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This certifies that the Cigars contained in this box have been made by a First-Class Workman a member of the CIGAR MAKERS' INTERNATIONAL UNION of America, an organization devoted to the advancement of the MORAL, MATERIAL and INTELLECTUAL WELFARE of the CRAFT. Therefore we recommend these Cigars to all smokers throughout the world. All subscriptions upon this Label will be accepted according to law.

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

EDUCATION INDEPENDENCE ORGANIZATION

MINERS MAGAZINE



Denver, Colorado,
Thursday, August, 19, 1909.

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 Communications not in conformity with this notice will not be published.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

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John M. O'Neill, Editor.

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

STRIKE NOTICES.

Strikes are on in the following places. All miners and others are requested to stay away until a settlement is reached.

**VETERAN MINE, Near
Ely, Nevada.**

Douglas Island, Alaska.

THE "COWLESS" BUTTER that is made from petroleum, will add a few more millions to Oily John's bank account.

THE LABOR JOURNALS are now making inquiries as to the whereabouts of one Van Cleave, who seems to have been either "lost, strayed or stolen." The labor journals in their anxiety for Van Cleave are exclaiming: "We love our Van Cleave, but oh, you Kirby."

THE SUM of \$10,000 was voted to the striking hatters by the Western Federation of Miners. The boot and shoe workers also banded the hatters \$5,000, and many other unions lesses sums. But the hatters need the money, and also demand the label when purchasing hats.—Cleveland Citizen.

THE EMBERS of revolt are being stamped out in Spain. King Bomba has triumphed in Barcelona, where the number of those killed is estimated at 2,000, besides thousands more of wounded. The scattered bands of insurrectionists are being hunted out of their refuges.

The general strike has failed, owing to the imprisonment of hundreds of Socialist and labor leaders. Law and order are being re-established to the accompaniment of the funeral marches of the hundreds who have been executed by courts-martial. The workmen have returned to their labors. The slaves of society and its inveterate enemies have retreated to their subterranean dens.

The government of the speculators in the blood of the people is now free to resume its plundering expedition against the Moors. The streets and cafes of Madrid, even of Barcelona, are again gay, noisy, and brilliant. The courtiers at Madrid and all the spongers and parasites upon the Spanish nation have recovered their feelings of tranquillity and confidence—until the next eruption—New York Call.

WILLIAM GREEN of the United Mine Workers and president of District No. 6 of the state of Ohio, has announced himself as a candidate for the presidency of the United Mine Workers of America. The election will take place during the month of December, and the many admirers of the young and aggressive labor official of the state of Ohio, predict his election to the highest position in the gift of the coal miners.

THE WESTERN FEDERATION OF MINERS, by almost unanimous vote, have adopted a call for a conference of all miners' organizations in the country for the purpose of forming an offensive and defensive coalition. The proposition was warmly championed by Secretary Hayes of the Illinois United Mine Workers, and the indications are that a great combine of mine workers to cover the whole continent will come about.—Social-Democratic Herald.

FINED.

French Gulch, Cal., Aug. 9, 1909.

Editor Miner's Magazine:

At a regular meeting of French Gulch Miner's Union No. 141, Harry Gilmore was fined \$25.00 for refusing to get reinstated in this local fraternally,

(Seal)

JERRY FORD, Secretary No. 141

LANE MINERS' UNION NO. 251, W. F. M., has sent out a circular requesting all miners to stay away from the Ely, Nevada, district, where a strike is now in progress against the Cumberland-Ely Copper Company for a guaranteed uniform minimum scale of wages for all men working underground and around the shaft houses. The circular is signed by Thomas Corra, organizer for the W. F. M. and Frank J. Cox, secretary of Lane Miners' Union No 251, Western Federation of Miners.

THE DIGNITY of the steel trust has been wounded and the princely magnates of the mighty octopus have threatened to move some of their plants in order that the people may feel the penalty and vengeance of a combination that coins dividends from flesh and blood. The plants of the steel trust have been frequently referred to lately as "The Slaughter House," and "The Last Chance," and the oligarchy in its wounded dignity threatens to make Chicago its field for future operations. God help Chicago!

EXPELLED.

Trinidad, Aug 8, 1909.

