



HON. JOHN KENNEDY,
Member Ouray Miners Union No. 15.

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EDWARD BOYCE, Editor,

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

Write plainly, on one side of paper only; where ruled paper is used write only on every second line. Communications not in conformity with this notice will not be published.

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

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TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

When we undertook the publication of the MINERS' MAGAZINE many people conversant with newspaper business predicted its failure when it was to depend upon voluntary subscriptions from workingmen, which is unfortunately true, as the average workingman rarely subscribes for a publication that will benefit him. However, the MAGAZINE has done well and we appreciate the generous support of those who contributed towards its support.

With this issue many subscriptions expire, but we hope to receive their renewal before the month expires, so each one will have a complete file. Hereafter no magazine will be sent to delinquent subscribers and no extra copies will be published.

We believe the MAGAZINE is worth one dollar a year, and don't intend to carry a delinquent list. Please renew your subscription and get your friends to subscribe and help the cause for which we are striving.

Miners keep away from Northport and Rossland.
Lockout against the W. F. of M. is on.

DEATH OF THE PRESIDENT.

It is with regret that the MINERS' MAGAZINE chronicles the death of the President of the United States, which occurred on Saturday, September 14, as the result of a bullet fired from a pistol in the hands of one Leon Czolgosz at the Buffalo Exposition as President McKinley was receiving the people on Friday, September 6.

We most sincerely mourn that another president of this republic has met such a tragic death, and we regard the murder of Mr. McKinley as a crime untenable with the political freedom, social ideas of civilization, progress and advancement of the United States.

We mourn that such a crime can be contemplated and carried out in a nation where economic and industrial conditions can be made perfect through the ballot in the hands of an intelligent people. There was neither reason nor justification for this murder of the head of our government.

As for Mr. McKinley, the individual, who neither in his private nor public life or acts had much concern for the deplorable conditions of the wage-earning masses, we regard his death in the same light as that of any other citizen, and sincerely feel for the widow who intensely suffers the affliction of the loss of a kind and loving husband. This was the one bright page in McKinley's life.

Labor, and those advocates of its cause who keep closely in touch with events and governmental policies, had no reason to rejoice because of any act of McKinley during his public life. On the contrary there was much reason for complaint and criticism; therefore there is little reason to mourn for his individual loss.

The influences surrounding him molded his political career and compelled his acts, and there was no relief or consolation offered by him to the producers of wealth. On the contrary, his every policy and act was in the interest of the non-producing class, while labor suffered keener pangs of toil, got less remuneration therefor, and was fast drifting to a state of poverty and helplessness that an American citizen should never know.

As was natural and patriotic, a great wave of popular mourning and sympathy swept over the country, but there was slight excuse for much of the garrulous gush which flowed from mouths of supposed intelligent men regarding the life and works of Mr. McKinley. This fulsome praise and eulogy of McKinley, comparing him with Washington, Jefferson, Clay, Webster and Lincoln, and even some praising him as the "greatest American," was the most senseless jargon that could possibly be uttered, and the persons making these statements knew better, or must stand convicted as being ignorant of the facts.

Surely they knew, and had proclaimed so upon other occasions, that he was the mere mouthpiece of other men; that he was not a leader, but a pliant tool; that when he did take an honest and personal stand in public affairs he changed it at the dictates of those who had made him president; that "criminal aggression became benevolent assimilation;" that the people could not look to him as a leader, but were compelled to see him follow the policy of the corporate and money interests in public affairs. Not a single act or saying of McKinley will be treasured in the hearts of his countrymen, except his last utterance, "Good-bye all. It is God's will. His will, not ours, be done." In his private and domestic life McKinley was an ennobling example to his fellowmen, but as a public official and politician, because of the influence surrounding him, he was an implacable enemy of the laboring class.

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Let us make a comparison for instance. If Lincoln, the martyred president, had filled the presidential chair during McKinley's term of office:

Mark Hanna and his fellow coupon-clippers would not have been the power behind the throne.

The Boers would not have cried to deaf ears for the preservation of their republic against British annihilation.

Filipinos would not have been murdered in order to destroy their sense of liberty and make of them good American citizens.

The American flag would not fly over slavery in the Sulu Islands.

Agreements with Cubans, Filipinos and other citi-

zens of conquered territory would have been faithfully kept.

No "bull pen" would have been erected in the Cœur d'Alenes, for the rights of labor would have been prior to and above that of capital.

No man would have been good enough to rule over another.

But then, let us desist, comparisons are odious.

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Where were the money kings in the hour of trouble and affliction when their friend lay stricken with a mortal wound?

When the moral sense of the entire universe was quaking, quivering to its very foundation, shocked by the appalling news that the President of the United States had been fatally shot?

When cowards were groping in the gloomy recesses of their shriveled brain for an apology for past word or action?

When brilliant minds were trying to find words of consolation commensurate with the bereavement of a loving wife?

When the hearts of nations throbbed in unison with the suffering of a sorrowing woman?

When societies, secret, social and political, were preparing words of sympathy?

When ministers of the gospel, the so called mouth-pieces of Jesus of Nazareth, so far forgot the teachings of Christ as to invoke lynch-law from the pulpit, and clamored like common ruffians for the life blood of the man whom the dying President asked God to forgive?

When all classes were expressing regret that another President of this republic should die a tragic death?

Ask no further.

They were to be found in the recesses of their money chambers, guarding their personal, greedy, selfish interests.

Money kings, stock jobbers and "captains of industry" have no time for weeping, even because of the death of the President of the United States.

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As the result of the assassination of the president, there has arisen a great clamor for the deportation or

annihilation of so-called "anarchists"—this term to practically include all those persons expressing themselves against the present administration of affairs. These searchers for a cure of assassination of public men overlook the cause and importune only against the effect.

While we denounce assassination, yet we must face the facts that there are conditions which lead men of imperfectly balanced minds, brooding over their own sufferings and position in life, to commit such murderous deeds. Without going into lengthy details of the operations of the competitive system, which robs the masses of the results of their work for the benefit and enjoyment of those who do no work; without contrasting the luxuriant and easy life of the parasites with the hardships and miserable conditions of the producers of all wealth, we offer a few sayings of men of the classes which McKinley represented as possible reasons for the commission of such deeds:

J. P. Morgan: "The working people are damn fools, and don't know what's good for them."

W. K. Vanderbilt: "The people be damned."

Whitelaw Reed: "Government by the consent of the governed is time worn and no longer compatible with present ethics; strikers should be fed on a diet of bayonets and bullets."

General Merriam: "Labor unions are criminal organizations and laws should be enacted making the formation of such societies a crime."

General Miles: "The standing army should be largely increased for the purpose of quelling labor disturbances."

Dr. Tyler: "Labor leaders are demagogues; damn the demagogues."

These and like expressions are forcing the class war, and it may occasionally result in unjustifiable murder, as was that of the president.

SENATOR CLARK OF MONTANA.

Previous to Senator Clark's election to the United States Senate he professed great friendship for the laboring people, and although he never did anything for them in his life he succeeded in deceiving the ma-

jority of them by his denunciation of the Amalgamated Copper trust, supplemented by a liberal use of money wherever it was necessary.

While Mr. Clark was campaigning the state denouncing the copper trust he had already pooled his interest with that combination, and at the same time he gave the men employed in his mines in Butte eight hours, and had a plank inserted in the Democratic state platform pledging the party to the enactment of an eight-hour law for men employed in mines and smelters.

Immediately after his election to the Senate he began to lobby against the passage of the bill, and since the law has become operative he has abolished the eight-hour system in his mines and inaugurated a nine and a half hour system. In the coal mine at Bridger he has reduced the miners' wages 25 cents per ton for digging coal, which was not thought of until he secured his election.

The laboring people of Montana, and especially the laboring men in the legislature who elected Mr. Clark, can well be proud of their action. They voluntarily followed Mr. Clark on account of his greasy dollars, which he freely used to buy his way, and now they are to reap their reward. What can the laboring people of Montana expect from Senator Clark, or any man who is so devoid of all honor? Nothing. He has accomplished his purpose and will disregard their interest in preference to the interests of the Amalgamated Copper Trust, of which he is the head.

The laboring people of the state, especially members of organized labor, should prove to the world that his miserable corruption fund was not sufficient to buy them, and register their disapproval of his foul methods by petitioning the Senate against seating him. By his methods he has disgraced the commonwealth of the state and made Montana a target for ridicule throughout the world, and the laboring people at least should show that they are not in sympathy with such disgraceful methods, although labor representatives did vote for him.

Perhaps, after all, Senator Clark's election may be beneficial. It will at least prove that all millionaires are alike so far as organized labor is concerned, and

should not receive the votes of laboring men, for they, the millionaires, will not work against their own interest in favor of the much despised laborer, who in their opinion is an inferior being, far below the level of dumb animals. Therefore it behooves the working people to study their own interests and elect men to office who will make those interests their chiefest concern.

LOCKOUT AT NORTHPORT.

The lockout at Northport, Wash., and strike at Rossland, B. C., have for the time being become matters for the courts at Rossland. The members of the Union were successful in securing the conviction of Geiser, the contractor, for importing alien labor; they also demanded of the Canadian government immediate recognition of the fact that the laws were being daily violated by importations of men, and that if the government did not take action it devolved upon the workmen to protect their own rights. Aside from this, the individual members have sued the companies in sums amounting to nearly a quarter of a million dollars. On the other hand, the companies at Rossland are appealing to the Supreme Court for injunctions so sweeping that, if granted, will prevent a union man from taking a full breath within a radius of twenty miles of a company office and from even looking in the direction of the mines.

In the face of these things the Union stands as solid as a rock, not a man has deserted the ranks, and they say they intend to fight to a finish if it cost every dollar in the treasury; they will then put up their hall and hold meetings in the open. Men of the indomitable pluck of the Rossland Union members deserve and will receive the hearty support of the entire Federation.

Northport presents features very similar to those existing at Rossland, excepting that the injunction has been issued. It does not seem to have the desired effect, however, for while the company has been successful in securing scabs from the culture established for the growth of these microbes—the only place in the world, Joplin, Mo.—you can imagine the disappointment of the company when out of a batch of sixty-two, as

they supposed, just the miserable kind of coyotes they wanted, there proved to be forty-nine honest, upright men, who would not take the place of men locked out; they did more, they wrote and sent messages to their friends in Missouri not to come to Northport, explaining the many misrepresentations that had been made by the company's agents, who, strange to say, are U. S. marshals.

These agents, Geiser and Lamb, are having trouble of their own. While escorting a lot of scabs to the stockade they almost precipitated a riot by the insult and abuse heaped upon bystanders, resulting in a running fight between Geiser and Deputy Sheriff Anderson. Mr. Geiser got three fingers shot off and is at present under \$2,000 bonds.

It is impossible to run the furnaces without skilled labor, so the directors are going to hold a meeting to see if some thing cannot be done. It is dividends they want.

A FEW SHORT STARTERS.

Union men are always good citizens.

Education is our most effectual weapon.

Every Union should have a library.

Good books, like good companions, bring good results.

Commercialism is the twin sister of Imperialism; the latter is the mother of Anarchy.

Corporations are opposed to organized labor, but there is no love lost—organized labor is opposed to corporations.

A labor union hall was the cradle of the revolution—the first Continental Congress met in Carpenter's Hall, Philadelphia, Sept. 5, 1774.

Noble thoughts, manly aims and worthy attributes are the stock in trade of true union men,

Carnegie has ten millions of dollars to give to public libraries. There are ten million men or more in this country rustling for a few dollars with which to pay house rent.

Just paste this in your hat: If the trusts don't quit crowding the working men and women, there is going to be trouble in this country.

General H. C. Merriam was so profoundly impressed with the warning of Macauley that he had copies printed and distributed to his friends. What do you think of a general in the United States army, who has one hand in Uncle Sam's pocket and with the other distributes circulars predicting the downfall of our Republic?

NEW UNIONS.

The following new unions have been organized since the last issue:

Smeltermen's Union, Bruce, Kans.

Mill and Smeltermen, East Helena, Mont.

Woods' Creek Miners Union, Chinese Camp, Calif.

Bullion Miners, Mount Bullion, Calif.

Miners Union, Virginia City, Mont.

Alamo Miners, Alamo, Ore.

Pony Mill and Miners, Pony, Mont.

Greenhorn Mountain Miners, Geiser, Ore.

NEW UNION HALLS.

