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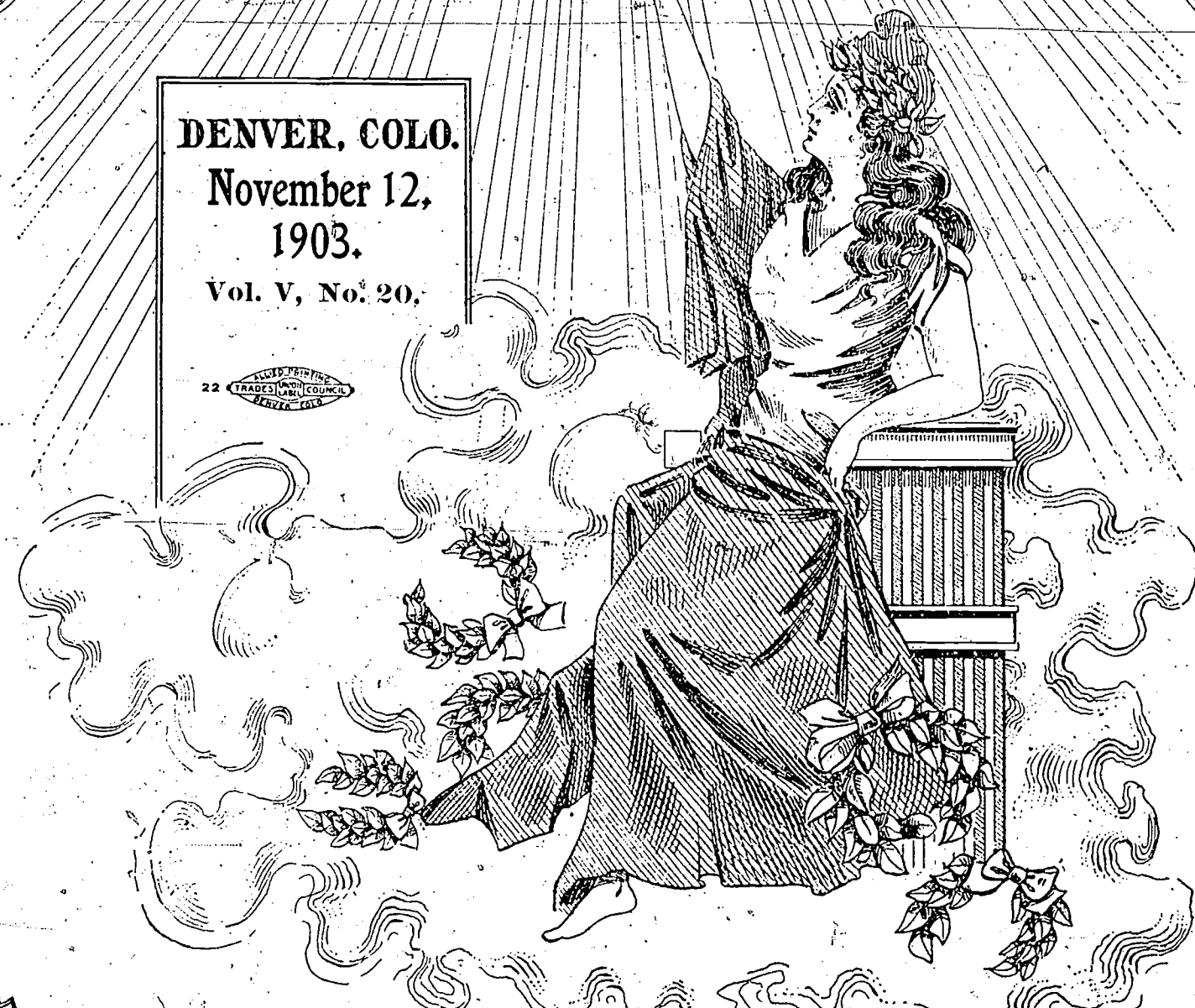
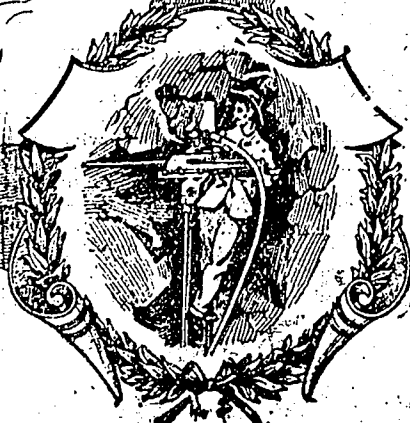
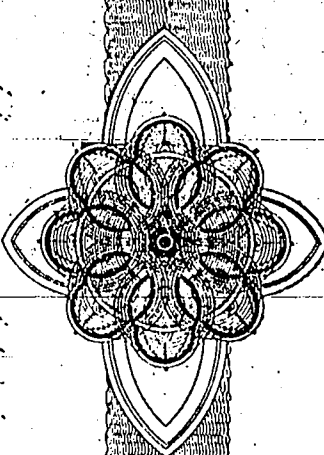
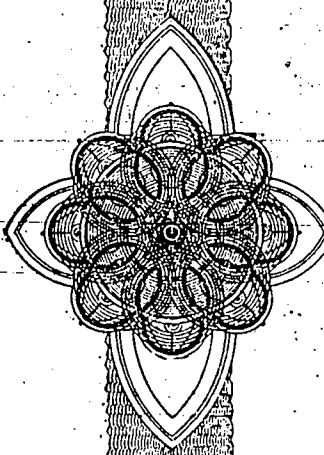
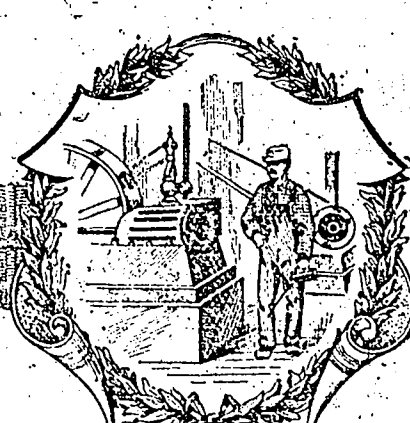
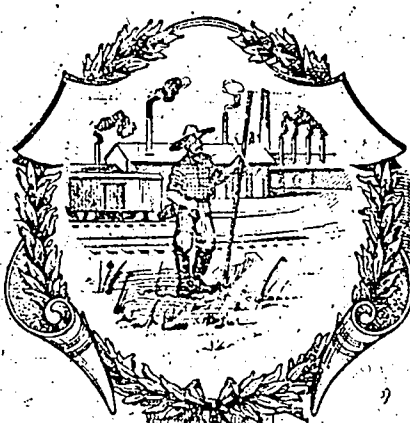
Published Weekly by the

WESTERN FEDERATION OF MINERS

DENVER, COLO.
November 12,
1903.
Vol. V, No. 20.

22 TRADES UNION COUNCIL
PUBLISHED BY THE
WESTERN FEDERATION OF MINERS

WEALTH
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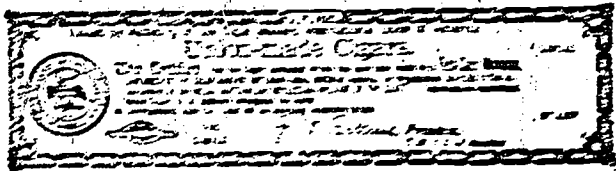


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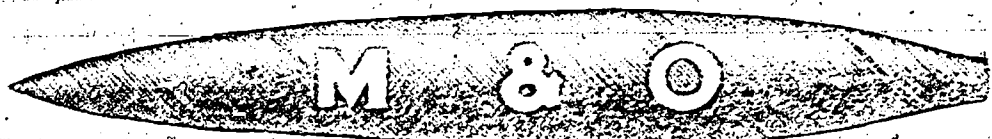
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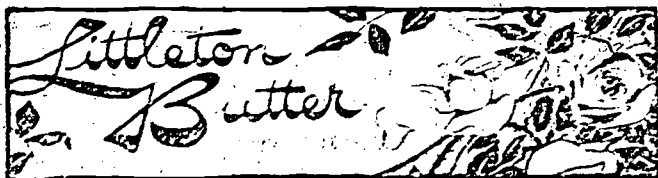
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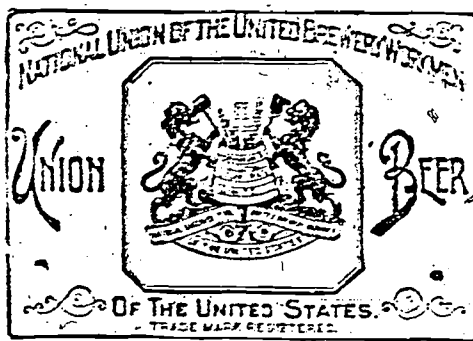
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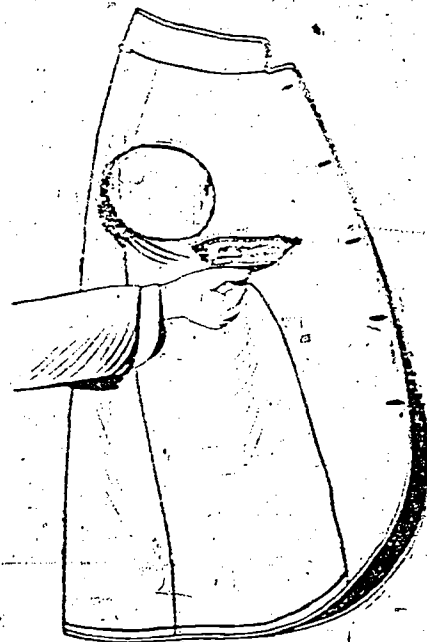


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EDUCATION INDEPENDENCE ORGANIZATION

MINERS MAGAZINE

Published Weekly by the WESTERN FEDERATION OF MINERS

Denver, Colorado,
Thursday, Nov. 12, 1903.

Volume V. Number 20.
\$1.00 a Year.

UNIONS ARE REQUESTED to write some communication each month for publication. Write plainly, on one side of paper only; where ruled paper is used write only on every second line. Communications not in conformity with this notice will not be published. Subscribers not receiving their Magazine will please notify this office by postal card, stating the numbers not received. Write plainly, as these communications will be forwarded to the postal authorities.

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

John M. O'Neill, Editor.

Address all communications to MINERS' MAGAZINE,
625 Exchange Building, Denver, Colo.

THE MERCHANTS of the Cripple Creek district, who supplied the larder for the "brave boys" whom Peabody hired to the Mine Owners' Association, are wondering when the pay car will arrive to liquidate the bills for merchandise. The commercial graft of the "best citizens" is liable to result in bankruptcy.