Editor Miners' Magazine:

Resolutions adopted at regular meeting of Trinidad Miners' Union No 198:

Whereas; It was proven that H. R. Piloti, former secretary-treasurer of the dismembered local at Aguilar, Las Animas county, is a deputy sheriff, and

Whereas, Piloti has slandered officers and members of Trinidad Miners Union, and has tried to disrupt our organization;

Therefore this local, No. 198, has expelled said H. R. Piloti.

W. C. HUGHES,
ROBERT UHLICH,

Committee.

(Seal.)

THE CALIFORNIA mine operators through their association, have levied an assessment of 50 cents per miner in order to establish a fund to defeat the eight-hour law in the courts. Some men in the labor movement who are prating about the "identity of interests" and the brotherhood of capital and labor, should insist that these exploiters in the Golden state should halt in their assault upon the eight-hour law in order that the slaves may not become awakened to the fact that slaves and masters cannot be brothers.

THE STRIKE in Sweden has attracted the attention of the world. The press of every country has been forced to recognize the power of the working class movement in Sweden. There is shown a class consciousness and a class loyalty in Sweden that has struck terror to the hearts of the pirates who have been gloating over the spoils that have been wrung from the struggling victims fettered by the shackles of wage slavery.

But in Sweden the craft and trade regiments are not known, but the workers are united in an army that must ultimately sweep capitalism into its unhallowed grave. The railroad men, the printers, the electrical workers, the bakers and butchers, and even the grave-diggers, are bound together by the ties of class interest, and are waging war upon industrial despotism. The labor movement of Sweden, though it may meet with many defeats in its battle to achieve economic freedom for humanity, is built on the strong foundation of industrial unionism and is destined to plant the flag of victory on the surrendered fortress of vanquished capitalism.

IT IS STATED in the press dispatches that Samuel Gompers while "studying labor conditions" in the Old World is not having a very pleasant time. It is claimed that the laboring men of Europe are making inquiries and asking questions that are somewhat disagreeable to the mighty leader of the American Federation of Labor. It seems that the common, ordinary member of organized labor of Europe, fails to become dazzled with the prestige of a man who stands at the head of an organization that boasts of a membership of 2,000,000.

If Samuel's trip abroad will clear his vision and make it possible for him to realize that labor must be united industrially to conquer the ravenous greed of capitalism, then the money expended for Sam's vacation across the sea will be looked upon as a good investment. Men of the mental proportions of Gompers can little longer chloroform the workers with eulogies on the virtue of craft and trade unionism. The scattered battalions of labor divided and disunited by obsolete craft and trade autonomy will soon break the spell and demand that motionless "labor leaders" shall find a resting place on the junk pile of a dead past.

ONE OF THE PROVISIONS of the new tariff law establishes free trade between the United States and the Philippine Islands.

But there are certain important exceptions. Rice from the Philippines is not to be admitted free of duty. This is a concession to the rice planters of Louisiana. Sugar, tobacco, and cigars are to be admitted free of duty only in certain specified quantities. Sugar to the extent of 300,000 tons a year; wrapper tobacco up to 300,000 pounds; filler tobacco up to 1,000,000 pounds, and cigars up to 150,000,000 in number.

But no sooner did the new tariff become a law than the government officials discovered that American cigar interests had entered into negotiations for the manufacture in Manila of several million cheap cigars to be placed in this market as the high-grade Philippine product.

To be sure, the consummation of this plan would inevitably result in discrediting the Philippine product and permanently destroying the trade. But that is a matter that does not concern the American schemers. To kill the goose that lays the golden egg is the proper capitalistic procedure.—New York Call.

DECLARED UNFAIR AND FINED.

Trinidad, Aug. 8, 1909.

Editor Miners' Magazine:

At a regular meeting of Trinidad Miners Union No. 198, held on August 8, 1909, the names of James Boita and Otto Fellin were ordered advertised in the Miners' Magazine and a fine of \$25.00 be placed against them for showing themselves unfair to organized labor.

We, the committee, have been instructed to advertise those names by a unanimous vote of the members attending this meeting.

We remain yours and brothers.

W. C. HUGHES,
ROBERT UHLICH,

Committee.

(Seal.)