The members of Silverton Miners Union No. 26 celebrated the dedication of their Union Hall on Sept. 26th and 27th. There were appropriate exercises, speeches, etc., and the rest of the two days were given up to games and sports of all kinds, the boys making the occasion a holiday. The new hall is one of the handsomest buildings in Silverton and the boys are proud of their achievement, and they have a right to be. We extend congratulations.

On October 19th Globe Miners Union No. 60 will also hold dedicatory services upon the completion of their new hall. This building is also a handsome and substantial one, and of such a character to make any body of men happy in its possession.

TAKE NOTICE.

J. Dusto has been expelled from Iola Smeltermens Union.

Golden Smeltermens' Union desires their brothers to look out for Charles Steinmetz, who has acted unfairly towards the union.



WHAT OTHERS SAY.

THE SAN FRANCISCO STRIKE.

During the last week in July the Teamsters' Union went on strike. One of the members of the Draymen's Association, the employers' organization, had violated its agreement not to require hauling for non-union firms. The teamsters refused to work for a non-union concern. The Draymen's Association, acting upon a mandate of the Employers' Association, notified their employes that they must either "quit the union or quit their jobs." In a very short time all the teamsters were out, and the hauling business of the town was at a standstill.

As soon as it became apparent that the Employers' Association was making war on all organized labor, the challenge was taken up by the City Front Federation. This Federation is composed of sailors, longshoremen, marine firemen, Brotherhood of Teamsters, ship and steamboat joiners, porters, packers and warehousemen, ship clerks, pile drivers and bridge builders, hoisting engineers, steam and hot water fitters and coal teamsters. At a meeting of the delegates representing these organizations it was voted to call out the full membership, 16,000 men, and the shipping business of San Francisco was completely tied up. So successfully was this done that after a four weeks fight the whole bay was still filled with vessels waiting to be unloaded, and the water front presented a holiday appearance.

No amount of pressure from outside seems to influence the Employers' Association. A large amount of canning has already been diverted, Los Angeles and other cities being the gainers. The failure to move the fruit crop may bring ruin upon many of the fruit growers, but as they imagine they are capitalists in a small way, they will bear it uncomplainingly.

The police department has been placed at the disposal of the employers, and on every dray, guarding the scab teamsters, is a policeman in uniform. Several

hundred are thus employed, and the difficulty of getting scabs is so great that ten dollars a day must be paid each teamster, and continual police protection furnished him. While the policemen are thus helping the Employers' Association by instructing strange teamsters in the streets and showing how to find places which they themselves could not locate, the residents are being robbed and sandbagged in their homes, no protection being given them.

The names of the most active employers who are trying to crush the unions are printed in this issue, and the readers of the MAGAZINE are warned against patronizing them.

The stupidity of the farmers in forcing a settlement is on a par with the action of the orange growers in southern California last winter. The coal strike in Colorado crippled the railroads, but instead of forcing a settlement they stood by the mine owners. As a result the orange crop could not be moved and 5,000 carloads were a total loss. The railroad company said it was a lack of cars, but this was disproved.

Perhaps some day the farmers will understand that their interests are the same as the wage-workers of the cities, and that all useful workers should be bound together. When such a day comes the "business class" can be made to come to time and will not be able to tie up the traffic of a whole state, to further its own selfish ends.

HENRY COHEN.

WHO OWNS THE COUNTRY?

We are once more witnessing a sharp struggle between corporate power and labor. While strikes and lockouts began in this country, away back in the thirties, it seems the laboring people have not learned the real cause of difference between capital and labor. In the early history of strikes in this country the principal cause was the hours of labor. At that time every man had equal privilege with his fellow man in the race for bread—had free access to the natural resources of the country. The artificial man called a corporation was not heard of. How is it today? Who owns this country and who has control of the natural resources of the country?

Two hundred men are worth.....	\$ 4,000,000,000
Four hundred people are worth.....	4,000,000,000
One thousand people are worth.....	5,000,000,000
Twenty-five hundred people are worth..	6,250,000,000
Seven thousand people are worth.....	7,000,000,000
Twenty thousand people are worth.....	10,000,000,000
Thirty-one thousand people are worth..	36,250,000,000

Three-fifths of the entire wealth of the United States is owned by one-twentieth of one per cent of the population.

Total area in acres of land in the United States, including Alaska, is.....	2,292,086,547
Not available.....	1,002,997,177
Available land remaining.....	1,289,089,370
In farms.....	687,906,375
Owned by railroads.....	172,816,000
Owned by aliens.....	61,900,000
Owned by speculators.....	20,500,000
Land remaining.....	335,966,995

In this calculation is included the area of all the cities and villages, which would materially lessen the amount. It is safe to conclude that there is less than three acres per head of population remaining not owned by aliens, corporations and speculators. Such wholesale appropriation of our public lands places a large majority of our people at the mercy of a combination of thieves and rascals.

Alien money invested in the United States in railroads, breweries and other industries amounts to more than \$3,000,000,000. It is known that aliens own some of our trunk lines entire.

Direct taxation, interest on bonds, duties on imports, internal revenue, interest paid to national banks, interest on real estate, mortgages, railroad indebtedness, dividends to insurance, traveling salesmen, amounts to more than \$3,000,000,000 per annum.

By estimating those of our population who produce wealth at fourteen million, we find these enormous annual expenses entail an annual demand on their earnings of over one hundred and seventy dollars per head. Even this does not include the vast amount of indirect taxation arising from various sources not mentioned.

What is the remedy? A complete change of government policy, to wit: Government ownership of railways, telephones and all public utilities; government to reclaim all lands granted to the artificial man; aliens prohibited from owning land; all public utilities and land owned by the people in common; franchises and charters granted by state authority, giving special privilege to the artificial man, to be annulled, and then the old Ship of State will indeed bear the inscription: "Equal rights to all and special privileges to none." Then there will be no strikes in this country. Labor will not be ground down by the avaricious greed of the artificial man, who knows no sorrow while living and suffers no pain in death. The working man will own an equal interest with his fellow man in the public domain, and all public utilities that have made this country the richest nation on earth. The vast wealth of this country would have been more equally distributed had the law-making power adhered to the provisions of the Constitution that positively denies the right to the artificial man not given to the natural man.

J. B. DOUGLAS.

VICTOR, Colo.

CRIPPLE CREEK DISTRICT.

For the past two or three weeks one would have been led, by reading reports in daily newspapers, to suppose that labor conditions in the Cripple Creek district were in a most critical state, and that strikes, lockouts, etc., were likely to occur. This was brought about from the fact that the labor unions of the district, especially the unions of the Western Federation of Miners, were making special efforts to gather all wage-workers in and around the mines into the labor organizations. Notices were issued urging all men to join the unions, and an active and personal campaign was carried on to that end. The unions made official announcement that there was no strike or labor disturbance contemplated, and that the ranks were being strengthened to maintain the wages and hours of labor already secured; but this was not believed by the mine owners and opponents of labor and every opposition was shown the unions in their work.

For several months there have been rumors of a contemplated cut in wages and also making the work day ten hours instead of eight in the district, and a manager in one of the principal mines has made it his special endeavor to bring about such results. More new men had been brought to the district, and a great mass of them remained outside of the unions which had gained the favorable labor conditions and were maintaining them. So it was a matter of self-protection for the union men to secure the co-operation of the non-union men, by getting the latter to join the unions, in offsetting any move on the part of the mine owners to cut wages, etc.

In answer to the appeals made many hundreds of non-union men joined the unions, and it looked as though every man working in the district would soon be inside the organizations of labor. This situation became a serious one to the mine managers who had been dreaming of breaking the unions, cutting wages, etc., and every means of opposition was employed to defeat the strengthening of the unions. In order to keep men from joining and to gain the sympathy of the business public the mine managers spread the report that a general strike was imminent, that the mines would close, all workmen lose their jobs, and the business of the camp would be ruined. As a further effort to strengthen their position, stockades were built around several of the mines and boarding houses were to be erected within the enclosures. As it happened, too, several non-union men were held up, robbed and abused in the district during the last few weeks, and these outrages were laid at the door of the unions by the mine managers and their sympathizers. Even though the Miners' Unions denounced these crimes (crimes that are committed every day in nearly every mining camp, town and city of the state) the mine owners still accused the unions as being responsible for them, and even went so far in a meeting held at Colorado Springs to pass resolutions containing the following words: "That whenever such an outrage is hereafter perpetrated, we will take it to be conclusive evidence that the Miners' Union is hostile to the interests of the entire camp." Thus the unions and their members were branded as outlaws and criminal organizations, notwithstanding

the fact that there was not a scintilla of evidence to warrant such a conclusion.

All this opposition, abuse and bluff on the part of the mine owners, however, did not deter nor stop the activity of the union leaders in their work of gathering men into the ranks, and as a result the district is more strongly organized than ever. As an example of the increase in membership, we will cite the fact that at a meeting last Saturday night over 150 men were initiated into the Cripple Creek Miners' Union, and during the two weeks previous hundreds of men had joined the Miners' and Engineers' Unions at Victor, Anaconda, Altman, Independence and other points in the district.

September 15th was given as the date for all men to get into the unions, and when that date arrived and a summing up was made it was found that fully 90 per cent of the men working in and around the mines were members of unions. The work will be continued until the other 10 per cent is gathered into the fold, and then the workers can rest for awhile.

By refusing to strike, the miners proved their word—that their only desire was to get men to join the union—and the bluff and stir of the mine owners came to naught. All the time the miners and allied craftsmen conducted themselves in a proper manner and proved themselves to be law-abiding and peaceable citizens.

We congratulate the unions of the Cripple Creek district on their success, and especially do we congratulate the men who bore the brunt of the heavy work, of whom there are no more nobler, self-sacrificing, conscientious and earnest men in the labor movement, and we trust that the activity will be continued, that it may spread to other localities for the good and glory of the cause.—Pueblo Courier.

IS UNIONISM BENEFICIAL TO SOCIETY?

ED. MINERS' MAGAZINE:

If we give but a casual glance, as we pass along amid the busy throng, rushing to and through, in the beehives of human industry, we might be influenced to repeat what, a Swan, of a prominent society of learning in Paris, gave utterance to when reaching the summits,

with the writer, of one of British Columbia's everlasting hills on the Pacific boundary. He stood on the highest pinnacle, and holding up his outstretched arms towards the "Queen of Night," who had risen a few degrees above the rocky pinnacles of British Columbia's sea of mountains, in all her harvest glory, he exclaimed in stentorian tones, It's Grand! Beautiful!! Sublime!!! and we felt as we instinctively bowed our head in silent appreciation, That man was made in the image of God, in his intellectuality, and when we see those beehives of industry running smoothly, oiled in their innermost joints and bearings, by the thoughtful owner thereof, whose motto is, To do the best for his employer in his power, thereby assuring for himself, the best and most profitable returns for his outlay, we feel apt to repeat, Grand! Beautiful!! Sublime!!! But this world is not yet an Elysium of happiness, and unfortunately for society, the grand teachings of the Old, Old Book, are forgotten amid the mad rush for dollars and cents. How many, both of employes and employers, with saintly faces tread along our roads and thoroughfares, with prayer and hymn book poised, are planning and scheming how to draw from each other another \$1, forgetful of that grand precept, Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you. How one's heart pulses beat, to exclaim, Grand! Beautiful!! Sublime!!! But frail humanity has built up unto itself a God of gold, and how few indeed fail to bow down and worship at its shrine. The ambition of mankind is to favor and fatten this idol. Why is it so? Is it the symbol of millenium days? I trow not. It is the idol worshipped by mankind. The pride of this twentieth century civilization!!! The abuse of which, is the father of want, starvation and slavery, and the death dealing instrument piercing the vitals of true, honest, manhood. Society, civilization, communities and states claim the right to provide laws for the betterment and protection of itself, and do so in the welfare of the community at large, or that particular branch thereof for which this or that specific law is needed. And those laws are conformable to the times, the education and intellectuality of the community itself, in all its varied phases, and alterable when obsolete or inadequate to the growing needs of the

state or community. On a similar basis are our minor associations, life insurances and friendly societies. The main objects thereof, are the betterment and benefiting of all who avail themselves of their privileges and advantages. That they have done a great work and added no small quota to the advancement of civilization, cannot be gainsaid, yet even those have brought to the front the fact that their ramifications must be extended in other lines, to meet the growing necessities of our higher civilization. None of those older institutions protects one individual from the covetousness of another, and while the writer willingly admits the irksomeness of such a task, yet that should not condemn any attempt to ameliorate these unsavory conditions. All our great reforms have only been won by hard labor and persistent efforts, and though they have so far only to a limited extent remedied the evil they are striving to eradicate mankind as a whole is better for these attempts, and all genuine lovers of their race wish Godspeed. Amongst those must be classed Trade Unionism. Employers of labor have their amalgamated societies, whose objects are to advance the (shall I say) welfare of its members. We admit in this advanced age, every man's right to what he believes to be calculated to advance his conscientious rights when not injurious to the welfare and moral necessities of his fellowman. No man can lay a charge of powder under an unseemly rock, on his land, and blow it to smithereens, without first taking all possible and necessary precautions to protect his neighbors' life and property from damage, and even after all such precautions, should he cause any damage thereto, he is held liable therefor. Self protection is the first law of nature. And when the workman in his own conscientious belief forms a local Trade Union to protect his industrial interests, how strange it appears that men, members of amalgamated societies, should come out in bitter tirades against those who are striving to walk in their footsteps, aiming to guide themselves by the laws, rules and regulations, for their individual and collective protection on similar lines. We willingly concede the right of capital to protect itself, and in honest justice, we must grant to labor the similar privilege. Let us not forget, we must not covet anything that is our

successful ways is to place any or all grievances in the hands of a board of conciliation, whose duty it is to carefully examine the question of dispute and to mark out, if possible, some remedy for the removal of the cause, which otherwise would, in all human probability, effect loss to all the parties concerned.