THE REAL ESTATE AGENTS in the late strike of the textile Workers of Philadelphia took a prominent part in serving the interests of employers by advancing rents and evicting strikers in order to coerce them to surrender unconditionally. The real estate parasite has never been known to nurture in his make-up any of those fine qualities which distinguish a man from a cold-blooded monster. He is the Shylock of the twentieth century, who always stands with both feet on his "bond."

THE PAID POLITICAL ORATORS on the stump, whose salaries are paid by funds gathered from the treasuries of trusts and corporations, have declared that "the people want no tinkering with the tariff or the currency. They are satisfied to let well enough alone. They do not want anything done that will interfere in any way with the present prosperity." These orators have certainly not interviewed the thousands of railroad employes, who have been told that their services are no longer required. They have failed to interview the bankers of Baltimore and Pittsburg, who failed with \$17,000,000 liabilities, nor have they felt the pulse of the thousands of depositors who mourn for the money they entrusted to the coupon-clippers connected with Maryland's collapsed financial institutions. They held no communication with the 20,000 employes of Montana, who walk the streets in idleness in order that a few men who have a corner on natural resources, may play star engagements in the great drama, where the masses play the part of clowns. They have not held any conversation with coal miners, who are jobless in order that prices may be maintained, nor have they talked with the serfs of the steel trust, who are now without a master and confronted with the prospect of being busily engaged searching for employment during the coming winter. They have held no communication with the men identified with the 300 failures weekly reported by Dun and Bradstreet. Oh! no. They have been catechised by the monster sharks in the commercial world, who have grown more massive and fattened on the plundered victims who furnished fodder for the privileged coterie, whose multi-millions fortify them in a citadel that is impregnable. The Rockefellers, the Morgans, the Goulds, the Hills and the Vanderbilts are prosperous, but the great mass whose labor has created this prosperity are standing on the brink of a precipice, from which they can gaze down into the yawning chasm of an almost hopeless adversity. The very fact, that political spouters are noting all their eloquence to buoy the people with a false impression that prosperity exists, is ample evidence that something is "rotten in Denmark."

THE RAILWAY EMPLOYEES' JOURNAL, the official organ of the United Brotherhood of Railway Employes, will be issued from headquarters in San Francisco in the future as a monthly magazine. The Journal in the past has been issued as a four-page weekly, but with the growing demand for enlargement and publication in magazine form of labor journals, has brought about the proposed change in the Railway Employes' Journal. The subscription price will be the same as before, \$1 per year, and we bespeak for the Journal the patronage which its bold, uncompromising editorial attitude so richly deserves.

A NUMBER OF LEADING expounders of Scripture have started a movement, having for its object the perfecting of a ministerial combination that in future will generously offer its non-partisan services for healing the breach between labor and capital. The theologians are endeavoring to open up another source of revenue. They have discovered that the two preachers who sat on the board of arbitration in a recent Chicago strike, manifested no timidity in sending in a bill for \$1,000 for a few days of that disinterested service which redounded to the benefit of the fellows who luxuriate on bank accounts, fleeced from the class who perform the labor of the world. Labor has likewise had an experience with two preachers in Colorado and their decisions, as members of a strike commission, leaves a bad taste in the mouth of every man who had any acquaintance or knowledge of the facts connected with the controversy. The prelates of the church are no more immune from environments than the layman. The corporations and trusts have money in their vaults, and the preachers, like other frail men, are moved by their economic interests. The large donations to the church come from men who are exploiters of labor, and the preacher is not invulnerable to all the good things which money can purchase. Preachers who could act disinterestedly in disputes between employer and employe form the exception and not the rule, and there will be no demand for such service.

JOHN W. GUTEAU, the brother of Charles A. Guiteau, who assassinated President Garfield in 1881, has achieved the reputation of being one of the greatest statisticians in the world. His clients are numbered among the largest insurance companies of the country. Guiteau has earned the name of being the crank expert statistician of America. It is said that he is the only statistician who has been able to learn the inside facts recorded upon the books of Dun's and Bradstreet's commercial agencies. Guiteau has made the claim that the books of Dunn and Bradstreet show but three per cent. of the names that were registered twenty years ago. He further makes the claim that out of every 100 men who have reached the age of sixty years that eighty are absolutely dependent upon others for a living. This is a sad commentary upon our civilization. Men who approach the sunset of life, who have lived three score years upon the planet are penniless with the exception of a small percentage, who have been fortunate in the great scramble to husband sufficient resources to save them from the miserable alms of a poor-house. The business men who populated the commercial arena of this nation twenty years ago have found graves in the bankrupt cemetery, with the exception of a three per cent. remnant, who have been able to breast the tide. Boards of trade, the wheat pit and the thousands of various stock jobbing schemes have swallowed humanity in the maelstrom of ruin, and yet the fever of speculation remains unabated, regardless of all the wrecks that are strewn along the pathway of life. Men are money drunk and the appetite for wealth has become a disease. The present civilization is pregnant with tragedies that will yet appall and stagger the world.

THE DENVER CHIEF... THE DENVER CHIEF... THE DENVER CHIEF...

THE COAL MINERS... THE COAL MINERS... THE COAL MINERS...

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THE FOLLOWING appeared in the Denver Post of November 18:

MANGAN SHORT \$400

Cripple Creek, Colo., Oct. 31.—John Mangan, former president of the Anaconda Miners' Union and at present secretary-treasurer of the union, has gone to Old Mexico and an examination of his books reveals a shortage of \$400. He was a member of the executive board of District Union No. 1.

The correspondent of the Post who furnished this scandalous defamation of John Mangan, when interviewed by members of the Anaconda Miners' Union, admitted that he picked up his information on the street. John Mangan has not served in the capacity of secretary-treasurer for nearly a year, nor was he a member of the executive board of District Union No. 1 at the time of his departure from the Cripple Creek district. The story of Mangan being a defaulter was manufactured from whole cloth and emanated from the hirelings serving the interests of the Mine Owners' Association, who are putting in overtime in casting infamous aspersions upon the honor of all prominent men who have taken a leading part in unionism in the Cripple Creek district. John Mangan, whose character has been assaulted by an irresponsible reporter of the Denver Post, has been a pioneer in the ranks of organized labor in the West. He has served in many positions of trust since connected with the Western Federation of Miners, and has discharged his duties in a manner that left no room for a doubting Thomas to even harbor the slightest suspicion as to his honesty. The Denver Post is liable to be confronted with a suit for damages.

THE PEOPLE OF NEW YORK... THE PEOPLE OF NEW YORK... THE PEOPLE OF NEW YORK...

THE MINERS OF ENGLAND... THE MINERS OF ENGLAND... THE MINERS OF ENGLAND...

A SHORT TIME AGO... A SHORT TIME AGO... A SHORT TIME AGO...

A Pretended Friend of Labor.

REV. PETER C. YORKE of San Francisco, who has been looked upon as a faithful and loyal champion of labor organizations, has written a lengthy article to the Leader and declares that "on no election does the cause of unionism depend." The reverend gentleman is following in the same old rut that characterizes so many that hold jobs in the pulpit and use their influence to impede the march of the working man to the ballot box to cast a ballot for himself. If elections are of such trifling importance, why is it that corporations furnish the "sinews of war" to carry on election campaigns, in order that men representing the interests of the moneyed class may be elected to office? Why do the corporations spend with lavish hand fabulous sums of money to elect representatives of every state legislature, to place congressmen in the law-making chamber of the nation and place upon the judicial bench limbs of the law who will wear the corporation collar and render decisions that will make more formidable the privileged few, who are enabled by law to exploit the helpless many? Do corporations and trusts spend money in election campaigns for the mere glory and gratification of getting rid of some of the surplus extracted from the toiling millions, or is it for the purpose of more firmly entrenching themselves in a fortified position, where the very government itself becomes part and parcel of the machinery that is operated to subjugate the mass in order that the few may revel in plunder that is legalized by law? If it is a good thing for corporations and trusts to enter the political arena and hire the most brilliant orators of the country to delude the masses and elect men to positions of public trust to execute their will, why would it not be all-important for the great army of labor to rally together on the political battlefield and vote for men of their class, who will enact laws that will overthrow this abominable industrial system that places the laborer at the foot of an employer, begging for the right to work? The learned divine of the Golden State who makes a pretense of entertaining a fraternal spirit for labor unions, gives vent to the following false philosophy:

"What takes the old question out of the realm of theory and makes it so actual now is the undoubted fact that the tide of prosperity has reached its height. No observer of the times fails to see that though we are still at high water, the ebb has commenced. There are a hundred signs to show that the ocean stream is now set off from the shore. Prosperity and distress are as much subject to the natural law as the seasons. They come and go in their appointed times and nothing that men may do can hinder or halt them. When the day is fine we cannot believe that the storm is brewing, but brewing it is, nevertheless. When the country is prosperous and wages high and work plenty, we imagine it will always be so; but

even then the lean years are stirring beneath the waters of the river, and soon they will be on hand to devour the fat."

The oily and cunning sophistry of Rev. Yorke would do justice to a Mark Hanna or the impious hypocrite, John D. Rockefeller, Jr. The gentleman beholds the indications that admonish us that industrial depression is about to take place. He reads in the daily press of the shutting down of mines, mills and factories and the throwing out of employment of countless thousands of men and women, who depend upon the jobs which employers own, to earn the scanty pittance that will enable them to purchase the necessaries of life. He knows that men and women who have labored for years, when thrown out of employment, are confronted with hunger and want when forced into idleness by the command of an employer, who has filled his warehouses with the products of labor, and yet he contends that "prosperity and distress are as much subject to the natural law as the seasons." No law of nature ever confiscated the earnings of labor and placed the same in the hands of the comparatively few to uphold markets and make profit, while humanity that produced all the wealth should suffer. It was the crafty cunning of a few that formulated a system, by which the many, through their ignorance, were robbed of that which their labor produced. The system which had its birth in infamous greed, has been perpetuated, and the toiler, who has become accustomed to being plundered, considers that it is natural for the exploiters to fleece their victims. Industrial depression indicates that the market is glutted with merchandise, but labor has received such a small margin of that which labor has produced that labor cannot buy back the products that fill the warehouses of the land. The land during a panic will be teeming with plenty, but the great mass will be financially unable to purchase the things which their labor created. The incentive for profit will keep the storehouses locked, and human life must be sacrificed because the exploiters have gone into politics and controlled the functions of government which has placed the legal seal of sacredness on property. Father Yorke, like many of his brother theologians, diagnoses the disease that is about to afflict the wage slaves of the country, but fails to offer the solution of the problem that has crimsoned centuries of history in human blood. There is but one remedy. The few are powerful and rule because, like Yorke, they have fooled the army of labor, and labor has voted to disinherit the real producers of the earth. Labor must cast its political strength for the restoration of the natural resources of the earth into the hands of all the people, and when the earth and the machinery of production and distribution shall be the common property of all the people, to be used for all the people, and not for the profit of the few, there will be no more distress, no more industrial depression and no more panics.

