ophir.....
106	Banner M. & S.	Tue..	W. D. Sighman.	L. L. Riblett...	365	Victor.....
33	Cloud City....	Sat..	J. R. McDonald	Chas. R. Burr..	132	Leadville....
40	Cripple Creek..	Sat..	Chas. E. Phillips	E. J. Campbell..	1148	Cripple Creek..
82	C. C. St. Eng'rs.	Wed.	Thomas Davis..	E. L. Whitney..	771	Cripple Creek..
93	Denver S. M....	B. P. Smith....	...	3915 Wynkoop St
48	Durango M. & S	Thur	Moses Shields..	Frank Wride...	1273	Durango.....
56	Eldora.....	Thur	D. H. Weaver...	W. J. Livingston.	...	Eldora.....
80	Excelstor Eng'.	Mon.	Joseph Norris..	W. A. Morgan..	522	214 N. 6th St..

No.	Name	Meeting Night	President	Secretary	P. O. Box	Address
COLO.—Cont'd.						
19	Free Coinage	Fri..	W. B. Easterly	C. F. Dillon	91	Altman
92	Gillett M. & S.	Sat..	Chas. Baggs	E. S. Timmons	...	Gillett
50	Henson	Thur	W.C.Bredenstain	W. E. Laird	...	Henson
55	Lawson	Wed.	H. Cadwalader	M. O'Hagan	...	Lawson
15	Ouray	Sat..	W. J. Beard	Jno. M. Hogue	571	Ouray
6	Pitkin County	Tue..	Theo. Saurer	R. K. Sprinkle	397	Aspen
36	Rico	Wed.	Chase Kelly	Thos. C. Young	662	Rico
26	Silverton	Sat..	E. U. Fletcher	E. L. Riggs	23	Silverton
27	Sky City	Tue..	T. B. Walker	A. J. Horne	...	Ironton
63	16 to 1	Sat..	V. St. John	O. M. Carpenter	638	Telluride
41	Ten Mile	Tue..	B. T. Holder	W. P. Swallow	212	Kokomo
32	Victor	Thur	John Currey	Jerry Kelly	134	Victor
84	Vulcan	Sat..	James Cassidy	J. H. Thomas	...	Vulcan
108	Whitepine	B. F. Killey	...	Whitepine
IDAHO.						
10	Burke	Tue..	Chas. Tilford	John Kelly	207	Burke
52	Custer	Sat..	Wm. J. Bowen	Thos. H. Steven	...	Custer
53	DeLamar	Sat..	Jos. G. Wilson	Wm. Mitchell	...	De Lamar
11	Gem	Wed.	Frank Monty	A. S. Bokch	107	Gem
37	Gibbonsville	Wed.	Thos. Barber	R. R. Dodge	39	Gibbonsville
9	Mullan	Sat..	R. Wheatley	Jno. Hendrickson	130	Mullan
66	Silver City	Sat..	W. D. Heywood	Wm. Williams	...	Silver City
18	Wardner	Sat..	S. C. Stratton	Victor Price	162	Wardner
65	Wood River	William Batey	...	Hailey
MISSOURI.						
88	Joplin	Wed.	Ben Housley	S. P. Cress	...	Joplin
MONTANA.						
57	Aldridge	Sat..	James Lenigan	Joseph Gulde	...	Aldridge
12	Barker	Thur	P. Franklin	Joseph Boland	5	Barker
23	Basin	Wed.	John Mulcahey	R. H. Pierce	1	Basin
7	Belt	Sat..	C. H. Conner	Wm. Cheek	...	Neihart
45	Bridger	S. C. Keath	...	Bridger
1	Butte	Tue..	W. H. Eddy	Jerry Hanley	498	Butte
74	Butte M. & S.	Wed.	Luke Williams	S. P. Johnson	841	Butte
83	Butte Eng.	Wed.	Bernard Lindsay	Jos. Creighton	2	Butte
67	Carbonado	Tue..	Jas. Dougherty	J. R. Miller	...	Carbonado
78	Gebo	D. B. Spears	...	Gebo
86	Geo. Dewey	Fri..	W. S. VanEtten	H. Bussey	284	Granite
4	Granite	Tue..	Harry Lewney	Wm. Enderlien	D	Granite
16	G. Falls M. & S.	Sat..	Chas. Wilson	James Finley	790	G. Falls
35	Hassell	Sat..	V. T. Patterson	J. W. Galvin	71	Hassell
107	Judith Mt.	Sat..	Robt. McMullan	Otto Anderson	...	Maiden
103	Marysville	Wed.	Wm. Walsh	Joseph Harvey	...	Marysville
20	Martina	Sun.	M. L. Cook	Eug. Wessinger	...	Martina
29	Red Lodge	Mon.	Alex. Fairgrave	Thos. Conway	207	Red Lodge
104	Red Bluff	Sat..	Hugh Elliott	B. G. Crawford	...	Red Bluff
105	White Hall	Tue..	Jerry O'Rourke	Whitehall
25	Winston	Sat..	A. E. Wenstrom	R. F. Whyte	...	Winston
NEVADA.						
72	Lincoln	Wed	A. Burke	J. Geck	...	De Lamar
49	Silver City	Tue..	S. Armstrong	T. C. Wogan	76	Silver City
31	Tuscarora	Wed.	W. J. Plumb	S. S. Turner	12	Tuscarora
46	Virginia	Fri..	W. A. Burns	J. F. McDonell	1	Virginia City
N. W. TERR.						
76	Gladstone	Sat..	John Hescott	W. Goddard	...	Fernie
59	Lethbridge	Sat..	Henry Noble	K. McDonald	...	Lethbridge
OREGON.						
42	Bourne	Mon.	Al Johnson	John T. Rusk	...	Bourne
91	Cornucopia	Sat..	F. W. Sharp	N. L. Skiff	...	Cornucopia
S. DAKOTA.						
56	Custer	Geo. Knowles	...	Custer
3	Central	Sat..	A. Erickson	W. G. Friggins	23	Central City
14	Deadwood L. U.	Thur	C. C. Bennett	J. E. Evans	950	Deadwood
2	Lead	Mon.	Thos. P. Nichols	J. C. McLemore	290	Lead
30	Keystone	Wed.	John Lynch	Wm. Bacon	...	Keystone
5	Terry Peak	Wed.	Geo. Hendy	G. H. Schaad	174	Terry
8	Two-Bit	Sat..	Seth Galvin	H. J. VanAlstine	...	Galena
WASHINGTON.						
28	Republic	Tue..	Michl Callahan	Jas. B. Duggan	157	Republic
24	Sheridan	Sat..	Abe Hanson	C. M. Wilson	...	Toroda
WYOMING.						
98	Battle Creek	Thur	E. E. Lind	F. L. Miller	...	Osceola
UTAH.						
99	Valley S. U.	Tue..	Wm. Bogart	H. T. Hofeling	...	Murray
34	Sandie S. U.	Sat..	C. B. Brown	Wm. Halstead	...	Sandle