The old instinct of the savage still dwells in the human heart—humanity wants to fight whenever any supposed injury hovers around. How readily we admit the existence of two sides to every question effecting our neighbor—yea, and even effecting ourselves. While in the latter case we admit there are two sides—our side and the wrong side—we want to fight our stand on those erroneous principles to a finish from the innate principle of the old savage that we are strong enough to do it. Let us put ourselves in his place, and then stand off and take a look at the question in dispute in all human fairness and candor. Let us talk together, and the mole hill will no longer appear as a mountain, and man will look upon his fellow man as a mutual friend and brother. Their interests will become one welded band of good fellowship and mutually beneficial to each other, and trade unionism will have reached that high principle for which it was created. We cannot eliminate nor eradicate evil entirely this century, but we can make unionism thereby a benefit to society.

Yours fraternally,

DENVER, Colo.

P. R., No. 113.

ABOUT RUSKIN COLLEGE.

It is well known among the rapidly increasing host of men and women who are devoting themselves not to the reform of the old economic order, but to the bringing in of a new order, that Ruskin College, at Trenton, Mo., stands not only independent of capitalistic domination, but also opposed to capitalistic control of social, political and industrial life.

Institutions of higher education, however, have so long depended on capitalism for support that many of those most interested in this institution are fearful of its ability to maintain itself. For this reason brief replies to their questions may be of interest to all of our friends.

FIRST. Is there sufficient public interest in such an undertaking to enable it to secure working capital.

Ruskin College at the beginning of the year had as equipment only a college building and a moderate outfit in the way of laboratory, library, etc. During the year there was brought to its pecuniary support a 1,500 acre farm and equipment for the same, and a \$16,000 factory enterprise, besides capital for a sewing department, laundry, carpenters' shop, and dairy, and for opening this fall a fully equipped kitchen and dining hall, with culinary laboratory for teaching scientific cooking.

SECOND. Will students be attracted to such an institution in sufficient numbers to furnish it support?

Beginning a year ago with less than 60 students, the catalogue shows a total enrollment for the year of 407. A similar growth for next year, which the correspondence fully promises, ought to make the second year's total enrollment at least 1,000.

THIRD. Can the student who works 30 hours per week carry as many studies and do his work as well as one who devotes his whole time to study?

He may not be able to go through as many books in the same time, but his work, as a rule, is more thorough, and he can work a less number of hours if he prefers, making up in cash the difference between wages and expenses. To the extent that physical vigor counts in class work the industrial student has the decided advantage. Even should it take a year or two longer to finish a course, since the \$125 (the maximum cash required for four years) will not cover the expenses of one year on the usual plan, the student can afford to be in school longer. Moreover, avoiding the necessity of dropping out to earn money, the industrial student is likely to reach the end of the course first.

FOURTH. Does the industrial plan make discipline more difficult?

On the contrary, it reduces discipline to a minimum. While several students during the year received private counsel from members of the faculty in the matter of conduct, not a single case of discipline proper occurred during the year.

FIFTH. Does not this plan emphasise class distinction in college life, where some work at manual labor and others do not?

The basis of the institution being industrial, that idea controls, and the fact that the student is earning his way on the industrial plan increases rather than diminishes the esteem in which he is held, both by teachers and fellow students.

SIXTH. Are the various elements opposed to capitalism sufficiently interested in higher education to support the institution in the face of the opposition which it is arousing and will continue to incite among the emissaries of plutocracy?

Of the first year's enrollment given above, barring the local patronage, three-fourths of the students are from families belonging to the opponents of capitalism, and the correspondence, which promises at least twice that attendance the second year, indicates that a still larger per cent will be of that class.

Wendell Phillips said, during that awful struggle against black slavery, "The pulse-beat of Oberlin College is felt on our farthest shores." Ruskin College aspires to no nobler verdict in the present struggle against wage slavery of both black and white.

GEORGE MCA. MILLER,
President of Ruskin College.

TRENTON, MO.

WESTERN LABOR UNION.

The Western Labor Union is purely a western organization, conducted along progressive western lines and devoted to a more complete unification of the western working people.

Three years and four months ago that grand assemblage of thoughtful, earnest and intelligent men met in Salt Lake City and, after days of discussion and deliberation, evolved the idea of a Central western labor body, and as the fruits of this idea, the Western Labor union was launched. No more unselfish motives or patriotic impulses ever moved men in their deliberations and action than those which governed the promoters of the Western Labor Union. There was no contention for position or rivalry for place in that body of men. The primary object was the betterment of western industrial conditions and the most effective method presenting itself was a thorough union of working people.

of the western states into a progressive and independent western labor organization.

After three years of a test, the results have demonstrated the success of the movement. More than that, they have proven its necessity.

Throughout the United States organized labor has experienced a healthy growth during the last decade, but nowhere in the world has the advance been so rapid and the gains made so permanent as in the inter-mountain western states. The fairest wages and the most reasonable conditions in the country are in the Rocky Mountain section, where the Western Labor Union and the Western Federation of Miners control the situation.

When would Montana have achieved its eight-hour law, benefiting tens of thousands of workers, without the aggressive political campaign of these two organizations?

How would the lawless martial law regime in the Coeur d'Alenes have been prevented from convicting and hanging innocent union men during the past two years, but for the splendid legal defense the western organizations have been able to make, on account of their excellent financial conditions? With tens of thousands of dollars at their command for legal purposes, the unions were able to cope with the enemy in their own manner.

Where does Colorado gather its superb labor strength except from the Western Labor Union and the Western Federation of Miners?

What has accomplished the organization of the British provinces except these two bodies?

In fact the fair conditions and living wages enjoyed by the working people of the inter-mountain states, the legislation favorable to labor, and the election of state and county officials in some of the western states whom capital cannot buy, is directly traceable to the alert, aggressive and determined policy of the western labor movement.

The working people of the west are coming to more fully appreciate the efficiency of our policy every day. A feeling of confidence is established in the permanency and stability of the western labor movement, and the unorganized are flocking to its standard as

never before. For the Western Federation of Miners and the Western Labor Union the scores of volunteer organizers are doing splendid work, ten salaried organizers are gathering the unorganized into the ranks of united labor.

In labor affairs an honest, aggressive and determined policy will succeed. The western labor movement proves it.

CLARENCE SMITH,

Sec'y-Treas. Western Labor Union.

HE FOOLS HIMSELF.

The union steel workers are fighting for recognition. If five years ago the workingmen of the whole country had stood together, firmly, faithfully and truly, knowing no party, no section and bowing to no political idol, they could have gone to the ballot and have sent men to the legislature and to congress. They could have had full recognition from our statutes, territorial, state and federal; recognition in our organic laws and in the constitutions of the states and of the United States. They could have shown their strength until every white ballot fell like a sledge hammer on the helmet of despotism and the golden calf would have melted in the sunlight of industrial independence. But no, in Mr. Bryan's language, "they will fight monopoly 364 days out of the year and on the 365th day they will rally around and elect the very gang which always threw it into them." "Consistency, thou art a jewel," and a very rare jewel in the workingmen's ranks. Half the workingmen, when the great day comes, only remember that they are from so and so, their daddies voted so and so, and they must vote the same way, thus allowing an old tradition to bury their rights before their very eyes. Then after the mischief is wrought they bemoan their fate and seek some other remedy. Until the workingman has fully tested the efficacy of the ballot, he has no business talking about the bullet.

We are with him. His principles are right, and as to his methods, right or wrong, we propose to stay with him. But he cannot expect the world to be true to him unless he is true to himself.—Globe Times.

HON. JOHN KENNEDY.

Our frontispiece this issue presents the Hon. John Kennedy, member of Ouray Miners' Union No. 15. Mr. Kennedy was born in Donegal county, Ireland, in August, 1863, and attended the public schools there, and afterwards worked at farming. At the age of nineteen he turned his face, as so many of his countrymen had before him, to the land across the sea, and in the spring of 1883 we find him in Silverton, Colorado. For seven years he worked on the Yankee Girl mine at Red Mountain, and was a charter member of Sky City Union when it was organized in 1894. Later he went to Ouray, where he now resides. He was a delegate to the sixth annual convention of the W. F. of M., which met in Salt Lake City in May, 1897, and was elected to represent Ouray county in the Twelfth General Assembly of Colorado in 1898, and re-elected to the Thirteenth in 1900.

He introduced an amendment to the Constitution of the State of Colorado enabling the Legislature to pass an eight-hour law, thus overcoming the objections to the last law, which the Supreme Court declared unconstitutional.

Mr. Kennedy is quiet and modest, but possesses a great deal of reserve force. He does not seek glory, nor does he care to be noticed. He was sent to the Legislature to perform certain duties, and he performed them without fuss or feathers. He is one of the strong men of the W. F. of M., a fact which that organization appreciates, for it believes in him and is proud of him.

ENDORSE AMENDMENTS.

The following resolutions were passed this day by White Pine Miners' Union No. 108, in regular meeting assembled:

Whereas, At the next state election the people will have to vote upon the Australasian Tax and Eight-Hour amendments; and,

Whereas, We believe these measures, if enacted into law, will prove of inestimable benefit to the people of Colorado in general, and to organized labor in particular; and,

Whereas, In the past the majority of voters have forgotten to vote upon the submitted amendments; therefore be it

Resolved, That we urge every member of our Union to vote for these amendments; and be it further

Resolved, That each member shall deem it his duty to see to it, to the best of his ability, that at his polling place on election day in November, 1902, as many votes be cast for these amendments as possible.

W. S. BARKER, Vice Pres.

M. C. SMITH, Secretary.

WHITE PINE, COLO., Aug. 29.

LIVELY TIMES AT YERINGTON.

The following, taken from a Yerington, Nevada, newspaper, has been sent to us for publication:

Times have been lively at the Bluestone copper mine near Yerington the past few days. From parties who arrived from Yerington last night it was learned that for some time trouble has been brewing between the Blue Rock Miners' Union and a shift boss at the Bluestone copper mine named W. A. Reed. The latter endeavored to stop men from joining the Union, and when a man went to the mine to look for work he was questioned by Reed, and if he found the man belonged to a union he did not get any work. Thursday evening the regular meeting of the Union was held and affairs reached a crisis. Two men working at the mine had signified their intention of joining the Union that evening, and Reed notified them that if they did their position would be forfeited. Word reached the Union of Reed's threat, and it was decided that something must be done, but no action was taken Thursday night. Friday night, however, a number of men went to the Bluestone mine, captured Reed, put him in a cart with a driver, and started out of the country. The horse attached to the cart gave out and Reed was put aboard the cars and passed through Mount House last night. Reed was formerly a resident of this city.

A second affair nearly resulted in a murder. Mike Cahill, a miner of Silver City, who has been working at the Bluestone, Friday drove up to the mine in a cart, and going into the office told the book-keeper, a man

named Metcalf, that he had come to draw his time. The latter refused to make out his time check, but Cahill insisted that he must have his time, as he wanted to leave. Finally, it is alleged, he said, "I'll give you your time, and you hit the road — quick!" Cahill replied that he wouldn't be in a hurry, as he was going to get his luggage first. When Cahill started down the road on his return Metcalf fired two shots at him with a rifle. He missed him, however, but raised dust around the cart, and broke a spoke in one of the wheels.