The Convention in Boston.

THE DELEGATES to the American Federation of Labor have now assembled in annual convention in the city of Boston. Their feet are pressing the most sacred and historic soil within the confines of the nation. The pages of American history blaze with the patriotism that nerved the "Sons of Liberty" to break the shackles of king rule and build upon the bosom of a new world a republic in which the people might maintain their freedom by being clothed with a sovereign power, the most potent yet peaceable weapon that was ever bequeathed to man—the ballot. The memory of eight long years, in which peerless heroism braved and surmounted every phase of danger, in which loyal, sturdy manhood scorned to fall prostrate in adoration of a throne, may spur the delegates assembled to rend asunder the chains and declare as a class-conscious body for the industrial emancipation of the human race. The delegates in this convention are aware of the fact that here in "free America," where citizenship is garbed in the armor of a political franchise, the employe has become a slave, a beggar for a job, and without a job, a vagrant, asking for the shelter of a jail.

The delegates know that here in the so-called freest land under the luminary of day, the blacklist of the employers bears the legal sanction of the judiciary, and the boycott, one of the formidable weapons of organized labor, has been declared criminal. The discharging of men for no reason save membership in a union has been upheld by the courts. Picketing has been declared a crime, and even one union man asking another to strike has been met with penalties from our temples of modern justice. The hand of generosity that attempts to extend relief to the striker has been seized and stayed, and the union man has been forbidden to exercise his right of free speech in prevailing upon the strike-breaker, the ally of the employer, to cease debauching his manhood with the odium of treason to himself and his fellow men. The injunction has laid its iron hand upon the funds in the treasuries of organized labor and prohibited the official representatives of unionism to make donations, under the threat of contempt of court. The Taft-Vale decision of England has been imported to America, and all the property of unions as well as of members is being attached for damages in the mad and frantic assault of capitalism to wreck and ruin every labor organization in this country. The employers of every state in this Union are resolving themselves into compact bodies, and these state organizations have already formed the nucleus of a federated national body that will have behind it all the power and influence of the mightiest financial magnates of the nation. The delegates in the

American Federation of Labor convention are confronted with a crisis that will require the most dauntless courage and the best brain of which the organization can boast. Men of valiant mould are needed to meet the conflict of the future. Men with ballots in their hands must be taught to wield them in self-defense, or the peoned millions will soon chant a requiem in the cemetery of organized labor. "No politics in the union" will sound the death knell of labor on the economic battle ground, but class-conscious and class-loyal political action will usher in the liberty of man and the exit of wage slavery to the tomb of oblivion. The convention at Boston has it within its power to lay the cornerstones of a new superstructure upon the bedrock of eternal justice, that will rise in its matchless grandeur to electrify a world groaning in the agony of industrial misery. Will the delegates be brave and meet the emergency? The future will give an answer to the question.

J. S. MANGON of Krebs, Indian Territory has forwarded us some choice literary pen thrusts clipped from the "Coming King," a work written by White. The following are samples made up from the observations of the author:

- "Money in the banks accumulating."
- "Money in the channels of trade diminishing."
- "Business failures increasing."
- "The value of money and securities rising."
- "The value of property and labor falling."
- "Tramps multiplying."
- "Paupers account piling up."
- "The wolf prowling around the hovel of the poor."
- "Enterprise paralyzed."
- "Business struggling for life."
- "Labor forced to idleness."
- "Crime on the increase."
- "Want and misery stalking abroad at noonday."
- "Shylock's millions piling up."
- "The widow's mite melting away."
- "Mutterings of discontent among the people."
- "The sounds of revelry in the halls of Babylon."
- "Justice whetting its sword."
- "Vengeance in the air."
- "Revolution in the land. Hark!"

Situation in the Cripple Creek District.

THE STRIKE in the great gold belt of Colorado shows no signs of an early settlement. The repeated assertions of the Mine Owners Association that the strike was broken, followed a black flag number 80 when the union candidate for county assessor was elected by a landslide majority. The "Law and Order" brigade are now busily engaged in searching for legal technicalities to prevent Attorney P. J. DeLoach from taking his seat in January, 1913. The members of organized labor are prepared to deny the charges to the Supreme Court of the state, if need be, in defense of the elected candidate when political jobbers, serving the interests of mine operators, are law endeavoring to defend of his official rights.

The strikebreakers, who have taken the place of the union miners in the unfair mines, are causing the stockholders considerable worry and anxiety, owing to the fact that the company is very short, and the owners have become experts in appropriating "high grade" which find its way to the numerous assay offices which have recently been established to take care of the precious ore. It is very probable that the Mine Owners Association at their next meeting will make arrangements to employ a few cooperative dynamite men, who will startle the different mining camps in the district by dynamite explosions that will put the assay establishments out of business. Such action would be in accordance with other acts of vandalism that point his finger of suspicion in the direction of the mine operators.

There has been a great strike in one of the banks of the Cripple Creek district, and the First National Bank of Victor and the Bi-metallic of Cripple Creek have closed down on account of the payroll pinching out. A few of the high-fenced gentlemen, who are connected with the Bi-metallic, are under arrest on the charge of receiving "high grade" when the bank was known to be insolvent. The failed financiers are enjoying their liberty under bonds of \$5,000 each. The First National of Victor, which was principally owned by the Woods Investment Company, owners of the Gold Coin, Wild Horse and several other prominent mining properties in the Cripple Creek district, brought about the crash of the Pueblo Trust and Loan Company, another financial institution, in which the

Woods promoters are heavily interested. It is currently reported that the business men who became members of the "Citizens' Alliance" and who unanimously declared when the strike was called that the miners must pay cash for all goods delivered, are now being interviewed by collectors for the defunct banks, and unceremoniously ordered to dig up the necessary collateral to square themselves with the suffering bankers. It is furthermore reported that a number of the "Citizens' Alliance" merchants will be forced to turn their stock over to the custody of the sheriff, and the red flag of the stockholders will be uprooted from the front doors. As the red flag of bankruptcy is one of the necessary adjuncts of our humane commercial system, the business men will not be haunted by such a grim specter as the crimson banner of Socialism floating over a commonwealth where the people would have to "incentive" to push each other over the precipice.

The corporate-owned governor has approved the verdict of the court-martial finding General Chase guilty of disobedience, but has set the sentence of the court aside and reinstated the fallen hero to all his former military glory. The governor as a matter of self-preservation was compelled to reinstate Chase, in order to cover up his own dirty hand in the rascality that now besmirches the escutcheon of the Colorado National Guard. If the governor had failed to reinstate Chase and carried out the verdict of the court, which was a dishonorable discharge, the friends of Chase would have pushed the charges against the Peabody pets in the State Militia and the governor's political henchmen would be shown up so unclean that no chemist in the political laboratory would be able to find a disinfectant to smother the smell. The governor has been making threats of sending the militia to Telluride. It has become so quiet in the San Juan mining camp—so much like a cemetery—that the governor feels it incumbent upon him to send down the "boys in blue" to start a rough house.

The miners of the Cripple Creek district are more convinced than ever that the strike will be won, and their success at the polls on November 2nd has replenished their stock of determination, and defeat now seems to be an impossibility.

The Results of Private Ownership.

THE MINERS AND LABORING MEN of Montana can still gaze upon the lifeless hoisting plants and the smelter stacks of the Amalgamated Copper Company. A melancholy despondency has taken possession of the people, for but little light can be seen in the dark cloud that hangs over the industrial situation. Many of the miners and smelter employees who have made their homes in Montana for years, have been forced to turn their backs upon the greatest mining city in America, which their labor has built up, and seek other fields in the expectation of finding employment. There are miners who have lived in the great mining metropolis for more than a quarter of a century—men who have built little homes and reared families, and now, as they approach the sunset of life, must break the tender and holy ties of affection that cluster around the hearthstone, and go forth to find a job in order that the loved ones at home may not suffer the hardships of privation. Why has paralysis suddenly seized an industry that gave employment to 20,000 men? Why are the faces of business men blanched with fear, and why do more than a hundred thousand human beings in the state of Montana view the future with gloomy forebodings? Simply because the imperial dictum was flashed from New York by a few magnates who own the mines and the smelters to close them down. All the people of Montana stood helpless before the order that came from the Empire City of the nation, issued by one man who is the official representative of the Amalgamated Copper Company. Men in every department of life in the state of Montana have met in mass-meetings and conferences, and all efforts to start the wheels of industry have been futile. The great mass must suffer because Heinze and the Amalgamated have met in the judicial arena, and Heinze has been declared the victor. The Amalgamated, vanquished in the courts, has heralded to the world that the courts of Butte are the property of Heinze, the man who beat the Amalgamated in the game of litigation. If Heinze had been defeated we would have heard a wail from another quarter, that the courts were corrupt and that honor had fled from the temple of justice. For several years the voters have been arrayed in battle line by Heinze and the copper trust. Heinze has been waging a battle to build up a bigger trust than the Amalgamated, by using the political power of the workingmen to place his representatives in office, while, upon the other hand, the trust has been as busily engaged in doing the same thing, to elect their tools to positions of public trust, to make more impregnable a monopoly on natural resources. The workingmen, with the exception of a small minority, have thoughtlessly allowed themselves to be used by both parties, and can now gaze upon the results of dividing their ballots against themselves. They can now gaze upon the ruin that is wrapped in the private monopoly of the sources through which the mass depend for the means of life. The object lesson that is be-

ing taught to the people of Montana may well merit the serious consideration of every man in this country who has nothing to sell but his labor to obtain the necessities of life. It is possible for all the trusts and corporations to close down their industries, and the people of every state would be as powerless in bringing about a resumption of operations as the people of Montana, who are bereft of employment through the very fact of the private ownership of the mines and smelters. The conditions presented in Montana will have a far-reaching effect, and will educate the men of the West to a knowledge that labor can only be industrially free when collective ownership shall take the place of private monopoly.