AT THE CONVENTION of the Western Federation of Miners last week a few delegates who prated much of their love of the working class and desire to aid them in every possible way to better their industrial condition, offered a proposition to do away with the president, vice president and all paid officials except the secretary-treasurer, who would become a mere clerk. All manner of agitation and organization work would be done in a voluntary way, and in this manner the organization would be built up and managed. How little some of these would be saviors of the working class really know of human nature and human organization. If they know anything at all about the building and maintaining of a large labor organization they know that it is absolutely impossible for most wage earners to do any such voluntary work, and that the Federation itself or any other labor union would have amounted to nothing had there not been men selected and paid to do the work of organizing. The business of a labor union is alike to a private business, and what is everybody's business is no one's business, and what little foundation there may have been soon crumbles away. At first flush one would charge such a move to that sickly sentimentality that exudes from some of the incompetent labor saviors, and which is as destructive as any other force, but after due consideration we are going to believe that we hit the nail right on the head when we charge it to jealousy against those who have shown their capability to fill such positions and honestly earn their salaries, and a purpose by underhand methods to throw them out of office—all because the sickly incapables cannot either get or fill such positions.—Spokane Labor World.

THE OFFICIAL ORGAN of the United Mine Workers of America in a late issue flails Samuel Gompers for his audacity in asking that labor publications shall pay him \$1 per letter for the weekly contributions which Samuel proposes to forward to America on "labor conditions" in Europe. "The Mine Workers Journal maintains that Gompers' weekly letter is a "hold up," and that as Samuel's trip abroad is being paid for by organized labor, that labor journals are entitled to publish free of charge the literary products of the President of the American Federation of Labor. The following are extracts from the editorial of the Journal:

"Two million half-starved workmen cheerfully wished President Gompers God-speed on his visit, and yet before he leaves our shores he has entered into an agreement by which, if we desire to get the benefits of his visit, we are to chip in to the tune of \$1 per letter to help make newspaper syndicates and to further increase the financial benefits of the trip to the man we were already favoring so bounteously, while our craftsmen were starving on half a day's work per week, and thousands of them idle for months, caused by the closing down of mills and mines and factories.

"Now, this is wrong. We might go further and say that it is viciously so. If President Gompers could not afford to make the trip on the conditions made by the American Federation of Labor, he should have stayed home.

"The letters will not be published in the Journal. President Gompers would not have been in Europe now if we and the like of us had not paid our taxes, and to us, as an official organ, belongs any benefit that may come as a result of that visit without being held up."

A Brief Review of the Convention.

THE SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL CONVENTION of the Western Federation of Miners will be memorable, as in no convention of the organization since its birth, was there shown so much bitterness. The discussion of many questions led to the use of epithets that are seldom used by men in a normal condition of mind. The debates were of an acrimonious character, and the two elements in the convention refused to sheathe their swords until the convention closed its labors on the third of August.

The controversy between President Moyer and P. W. Flynn brought forth some fiery speeches on both sides, but after all the verbal thunder had been exhausted pro and con, both elements were about in the same frame of mind and clung to their conclusions with a tenacity that bid defiance to every argument. But while the convention was stormy and while on a number of occasions the language used was of that inflammatory character that sometimes leads to physical violence, yet, the delegates controlled themselves, so that no one suffered from physical combat.

But with all the heated arguments and with all the vindictive lan-

guage that was used, the convention performed some meritorious work that is destined to bear wholesome fruit. The election of seven delegates to meet in conference with the representatives of the United Mine Workers of America and other aggressive labor organizations will in all probability lead to the formation of an industrial army of such formidable proportions as will halt the onward march of organized greed in its mad scramble for dividends. The delegates selected to attend the conference are men of ability and experience in the labor movement, and the results of their deliberations with other representatives of advanced thought must result in bringing about a solidarity that will enable the struggling victims of the mines, mills and factories to feel that liberty has not yet become a corpse.

The action of the convention in levying an assessment of 25 cents per member as a means to enable the United Hatters to continue their battle against the relentless and merciless despotism of a Hat Manufacturers' Association, was commendable. The delegates showed by their unanimity in extending financial assistance to the Hatters that the battle of every labor organization for justice is the battle of the Western Federation of Miners, and presages the coming time when labor

on this continent and throughout the world will stand under one flag, to measure steel with the power of an oligarchy of wealth that has been murdering the rights of humanity.