"APPLICATION CARD."

In Dayton, Ohio, the workingmen have the affidavit of a man named Albert Kurman, who says he was hired by a man named John Alexander, who has headquarters in Room 14, of the Atlas hotel, to go to Chicago to work for the National Metal Trades Association at thirty cents an hour. He says in his affidavit that the contract he signed would require him to work fifteen days before receiving any pay and to eat and sleep within an enclosure.

Soon after signing this contract he got to thinking of what he had done and when he came to the part that housed him in a stockade and realized that if he ever wanted to leave it that he was to carry fire arms furnished by the Metal Trades Association he weakened and concluded that he would not degrade himself. He at once hunted up the Union men of Dayton and made the affidavit that fastens a crime strictly upon the officials of the Metal Trades Association that should send every man of them to the penitentiary, and would do so if they were workingmen guilty of such an offense.

Two thoughts are suggested by this affidavit. First, what must be thought of a corporation that will ask men to work under such degrading conditions, and next, what kind of a man is it who hires himself to work in a stockade protected by fire arms in the hands of Pinkerton thugs and plug uglies, known wife beaters and ex-convicts?

And here is the obnoxious blank "application"

(better named "supplication") that the man is required to fill out in order that he may become a slave for these Dayton concerns. Just think of it! Picture a MAN going and praying and begging and signing away his rights for the opportunity to work for the benefit of corporation greed.

APPLICATION CARD.

Occupation..... Date.....190..
 Name..... Age.....
 Address.....
 Last Place Employed.... How Long....
 Reference.....
 Do you object to working with non-union men?
 Remarks.....
 Applicant's Signature.....
 Date our Letter.....
 Date their Letter.....

THE BEST WEAPON.

The best weapon in the hands of organized labor is the ballot. This would not be bringing politics into the unions, but it might be bringing the unions into politics, where they will have to be brought sooner or later before they can secure their rights. Capitalists are in politics up to their neck. Everything seems to point in this direction.

United the unions could control the elections. The division of the unions on political lines is the only hope of the trusts.

For labor organizations to content themselves with an increase of wages and the shortening of hours, while their opponents control the law-making bodies as well as the executive offices, is certainly giving the opposition the greater power.

As soon as a labor leader develops a certain power over the members, he is offered a political office and when he accepts it from the hands of his opponents he is handicapped and must obey orders.

They should be elected.—Industrial Advocate.

† IN MEMORIAM †

At the regular meeting of Phoenix Miners' Union No. 8, held on August 31, 1901, the following resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, on the morning of August 30th, 1901, it was the will of Almighty God to remove from our midst Brother John C. Wahlberg,

Resolved, That by the death of Brother Wahlberg Phoenix Miners' Union has lost an old and trusted member, and his wife a loving husband. Be it further

Resolved, That we extend to his wife and family our heartfelt sympathy in this, their sad bereavement and great loss.

That our charter be draped for a period of thirty days, and that a copy of these resolutions be published in the MINERS' MAGAZINE, Evening World and Labor Journal, and spread upon the minutes of our Union.

JOHN RIORDAN,

Secretary Phoenix Miners' Union No. 8.

PHOENIX, B. C., Sept. 3d, 1901.

Whereas, grim Death has entered our ranks again and removed from our midst a worthy and respected brother in the person of W. B. Whybark, who died August 23d, and

Whereas, the deceased was a member in good standing of our Union, and a staunch advocate of unionism and the rights of humanity, therefore be it

Resolved, That we, the members of Ouray Miners' Union, mourn the unfortunate and untimely death of our deceased brother; and further

Resolved, That we extend our sincere sympathy to his relatives in this, their hour of affliction and bereavement; and be it further

Resolved, That our charter be draped in mourning for a period of two weeks, and a copy of these resolutions be sent to the MINERS' MAGAZINE and Pueblo

Courier for publication, and spread on the minutes of this meeting.

CLAUD GRISWOLD,
A. M. PRYOR,
JOHN KENNEDY,
Committee.

OURAY, Colo., Sept. 1st, 1901.

Whereas, the Almighty God, in his infinite wisdom and mercy, has seen fit to remove from our midst our Brother Granvill Higgenbothan, and

Whereas, the deceased was a member in good standing of our Union, a good citizen and a staunch advocate of the principles of humanity, therefore be it

Resolved, That we, the members of Ouray Miners' Union, mourn the unfortunate and untimely death of our deceased brother; and further

Resolved, That we extend our sincere sympathy to his relatives in this, their hour of affliction and bereavement; and be it further

Resolved, That our charter be draped in mourning for a period of two weeks, a copy of these resolutions be sent to the MINERS' MAGAZINE and Pueblo Courier for publication, and spread on the minutes of this meeting.

CLAUD GRISWOLD,
A. M. PRYOR,
JOHN KENNEDY,
Committee.

OURAY, Colo., Sept. 1st, 1901.

TWO TOOS.

Three Irishmen had four dollars to be equally divided among them. After several unsuccessful efforts by two of them, the third settled the business thus: "There are two for you two, and here are two for me too."

WAS THIS A PHROPHECY?

Some of these days something will drop that will send the cold chills down Hanna's back and make the teeth of the octopus chatter.—Toledo Critic.

The great steel strike is ended, but as the details of the settlement, etc., are not at hand, we defer comment until the statement of President Shaffer is made public.

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

[Dedicated to the Soldiers in the Philippines and China.]

I.

Onward, Christian soldiers,
And load your rifles well;
Chant sweet hymns to Jesus,
Blow heathens into hell.

II.

Educate with rifles,
The only Christian way,
Praise your starry banner,
And don't forget to pray.

III.

Steal and rape and murder,
Shoot and pray and fight,
Scatter tracts and prayer-books,
Do the job up right.

IV.

All true Christian nations
Love to spread the light,
So their "hero" warriors
Steal everything in sight.

V.

Even little children
They're brave enough to shoot;
Softest job in country;
Ain't our soldiers cute?

VI.

Cute and bold and handsome,
In their pretty clothes,
Papers call 'em "heroes;"
Must-be-true—I 'spose.

Henry O. Morris.

COMMUNICATIONS

LOOK OUT FOR THESE.

TELLURIDE, Colo., Sept. 13, 1901.

The following members, at one time in good standing on the books of Miners' Union No. 63, were expelled from the organization for scabbing in the recent strike on the Smuggler-Union mine. That any one who has taken a pledge to support his fellow workmen should so demean himself as to scab against his pledge to the contrary, is almost past belief. But however improbable this may seem to one who is a good union man, there were those of that character on the books of No. 63, and in order that the fair name of the Western Federation of Miners should not be defamed longer we expelled the following forthwith and without ceremony, there being no doubt of their guilt:

Daniel Carroll,	Samuel Chapman,
Fred Curtis,	C. P. Giuberson,
John L. Johnson,	D. A. Roderick,
Mell Robbins,	William Hodge,
W. J. Jordan (Shadigee Bill),	
Edwin Thomas (Commodore Nut).	

These men had joined No. 63 and expected to reap the benefits of union principles without making any effort on their part to uphold the same, beyond the payment of their initiation fee, and in order that our brother unions may know them, this list is sent to the MINERS' MAGAZINE.

16 to 1 MINERS' UNION No. 63.

V. ST. JOHN, President.

O. M. CARPENTER, Secretary-Treasurer.

TELLURIDE TIDINGS.

TELLURIDE, Colo., Sept. 12, 1901.

Well, Mr. MAGAZINE Devil, we of No. 63 will try and fill a few lines of the MAGAZINE again with a letter

from this section. Labor Day was held in Ouray this year and our sister camp did herself proud in the celebration. First the parade of men from the various mines was a good object lesson for the non-union worker, and second, the speakers of the day were responsible for some very advanced ideas along the social and political features being sowed in the minds of those who were in hearing of the speakers' stand that day, and they were not few by any means. The eloquence of the Hon. John M. O'Neil, of Victor, will not soon be forgotten, as in scathing terms he justly assailed the greedy corporations for the misery they have brought into this land of ours, and urged the worker by use of his franchise to right his condition and once again turn this land into a land of contented workers, and not one of slaves to the greed and avarice of the corporate wealth of the nation.

This union continues to grow in numbers as non-union men get into the camp, 110 new members since the middle of July last, and then the supply of non-union men gave out, so we will have to wait for more to make their appearance. Speed the day when the non-union worker is an unknown quantity in this land in all crafts and trades.

The regular election of officers resulted in the election of all of the old officers for another term. There is a noticeable tightness in the fit of the president's and secretary's hats these days, which your committee think is due to the frontispiece of the last MAGAZINE. However, we think they will recover in a short time.

Trusting that success and prosperity will attend all in the Federation in all the country round, we will close.

COMMITTEE.

SLOCAN CITY, B. C.

Our semi-annual election is over again and Union No. 62 has been wise in the selection of her officers. They are men who will use every legitimate means to strengthen and increase our already healthy organization and are justly entitled to the entire confidence of the members.

The union sentiment is strong in this camp but

there is still room for improvement, and that improvement is bound to come. We have our little troubles, faults and fault-finding, but an outside danger finds us a united body with petty differences forgotten, ready to defend the right; to maintain the just cause.

The great unrest, the discontent, the sense of injustice, the feeling of bondage, is made more manifest every day, in every so-called civilized country. This of necessity must assume revolutionary proportions unless the rising tide can be controlled and directed. Directed along its proper channel, it will secure the acquisition of the reins of power. It must come and 'twere better peaceably.

Every labor organization should redouble its efforts to educate its members along these lines so that they will gradually be reclaimed from thralldom, so that they will not fall so readily into the grossly apparent trap of the politician who comes among us; a wolf in sheep's clothing. We must make the laws and administer them. It is time; full time, for it is evident, painfully evident, that they are not made nor administered in the interest of the masses, and will not be until the masses take over the power so infamously misused by those into whose hands it has been entrusted. Political power is what we must work for; what we must have.

A MEMBER OF THE UNION.

FROM MURRAY.

EDITOR MINERS' MAGAZINE:

Feeling the "Devil's" kick in one of the late editions of the MAGAZINE, we thought the time had reached its goal, with our present committee, and the hint of the "Devil" did not pass us unnoticed, for, playing a game like we are, it is a wise policy to show your hand when called.

A period of sixteen months' struggle has elapsed since we were organized, and never has a single line been printed in our highly esteemed official organ, the MINERS' MAGAZINE, in regard to this Union, only a weak sapling of that great nursery of western toilers, the W. F. of M. When first planted in the glorious state of the Saints, in the midst of rolling rocks and fertile soil; it seemed impossible that this small tree

would brave the persevering draught, but periodical showers of late have saved it from destruction.

Our enemies and so-called would-be friends circulated infamous reports, slandering our Union in the most vile manner, whenever opportunity presented itself, howling like hungry coyotes when after their prey, remarking that the Union would not stand another month, but those reports could not discourage us, for we have staunch Union men, who are true blue. On Labor Day we gave a surprise to our town when our Union marched through the main street of Murray sixty strong, headed by "Old Glory," for every Union man who could get a lay-off took part in the occasion. At 11 a. m. the grand labor parade in Salt Lake City took part, and Valley No. 99, W. F. of M., led the second division. Our elaborate badges attracted the eyes of every spectator, demonstrating thus our noble cause to the public, our hostile Salt Lake Tribune did not venture to call us dynamiters, as she did on the last convention in Salt Lake. No, the old guard of No. 99 gave evidence that the W. F. of M. has once more a foothold in Utah, will stay there as long as a Union man is left to advocate the principle of Unionism. The sequel to this Labor Day demonstration is that the miners of Bingham Canyon have been organized by a delegation from Murray, under the folds of the banner of the W. F. of M., and with the assistance of our worthy officers of the Federation, we hope that Utah will be up in line with her sister states of the west in the near future, and so augment the membership of the W. F. of M. Yours fraternally,

Murray, Utah.

PRESS COMMITTEE,
No. 99, W. F. of M.

A GALA EVENT IN SILVERTON.

EDITOR MINERS' MAGAZINE:

The Miners' Union of Silverton dedicated their new hall last Friday, September 27th. In the early morning the streets became crowded with the brawny sons of toil who spend a good part of their lives in the gloomy dungeons of the earth. At 10 o'clock a parade took place, and the hundreds of miners who marched to the strains of Silverton's brass band told more elo-

quently than words that labor is thoroughly organized. After marching through the principal streets of the city the parade adjourned to the hall to listen to the orators who had been invited to address the people of Silverton. The hall is a beautiful structure, two stories in height, one hundred feet in length by fifty feet in width and finished in pressed brick.