JAMES H. PEABODY, the puerile, wobbling political accident, who, through some unfathomable and mysterious decree of fate, was ordained to become the governor of Colorado, has again shown his loyalty to "LAW AND ORDER" by granting an unconditional pardon to a convicted gambler. Arthur Wright, the proprietor of a booze joint with poker table attachments, was found guilty by a jury of his peers in the District Court of Teller county, and sentenced to serve thirty days in jail and pay a fine of \$500. The tender-hearted governor, who has declared that the Western Federation of Miners is a lawless organization, opened the portals of his great, big, generous heart and condoned the offender who operated a dive to fleece the miner out of his hard-earned cash. Organized labor throughout the Cripple Creek district took up the fight several months ago and forced the card sharks to close the dens where the verdant and unsophisticated had nothing to gain and everything to lose. The treasurer of one of the labor organizations became a defaulter, and it was discovered that the union funds to the amount of more than \$600 had found a depository in the coffers of the Wright combination. It is probably owing to the fact that organized labor in the Cripple Creek district has taken a prominent part in enforcing the law with reference to gambling that furnishes the reason of the governor's clemency. The governor has demonstrated by this official act that he is a rank and brazen hypocrite when he prates about upholding the majesty of the LAW. The governor, during his term of office, has shown a disposition to uphold or violate the provisions of any law that would meet the approval of the moneyed class and insult the mass who are found in the avenues of manual labor. The working men are receiving some lessons from the Peabody administration that will leave scars which time will not be able to obliterate from the memory of men, who thoughtlessly cast their ballots to crown a man with political honor who has become the most servile corporate tool that has ever disgraced any office, high or low, in the gift of the people of the state of Colorado.

Organized Labor Must be on the Alert.

ORGANIZED LABOR must be more vigilant than ever to guard against the spies who are paid salaries by a corporation to weaken and render fruitless the efforts of honest and sincere union men. The following appears in the "New York Times," and should receive the serious consideration of every labor organization in America and Canada:

"A pamphlet issued by Lucius E. Whiton, of the D. R. Whiton Machine Company of New London, Connecticut, and put in circulation at his own expense, gives publicity to what he declares to be a political conspiracy against organized labor. It also purports to reveal an established secret service system by which a corporation in Cleveland, Ohio, furnishes workmen of all classes for various corporations, the men to enter the employ of the corporations, work and live and act with the working men of their establishments, and to keep the employers in complete touch with all movements among the men, to give advance information of labor disturbances, and to make possible the discharge of aggressive agitators before their objects have been accomplished.

"Mr. Whiton's booklet is entitled 'Machine Politics and Organized Labor: Is There a Political Conspiracy?' In the book Mr. Whiton declares he has ample proof, and he publishes letters to establish it, that there are men in labor unions, and high up in their confidence, too, who are paid representatives of 'The Corporation Auxiliary Company,' of Cleveland, the business of which organization is to report to manufacturers the doings of labor organizations affecting their business; and at times controlling their movements.

"The letters which Mr. Whiton publishes in his book are reputed fac similes of letters received from this Cleveland concern, and offering to put a man or men into the Whiton factory so as to keep Mr. Whiton posted on all that was being done by the men in his employ. Mr. Whiton also tells of a call received from a representative of the concern who assured him that they had men in their service who were officers of unions, delegates to labor conventions, state and national, and on the official boards of these organizations. The price for a moulder or machinist was quoted at \$175 a month, and for other classes of labor \$150 a month, the wages paid to these representatives to be deducted from these amounts. The letters from the secret service company are signed by Matthew M. Smith, as vice president. Mr. Whiton says the first of these letters received by him enclosed a pamphlet in which is described what is termed a system of 'Industrial Inspection as Applied to Steam Railroads, Street and Suburban Railroads, Mining Companies, Rolling Mills, Telephone and Telegraph Companies, and manufacturing Plants of All Kinds.' It discusses at length the evils of trade unionism, and closes with the following paragraph:

"The Corporation Auxiliary Company, through its system of industrial inspection, is prepared to keep a manufacturer closely and continuously advised of the conditions in his own particular plant, of breakage and leakage, of agitation and organization, of the dissatisfaction and discontent, if any, that exists, and of the feeling of the workmen at all times, making it possible to give promotion strictly on merit; eradicate any discontent or abuse, and render it easier to establish and maintain a constant harmonious relation between himself and his employes, thus assisting in preventing strikes and all labor difficulties. This system is not an experiment, but has become recognized in many factories, railroads, etc., as a necessity; as much so as insurance.

"The other communications say that the company can furnish union or non-union men, American Federation of Labor men, or any other class of men desired. They also say that all of the details of service can not be given by mail, but that a representative of the concern will call and go into the matter further.

"Mr. Whiton says that this representative who called was J. H. Smith, the general manager, who said he had been in the business for seventeen years, either in partnership, alone, or with a corporation as at present engaged, and that the concern operated three departments. The first is a publication department, publishing a bulletin; the second is a legislative department, watching obnoxious legislation, labor or otherwise, and the third is the secret service department, controlling and directing labor unions and doing other work which best suited the interests and desires of their clients, from breaking up unions to simply running them quietly and avoiding trouble.

"Mr. Whiton further states that this representative told him that many shop committeemen in large shops were in the employ of his concern, as also were union officers and many Central Labor Union delegates; that there was hardly ever a state or national convention but that some of their men were delegates; that they got first news of proposed labor laws, and used this news to arrange opposition to such laws when it was advisable. He says he also was told that the concern had absolute control of the situation in many centers, having in all a force of several hundred men directed from Cleveland.

"Mr. Whiton also says that his investigations have showed him that the president of the company, Henry Apthorp, is an ex-railroad commissioner of Ohio, and that the vice president and the manager devote their entire time to the business. The company is incorporated for \$25,000, all subscribed and paid in in cash, according to a mercantile agency report received by Mr. Whiton, and has handsomely appointed offices in the Chamber of Commerce Building in Cleveland."

Western Federation Notes

The members of the W. F. M. in Old Mexico have not forgotten their brothers in Colorado, and have forwarded a token of remembrance that speaks volumes for their loyalty to unionism.

President Moyer visited the headquarters of the local unions of the Cripple Creek district, and after holding conferences with the leaders of the strike, feels confident that unionism will prevail and that the miners will win.

The Denver Printing Press Assistants' Union No. 14, have made arrangements for their fifth annual ball, which takes place at Rutherford's hall Wednesday evening, November 25th. The proceeds will be donated to the striking miners at Cripple Creek.

Arrangements have been made whereby the litigation between Heinze and the Amalgamated Copper Company of Butte, Montana, will come before the Supreme Court of the state, as soon as possible, in the hope of hastening a resumption of the mines and smelters.

Joy Pollard of the Cripple Creek district, who is still doing missionary work in the mining towns of Michigan, expresses the opinion that it is only a question of a short time, when the miners of that state will be camped under the banner of the Western Federation of Miners.

Guy Miller, president of Telluride Miners' Union No. 63, has been in Denver for several days, and while here attended a conference of the mine operators with a view to bringing about a settlement of the strike. Mr. Miller has returned to Telluride to confer with the members of the district union.

A fire took place in the tunnel-house of tunnel No. 1 of the Kearsage mine, located six miles from Virginia City, Montana, on the morning of November 6, and nine men lost their lives. All the dead men, with the exception of the superintendent, were members of the Western Federation of Miners.

The following is clipped from the Idaho State Tribune:

Burke Miners Union will give a grand ball Friday evening, November 13, at Miners' Union hall, Burke, the proceeds from which will be devoted to the Western Federation of Miners for its eight-hour fund. A special train will be run from Wallace. Purcell's orchestra will furnish music.

THE CLASS WAR IN IDAHO.

By Job Harriman.

Chapter VI.

In surveying the field of battle, it will be remembered that the first gun was fired by the Bunker Hill and Sullivan company in 1887, against the unorganized workmen. At that time the miners were producing \$112,000 a month over and above all expenses other than wages. Of this amount \$42,000 was kept by the miners at the rate of \$3.50 a day, while the remaining \$60,000 was turned over to the company as monthly dividends.

The stockholders, however, were not satisfied with the Hon's share, and they accordingly decided that the miners should keep only \$30,000 instead of \$42,000 out of their monthly product. This little change would have increased the monthly dividends from \$60,000 to \$70,000. This could be effected by reducing the wages of the 400 men from \$3.50 to \$2.50 a day.

Having decided that the miners should keep \$30,000 each month and that the company should take \$72,000 each month out of the \$112,000 produced, they accordingly posted notices in conspicuous places to the effect that on and after a certain date wages would be reduced to \$2.50 a day.

That caused a strike and resulted in the organization of a miners' union. When the strike occurred the mine shut down; the miners could not draw wages, and neither could the mine owners draw dividends.

The question then arose whether the miner drew his wages from the company or whether the stockholders drew their dividends from the miners. It soon became apparent to both parties that the miners had not only produced the dividends, but that they had produced their own wages, too.

It was then seen that if a decrease of wages meant an increase in dividends, an increase in wages meant a decrease in dividends. Thus the mine owners fought for a larger proportion of the miners' product by reducing wages; while the miners struggled to keep a larger proportion of their own product by holding up their wages. The bone of contention, therefore, was the product and the line of battle was drawn at the rate of wages.

The first skirmish which resulted in the organization of a miners' union which successfully defended the \$3.50 scale was soon followed by other skirmishes in the various camps, with precisely the same results. Every contest brought out the fact that the power of the union was far superior to that of the company.

And at the same time every contest was accompanied with new developments until, in the year 1891 and again in 1899, there was seen on the one hand a mine owners' association, and on the other a federated miners' union of the Cœur d'Alènes. Face to face, these two forces were ready to battle. The power of the union existed in the muscles of the men. The power of the association existed in the accumulated dividends which they had taken out of the miners' products, or, rather, extracted from the muscles of the men—together with the more important power of the state, upon which they could call for help.

The reason of this latter is, that capital is an institution recognized by the laws of this country. This capital, which is accumulated dividends, is taxed. The taxes support the army and the army protects the capital. Thus the worker is suppressed by the army which is supported from his products.

Though the many laborers, when united in any locality, are more powerful than the few capitalists together with their capital, as has been proven on numerous fields of battle; yet so long as capital is a legal institution, the capitalist can call upon the entire nation to protect the capital which he possesses as against those who produced it. It is evident therefore that the workmen throughout the country, though they protest, produce the wealth which supports the army which suppresses the workers in the various localities when difficulties arise. The power of the capitalist, therefore, arises, first, from that portion of the product which he takes from the worker, and, second, from the protection which this very capital receives at the hands of the law as against the producer. The capital is drawn from the workers' produce, the political power, from the workers' vote.

The worker cannot hope to win his liberty and at the same time continue to support the laws which preserve the industrial system that crushes him. In continuing such support, the worker enslaves himself. Every stroke of work produces more products, more dividends, for the capitalists. This increases their power and puts the worker in a relatively worse position. Under our present system the worker exists only as food for capital, whereas capital should exist only as food for the workers. The workingmen of this country as well as the capitalists are paying more respect to capital than to the man who produces it.

The economic question will not be solved until the reverse is true—until the rights of men are more respected than the rights of property. It depends upon the working class to bring this about. If the mechanic does not respect himself more than he respects the shovel he makes, but continues worshipping the shovel simply because it is capital, then the capitalist who owns it, will certainly pay his respects to the shovel, and his contempt to the mechanic.