The dedication of the monuments to Murphy and Pettibone and participated in by the delegates, will have a far-reaching influence and will impress upon the minds of men that a time has come in the history of the labor movement when brave and noble men who consecrated their lives to the uplifting of toiling humanity will not be permitted to sleep in unmarked graves, but that the class for which they struggled and suffered carry with them a remembrance of deeds that

were performed for the maintenance and perpetuation of those liberties that are priceless to men with aspirations for industrial emancipation.

The seventeenth annual convention of the Western Federation of Miners has now become past history, and though animosity and vindictiveness were disclosed to a greater extent than in any former convention, yet it is to be hoped that every delegate, regardless of difference of opinion, will put on the armor and give the best that is in him to make the organization of which he is a member a more powerful body to resist the ceaseless assaults of exploiters whose only religion is profit from ill paid toil.

The Mask Falling Off.

THE KANSAS CITY LABOR RECORD in a recent issue, had the following under the caption: "Anarchy Prevails in Goldfield, Nevada":

"Anarchy again reigns in Goldfield, Nevada, and is caused by the Tom Boy Mining Company attempting to rob two aged women of their possession. Congress has declared the women's claims are legal. Several kidnappings have taken place by the same gang implicated in the Moyer-Haywood-Pettibone outrage. The unionists of Nevada are backing an investigation of mining frauds and land thefts that will implicate some very respectable citizens only recently identified with Citizens' Alliance activities."

It is scarcely two years ago since the daily press was heralding through its columns the most villainous slanders against the Western Federation of Miners. The editor with the prolific pen and a vivid imagination felt no scruple of conscience as he branded the militant labor organization of the West as a band of murderers and dynamiters, but time has exploded the charges made against the Western Federation of Miners and the people whose prejudices were aroused through the brazen falsehoods of professional hirelings who vilified for money, have discovered that the men whose labor has built a western empire, are among the best citizenship of the country. The exploiters who masked their hypocrisy and criminal traits with a veneer of respectability are being uncovered, and the old, worn-out slogan: "Law and Order," cannot conceal longer the hellish infamy of the soulless gang of Nevada who drugged a governor on wine, until he imagined that Goldfield was being deluged with human blood through the violence of desperate miners. The same element that is charged with an attempt to rob aged women belong to that "law and order" gentry who insisted that miners should accept "Christian Science" money as compensation for labor performed and when these miners rebelled against worthless paper as collateral for the payment of wages the "respectable" pirates and well-groomed adventurers that infested the "Sage Brush" state demanded the use of federal bayonets to persuade the man with the horny fist to bow in mute subserviency to the dictum of wildcat swindlers and mushroom promoters.

The Bulletin Disposed to be Fair.

THE SAN FRANCISCO BULLETIN in an issue of a few weeks ago expressed itself as follows, relative to the shooting perpetrated by Albert Ryan, in Los Angeles, while crazed by intoxicating liquor:

"The Western Federation of Miners is not to blame because Albert Ryan is a federation man. We deprecate all attempts to emphasize the fact this homicidal coward is an official or agent of the federation. That proves nothing against the federation. He is also an American citizen. From time to time some American citizen is hanged by the neck until he is dead. Sometimes an American citizen is sent to state's prison and occasionally we find one on the rock pile. That is not a reflection on American citizenship and cannot reasonably or logically be used as an argument against it. The very idea that it could be used in a way derogatory to citizenship of our great republic is absurd. Then why use the federation membership of a reckless fool armed with a revolver as an argument against the federation or as a reflection upon it? Ryan's connection with the Federation of Miners had nothing to do with the fact the convivialities and excitement of Elks' week caused him to go on a furious spree which ended in a murderous frenzy. It would be more sensible to blame Elks' week.

"And yet why blame anything or anybody but the man Ryan and society which permitted him to get howling drunk, arm himself with a murderous weapon and run amuck? Society permits people to buy poisonous liquor by the gallon and to purchase deadly weapons by the gross. Murder by poison and murder by violence are both for sale in open market. Any man with latent criminal instincts can buy crime developers in Los Angeles or any great city - booze at one street corner, and guns, pistols, daggers and poisons at the next.

"Considering one thing with another, it is a wonder society is as orderly as it is. If Los Angeles and California and other great cities and great states would make it more difficult for one human being to kill others, murder would not be as common as it is. It is much easier to kill a man with a weapon than to 'punch him up' in a fist fight. There is a premium on cowardice. Dutch courage is for sale in the grog shops and the weapons of the coward, the sneak, the crawling, loathsome assassin, are for sale in the gunshops."