There was much disappointment felt that Hon. Edward Boyce and Hon. D. C. Coates were unable to be present. Hon. Frank Whitelaw of Silverton was introduced by the chairman and spoke briefly. He congratulated the Union on the erection of such a beautiful structure, and paid a glowing tribute to the spirit and energy of the men who had brought about its completion. Hon. John M. O'Neill of Victor was next introduced as the speaker of the day, and was received with a burst of applause. The gentleman congratulated the Union in rearing such a temple to labor. Here, he said, would meet the men who each day and night take life in their own hands in the rocky chambers of the earth to weave around the homes of loved ones those garlands of happiness and joy that bloom and blossom through honest industry. Here would meet the calloused hand fired with ambition to plant within his brain those germs of thought and intelligence that broaden and cement more strongly the fraternal ties that build an Eden upon earth and bring into closer communion the great brotherhood of man. The gentleman painted a picture of the miner, who in the early days opened the gates of the Rockies, enabling thousands to come here and build their homes where hope and expectation are ever spurring men to greater effort. He said that unionism meant no war against employers and asked no rights or liberties that were not guaranteed by the constitution of the state and nation under which we live. Unionism, he said, believes and teaches that every man who stands beneath the folds of the stars and stripes should be a citizen without a master and without a slave. His arraignment of government by injunction was a scathing denunciation of courts that bow in meek submission to the will of arrogant corporations, whose coffers are filled with the profits of masked piracy and modern brigandage. He said that there were no injunctions

against a widow's grief, no injunctions against an orphan's tears, whose parent fell by the bullet of the hired assassin; no injunction against penniless labor bowing its head in serfdom and obeying the commands of a master and a tyrant; no injunction against destitution stealing from the dimpled cheek of virtue the rose-hued blush of shame, the peerless charm of womanhood; and no injunctions against the Lazarus lifting his eyes toward the battlements of heaven, praying to the Ruler of Human Destiny to take away the tired and weary soul from its tenement of clay. He warned the oppressors to beware, that another Washington might come forth, armored in the panoply of justice, to lift from slavery's neck the yoke of subjugation. Another Jefferson might write a new declaration of independence that shall rekindle in the hearts of the American millions the smouldering embers of human liberty. Another Lincoln might leap from the loins of this republic to tear from the limbs of American manhood the chains and shackles of corporate bondage. The gentleman spoke for more than an hour, and closed by urging the people to lift the banner of socialism to float at once and forever over the silenced battlements of incorporated greed. He said that the time had come in the history of this country when the people must own the means of production and distribution; then, he said, would the Goliaths of plutocracy be slain by the Davids of the common people; then would the doors of opportunity be open to every man, woman and child that lives beneath the canopy of an American sky.

There were two days' sports consisting of rock-drilling contests, base ball, horse-racing, etc., which were thoroughly enjoyed by the visitors and people. The hall was crowded both evenings by the merry dancers. Taking everything into consideration, it was a red-letter day in the history of Silverton.

Silverton, September 28.

VERITAS.

THE REAL SITUATION.

ROSSLAND, B. C., Sept. 15, 1901.

To the Citizens and Business Men of Rossland and Vicinity and to the General Public:

The Le Roi mine manager has been circulating a

report that the strike here is practically at an end and the mines are about to resume. This report has been taken up by their organ, the Morning Miner, and sent out over the country as a true report of the situation in Rossland. We have made a careful analysis of the situation here and believe that no impartial reader can see much reason for the joyful enthusiasm which Mr. Bernard Macdonald and his paper profess to feel.

For three and one-half months the strike has been in force at Northport. The greatest claim Macdonald or Kadish have ever made during that time is that they have been able to operate two of the five furnaces at the smelter. It is only a question of simple arithmetic to see that if it takes three and one-half months to start two furnaces, it will take eight and three-fourths before they can have the smelter in operation. Now, if it takes eight and three-fourths months to secure the 500 men necessary to start the smelter, it will take twice that many, or seventeen and one-half months, to secure 1000 men for the mines in Rossland. Or, at the end of twenty-six and one-half months, if Macdonald has the same success he claims to have had thus far at the smelter, he will be in a position to work the mines.

No one can deny or dispute that Bernard Macdonald has left no stone unturned to secure men for the smelter at Northport. He has cast his drag net over the states of Minnesota, Colorado, California, Oregon, Missouri, Montana, or, practically, over the entire country west of the Mississippi river, and has been able to start but two of the five furnaces at the Northport smelter. This is the success he boasts. He claims the strike is at an end. It has only begun.

So far we have taken as true his statements that he has two furnaces in operation at Northport. We wished to prove how futile are his statements by his own evidence. The real truth is he has never had two furnaces in successful operation at one time for 24 hours. They have produced no matte for shipment up till August 25. He claims to have shipped one carload on August 21. That it was the highest in value of any shipment made. The records of the railroad at Northport fail to show any trace of matte shipments on or about August 21. If any shipment was made it was via

against a widow's grief, no injunctions against an orphan's tears, whose parent fell by the bullet of the hired assassin; no injunction against penniless labor bowing its head in serfdom and obeying the commands of a master and a tyrant; no injunction against destitution stealing from the dimpled cheek of virtue the rose-hued blush of shame, the peerless charm of womanhood; and no injunctions against the Lazarus lifting his eyes toward the battlements of heaven, praying to the Ruler of Human Destiny to take away the tired and weary soul from its tenement of clay. He warned the oppressors to beware, that another Washington might come forth, armored in the panoply of justice, to lift from slavery's neck the yoke of subjugation. Another Jefferson might write a new declaration of independence that shall rekindle in the hearts of the American millions the smouldering embers of human liberty. Another Lincoln might leap from the loins of this republic to tear from the limbs of American manhood the chains and shackles of corporate bondage. The gentleman spoke for more than an hour, and closed by urging the people to lift the banner of socialism to float at once and forever over the silenced battlements of incorporated greed. He said that the time had come in the history of this country when the people must own the means of production and distribution; then, he said, would the Goliaths of plutocracy be slain by the Davids of the common people; then would the doors of opportunity be open to every man, woman and child that lives beneath the canopy of an American sky.

There were two days' sports consisting of rock-drilling contests, base ball, horse-racing, etc., which were thoroughly enjoyed by the visitors and people. The hall was crowded both evenings by the merry dancers. Taking everything into consideration, it was a red-letter day in the history of Silverton.

Silverton, September 28.

VERITAS.

THE REAL SITUATION.

ROSSLAND, B. C., Sept. 15, 1901.

To the Citizens and Business Men of Rossland and Vicinity and to the General Public:

The Le Roi mine manager has been circulating a

report that the strike here is practically at an end and the mines are about to resume. This report has been taken up by their organ, the Morning Miner, and sent out over the country as a true report of the situation in Rossland. We have made a careful analysis of the situation here and believe that no impartial reader can see much reason for the joyful enthusiasm which Mr. Bernard Macdonald and his paper profess to feel.

For three and one-half months the strike has been in force at Northport. The greatest claim Macdonald or Kadish have ever made during that time is that they have been able to operate two of the five furnaces at the smelter. It is only a question of simple arithmetic to see that if it takes three and one-half months to start two furnaces, it will take eight and three-fourths before they can have the smelter in operation. Now, if it takes eight and three-fourths months to secure the 500 men necessary to start the smelter, it will take twice that many, or seventeen and one-half months, to secure 1000 men for the mines in Rossland. Or, at the end of twenty-six and one-half months, if Macdonald has the same success he claims to have had thus far at the smelter, he will be in a position to work the mines.

No one can deny or dispute that Bernard Macdonald has left no stone unturned to secure men for the smelter at Northport. He has cast his drag net over the states of Minnesota, Colorado, California, Oregon, Missouri, Montana, or, practically, over the entire country west of the Mississippi river, and has been able to start but two of the five furnaces at the Northport smelter. This is the success he boasts. He claims the strike is at an end. It has only begun.

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and for the Filipino mother over her slain sons.—Rev. Herbert S. Bigelow, at Herbert George dinner in New York.

In my present position I could scarcely be justified were I to omit raising a warning voice against this approach of returning despotism. It is the effort to place capital on an equal footing with, if not above, labor in the structure of government. Labor is prior to and independent of capital. Capital is only the fruit of labor, and never could exist if labor had not first existed. Labor is the superior of capital, and deserves much the higher consideration.—Lincoln's Message, '65.

Read here once more, and take courage from the words of Thomas Paine, addressed to the colonists but a few weeks after the signing of the Declaration of Independence:

"It matters not where you live, or what rank of life you hold, the evil or the blessing will reach you all. The far and the near, the home counties and the back, the rich and the poor, will suffer or rejoice alike. The heart that feels not now is dead; the blood of his children will curse his cowardice, who shrinks back at a time when a little might have saved the whole, and made THEM happy. I love the man that can smile in trouble, that can gather strength from distress, and grow brave by reflection. 'Tis the business of little minds to shrink; but he whose heart is firm, and whose conscience approves his conduct, will pursue his principles unto death."

—o—

The labor union is the only organization that has proven to be effective in bettering the wage conditions and hours of the laboring man. It is the only thing that has tended towards securing for the laborers a decent respect and observance of the few holidays that we have in this country, by demanding excessive pay for work on such days. It is the only institution that can, by reason of its numerical strength, make a demand for justice and enforce that demand. Then why should there be such an antipathy for the leaders of a movement that is doing so much for the men who work? Did you ever think where this objection comes from? Does it come from the friends of the laborers or from the enemies?—Pueblo Courier.

"HELL ON EARTH."

It is useless for the ministers of the gospel, "liberal" and "orthodox," to waste any more of their valuable time and strength discussing the existence or non-existence of hell. There is a hell, and its location is in South Chicago within the high walls of the Illinois Steel Works.

In that veritable hell tragedies as fearful as any that can possibly take place in the supposed abode of the damned are of daily occurrence. It would take the imagination of a Dante to do even partial justice to the infernal character of the South Chicago hell.

Only yesterday an immense ladle filled with tons of molten iron, overturning into a stream of cold water, produced an explosion that shook the great plant like an earthquake and burned the life out of—no one knows how many men.

It is known that poor John Kabo's life went out in the fire, and it is also known that many others were badly burned, but the "powers that be" out there decline to inform the public as to the full extent of the calamity.

Two hours after the explosion the South Chicago police station sent a patrol wagon with seven policemen to the scene, but they were told that there was no admission for them, that the "company would look after the killed and wounded."

Captain Shippy was allowed to take charge of Kabo's body, which he caused to be taken to the morgue, but the captain was not allowed to enter the grounds, nor could he get hold of anything beyond the barest outlines of the disaster.

At the gates of the Illinois Steel Company's Works the authority of the state ceases. Beyond that gate the company has everything its own way. Beyond that gate and throughout the winding, sizzling labyrinth of perdition the company can say what the Fourteenth Louis is reported to have said: "The state? I am the state."

When the great juggernaut kills a laborer the victim is instantly photographed by the company's photographer, in case, for any purpose, the photograph should be needed; the dead man is taken and given to

his friends, if he happens to have any, and affairs drop back into the normal again until somebody else is sacrificed to the mighty Moloch.

The victims of this terrible Moloch are not all known to the public. Many are burned to a crisp or beaten into unrecognizable pulp, and the outside hears nothing of it.—Rev. Dr. Gregory.

GOD AGAINST THE MONOPOLISTS.

“Behold the hire of the laborers who have reaped down your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth, and the cries of them which have reaped are entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth.”—James v. 4.

Under the earth's surface at various depths, in veins of various thickness, says the New York Journal, lies the world's supply of coal. Millions of years before man came here this coal was stored away to supply them with heat when in the fullness of time they should arrive on earth to fulfill their mysterious and unexplained errand.

During thousands of centuries the coal was stored slowly, and during thousands of centuries it was packed into a stony condition by the pressure of the weight piled up above it.

Today men dig it out and sell it.

In the production of this coal you would naturally say that there were but two great agencies:

First, God, who made the coal and stored it away to be used.

Second, the men and women and children who work in the mines, living in darkness and grime and bringing the coal to the surface.

But there must be some other great agency responsible for this coal and for this reason:

The coal product of Great Britain last year was sold for \$300,000,000. The total amount paid to all men and women and children who dug the coal out of the ground was \$50,000,000.