But when the workers once recognize that they are the fountains from which all capital springs; that their interests are identical as against the capitalistic class; that the power of the capitalist class increases in proportion as they lower the wages of the working class; that, notwithstanding their wealth, the local capitalists are but pigmies in the hands of their employers in any contest; that, were all the workers united in every district, their power would be supreme; that the political power now used against the workers is only so used because the workers are only so used because the working class is divided and does not know its power nor recognize its common economic and political interests; when they recognize these facts, they will see that they can draw the political lines where the unions draw the industrial lines, leaving on the one hand a few capitalists to vote against the millions of workers on the other.

The mines of the Coeur d'Alenes would be converted into common property. Instead of reducing the wages from \$3.50 to \$2.50, adding \$700,000 annually to the \$8,000,000 already being divided among the idle stockholders, they would turn all the millions back into the pockets of the workers.

So also would all the mines of the country become common property and the proceeds would belong to the workers. So also with the plant of the Standard Oil Company. We would not leave that in private hands and give to the owners \$80,000,000 each year. Nor to the Carnegie Steel Company would we give \$40,000,000 each year. But those plants would become social institutions, and the millions now declared as dividends would be returned to the workers to whom they rightfully belong. So also with the railroads, the land, the factories—in short, all productive capital would be converted into common property, the indivisible heritage of the people, and products should belong to the producer.

Men would no longer be used for making capital, but wealth would be used for making men. Our relations would be changed. We would no longer respect money, but would respect each other and respect ourselves. The curse of Esau would be removed. We would no longer sell our birthright for a mess of pottage, a paltry wage. Every man would gather all the fruit with which Nature would reward him for his labor.

Workingmen, it is your cause; it is you and your families who are bearing the burdens of this world. It is you who have suffered in the struggle in the Coeur d'Alenes and in all the labor wars of the world. It is you who have the power to rivet your chains tighter upon you or to break them asunder. It is for you to say whether you will unite with your fellow men, with mutual interests in a common cause, and by the use of your ballot, take possession of your political rights, and by the power of your votes abolish the capitalist system and advance into the Socialist Co-operative Commonwealth. It is for you to say whether you will support the capitalist system on the backs of slaves, with the rights of men denied, or whether you will have the Socialist system in the hearts of men, with the rights of all maintained.

In these labor wars the powers that rule have shown their willingness to crush the workers. It is for the working class, while they yet have the ballot, to say whether the near future shall see this country a nation of slaves or a nation of free men. Workingmen of America, unite your trades unions; unite in a political party of your own class. Unite in your determination to abolish the wage system and to establish the Co-operative Commonwealth.

"Workingmen, unite! You have nothing to lose but your chains, and a world to gain."

(Conclusion.)



A Voice from Old Mexico.

The following letters from Old Mexico demonstrate that the scattered members of the W. F. M. are as loyal outside the jurisdiction of the organization as when they participated in the weekly meetings. The letters will speak for themselves, and read as follows:

La Cananea, Sonora, Mexico.

William D. Haywood, Secretary-Treasurer W. F. M., Denver, Colo.:

Friend Haywood—This is a greeting from Cananea. We, as you are aware, are practically without the pale of the jurisdiction of the W. F. M., nevertheless we have had our ear to the ground. At the inception of the Cripple Creek strike we did not thoroughly understand the situation. But the strike was not long in operation until the atmosphere sufficiently clarified and now at this time even the dullest intellects comprehend the issue. The Mine Owners' Association of Colorado is going to kill, wake and bury the W. F. M., so the boys of Cananea determined to be in at the death, so we are sending you a slight donation to defray the funeral expenses, and if this slight token of our esteem for the aforesaid deceased Western Federation of Miners is not enough, please remember that at any time in the future your defunct organization should, by a modern miracle again don the robes of mortality, and you should need something in the line of money, be sure and let us know.

We desire no publicity in this matter, so you will, as a sacred trust, mention absolutely no names in connection with our little donation. There is a loyal-hearted lot of boys in Cananea, as fine as ever trod on God's footstool, and you know that we are on the ragged edge of the footstool. You can let the mine operators of Colorado know that even in Mexico, where there is not an organization for the benefit of labor, yet we take up the gauntlet of battle thrown down by the mine operators and say that not without a struggle shall you kill the Western Federation of Miners.

Considering the floating character of the miners of Cananea and taking into account the fact of no organization and no place for the various committees to meet, will say that each man paid his money freely and voluntarily, in several instances looking for the treasurer of the committee. The further fact that of the widely scattered territory operated, we say, weighing all those things, you can then form some conception of the spirit actuating the boys of Cananea.

We wish the cause God speed, and if the Cripple Creek district does not need it, keep it for some other worthy fight, for we expect that the mine owners will have to bury the W. F. M. many times before the old corpse will remain in that quiescent state so much desired by them.

So, good night. Remember what I told you in the beginning—mention no names.

Your sincere friend and well-wisher,

The above letter was accompanied by a check for \$465.50.

La Cananea, Sonora, Mexico.

William D. Haywood, Secretary-Treasurer W. F. M.—Dear Sir and Brother: Please find enclosed \$743.85, contributed by the Copota and Veta Grande miners for the benefit of the strikers in the Cripple Creek district,

who, although not organized, feel that they are vitally interested, and send you this small token of sympathy, together with their best wishes of success, and we all have our eyes turned toward our brothers in their, the darkest hour of trial, and we realize fully that your victory is ours, hence we wish you all God speed.

We also send you a list of those who subscribed, and we want you to send back a typewritten list of the same with the official seal of the W. F. M.; so we can show we have forwarded the money. You might also publish it in the Denver papers, so the people here will see that everything is all right. We might be able to send you more assistance later. Do not be discouraged, but stand by the old ship and victory will surely be yours.

Wishing you every success, we remain, Fraternaly yours,

Committee.

The above letters, supported by \$1,219.35 from warriors in the cause of unionism on the other side of the Rio Grande, will be sad news to the Mine Owners' Association, who are listening to the crash of banks in the Cripple Creek district, and who yet owe a military bill of over \$100,000.

Co-Operative Stores.

Editor Miners' Magazine—In your issue of the 22nd inst. I notice that the question of co-operative stores is beginning to interest the working classes a little in this country. I have been intending to write an article or series of articles on this very important question for some time, but I thought it was, perhaps, a little too early; yet, as nothing will likely be done in that direction before our next annual convention in May, 1904, still it might be a good idea to start the "ball a-rolling" now, so that every member will have a chance to do a little "thinking" before that time. I tried to get that question brought up for discussion at our last annual convention, but as our union did not see its way clear to send a delegate of its own to the convention, I wrote to our worthy brother, W. D. Haywood, secretary-treasurer of the Federation, on April 27th, suggesting that the question of co-operative stores would be a good thing to take up at the annual convention. Brother Haywood's reply, under date of May 2, 1903, was: "The proposition of co-operative stores is a good idea, but to his mind the co-operative ownership of mines is the best step that could be taken by the Western Federation of Miners."

Well, co-operative mining would be all right under very favorable circumstances, and under proper, skillful management, but there are a great many more chances to be taken in mining than in co-operative stores. I have had considerable experience myself in co-operative mining. My experience has all been bought and paid for, and "experience" is all that I have got in return, but at the same time, I have found out at my own expense, that scheming lawyers, county officers and politicians are not the proper element to make a success of co-operative mining. In Scotland, where I came from, quite a number of years ago, co-operative stores are carried on to perfection, and from my own experience and observations, I have never known or heard

of one of them to be a failure. They have been established in that country for over forty years that I know of, and they are increasing in numbers and membership every year. I have great faith and belief in the possibilities of co-operation, if properly applied in raising the working classes of this or any other country to a higher level, socially, morally, financially and intellectually, in fostering a spirit of brotherly love and unity, to mentally help each other to inculcate habits of thrift and economy, and to do the greatest good to the greatest number; its motto being: "Each for all, and all for each." It has established a system whereby the wealth of the country can be shared by the many, instead of the few, as was the case before its advent.

In regard to the formation of a co-operative society I will leave that to a future article I promise to send you, as this one is about long enough already for the space you may be able to spare for its insertion, but before I send you my next article I would like to hear from some of the other brothers of the federation through the columns of the magazine giving their views on this subject.

In conclusion I will say that I do not wish to be understood as being opposed to cooperative mining. On the contrary, I endorse it and firmly believe in it, and I hope the time is not far distant when every mine of any importance will be a government institution enlisted under the great and glorious banner of socialism, when there will be no more strikes or lockouts, but before that time the working classes must wake up and prepare for the great and final strike that must be "fought to a finish" at the ballot box.

Yours fraternally,

Groveland, California.

JOHN BAIRD.

Financial Secretary No. 39.

Australian Correspondence.

Editor Miners' Magazine:

Your magazine for the month of August to hand and I read with much delight and approbation your article, "A Willing Slave" (page 27).

The conductor of your esteemed contemporary of Onaga will be pleased to learn that the workmen are making every preparation to get "quits" at the "ballot box" with the panic-stricken and craven-hearted framers of the infamous strike suppression bill. The only regret amongst other toilers of Australia was that the locomotive engineers did not test the government's grit to enforce the penal clauses of the act.

The federal government got defeated the other day owing to their refusal to insert in the federal industrial arbitration bill a clause to include the railway servants of the states. The labor representatives were responsible for the proposed amendment and intend to place the inclusion of civil servants in the arbitration bill in the forefront of their platform at the general elections which take place in a few months when the Labor party hope to increase their number. W. D. Beazley, just elected speaker of the Victorian Legislative Assembly, is a Labor member. Messrs. J. H. Cann and G. Jackson are deputy speakers in New South Wales and Queensland Legislatures. Mr. Cann is an ex-silver miner and represents the Barrier miners.

I hope the American workmen will soon follow the example of their Australian confreres and strive to capture the law-making machinery, and the administration of the laws they make. In the state of Queensland the Labor party form part of the government and wholly dominate it. The New South Wales State Labor party control the present government and the one preceding it. The labor unions have become very numerous since the enactment of the industrial arbitration act, many branches of labor getting unionized, that, under the old regime, would never have been formed. The unionists here become supporters of the labor platform and vote for the labor candidates.

In the states of Tasmania and Victoria, South Australia, Western Australia and New Zealand the labor parties wield considerable influence in the moulding of legislation. Of course our friends, the employers, are howling that the country is being ruined by the Socialistic measures introduced by the labor parties, some of them whine about leaving the country, which they forget to do. The building and other contractors have been creating a fearful noise, aided and encouraged by partisan press organs, against the government, who undertake to supervise and operate their own public works, which prevents the said philanthropic contractors filching fortunes from the public pockets, hence the distressful wail of these pilferers who talk of organizing to annihilate politically the labor representatives.