Nevada has suffered and is still suffering from the leeches and bloodsuckers who have fastened their tentacles on the state, and the sooner the honest men and women of that state rise in their united strength and demand that the wolves and hyenas shall go, the sooner will Nevada recover from the stigma of harboring and giving shelter to degenerates with an itch for the spoils of plunder.

THE CONVENTION of the Western Federation of Miners which recently adjourned was the most progressive in the history of that organization. There were some exciting debates and there were some minor elements with extreme tendencies, but on the whole the convention was composed of clear eyed, honest and progressive workers whose highest purpose it was to place their organization in the van of the working class movement.

The address and report of President Chas. H. Moyer, presented an exhaustive review of the industrial situation. The most important feature of the president's message was his earnest recommendation in favor of industrial unionism. This met with the hearty response of the convention. The spirit of industrial unionism dominated the convention all through its deliberations.

Frank Hayes, of the United Mine Workers, the brilliant young leader of Illinois, a member of the Socialist party, made a telling speech in favor of unity and won the hearty approval of the convention, and arrangements were made for a conference looking to the unification of the Western Federation and the United Mine Workers, a decisive step toward industrial unionism.

Mother Jones and Emma F. Langdon were the honored guests of the convention and made rousing speeches to the delegates. Mother is called "The Uncrowned Queen" by the rugged miners of the mountain states who have reason to know her for her fearless and faithful devotion to their interests at a time when it was at the peril of her life.

The progressive elements in the Western Federation and the United Mine Workers should now have no trouble in finding common ground and uniting the two organizations upon a class-conscious basis of industrial unionism as a means of industrial emancipation. Appeal To Reason.

The Bulletin is not the official organ of any labor organization, but the above editorial demonstrates that the Bulletin is disposed to be fair and scorns to assume the attitude taken by a few daily journals that are attempting to poison public sentiment by holding the Western Federation of Miners responsible for the crime committed by a man who holds membership in the organization. These same journals would become frenzied with rage if any publication would hold the church responsible for the immorality of ministers of the gospel who sometimes forget that they are Disciples of Christ and stoop to acts of dishonor. If the church is not to be held responsible for the moral leprosy that sometimes smirches the clerical robes of the man who occupies a pulpit, then upon what logical grounds can any journal place the crime of Albert Ryan at the door of the Western Federation of Miners? It is true that Albert Ryan is a member of the Federation and for seven years served as the financial secretary of Jerome Miners' Union. The unfortunate man was a delegate to a number of the annual conventions and was recognized as a man of more than ordinary ability. But the fact that he is a member of the federation and the fact that he had attained prominence in the organization can no more calumniate the organization than the treason of a Judas can blacken the character of the other eleven Apostles, or that the treason of an Arnold can reflect upon the honor of the patriots whose heroism banished regal imperialism from the soil of the thirteen colonies. The Western Federation of Miners cannot be held responsible for the individual acts of its members. The organization has nothing to do with governing the private life of the individual member, nor can the organization issue any mandates that will compel its membership to refrain from the red poison that dethrones reason and sometimes makes monsters of human beings. Albert Ryan is now within the confines of a jail awaiting a trial by a jury of his peers. The editor of the Miners' Magazine knows but little concerning the causes that prompted the unfortunate man to use a deadly weapon. But from all the information that can be gathered the shooting that took place in Los Angeles and which resulted in the death of two men was the culmination of a protracted spree on the part of Ryan. Ryan in his sober

senses would never have pulled a trigger that would usher into eternity the lives of two men. But Ryan, crazed from liquor, was a dif-

ferent man, and he now in a normal condition of mind can survey the awful tragedy which will haunt him as long as he lives.

The Leopard Shows His Spots.

THE "LABOR COMMISSIONER" of the Presbyterian Church, Reverend Charles Stelzle, is no longer looked upon as a Samson in the Cause of Labor. Stelzle, while smooth and suave, and possessed of ability, can scarcely hide the dagger in the velvet sheath. The percentage in the labor movement who are looking on Stelzle with suspicion is growing larger and it is but a short time when it will be possible for the expounder of moral philosophy and theology to delude the workers by soft-soap oratory. The percentage among the working class who read and think is growing larger and the mantle of the church will scarcely cover the frailties of a man whose hypocrisy becomes apparent to men of intelligence.