Two hundred and fifty million dollars, five-sixth of the entire product, went to some one else.

Of course, that “some one else” is the mine owner, the coal speculator.

We do not believe that the power which made the coal and gave it to men is quite satisfied with the conditions under which the coal is dug. We have an idea that a situation which involves extravagant prices for the poor who use the coal, very small pay for the poor who dig it and \$250,000.000 for men who neither made the coal nor dug it, is not satisfactory to the Maker of coal mines and the Ruler of the world.

We sincerely believe that in His own time He will change a system which needs changing so badly.

We believe that a change will come and that it will be radical. For Divine disapproval of the grab-balls is written too clearly to admit of any varied interpretation.

IS INSANITY A CRIME?

There is a blot on the fair name of Florida. The land of flowers and sunshine is the only place in the country where the words "in sickness and health" mean less than nothing in the marriage ceremony. They are a mockery. It's a miserable story, and it doesn't speak well for mankind that in Florida insanity is a cause for divorce, and that the measure was railroaded through the legislature, signed quickly by the governor and is now a law.

Oh! shame!

The whole theory of divorce is a matter of wrongdoing. The husband sins or the wife sins, and the law has decided that certain things constitute just cause for legal separation. Insanity isn't a sin, nor is it a crime. It's a disaster, a horror that breaks hearts and makes martyrs of men and women.

It's a disease, and has ever been almost sacred in its character. Even the savages of countless centuries hold that no law or tradition can touch one who is mentally wrong, and they believe that a person so afflicted is under the special care of Providence.

But in Florida insanity ranks with adultery, drunkenness, abuse. The new law legalizes desertion, which in itself is a cause for divorce.

What has become of manhood that such a law can be demanded? Is marriage to be a fair weather contract? If the disease of insanity be a just cause for

divorce, why not consumption, cancer, paralysis, leprosy—a hundred ailments?

Here is a law that was intended for men. Oh! there isn't a doubt of it. Women love better than men. They cling to human wrecks; they care for men shattered in mind and body, and in their glorious goodness close their eyes to all but the love divine. They carry their cross and smile. No woman ever asked to have the fair name of Florida disgraced by a law that makes sickness a crime.

"But," argues one, "why should a man remain tied to an insane wife, whom he can in no way benefit, and whose case is incurable?"

Sentiment, honor, manhood should combine to make him true. If he married for love he should gladly accept his fate, and, single hearted, loyal and tender, care for the afflicted woman till death shall afford release.

Who wanted the law passed?

A rich man. The evidence is circumstantial but convincing.

It's true. It's wrong! But it's true!

There is but one man in all Florida big enough in a money way to make lawmakers jump at his bidding.

Flagler! The name reeks of Standard Oil and money. He has millions. Men who do not have money often evade the laws. Men of great wealth have the laws made to fit their needs.

Flagler is the power in Florida. What he desires he gets.

In an asylum a woman mourns. Her mind is clouded, perhaps forever. She has every care and every comfort that a disordered brain can desire. People say that she brooded over the fact that she was unable to give her husband an heir to his millions, until her mind gave way.

For that insane woman is Mrs. Henry M. Flagler.

If her husband takes advantage of Florida's new divorce law he should be branded as a conspirator against public welfare and against womankind.—Cincinnati Post.

HEROISM.

[While William Phelps and James Staplebury were cleaning the inside of an eight-foot upright boiler, an employe turned on the steam thinking the cock was tight. It leaked and the scalding steam poured in on the two men. The only exit was up a ladder, for which both jumped. Phelps reached it first, took one step and stopped. He jumped aside and shouted:

"You go first, Jim; you are married."

Staplebury sprang up the ladder and escaped. Though Phelps followed close, his act of heroism cost him his life. Both men are colored.—News dispatch.]

Fame's trumpets will not sound for him,
 Son of an outcast race.
 No rare and costly monument
 Will mark his resting place.
 And yet no braver deed was done
 Since first the world began.
 Ungrudgingly he gave his life
 To save his fellow man.

When animated by the charge,
 And heated by the fray,
 When emulation stirs the blood
 And Glory leads the way,
 'Tis not so hard in times like this
 To face the blazing file;
 For, seen beneath the starry flag,
 Death almost wears a smile.

But in a hole obscure and dark,
 With nought to spur the heart,
 And at a moment unprepared
 To play the hero's part,
 To think about your comrade first
 And your own life to miss,
 For his defenseless ones, what rare
 Unselfishness is this!

Unknown and humble son of toil,
 I lift my hat to you.
 The great of earth from you could learn
 Of heroism true.

The holy ones of earth could wish
 A hope of heaven as bright.
 For though your outward skin was black,
 The soul within was white.

Such deeds as this I'd rather sing
 Than kneel before a crown,
 Than heap redundant praise upon
 The altar of renown.

When acts so pure and generous
 In common life we find,
 Like springs in deserts, they renew
 Our faith in humankind.

—J. A. E., in Denver News.

THE TRUSTS.

There's a steel trust, an iron trust,
 And a trust in lager beer,
 And there is many another trust
 To burden the glad new year.

There's a milk trust, a pie trust,
 And a trust in sparkling wine,
 There's a plow trust, a reaper trust,
 And a trust in binder twine.

There's an ice cream trust, a milk trust,
 A trust in crackers and bread,
 And to scan the catalogue of trusts
 It's enough to turn one's head.

There's a paper trust, a type trust,
 And a trust on sewing thread,
 And they follow you to the graveyard
 With a coffin trust, when you're dead.

There's a nail trust, and oil trust,
 And a trust in biscuits, too,
 And the country is swarming with trusts
 Till the air with trusts is blue.

There's a glass trust, tobacco trust,
 And a trust on pots, as well,
 And if it isn't too hot for them,
 They'll get up a trust in—as well.

There's a butter trust, a sugar trust,
 And a trust in the power to skin,
 And nobody knows how many more
 Till the trusts have all come in.

There's envelope trusts and other trusts
 That will land us under the sod,
 And all that is left for the poor man
 Is to work and trust in God.

—Echange.

A LABOR CHAIR OF ETHICS.

(Boston Globe.)

Prof. Walter Vrooman, founder of the Ruskin labor colleges in England and this country, is said to have induced laboring men to establish a professorship in the university of Chicago, founded by John D. Rockefeller, to teach ethics and moral philosophy. The new chair is to be established and its occupant chosen by January 1.

The professorship will not be maintained by the university, but the movement is probably expected to get much patronage from it.

As the science of ethics covers the methods by which Rockefeller acquired his abnormal wealth, and as moral philosophy doubtless has some bearing upon monopolies in general, such a pursuit in Rockefeller's college may become highly interesting.

It is to be hoped that Rockefeller's Bible class and the chair of ethics may manage to keep somewhere within speaking distance.

WILLING TO BE ROBBED.

Says the Minneapolis Tribune: "Some time ago there was a law suit between Andrew Carnegie and some of the stockholders of his company, in which Mr. Frick testified that the company with a capital of \$25,000,000, made a profit of \$21,000,000 in a single year. No wonder Mr. Carnegie has millions to burn or to give away, just as suits him best."

Why shouldn't the trust make big profits? A majority of the people are willing to be robbed. If the trusts don't do it somebody else will.—Labor Leader.

Here is an opinion on the assassination of President McKinley from a source that we consider entirely competent in the premises. It is from Booker T. Washington, the colored leader: "In all sincerity I want to ask, is Czolgosz alone guilty? Has not the entire nation had a part in this greatest crime of the country? What is anarchy but a defiance of law? And has not the nation reaped what it has been sowing? According to records, 2,516 persons have been lynched in the United States during the past sixteen years. There are, or have been, engaged in this anarchy of lynching, nearly 125,800 persons."

An old mountaineer called on the Black Warrior management the other day and wanted a job of whacking around the leacher. Incidentally, of course, he asked what he was to get, to which the foreman replied, "ninety dollars per month." "Oh, no ye don't," says the old timer, "the last feller I worked fer told me he'd gimme \$50 per month, and he didn't gimme nothin'. I'll work fer \$90 'a' month, but I don't want no 'per' in it. That means 'per'haps you'll git your pay an' 'per'haps you won't."—Globe-Times.

Sandy—And will ye tak' a drap o' whisky afore ye gang hame, Tammas?

Tammas—Ah, weel, just a wee drappie.

Sandy—Then say when, laddie.

Tammas—Nay, mon; the glass will say when.—
London King.

In Brussels, Belgium, the proprietor of a printing office who discharged nine of his employes because they refused to leave the union on his demand was fined in court to the extent of 200 francs and ordered to pay damages to them to the amount of 1,000 francs.

One thing certain, if the mines under Bernard Macdonald are worked with non-union men, they will be worked with unskilled men, as nearly all the skilled miners of the country are now to be found within the ranks of the Union.—Moyie Leader.



❧ FICTION ❧

THE QUEEN OF THE COUNTY.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST MONTH.)

We know better than to refuse such treats, independently of the obliquy we should heap on our heads if we refused Mrs. Wallace's hospitality, and the pain we should inflict upon the general. We did ample justice to them, as Mrs. Wallace took care to tell grandmamma afterwards, saying we owed her three pounds of butter, having drank up cream sufficient for that. But she said it pleasantly and we knew she did not begrudge it. Growling and grumbling were as much parts of her being as snapping and snarling were the Miss Reeses.

But to see such things did not seem to me at the time to be good.

Grandmamma's health not mending, spite of the "invocation to the Deity," she broke up her establishment for a year. Sissy, of course, accompanied her abroad; Marblette, whose talents deserved it, was sent to a first-rate school in London. I, being nearly seventeen, went home to assist in the education of my younger sisters.

Before we all separated, it became known that Philip Carne wanted to marry Sissy. But, as they neither of them had enough money to live on, they were not to be married yet awhile. I was rather curious to see how Sissy behaved under the awkward circumstances of having a lover. It did not seem to alter her in the least. She was neither fidgety, tearful, embarrassed, or blushing.

"O," said Marblette, in explanation, "but I think Sissy has been really engaged to him ever since she was born, and so they are accustomed to it—only we were not told, and it is only mentioned now because mamma thought it would be a good thing if they married at once, and Philip went to take care of them abroad."

"And why is not that done?"

"Because Sissy says nothing shall come between her and grandmamma until grandmamma is better."

"Well," I answered, "Sissy does not 'ought' us without acting up to her 'oughts,' so I respect her. And how does Philip like that? as you seem to know everything."

"Philip says that Sissy can do no wrong in his eyes."

"Just what Tom said to me."

"Yes, when, if I remember right, you insisted upon going to skate, with a lot of rude boys, on the fell."

"Marblette! how can you remember so unkindly?"

"What's that to you, miss, I should like to know," answered Marblette, mimicking Miss Rees.

That was enough for me. I clasped her in my arms at once, and said, in humble tones,—

"I am older now, and will learn to be more lady-like."

O, me, what a sorrowful going away we had, and how I mourned, like a solitary pigeon, for my mate! And into what a lax, dawdling way I got. The pressure of rigid rule being withdrawn, and the liberty my mother partly gave me because of my womanly stature and advancing years, were both withheld and bestowed at a dangerous time.

I loved my little sisters dearly, and they loved me, but not one was Marblette to me. I had no farther excitement in saving minutes. I had already more on my hands than I knew what to do with. I disliked the governess. She "oughted" in a savage and severe manner, that provoked me to be cross and snappish. I was a victim so far to grandmamma's system, that she had hitherto provided me with sufficient employment for "idle moments;" and now, after certain duties were done, I had found myself no employment for the leisure I at present possessed.

As we were taught in youthful days,—

"Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do."

so now I was becoming cross as Miss Rees, gossipy as Miss Bella, fault finding as Mrs. Wallace, and absolutely taking to write odes, as silly as the general's—all for want of something to do, some stimulus.

I was awakened out of this state by a great alarm.

One of my cousins was papa's curate. He professed to be much interested in me. Sent me books, taught me conchology, assisted me to learn archery, and, altogether, seemed to take as much care of me as if I were the whole of the parish. But I was not prepared for his offering himself in the character of a lover.

It does not speak very well for me, that I must confess, after the first surprise at his offering at all, my next arose from the fact that, if I married him, I should not change my name. I went so far as to tell him I thought this a serious objection.

"He did not think so at all," he answered; "in fact, he thought it a recommendation—so good a name! one that my father had made so honored!"