The Western Federation of Miners will be pleased to know that the coal, gold, silver and copper mining district are all represented in federal and state legislatures by working miners. Why can not this be done by the toilers in the freest land in the universe?

The workers of Sydney and other industrial centers are organized to secure the establishment of a daily newspaper owing to the atrociously vile treatment they receive from the capitalistic daily newspapers whose proprietors had the colossal effrontery to threaten the newspapers if they dared to sell the proposed newspaper. Matters are tranquil in the industrial arena.

Eight-Hour Day (Labor) will be celebrated on October 5th. Fifty-six unions will parade.

Rain has been abundant throughout Australia; a good wheat harvest is expected. The pastoral industries are recovering after the severe drouth. Orchardists and dairy farmers are doing well and generally signs are plentiful of improved seasons. By complete organization the workers hope to obtain a reasonable share of the wealth production.

Wishing every prosperity to the magazine, to the miners who own and to the writers who conduct it.

Sydney, September 30, 1903.

Correspondence from New York.

Editor Miners' Magazine—The modern journalistic charlatans, whose deliberate intentions are portrayed in the columns of their newspapers, forms deep food for thought to the more intelligent workingmen, and it behooves us to ponder over and carefully examine the reason why humanity is so often and continuously outraged by these despicable scoundrels. Their effort at one time is apparently to befriend, and next day, or next week, we find this "organ of the people" laboring insidiously to tear asunder the apparent good it had previously effected, because, forsooth, of the action of some Tom Brown or Bill Jones, whose imaginary conduct in the relation to the settlement of some piece of capitalistic tyranny was not in accord with the ideas of the pretended journalistic friend.

To men who have spent a lifetime in efforts to regenerate and elevate humanity, it is more than galling to know that there are men within the ranks of labor who are unfortunately gullible enough to permit those so-called journalistic labor advocates to sway them, and also too often to induce them to take sides with their deadliest enemies. Now, if men who are compelled to work to earn a living for their wives and little ones would pause with me for a while and consider this matter, and I don't care how bereft of artificial intelligence they may be, there is still enough of the natural left to enable them to discover (if they will give the matter a moment's thought) their friends from their foes, and enable them to pretty fairly guess at what were the inducements that were offered and received by the journalists who lauded us yesterday, and to-day cannot find words of vituperation strong enough to denounce and misrepresent. So long as we find men of this particular caliber floating around who can be so foolishly swayed to the detriment

Dry Climate Cigars

MADE OF NEW CROP HAVANA.
BETTER THAN EVER.

The Solis Cigar Co., Manufacturers, Denver, Colo.

of their fellow-workers, so long with those journalistic sharks receive the capitalistic pay and official patronage they do for the dirty work they perform in striving to disintegrate organized labor.

The brand of discord having been securely planted, and the successful trick accomplished, you will immediately see those scoundrels return to their first work, and writing as energetically as ever in the cause of labor, as if nothing had happened. It never enters into the head of our gullible friends that those moral lepers have only launched out again on their striking bark, with the price fixed and as marketable as they were on the previous occasion. That the spasmodic effort at lamentation and the metaphorical tears dropped over the wrongs of labor are so often successful, is due to you dupes, and the wonder is that men can be found who are innocent enough not to see the contemptible outrage that is continually perpetrated on them. This is a phase of the question that is well worth considering.

But very often it happens that men, when putting forward their honest opinions, and when striving with the best intentions to ameliorate the present conditions of labor, the contending forces and opposition, unhappily, come oftener from within than from without.

No sensible man can object to an honest criticism, but when it comes down to cool thinking bloodthirstiness, and the lives of honest, pure-minded men are handed over to the tender mercies of imported thugs, or the capitalistic patrons of European or native bagnios, it is time for our misguided friends to consider whether labor is best protected by men within its own ranks or by those whose pretended admiration just rises or falls according to your steadfastness and belief in your organization, or the ability of the charlatan journalist to sway you. Yours, etc., JOHN E. KEARNEY.

New York City.

The Arizona Cactus Heard From.

Editor Miners' Magazine—Thinking it likely that the readers of the Magazine would like to hear how we are getting along with our fight, also wishing to please Jardine, I awake "Arizona Cactus" from his long sleep.

The union has been fighting all the mines that are trying to work scabs, and are making it interesting for them. When they get in a particularly tight hole they appeal to the Los Angeles Times, and it comes out with a long article, telling about the strike being over, unionism being dead in Randsburg, and the town being saved. But, somehow, the union has never found out that the strike is over, and it looks now as if all the mines will be paying the union scale before the union will consent to believe the strike over. The Yellow Aster company had about two hundred men working on the first of October and were running 130 stamps, and were paralyzed with surprise at No. 44 for not declaring the strike off, when any one could see they had lost. Now they have less than one hundred men (I mean scabs), and sometimes they run some of the stamps and sometimes they don't run some.

On the last pay day, the 10th of October (I don't mean the last pay day the Yellow Aster will ever have, even if they don't pay on the 10th of November), the manager and superintendent wanted all the saloons closed, as they were afraid of a clash between the men and scabs. Notwithstanding their fears, the superintendent was "bowling up" the scabs in a house of ill-fame, and the manager springing himself in saloons frequented by union men. But there was no fight and the shotgun men had their vigil for naught. The union men "no afraid, but no lika de kind."

On the night of October 31st the Pinmore mill was destroyed by fire of incendiary origin. The Pinmore paid the union scale and worked more men than any other mine in the camp, paying the scale, and they were preparing to double their force within a few days. Rumor has it that Mr. Buchanan, manager of the Yellow Aster company, was the only one who went from town to the scene of the fire, and his attendance was discomfited by having to go astride a mule; but I could not learn whether the mule was already saddled when the alarm sounded (at 2:30 a. m.), or whether the alarm aroused Mr. Buchanan or Mr. Buchanan the alarm. "ARIZONA CACTUS."

Randsburg, California, November 3, 1903.

No Compromise.

L. J. Smith, writing for the Labor Record of Kansas City, puts forth some terse interrogatories for the prelates of the church to answer. The article is as follows:

"My religion, my politics; my politics, my religion. If I am religiously right, how can I be politically wrong? And if I am politically wrong, how can I be religiously right? If I understand the Bible correctly, which I am taught to believe is the word of the living God, somebody is wrong. And who is it? If I understand the Bible it means that we must stand up for right and humanity; it means that you will openly and fearlessly challenge every form of corruption and sin—political, social and industrial, and hazard everything that you have in the sacred crusade of right against might.

"There can be no compromise between right and wrong, and he who says it is wrong to protest against the wrongs that produce crimes, in the same language says it's wrong to be right and it's right to be wrong. I would like to ask the ministers by what authority do the ministers refuse to protest against the wrong of selfishness which produces ignorance, insanity, prostitution, crime and suicide, as to my understanding and convictions of the Bible it is either right or wrong. By what authority do our churches excuse some classes of sins and condemn others having the same motives as those excused? I would like to have the ministers tell me whether my understanding and convictions are right or wrong.

"I am asking these questions that they may be of benefit to all honest-minded people. To be a true friend of Christ is to be hated by those who love wrong and hate right. Remember there is no compromise between right and wrong."



The Suffrage and the Surplus.

The vast throng about the Socialist, cried out to him:

"Teach us the way!"

And he answered:

The way to retain your labor surplus is to use in your defense the power by whose aid it is taken away.

They who exploit you now—the drones who get your surplus—are supreme, because on their side strikes the government.

Law and government are like mind and strength. Both are excellent when rightly used. Mind and strength may be perverted, so law and government in ill hands become ills.

You can restore them. You can make them mean justice and fraternity. Who makes the law? Your votes. Who wields the strong, right arm of government? Men elected by your votes.

Behind the law is your votes. Behind the government is your votes. Your votes make the legislatures and the congresses. They place the governor in his seat and the President in his chair, and clothe the judges with the ermine.

When bankers want laws that will give them much of your labor surplus, they go to the legislatures and the congresses you have made. They have never been refused.

When your employers want a law justifying their power to exploit you, they get it from the men you have chosen.

Back of the injunction that overthrows you, of the soldier who slays you, of the system that subjects you, is—your vote.

Your vote, unwisely given, returns like a poisoned dart to wound you unto death.

Your masters tell you that a law never made a dollar—that statutes can not create wealth—therefore, you should not appeal to these.

They speak in half truths. Laws produce not, but they can protect, they can destroy. They can take from him who makes and give to him who mars.

Every bank has been created by law for the bankers. Every railroad was born of law for the traffic kings. Every corporation is a child of the law. Deeds, commerce, money, charters, franchises, society itself—are founded all upon the pedestal of the law.

And your votes have made the law!

Your votes can change the law.

All who now hold the reins of power are there by permission of your votes. The deeds they do are done because you gave your votes.

Opportunity! Its gates are open on election day.

Day of destiny—election day!

Your votes can pluck the brightest star from the firmament of government. They can bid the lowliest ascend and sparkle there.

There are power and honor and glory in your votes; and they are yours to use for yourselves—for your families—for your brothers.

Your votes permit your surplus to be taken. Your votes can forbid it to be taken.

Your votes are now supporting this capitalistic, competitive wage system that enslaves you. It pays you as it pays mules—with sufficient to maintain your power to produce. It takes all your surplus, as it takes it from the mules. It pays you as it pays machines. It gives the machines what is necessary to keep them in working order. That's all it gives to you. As it appropriates the surplus produced by the machines, so it seizes the surplus created by you.

This it does protected by the law, and your votes have made the law.

What do you need?

Common sense. Ordinary judgment.

Some men do not vote clubs into the hands of despots to brain them. Yet this you do.

He who hath knocked himself down by stepping on a hee blade should get wise.

The vote is a good tool rightly used.

Behind it is the collective force of all the people.

When you vote you decide how the collective force of all the people shall be used.

Heretofore you have decided that capitalistic politicians should wield this collective force. To them you surrendered it. To your masters they sold it. Hence it is that you who should be the masters—whose votes make the masters—have remained the slaves.

When next you go to the polls, vote that the collective force of all the people—their legislative, judicial and executive powers—shall be wielded in favor of all the people.

Vote that industrial dependence shall cease.

Vote for the collective ownership of the tools of production and distribution.

Vote for the Co-operative Commonwealth.

Vote to retain your surplus.

Even the savages would not surrender their surplus. They knew it meant manhood, leisure, liberty, life.

To him who works—the reward. To him who works not—nothing.

Collective ownership of tools; private ownership of earnings. To all the workers, homes, freedom, fraternity. All these are yours when you keep the surplus.—William R. Fox in Union Sentinel.

Capitalists and the Working Class.