Stelzle has haunted conventions of labor organizations for the past several years and has always been successful in making arrangements to exercise his lung power on the labor question. Some thoughtless men point to him as a man who once worked at the bench and refer to him now as the preacher who dares to carry a paid-up card in the Machinists. The fact that Stelzle gives utterance to platitudes on the labor problem and the fact that he carries a card in a labor organization, have but little weight with men of experience and observation. The man who has read history will remember that Judas Iscariot was a disciple of the Man who was hanged on Calvary and that Benedict Arnold was looked upon as a patriot until he sold his honor for British gold. The man of observation and experience will likewise remember that human bloodhounds on the payroll of detective agencies

carry union cards in their pockets and that such traitors exhaust the English language in pleading their devotion and loyalty to the principles of organized labor. Stelzle, for the past several years, has forwarded a weekly letter to the labor journals of the country with no other object in view than to put brakes on the progress of the working class towards industrial emancipation. Many of the labor journals have accepted the "dope" of the Machinist-preacher simply because it was furnished gratis and filled space. Not a single labor journal that has published the milk-and-water effusions of Stelzle can give a substantial reason for accepting the same. Now, a few publications have rejected the literary spasms of Stelzle, on the grounds that the gentlemen who wears the clerical garb of the church has announced himself as an advocate of prohibition. Stelzle has been caught in the "dry wave," and when he attends the next convention of the American Federation of Labor, at Toronto, Canada, to deliver his annual message, this Christian gentleman, whose heart bleeds for struggling humanity, will be confronted by the Brewery Workers, the Cigar Makers, the Restaurant Employes, the Bartenders, the Coopers and men of other crafts and trades whose living depends directly or indirectly on the perpetuation of the liquor traffic. It is said that Stelzle at the next convention of the A. F. of L. will propose a "prohibition fellowship," and endeavor to demonstrate that the guzzling of "red-eye has brought upon the earth the wretchedness and misery that enshrouds millions in the midnight gloom of hopeless despair.

Stelzle, with his cold-water panacea for industrial slavery, is destined to meet a Waterloo.

Industrial Liberty Is Coming.

THE UNREST AND DISCONTENT that is spreading throughout the world is proof that the great masses of the people are gradually awakening to the brutalism of the profit system and that the dawn of a new civilization must take place to meet the yearnings of those who are in mutiny against the rule of a privileged few.

The rumbling can be heard in every nation on earth, and even the nobility that boasts of blue blood is becoming nervous as the mutterings of discontent become more audible and which can mean nothing else save the downfall of a system that has wet the earth with tears and blood.

In Sweden a great strike has taken place that has even attracted the attention of the royal family and those who robe themselves in purple and fine linen. The King has even stepped from his royal pedestal to plead with the brawn and bone of Sweden to bring to an end the struggle which has grown out of the abnormal appetite of capitalism for profit.

The strikers of Sweden have shown a solidarity that might well challenge the admiration of the labor movement of this country, and the fact that the membership of organized labor in the nations of Europe are sending the sinews of war to their brothers in Sweden is convincing evidence that the working class is losing sight of the boundary

lines of nations and that consciousness to class interest is commencing to dominate the wage slaves of the world. The late strike in France which alarmed the powers that be, shows conclusively that capitalism has a fear of that character of unionism that knows no craft or trade lines but whose slogan is: "An injury to one is an injury to all!" The conditions that are being created in every nation on earth through the insatiable hunger of exploiters to reap more corpulent dividends from the sweat of those whose backs bear the burdens of the world, is hastening the death of wage slavery and ushering in at a fast pace the dawn of an era when no man shall bow the knee or doff his cap in the presence of a master as he begs for the opportunity to earn the means of life.

The people of the earth are awakening to the fact that there can be no real liberty while a favored few hold in their custody the means of life. The people are recognizing the fact that the man who owns a job which another man must have in order to live, owns the man who is dependent on the job. It is idle and but a waste of time for the multitude to speak of liberty while a class of privilege rule through economic power. The people are panting for industrial liberty and the tread of millions in every nation on the globe marching onward and proclaiming death to a system that puts the dollar above manhood, signalizes the overthrow of the pitiless civilization that has filled the world with the moans and wails of misery and wretchedness.