UNION MINERS ATTENTION.



Show your loyalty to the cause by insisting upon the emblem of fair union labor being attached to the clothing you buy.

Costs you no more for a well made garment. Insures you against Chinese and diseased sweat shop product.

For list of manufacturers, (Clothing, Overalls and Shirts) using label write to Henry White, Gen. Secretary, Bible House, New York.

2

Strictly Western Institutions, The Western Federation of Miners and The Underhill Factory.

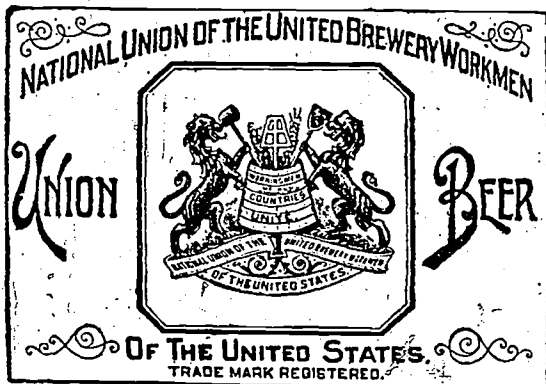
2

Reasons why the Underhill Factory should be patronized by the Western Miners, Their GARMENTS are Union Made, Best Made.



Underhill's

Factory in Denver, Colo.
Makes Shirts, Corduroy
Pants, Duck-Clothing, Miners' Coats, Overalls and things



This label should be pasted on every package containing

Beer, Ale or Porter,

As the only guarantee that said package contains Beverages produced by Union Labor.

You Will Help the

Cigar Makers

build up their Union and thereby strengthen you own

By Smoking only Union Label Cigars.

Don't forget to see that this label is on every box, when buying cigars.

First-Class Accommodations for Sportsmen at Reasonable Rates. Good Camp in the Mountains for Hunting

SPORTSMEN'S HOME,

J. J. Carpenter, Prop.

Best Shooting and Fishing Grounds IN THE WEST.

Elk, Deer, Antelope, Mountain Sheep, Grouse Sage Hens, Mountain Quail, Etc.

On D. & R. G. Narrow Gauge, Between Gunnison and Sapinero.
P. O. ADDRESS, CEBOLLO, COLO.

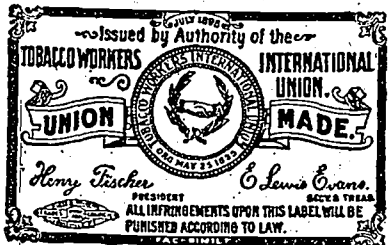
The People

One Year, 50c. 6 Months, 25c

The Biggest and Best Socialist paper in America. x x x x

The only Eastern paper that investigated and fully exposed the Bull Pen Outrage. x x x x x

184 Williams St, New York City,



When Purchasing Tobacco...

Chewing or Smoking, Plug, Twist or in Package See that THIS LABEL is on it. No Matter what your dealer may tell you, there are

None Strictly Union Without the Blue Label
BUY NO OTHER.

UNITED HATTERS OF NORTH AMERICA.



This is the Union Label

OF THE

UNITED HATTERS OF NORTH AMERICA.

When you are buying a FUR HAT, either soft or stiff, see to it that the genuine Union Label is sewed in it. If a retailer has loose labels in his possession and offers to put one in a hat for you, do not patronize him. He has not any right to have loose labels. Loose labels in retail stores are counterfeits. Do not listen to any explanation as to why the hat has no label. The Genuine Union Label is perforated on the four edges exactly the same as a postage stamp. Counterfeits are sometimes perforated on three of the edges, and sometimes only on two. Keep a sharp lookout for the counterfeits. Unprincipled manufacturers are using them in order to get rid of their scab-made hats. The John B. Stetson Co. and Henry H. Roelofs & Co., both of Philadelphia, Pa., are non-union concerns.



THE MERCHANTS CAFE, Fish, Game and Oysters.
Short Orders a Specialty.
Only Union Help Employed. Victor, Colorado.