The futility of trying to arbitrate the labor problem is again demonstrated by the press reports of judges in Pennsylvania and Ohio rendering decisions against trade unions prohibiting them from picketing or boycotting unfair employers of labor. The Illinois State Board of Arbitration, after six months' trial, is about ready to give up its plan of settling the industrial war by arbitration, claiming the Employers' Association refused their overtures, having adopted the slogan, "We'll starve them out," and lockouts are the order of the day. The capitalist press was fulsome in its praises of the judges for preserving "the sacred right of free contract." The capitalist class is very solicitous to preserve the right of "free contract" for themselves. Their idea of free contract is very one-sided.

Capitalist employers alone say how much wages a worker shall receive. It is the duty of the wage-slave to humbly submit. Only the rich have a right to organize employers' associations, to promote their mutual interests, but when the workers organize to promote their mutual interests they are a dangerous class of malcontents, deserving the most ruthless crushing. Only the

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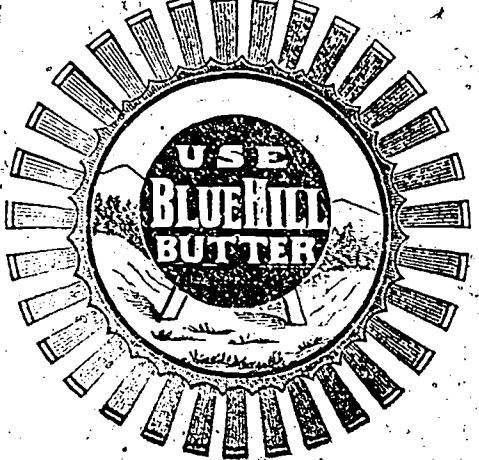
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rich have the brains and culture to enjoy the beauties of art, of literature, of music and nature; the working class are only fit to be the servants of the rich. The Declaration of Independence refers only to the capitalist class. The working class are no men and women—we are only "hands" useful to produce wealth to keep the rich in luxury and idleness.

According to J. Pierpont Morgan we are only "damned fools" and don't know what is good for us. As long as we vote the Republican and Democratic tickets we register our assent to the opinions of the capitalist class that we are inferior to them; that we don't know what is good for us. As long as we vote as they want us to we are like the dog that licks the hand that smites him, and deserve the contempt they have for us. It is only by voting for the Socialist party that we can effectively show to the capitalist class there here after we refuse to be coerced to remain wage-slaves.

Class-Conscious Solidarity.

The working class movement is strong only in proportion as it is conscious of its class character and awake to its economic class interests.

The class antagonisms inherent in capitalistic society, which the discerning vision of Karl Marx revealed so clearly, not only inspired the Socialist philosophy but supplied the foundation upon which has been built the whole Socialist movement.

The capitalist class exploit the working class, the former buying and the latter selling labor power for wages which represent but a part, and generally, a small part, of what is produced. The working class are obliged to hand over the lion's share to their capitalist masters simply because the latter own the productive machinery and the natural resources. To secure possession of these in their own interest that they may get the full product of their labor is the task of the exploited workers. The capitalist class must be conquered and suppressed by the working class. This, of course, involves a struggle. And this struggle is a class struggle. It can be nothing else and be at all. It is that or nothing.

Upon this vital point Liebknecht says:

"On the ground of the class struggle we are invincible; if we leave it we are lost, because we are no longer Socialists. The strength and power of Socialism rests in the fact that we are leading a class struggle; that the laboring class is exploited and oppressed by the capitalist class, and that within capitalist society effectual reforms, which will put an end to class government and class exploitation, are impossible."

Here we have the case clearly stated by one eminently qualified to define the nature of the struggle and emphasize its great importance. The phrase may become hackneyed from ceaseless repetition, but the class struggle expressed precisely the fact as no other words in English can, and as this fact is of the supremest importance to the working class we must teach and preach the class struggle until the rank and file are permeated with it and embrace its emancipating philosophy.

The working man who lacks consciousness of his class interests is that stands between himself and freedom. His eyes must be opened. He must be made to see the class struggle and when he does he becomes a class-conscious Socialist and he can never be anything else until the work has been fought and won.

All the workers against all the capitalists! That is the battle-cry.

The Socialist party is lining up the workers on the basis of the class struggle and while others than workers are not excluded, and are in fact welcome, it is on that basis that they cast their lot with the workers in the fight for the overthrow of capitalism and the inauguration of the Socialist commonwealth.

This means, as Engels puts it: "The ascent of man from the kingdom of necessity, to the kingdom of freedom."—Eugene V. Debs in Ohio Socialist.

Civic Righteousness.

We are threatened with an epidemic of goodness that is getting to be serious. The country has been worked up to a pitch of indignation at political grafters and to a truculent demand for political honesty that would sweep everything before it if—if—if our whole political system were not based on one seething mass of business corruption called the wage system. Our politics is all right, but our business is all wrong, and rotten business makes rotten politics. The fundamental immorality of the moralists makes them weak-kneed and powerless to accomplish any lasting good.

A short time ago a rousing meeting of citizens was held in Milwaukee to take steps against the political corruption which is rampant there. Our own city hall is said to be full of grafters. The Civic Federation has just held its convention to stop the war between capital and labor, and wound up with a grand banquet and everybody yelling for fairness (without stating what is fair). Grover Cleveland came all the way from New York to impress upon us the importance of being good citizens (without saying what a good citizen is). And lastly, President Roosevelt, tired of floundering about up to his neck in the mire of postoffice, army and land office scandals, went up last Sunday into a mountain (St. Alban), and when he was set the Episcopal clergy came unto him, and he opened his mouth and delivered a sermon on civic righteousness; but he forgot to tell us what civic righteousness is. He admits that there are two kinds of righteousness, Republican righteousness and Democratic righteousness, for "the triumph of either side may be compatible with the welfare of the state." Then, we ask, why not Socialist righteousness, too? Next he rings the changes on the word "honesty" (without telling us what honesty is). He demands "an aggressive honesty, a militant honesty, a burning indignation against wrong in every shape which shall take effect in the condemnation of that wrong whether found in private or in public life." Good. That's my sentiments. The Socialists are militant and aggressive; they carry a chip on the shoulder wherever they go, but are unable to find anyone who will meet them on the battle ground of logic. They are barred from civic federation conventions and from banquets where good citizenship is discussed. They are condemning the wrong of class oppression all the time. They burn with indignation against the shocking immorality, indecency and injustice of a private business system built up on predatory and hereditary wealth, the forced sale of labor power and the crushing out of the weak by the strong, where there is abundance for all. Words are powerless to express our astonishment and indignation that anyone should consider such a business system as "compatible with the welfare of the state," and should recommend the debauching of men in the cesspool of private business conducted for profit as a preparation for making them pure politicians when in office.

When you can make vice decent by decorating the brothel; when you can make murder decent by putting gold braid trimmings on the uniform of the murderers; then and not till then can you make the profit grinding business decent by trying to "purify" politics.

Let us begin with the "fundamentals," as Roosevelt recommends; let us purify business first by taking it out of the hands of private corruptionists and placing it in the hands of the people. When there is no private business left to corrupt politics; politics will cease to be corrupt. When a social system has been driven into a position of defense and is unable to justify itself when challenged, it is already lost. The idea of a supporter of capitalism being morally "aggressive" is simply funny.—M. H. in Chicago Socialist.

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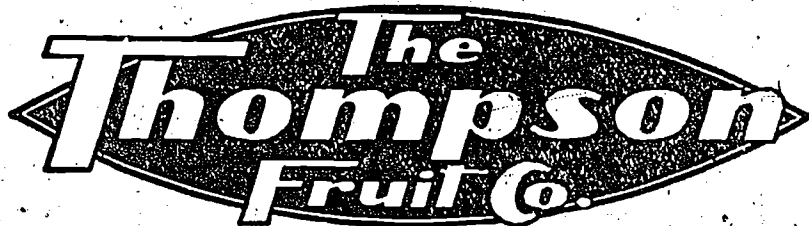
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Ever Onward and Upward.

While there has been more than a century of labor agitation and organization in the United States, the labor movement today, in its economic mould, has developed its main proportions since the civil war and its principal power and prominence during the last twenty years.

Eight years ago I made an extensive agitation tour of the southern states, and barring the few scattered unionists I met in my travels, there was not a healthy sign of organization in that entire section.

Today all the states of the south are organized and in some of the industrial centers the agitation is as active, unionism as far advanced and the movement as intelligent and progressive as in any other part of the country.

Ten years ago the great west, especially the Rocky Mountain states, where the genius of unionism now towers over the crags, had but the merest shadow of the close-knit and powerful organization that now spreads over that vast territory and locks it fast in mighty embrace.

In 1886 Prof. Richard T. Ely published his "Labor Movement in America." The work is now being revised and enlarged by the author to embrace the last two decades without which it lacks the most important chronicles of organized labor and is essentially incomplete.

The germs of American unionism were developed in the colonial period of our national life. The primitive state of industry prevented anything like a general spread of unionism in that early day, but here it had its inception, and as the agricultural community gave way to industrial society, the new growth, in all essential respects the same as its British progenitor, and, in fact, its direct trans-Atlantic offspring, struck root, its tiny fibrils seeking nourishment in the industrial soil of the new nation.

For many years the growth of unionism was necessarily slow and sporadic. The conditions from which it springs and in which it thrives were just beginning to develop after the war of the revolution, which also traced in shadowy outline the approaching industrial revolution, since invention and discovery in the realm of physical science had already begun their miraculous mission, and the world was being awakened from its age-long torpor and inactivity.

The pulse of the new century was quickened and its heart thrilled by the magic touch of inventive genius.

The Reign of Steam began and this invisible monarch proved to be the greatest revolutionist of all the ages.

The closing years of the old century were illuminated by the discovery of the push-button of science; the opening years of the new century in turning on the light, building the machinery and setting it in operation.

The development and expansion of manufacture followed, and labor unionism "burst full-blossomed on the thorny stem" of industrial society.

The trades inspired the workers with the consciousness of their trade interests and from this sprang the sentiment of solidarity, the pith and core of unionism.

The early form was a "pure and simple" trade union, consisting exclusively of the skilled mechanics of a given craft, limited to the local community in which they were employed.

In its elementary state the union was purely a local affair; this was the unit of organized labor, the cell composing the anatomy of the trade union movement.

The workers were thus drawn together instinctively for purposes of self-defense, having scarcely a hint of industrial evolution and making little, if any, conscious attempt at a constructive program.

With the introduction of machinery, the subdivision of labor, the increase of production, the extension of the market, the improved facilities for transportation afforded by the railroads and the general development of industry, the local unions were united in district, state, and national bodies and in time were knit into federations of international organizations.

There are still, curiously enough, many workingmen who, notwithstanding a century of industrial growth, the most phenomenal in all history, have profited nothing by experience and observation, and stand rooted to practically the same moss-covered spot their grandfathers occupied in revolutionary days.