On Success.

(For Miners' Magazine, by L. M. Holmes, Farmington, New Mex.)

TO THE YOUNG MEN OF THE COUNTRY:

I, too, would like a chance to advise you about your success in this world; everyone does it, as soon as he has the ghost of a show of being successful himself—not that I have seen even the ghost yet, but, however, I'll have my say with the rest.

On all sides you are told about "success," and how to reach it, and stimulated to strive after it—the press, the pulpit and the rostrum, the teacher's desk and the Sunday school superintendent's stand send out remarkable effusions on the subject on every possible occasion. Millionaires, "captains of industry," great generals, high government officials—all vie with each other in their generosity in giving you advice concerning "success." It is a wonder you are not all rich and triumphant—it must be your innate obstinacy that prevents it. For, of course, what they tell you is all very practicable and easy.

The rich man with a stream of money rolling in every minute whether he works or not, tells you how he was a poor boy once: how by thrift and economy and fidelity to duty he slowly accumulated a small sum of money which he carefully put where it would bring in more money; how he denied himself and looked out for every chance to make a profit, and how everything prospered with him until—look at him now! Everybody "points with pride" and indicates that you have only to be willing to go and do likewise.

But look at him as he stands! Would you really want to be like him?

He tells you his fortune has cost him industry, thrift, faithfulness,

But it has cost him vastly more than that. It has cost him the sweetest and most sacred qualities of the soul; it has cost him all the gentle, human sympathy that naturally dwelt in his heart; it has cost him the innocent enjoyment that youth craves and that helps to develop all that is manly and noble in him; it has cost him his innate sense of justice and his peace of mind, it has cost him all that conduces to a calm, lovable and loving old age. The struggle has left him an empty-souled, dreary, stony being, incapable of receiving or of giving happiness.

One cannot say: "I will be successful, if it takes all my time and energies to become so." That sounds well, but the truth is it takes so much more than one's time and energies. General Grant was greatly praised for saying "I will fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." That sounded well—staunch and heroic and all that, until one stopped to think that besides a summer it meant months of butchery, bloodshed, untold human suffering, despair and broken hearts. But told in this way it does not sound so fine. So, if you sum up *all* that it costs to become successful, and rich, it does not strike well on the ear after all.

The famous general who has gained his position on numerous bloody battlefields will tell you that you must be brave and loyal and patriotic and always obedient to your superior officers, in order to rise to the top. This means, but he does not say so, that you are to be the meekest and most degraded of slaves; that to be a trained soldier is to be a trained butcher of human beings; that to be a victorious warrior is to be a monster without the least consideration for the sacredness of human life or care for human suffering. This would not sound

well in an eloquent address on some impressive occasion, but it would be true.

The high government official will reel off some platitudes about service to one's country, loyalty, patriotism, good citizenship, etc., assuring you that these qualities are those by which you will rise; but if he is not too much of a hypocrite you will catch him winking to a fellow official behind his hand. He knows that his success means first, standing in with the "ring," second, obeying the "ring," third, bringing in prey for the "ring" and shutting your eyes to bribes, corruption, privilege, graft of all kinds. If you promise to be useful to the powers that be, you may some time occupy a high office—and you may not—there is nothing certain about ordinary politics.

The great and successful "captain of industry" is not so apt to talk as to give others an opportunity to talk for him. His disinterested friends will assure the lower classes that industry, thrift, economy, a desire to always do a little more for one's employer than is expected of one (as if that were possible under our fierce sweatshop system!) contentment and humility will bring their sure reward and place the worker where *he* can hire wage slaves and make a profit from their labor. But they do not say what else a worker must be in order to get out of the ranks. It is true that he must be capable, skillful, sober and willing, in order to get a job at all and be able to keep it. But nobody besides Elbert Hubbard will ever call him an "Angel of Light" for being merely this, either. He must be cringing, be willing to spy on his fellows, to turn traitor to their interests, must be able to crush out all natural human sympathy or he cannot climb to success on the bodies of his fellow-workers. He must learn to take the produce of others' labor stoically, and when near the top not to mind such things as ruin, despair, suicide in his vanquished competitors, or such little

matters as hunger among the masses if he sees a chance to rake in a world's supply of food at one haul. Must not mind what it costs humanity if he only gets his labor cheap, and must think of broken children's lives and ruined women's souls as so much raw material in the making of his profits.