"Well, that was true; of course, I was proud of my name, because of papa, if for nothing else,"—and here I paused. It seemed to me that this absurd objection had thrust itself on my mind as an excuse; for though my cousin was a very good cousin, I certainly felt no inclination to marry him. And though I racked my brains, thrust my fingers through my handkerchief, and looked frightfully silly and ridiculous, I could think of nothing else to say.

"You see, dearest (I shivered at that word), that in a short time I shall be in priest's orders; and when that is the case, I cease being curate here, and go to a very nice living in Yorkshire. The rectory is beautiful, and with you as its mistress, I shall not envy the greatest man in England."

He was really settling everything in a most peremptory manner. So I exclaimed, hastily,—

"But I thought you liked Marblette the best. You always said so until today."

"And I thought so until lately; but it is impossible to see you without admiring you, you are so wonderfully improved in every way; or to know you, as I have known you lately, without admiring your frank, delightful manner. It is a manner so fitted for a clergyman's wife; and then, Dudu, darling, you are so strong and active——"

"Do you want a housemaid?" I interrupted, angrily, and disgusted with the epithet attached to my name.

"No, no, dear; don't be so hasty. My vocation in

life being that of a clergyman, I think it my duty to seek for a help mate, not only for myself, but my parish."

"I am not fond of parish work. I dislike those duties."

"But, Dudu, we are not sent into the world to be idle. Though a woman in appearance, you are yet but a child in heart. You have never given the subject a thought; but I have, and it has been seriously considered by me for some months."

"I shall be seventeen next week, cousin, and don't want to be married, or think anything about it for six or seven years to come."

"I did not intend to tell you my wishes so soon, though I have long had your mother's good word; but, in truth, you attract so much admiration wherever you go, and you are still, dear one, so childish,—perhaps frank and winning are the best terms,—that you may be snatched from my very grasp before I have secured you."

My cousin was not improving himself in my estimation, as he thus made his confessions.

There was a patronizing tone, and a self-sufficient air in all he said, which chafed me extremely. But I did not wish to be thought wayward or rude, so I schooled myself as well as I could, and meekly listened on. But only apparently so, for, O! I felt so wicked! As irritable as Miss Rees, as sarcastic as Mrs. Wallace.

"I shall make it known, of course that we are engaged," continued my cousin; "at the same time I shall take care not to annoy you by any public attentions. In all things, my dearest, I shall scrupulously study your delicacy."

"But, cousin," said I, in a fright, "I have not accepted you, have I?"

"You did not say 'No,' and I hardly think I would take 'No' from you."

"One thing is very certain, I shall say nothing until papa has given his opinion."

"Of course, love, I shall go straight to his study, and tell him our wishes."

"I have no wishes, cousin; that is, I think they are all the other way."

"O, no! dearest one; I read your heart better than

you do yourself. A slight diffidence, a fear, is not only natural, but excites my admiration. Let me seal on your pretty mouth the pledge of our betrothment."

That was audacious! With a sudden cry, I dashed away the arm about to clasp me, and fled.

Seeking about for a solitary corner in which to collect my scattered senses, none seemed to present itself to me. The house was so peopled—every one knew so exactly where everyone else was to be found. My own room was the resort of any body who wished to accomplish some business no one else would tolerate. The nurseries were like bee-hives; the school-room a play-house; mamma's room sacred; the spare room, or, as we called it, "best lodging-room," was all shut up. So that, urged by necessity, and remembering that I was now above childish fears, I glided up the nursery stairs, unlocked the great garret door, left it the tiniest bit on the jar (as a tribute to the last feelings of awe), and sat myself upon that uppermost twentieth step that I had never adventured but once before. The merry buzz of the nursery made itself soothingly heard, and a little chink of a window, or skylight, permitted me a view of the world below, passing the red baize swing-door from the old house into the new.

Altogether I was alone as in a desert, yet as much in the world as an open door and a glass window permitted.

No sooner seated than I placed my face between my two hands; that face so nearly polluted, as I thought. To be sure he was my cousin. Cousins were sorts of brothers. I cried and shivered. For the first time in my life I felt miserable—I felt also wicked. I seemed to have no love for any body or any thing in my heart. I was greatly inclined to hate myself. That beauty, of which I was so vain, what did it do for me? It nearly caused me to be kissed by a very ugly man. He was very tall, very thin, very pale, very narrow-chested, and stooped. He had an ugly manner of walking with his feet very much turned out. As regards his face, it was a gentlemanly face, but his mouth (that mouth which so nearly touched mine) held the most extraordinary teeth ever seen,

I took myself seriously to task for thinking thus childishly, and tried to remember if I had anything

good about me, of which to be proud, instead of my beauty—for that, clearly, was my bane. I was “strong and active.” As this idea presented itself to my mind, so did the indignation rise again that was so quick to come when my cousin mentioned them.

I felt growing more wicked every minute. Instead of loving no one myself, it seemed now as if no one loved me. I was a martyr. Mamma wished me married. There were such lots of girls she wanted me out of the way, perhaps, and so desired I should marry my cousin. 'Tis true, mamma never said so to me, and, moreover, she had told me she should miss me, when I went back to grandmamma's, more than she could say. “More than she could say—” she had repeated it several times, and I had blushed and been so pleased! A great deal more pleased than when my cousin said he wanted to marry me—ugly man!

Well, I now derived no consolation from being “pretty,” or “strong and active.” What else did I possess? Nothing, I thought. No wonder people did not much care for me or want me. As I worked myself up to this pitch of self-misery, I heard the sweetest little soft, musical note coming up the garret stairs.

“Dudu! Dudu! I 'ant oo, Dudu.”

It was baby calling me. Our last baby was old enough to walk and talk without being deposed. All down the stairs, all along the passage, through the hall, to the drawing-room door, I heard,—

“Dudu! Dudu! Where Dudu gone?”

I closed my heart against the sound.

Now that I am older, I recall that first struggle with the evil of my nature, that wrestling between good and ill, from which no one hath been free. Tempted to begin by discontent, to go on with ill-temper, to set up for myself a will and a way of my own, like a disease lurking in the system, so had a vanity, a folly, a recklessness collected into a focus, and now broken out into a great fever of evil thoughts and ideas. I was, as my cousin said, “still a child”—a very silly child. Time had been given me to fulfill the part allotted me this day to perform, and how had I done it? Disgracefully. No child could have been more absurd. To object to so solemn a thing as an engagement for life because of a name! No wonder my cousin took advantage of

such folly to assume the parts of both proposer and acceptor. I deserved my fate if he so far carried his point as to marry me. Tears came faster than ever as I felt my own heedlessness and settled my fate. Henceforth life presented itself to me in very sorry colors; all my youth, my hopes, my enthusiasm seemed buried in a grave with my sixteen years, never to be exhumed again.

What would I say now to my other self?—she who had intrusted me with her place in the world? As I said this to myself, a slight noise in the corner of the garret made me start. My fear was but momentary; I had arrived at that pitch of reckless misery I could face even a ghost without fear. Rising and wiping away my tears, I went to the spot from whence the sound proceeded. Down in a little snug old box lay five little kittens, like little downy balls, their bright eyes peeping up at me with a mixture of sagacity and fear. Stooping gently down, "pussy, pussy," I stroked them, and having got them in that state of happiness and familiarity that they tried to purr, I took them into my apron, and utterly forgetful of all my miseries, my cousin, my red eyes, my sad fate, I ran down to show them to the nursery. The pleasures of our nursery were so simple that there was a wild excitement all through it on seeing the kittens. Even nurse was charmed, but none so much as the old mother cat, who, far from resenting this discovery of her offspring, desired to show her proper sense of our admiration with every grateful art she possessed. As for baby, she kissed her dear Dudu a hundred times for this exquisite pleasure; and so my misery vanished. I felt glad only the garret stairs knew how silly I had been. I was humble with only a sense of the wicked thoughts I had, but I was also wiser; the kittens had diverted my thoughts into a more healthful channel, and as we all went down in a body to show them to mamma, I decided to tell papa everything.

Such are the miseries of youth; they rise from nothing, and are dispersed by nothing.

In the evening as I was debating how I should open the matter to papa, he sent for me to his study. He was sadly grave; instead of any little joke, a pinching

of my ear, or an invite to sit upon his knee, I was told to take a chair.

"My child," he began, "I am about to give you pain. I fear, conscientiously, I cannot consent to your marrying Robert——"

"O, papa!" I began, with my usual hastiness, and then stopping as I remembered I had promised myself never to be hasty any more.

Papa looked up, and attentively regarded me through his spectacles. "'Oh papa!'" sounded rather joyful, child; what is coming after 'O, papa?'"

"That I am glad, papa, you have so decided. My cousin is, no doubt a very estimable person, but I do not love him at all."

"Nothing can be more frank and straightforward; why did you not tell him so?"

"I was taken by surprise, and was altogether, a little persuaded into it."

"Then my mind is much relieved; but you mother has it you are much in love with Robert and wish to marry him."

"That is quite a mistake, papa, and I am very sorry if I have said or done anything to make her think so."

"I fancy it was Robert told her."

"Perhaps so; he said he would not take 'No' from me."

"Then you did refuse him?"

"Well, papa, I said I did not like the idea of being a clergyman's wife—I was not fitted for it; and—and if ever I married I should, at least like—it was usual to change one's name."

"Humph!" said papa, trying to hide a smile; "very cogent reasons, indeed. I begin to think perhaps that Robert was right in concluding your no was a yes. But my reasons are cogent ones. I have two: first his health. He is the only survivor of a large family of children, all of whom have died of consumption. Without very great care, I think he will not live to be an old man. I am not justified in giving my consent to your being a possible widow, and a certain nurse, for the greater part of your life. That is one reason. The other results from it; either from habitual ill-health or a morbid disposition, your cousin has not the temper and forbearance that must be exercised by both hus-

band and wife if their home is to be a happy one. I think I need say no more. When you are twenty-one, and your cousin asks you again to be his wife, you may marry him if you please."

"No fear of that," said I, heedless again.

(TO BE CONTINUED NEXT MONTH.)

"PUTTING UP A SET OF TIMBER."

Al.—Look 'ere peard, they postes hain't perpen-
cular.

Pard—'Old up they string-bob; if 'e's slantendicu-
lar, wedgen over a bit.

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 Philip Bowden.....Butte, Mont. | James A. Baker, Slocan City, B. C.

Directory of Local Unions and Officers.