Everything has been revolutionized except their hoary notions of union labor, and upon these not a patentable improvement has been made in a hundred years.

More curious still is the fact that these antiquated notions are embalmed by many of the leaders (!) as sacred relics, and any attempt to relegate them to the past where they belong is resented by these union guardians as high treason to the working class.

This simply shows that the ruling class are potential in the councils of organized labor as they are in other affairs.

It would seem that even the potato would open its eyes to this obvious fact.

But the workingman sleeps on—or if he opens his eyes, he sees not. The machine he makes to lighten his task, takes his job, pushes him into the street and starves his child.

And he knows not the reason why.

But he WILL know as certain as the sun shines and that in the not distant future. He is waking up at last and beginning to see, and when his eyes are open wide and his vision has been clarified, there will be a mighty shaking up and he will emerge unfettered, the master of the earth.

The labor movement is the nascent collective workingman. It is this giant who is to do battle with the collective capitalist for the supremacy of the globe.

In the preliminary engagements he is meeting with many a defeat, but he profits by them all, even by the doping of his own trainers, and in the final conflict when he summons all his mighty powers, he will vanquish his antagonist, the tyrant of capitalism, and proclaim the triumph of light and freedom.

The one thing above all others for the workingman to see and understand is the class struggle. The very instant he grasps this fact his feet are on the rock—he takes his place with his class and, come what will, he holds it, especially on election day.

This is the work to which the labor agitator must give himself with all the powers of his mind and body.

The American labor movement has come with a rush during the past few years; it is still largely in the hazy, nebulous state and is sure to bump and bruise itself severely before it develops the class-conscious solidity, strength and cleverness it must have to triumph in the struggle and fulfill its historic mission.

The truly revolutionary labor movement which has sprung up in the west in the last fifteen months is the most advanced and pronounced type of twentieth century unionism in America.

Pure and simple unionism is splintering in the strain of the class conflict and Grover Cleveland, Mark Hanna, Archbishop Ireland and Bishop Potter will try in vain to poultice it up with the bandages of capitalistic conciliation.

The Socialist philosophy for capitalist confusion; the class struggle for the middle class middle; revolution for reaction—that is the program.

The whole American labor movement, resist as it may, must be permeated with the spirit of class-conscious solidarity, the only kind that is fire-proof and fakir-proof.—Eugene V. Debs in Social Democratic Herald.

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This tear for thee, oh, travailed state,
This heart throb for thy honest sons,
Who by a trick of fate are deigned the poor,
Who suffer all that human misery sums.

Ye who are born to ease or fortune's smile,
Know ye no law but self and greed?
What need that you should wring a brother's heart
Or damn him as a lesser breed?

What crime lay you at the toiler's door?
He who feeds and gives thee luxuriant ease,
That you should spurn him a loathsome thing,
And ev'n his inalien franchise seize?

And thou! thou base usurper of a people's laws,
What boots it thee to cause this poignant pain;
Dost court the plaudits of a favored few,
Dost assuage thy conscience with a filthy gain?

Thinkest thou these fleeting hours well spent,
To invoke a force to murder law?
Beware thou! of the insurrectionary flame;
Know thou that such as this our patriot fathers saw.
ERNEST DAGENHART.

The Secret of War.

The secret of war is out
And Bell is on a big pout,
For, with all his bulldozing,
His ranting and posing,
The secret of war is out.

The secret of war is out,
Great danger is felt all about.
The state and the nation,
And all creation,
Are about to be wiped out.

The secret of war is out,
But Bell is not to blame.
He did all he could,
Yet try as he would,
The secret is out all the same.

What now will become of the nation?
Bell is filled with deep lamentation.
His name and his fame,
His plot and his game,
All gone up in one great conflagration.

The secret of war is out.
Bell did his best to keep it.
"There are many great things
That war often brings
The public must not know about."

The great secret of war. What is it?
Since it's out, we all want to know it.
For there surely must be
Something wrong, or we
Could all have a chance to be in it.

But now that the secret is out
Great relief is felt all about,
For we find after all
That we are not at all
In danger of being wiped out.

Sherman Bell was pressed to tell;
Squeezed down to the last breath so well,
With no crack to creep out
And no show to back down,
With breath just enough left to tell
The Great secret of war.

The Governor—Forged Name.
Plot—Conspiracy.
Stragem—Lost Papers.
Retained Orders—Forged Orders.—
Job—Fire-proof.
Defies Governor and U. S. A.
"Understand that!"

Cripple Creek, Colorado.

ANYONEMOST.

A Pariah's Prayer.

God of Justice, look down on the workmen,
Who've been toiling for thousands of years,
And for justice too often beseeching;
Will you nerve us to get it through the fears
Of legalized thieves, who still rob us
And cast us out on the world as tramps.
Far too long we've been pleading for mercy,
And it's time we should light up our lamps.

Whose rays will illumine the darkness
And enable the millions to see
That justice can be had for the taking,
And access to the land be made free;
Then the castle and novel will vanish
And justice and reason command,
We'll have no more of the jailor or almshouse,
But fraternity and love through the land.

Go, ask the poor tenement housekeepers,
Or the "tramps" in the old, frosty streets,
What they think of Society's offsprings
Or the men out from prison one meets.



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They will tell you that law is not justice
When framed by the plundering few;
And the parties who prey on and jailed them
Are doing as the law bids them do.

I repeat that that "law should be strangled,"
So that freedom will arise from its ruins,
Or some effort be made as determined
As was made by the plundered Bedouins
When the murderous, marauding invaders
Thought to force on that people their laws;
What lesson for us and our leaders
Was that blow for humanity's cause.

JOHN F. KEARNEY.

1008 Brook Avenue, New York City.

On Squaw Mountain.

Here on ole Squaw mountain, guardin' th' company's mines,
Seein' th' snow a-driftin' along through th' wavlin' pines,
Threadin' a path on th' hillside, hearin' th' windlass creak
As the miners stop down th' tunnel drop under th' moutain peak.
Two dollars a day fer th' first ten days, a dollar a day after that,
All found in th' way of clothin' an' eatin' th' hog meat fat,
An' only th' wind in passin', sighin' along through th' trees,
Knows th' ban o' th' militiaman as he stays up here ter freeze.

"All's well," th' call o' th' sentinel, reportin' from his post,
Nothin' wrong, an' he moves along, all white with snow like a ghost.
An' away through th' mists o' th' mountains th' lights air flickerin' bright,
Showin' th' town in glitterin' down, whar all is snug an' tight.
Up here on ole Squaw mountain, whar th' miners hunt fer gold,
Th' air's a-chill; she's snowin' still th' private's out in th' cold.
An' down in th' officers' quarters they're guzzlin' th' sparklin' wines,
While here we stand with our guns in hand, a-guardin' th' company's mines.

Acrost th' brow o' the mountain, whar th' valley stretches fair,
I kin shet my eyes an' visions rise o' days without a care.
Whar th' fields o' green alfalfa air layin' on every side
An' th' ole ranch place smiles in my face, 'tis thar my thoughts abide.
What right hiez a durned fool rancher ter shoulder a gosh durned gun,
Ter hell with likes, ter hell with strikesan', ter hell with the company's mines.
How'd I know about this snow, they told me 't would be great fun,
But I'm here on ole Squaw mountain, whar th' sun on the white snow shines,

DALE DAMON.

The Ruined Maid.

"O Melia, my dear, this does everything crown!
Who could have supposed I should meet you in Town?
And whence such fair garments, such prosperity?"—
"Oh, didn't you know I'd been ruined?" said she.

—"You left us in tatters, without shoes or socks,
Tired of digging potatoes, and spudding up docks;
And now you've gay bracelets and bright feathers three!"—
"Yes: that's how we dress when we're ruined," said she.

—"At home in the barton you said 'thee' and 'thou,'
And 'thik oon,' and 'theas oon,' and 't'other'; but now
Your talking quite fits 'ee for high compa-ny!"—
"Some polish is gained with one's ruin," said she.

—"Your hands were like paws then, your face blue and bleak,
But now I'm bewitched by your delicate cheek,
And your little gloves fit as on any la-dy!"—
"We never do work when we're ruined," said she.

—"You used to call home-life a hag-ridden dream,
And you'd sigh, and you'd sock; but at present you seem
To know not of megrims or melancholy!"—
"True. There's an advantage in ruin," said she.

—"I wish I had feathers, a fine sweeping gown,
And a delicate face, and could strut about Town!"—
"My dear—a raw country girl, such as you be,
Isn't equal to that. You ain't ruined," said she.

Thomas Hardy, in Liberty.

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Globe, Arizona, October 21, 1903.

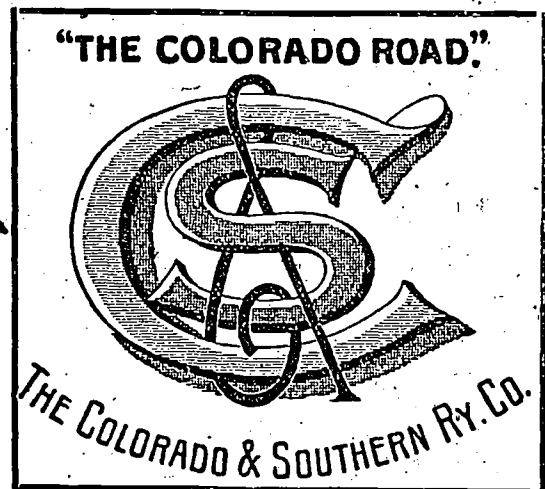
The following resolutions of condolence were adopted by the Globe Miners' Union No. 60, October 20, 1903:

Whereas, the Supreme Ruler of the Universe has removed from our midst Brother Alfred Peterson of McCabe Miners' Union No. 118, therefore be it

Resolved, that Globe Miners' Union extend our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family on the untimely death of their beloved one; also to McCabe Miners' Union on their loss of a worthy brother and co-worker in the cause of humanity; and be it further

Resolved, that a copy of the resolutions be forwarded to the relatives our deceased brother; also to McCabe Miners' Union, and the Miners' Magazine, and a copy spread upon the records of this union.

W. T. HUBBELL,
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Table with columns: No., NAME, Meet'g Night, PRESIDENT, SECRETARY, P. O. Box, ADDRESS. Lists unions across various states including Arizona, Calif., Colorado, Idaho, Kansas, Minnesota, Missouri, Montana, Nevada, New Mexico, Oregon, Utah, Washington, and Wyoming.

Table with columns: No., NAME, Meet'g Night, PRESIDENT, SECRETARY, P. O. Box, ADDRESS. Continues the list of unions from the previous table, including entries for Colorado, Idaho, Kansas, Minnesota, Missouri, Montana, Nevada, New Mexico, Oregon, Utah, Washington, and Wyoming.