No.	NAME	Meet'g Night	PRESIDENT	SECRETARY	P. O. Box	ADDRESS
Arizona						
77	Chloride	Wed..	Thomas Roe...	Chas. Praisia...	Chloride.....
60	Globe	Tues..	J. T. Lewis....	J. E. Counts...	120	Globe
17	Helvetia	Thur..	Albert Gorman.	Geo. T. Hawke.	Helvetia
101	Jerome	Thur..	Jefferies White.	Geo. Reilly....	120	Jerome
118	McCabe	L. A. Murphy...	A. W. Nicklin..
102	Ray	Thur..	J. J. McCarthy.	J. Kavanaugh..	Ray
Brit. Columbia						
76	Gladstone	Sat...	T. P. Goddard	Thos. Addison.	77	Fernie
22	Greenwood.....	Sat...	Geo. D. Sankey	M. Kane.....	134	Greenwood ..
69	Kaslo	Sat...	Henry Cody....	D. M. McPhail.	75	Kaslo
100	Kimberly	Sat...	J. E. O'Riley..	Harry White...	0	Kimberley...
112	Kamloops.....	Sat...	Hugh Murphy..	Michael Delaney	170	Kamloops...
119	Lardeau	Arthur Gunn..
43	McKinney.....	Thur..	E. D. Walsh....	S. A. Sanborn..	O'p M'Kinney
71	Moyie.....	Tues..	John McDonald	P. T. Smyth...	32	Moyie.....
96	Nelson.....	Sat...	Robt. D. Hunter	James Wilks...	106	Nelson.....
97	New Denver....	Tues..	D. J. Weir....	J. Byrnes	New Denver..
8	Phoenix.....	Tues..	Henry Heidman	John Riordan..	Phoenix
38	Rossland.....	Wed..	Rupert Bulmer.	F. E. Woodside	421	Rossland....
81	Sandon	Sat...	A. Shelland...	Sandon
95	Silverton.....	Sat...	Ang. McKinnon	John C. Tyree..	85	Silverton....
62	Slocan	Wed..	James Nixon...	D. B. O'Neal...	Slocan City..
113	Texada.....	Tues..	David Jones...	Alfred Raper...	888	Van Anda....
79	Whitewater	Sat...	John Crozier..	Jas. MacDonald	Whitewater..
85	Ymir	Wed..	W. B. McIsaac.	Alfred Parr....	Ymir.....
California						
61	Bodie	Tues..	Chas. Lavery...	Jas. Kavanaugh	6	Bodie.....
128	Bullion	Thur..	T. F. Dolan...	J. Lindsey....	Bullion
47	Confidence.....	Thur..	A. D. M'Cormick	J. B. Allen....	26	Confidence...
70	Gold Cross.....	Tues..	J. P. Williams.	J. A. Vaughn...	Hedges.....
90	Grass Valley....	Fri...	James Harvey..	R. D. Gluyas...	199	Grass Valley.
51	Mojave	Sat...	T. F. Delaney..	O. W. Marten..	1	Mojave.....
48	Pinion Blanco..	Wed..	R. Reynolds....	L. M. Sane....	5	Coulterville..
44	Randsburg	Sat...	J. B. McAnear.	Wm. A. Linn...	Randsburg...
73	Toulumne.....	Thur..	F. O. Bastian..	James Opie....	63	Stent.....
87	Summerville....	Robt. Plumber.	W. I. Holland..
39	Sierra Gorda....	Thur..	J. B. Baker....	H. C. Stine....	Big Oak Flat.
109	Soulsbyville	T. O. Isley....	O. L. Wahl....	Soulsbyville .
127	Woods' Creek...	Fri...	T. McCabe....	Henry Sholz...	Chinese Camp
Colorado						
75	Altman St. Eng.	Tues..	H. R. Rogers..	Karl Brown....	Independence
21	Anaconda.....	Tues..	John Mangan...	C. W. Rorke...	296	Anaconda....
13	Baldwin.....	A. Dohlman...
89	Battle Mountain.	Sun...	Charles Gilmer.	E. E. Mooberry	27	Gilman
64	Bryan	Sat...	John McAskill.	James Spurrier.	134	Ophir.....
106	Banner M. & S...	Thur..	J. D. Rogers...	John Conway...	254	Victor
33	Cloud City.....	Thur..	John McGillis.	James McKeon	132	Leadville
40	Cripple Creek...	Sat...	Henry Keating.	E. J. Campbell	1148	Cripple Cr'k.
82	C. C. St. Engr's..	Wed..	E. A. Emery....	E. L. Whitney..	279	Cripple Cr'k.

Directory of Local Unions and Officers.

No.	NAME	Meet'g Night	PRESIDENT	SECRETARY	P. O. Box	ADDRESS
<i>Colo.—Cont'd.</i>						
93	Denver S. M.....	Tues.	Wm. McNamara	B. P. Smith....		
58	Durango M. & S.	Sat...	William Lewis	Frank Wride....	1273	Durango....
80	Excelsior Eng...	Mon..	J. R. Williams	F. W. Frewen..		Victor.....
110	Florence M. & S.	Wm. Christians	E. J. Conibear.		
19	Free Coinage...	Fri....	Ed. F. Boyle..	W. B. Easterly.	91	Altman
92	Gillet M. & S....	S.....	N. E. Boggs...	E. S. Timmons		Gillett
94	Golden S. M.....	W. H. Burwell.	W. M. Elliott.	8	Golden
50	Henson	Fri...	W. A. Triplett.	Fred Miller....	395	Henson
55	Lawson		
15	Ouray	Sat...	C. M. McKinley	W. M. Burns....		Ouray
6	Pitkin County...	Tues..	Theo. Sauer...	R. K. Sprinkle.	397	Aspen
36	Rico	Wed..	A. W. Erickson.	Thos. C. Young	662	Rico
26	Silverton	Sat...	Joe Morgan....	Ernest Allen...	23	Silverton
27	Sky City	Tues..	Paul B. Walker	A. J. Horne....		Red Mt
63	16 to 1	Sat...	V. St. John...	O. M. Carpenter	638	Telluride
41	Ten Mile	Clar. Stewart...	W. J. Kappus...		
32	Victor	Thur..	Dan Griffiths...	O. H. Walker...	134	Victor
84	Vulcan	Sat...	CMSwinehart Jr	J. H. Thomas...	38	Vulcan
108	Whitepine	Thur..	W. S. Barker...	M. O. Smith...		Whitepine
<i>Idaho</i>						
10	Burke	Tues..	John Kelly.....	Martin Dunn...	126	Burke
52	Custer	Sat...	Henry Bushell..	J. T. Danielson		Custer
53	DeLamar	Mon..	Wm. C. Roberts	Jos. Langford..	25	DeLamar
11	Gem	Wed..	John Hayes....	A. S. Balch....	107	Gem
37	Gibbonsville	Wed..	H H Dunwoodie	R. R. Dodge....	19	Gibbonsville.
9	Mullan	Sat...	William Powers	J. Hendrickson	30	Mullan
20	Rocky Bar	Sat...	J. R. Davey...	N. D. McLeod..	X	Rocky Bar...
66	Silver City	Sat...	H. Hawkinson.	B. J. Maloney..		Silver City...
18	Wardner	Sat...	M. Campbell...	Victor Price...	162	Wardner
65	Wood River	Wm. Batey....		Hailey
<i>Kansas</i>						
120	Argentine S. M...	Jas. Wright....	Ben Reynolds..		Argentine....
125	Bruce S. M.....	Joseph Poole..		Bruce
124	Girard	Sam'l Salisbury	Wm. Ranson....		Girard
123	Iola S. M.....	JDHollingsw'th	T. H. Jones....		Iola
<i>Montana</i>						
57	Aldridge	Sat...	Jos. Gulde.....	James Moore...	97	Aldridge
12	Barker	Thur..	Henry Daniels.	Mike Wilson...	5	Barker
23	Basin	John Pearson.	John Mulcahy..		Basin
7	Belt	Sat...	Chas. Bro.....	Robt. Wedlock.		Neihart
45	Bridger	Tues..	W. B. Altimus.	D. A. Tinkcom..		Bridger
1	Butte	Tues..	Ed. Hughes....	John Shea.....	498	Butte
74	Butte M. & S....	Wed..	Chas. Whiteley	D. R. McCord..	841	Butte
83	Butte Eng.....	Wed..	J. D. Malloy...	Jos. Oreighton.	1625	Butte
88	Elkhorn	Sat...	F. F. Hubbell..	A. L. Mercer...		Elkhorn
126	East Helena M.&S	D. McGinty...	P. T. O'Shea...		East Helena..
78	Gebo	Tues..	Wm. Cummings	Joseph Friel...		Gebo
86	Geo. Dewey, Eng	Mon..	Alfred Jose...	Thomas Callow	284	Granite
4	Granite	Tues..	John Judge....	Thomas Dyer...	D	Granite
16	G. Falls M. & S.	Sat...	C. E. Mahoney	Jas. Lithgow..	790	G. Falls.....
35	Hassell	Sat...	Andrew Dalin..	O. H. Erikson..	71	Hassell
107	Judith Mt.....	Sat...	Jas. Longmier.	J. J. Lewis....	8	Maiden
103	Marysville	Sat...	John Wallace..	Joseph Harvey	73	Marysville ...
29	Red Lodge	John Brown....	William Dick...		Red Lodge...
104	Norris	Sat...	W. A. Lawler..	B. G. Crawford		Norris
111	N. Moccasin...	Sat...	F. Flannigan...	S. Whipple....		Lewistown...
131	Pony Mill & M...	Robt. Kneetles		Pony
105	Mayflower	Tues..	Jerry O'Rourke	James Foster..		Whitchall ...
25	Winston	Sat...	A. E. Wenstrom	E. J. Brewer...	A	Winston
129	Virginia City	William Plumb	H. T. Reid....		Virginia City.
114	Anaconda Eng...	Mon..	Dave Storrar..	Arthur Bliss...		Anaconda....

Directory of Local Unions and Officers.

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Montana—Cont						
117	Anaconda M. & S.	Sat...	R. W. Rule....	Frank Burke...	Anaconda....
54	Horr.....	Fri...	Joseph Harmon	John Garr, Jr..	Horr.....
Nevada						
122	Berlin	Mon..	Wm. O'Brien ..	T. O'Connell	Berlin
98	Blue Rock.....	Tues..	R. J. Miller...	Wm. Hatherell..	Yerington ...
72	Lincoln.....	Wed..	John Westburg.	R. J. Gordon...	De Lamar...
49	Silver City.....	Tues..	E. T. Powers..	DaveArmstrong	76	Silver City...
121	Tonopah.....	Tues..	John O'Toole..	A. J. Crocker	Hawthorne..
31	Tuscarora.....	Wed..	J. J. Owens...	S. H. Turner...	12	Tuscarora ...
46	Virginia City...	Fri...	W. A. Burns...	I	Virginia City
N. W. Terr.						
76	Gladstone.....	Sat...	T. P. Goddard	William Taylor	77	Fernie
59	Lethbridge
Oregon						
130	Alamo.....	G. N. Taylor...	Geo. Wiegand..	Alamo
42	Bourne	Tues..	M. B. Whipple.	J. D. McDonald	Bourne.....
91	Cornucopia	Sat...	James Lee.....	Homer Eaton...	Cornucopia ..
132	Greenhorn Mount	T. Gleason	J. D. Wisdom...	Geiser.....
S. Dakota						
56	Custer
3	Central	Sat...	Otto Peterson..	W. G. Friggens	23	Central City.
14	Deadwood L. U..	Thur.	Mike Edward..	J. E. Evans...	950	Deadwood ...
2	Lead.....	Mon..	T. P. Nichols..	G. J. Snyder...	290	Lead City...
30	Lead Mechanics.	W. D. Baker...	W. A. Johns...
5	Terry Peak.....	Wed..	John A. True..	D. Hoffman...	174	Terry
68	Galena.....	Wed..	George Leech..	J. H. Gardner..	39	Galena.....
116	Perry.....	Henry Thomas..
Washington						
28	Republic.....	Tues..	David Felker..	Frank Hanlon..	157	Republic.....
115	Northport M. & S.	B. R. Shed.....	P. Burlingame..	Northport...
Utah						
99	Valley S. U.....	Sat...	Chas. T. Hollis.	Joseph Ulmer..	Murray
34	Sandie S. U.....	Wed..	Albert Dobson..	Arthur Leslie..	28	Sandie.....

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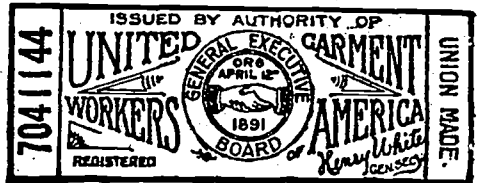
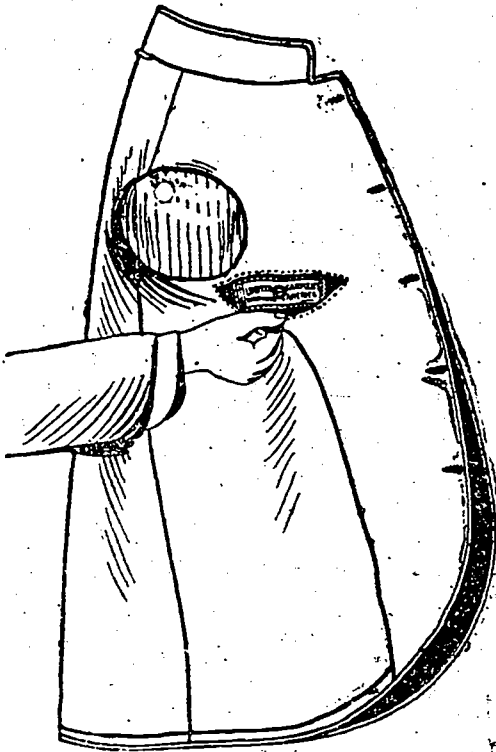
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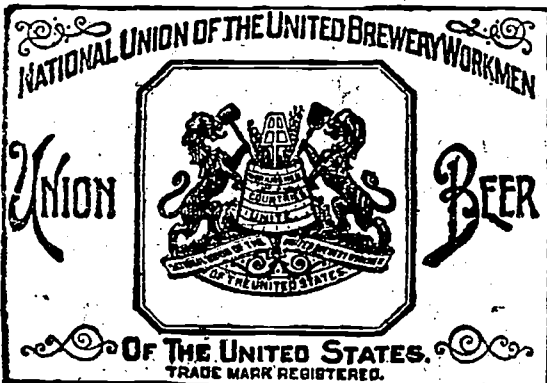
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