Ah! Such success! It costs the soul too dear—too dear!

If success meant what it should mean, something achieved for the good of the whole human race, something won, something learned, something invented, that would benefit the whole brotherhood of man—then indeed might we fill our books, pulpits, rostrums, with homilies on "Success." No one would envy any man such success. It would not leave in its wake lost souls, starving bodies, dwarfed and stunted children, ruined lives and broken hearts, as does "success" today. We would not envy such success, for it would mean everyone's welfare, and not a structure built on others' failures and sacrifices. Success today is gained at the expense of other human beings, the true success of the future will benefit all mankind and all will eagerly rejoice in it. Today this constant stimulation of the young to enter into the arena and achieve success—i.e., riches, fame and power—increases the fierce scramble now going on in the world. Each is determined to get to the top no matter what is destroyed beneath, and woe to the crushed victims at the bottom. A noble emulation in exploiting Nature, in wresting her secrets from her, in gaining knowledge and wisdom and greater comforts for all the world, will elevate and bless society, instead of cursing it. When next you listen to a lecture on "Success," find first what kind of success is aimed at before you let it influence you.

The billionaires, the captains of industry, the victorious killers do not know it all. For what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?

The Struggle for a Job.

LAST WEEK, a daily journal published in New York City contained an advertisement making known to the world that a certain mercantile institution wanted a boy at a salary of \$3 per week. The next morning more than 500 boys were assembled at the profit-shop, each one yearning to capture the job that paid 42 6-7 cents per day! So fierce became the struggle among the multitude of boys that a plate-glass valued at several hundred dollars was broken and the manager of the institution was forced to turn in a riot call for the police.

When in "the land of the free and the home of the brave" the impoverished youths of the nation to the number of 500 congregate through an advertisement that promises a salary of \$3 per week, and when these hungry victims of a murderous civilization struggle with each other like wild beasts to win the paltry job that pays a miserable weekly pittance it is about time for the people to ask themselves as to what there is in the proud boast of American citizenship. It is about time that thinking men and women should give serious consid-

eration to the infamy of a system that humiliates the boyhood of the nation and makes the youth a mendicant before the owner of a job. The press of America, that has spasms concerning patriotism and that pays the most glowing tributes to the equal rights that are sheltered beneath the folds of the starry banner, should indulge in no more dreams concerning the birthright and liberties of American citizenship. The press that does homage to the institutions of America frequently deplors the conditions that make slaves of the people of the Old World, but men of thought in the nation are realizing that capitalism is the same beneath the flag of a republic as it is beneath the banner of a monarchy. Capitalism is no more generous or merciful on the soil of Young Columbia than upon the bloodstained domain of Czar Nicholas.

When the press reported the struggle of 500 boys for one job in New York which resulted in the breaking of a valuable plate-glass and the calling out of the police force, some editor with a prolific brain should have elaborated on the rosy dawn of a coming prosperity that is about to deluge the world with the sunlight of gladness and joy.

Let Us Acknowledge Facts.

EVERY STUDENT of affairs throughout the world agrees that society is slowly evolving into a more co-operative stage. From the time of Plato clear through the ages, men have sung, wept, suffered and died that the prophecy of Isaiah may become a throbbing fact.

Events beyond man's control have moved faster than the victims of this force.

Today the machine is king. The rattle of its profit grinding whirl has almost stifled the protests of those caught within its jaws.

None escape. The business man is shoved into the worker's ranks and the latter is crowded to a lower level by this process of owner elimination and concentration.

Classes in America are at last acknowledged by the struggling hordes that angrily deny the deadening philosophy of content, preached by those who are slowly forced onto more progressive platforms.

The time is now for organized labor to demand a leadership that acknowledges craft unionism can be defeated in every instance by organized capital.

The petty bickerings of place-hunting, per capita-seeking officials will no longer suffice.

Idol-worshiping has no place in real progress.

We are on the threshold of a new dawn and a new conscience that demands common ownership in things the people use. This sunlit truth with its golden sheen is struggling through the black clouds of every form of ignorance, prejudice and hate that can be conceived by trained minds and willing tools of a civilization that means luxury for the few and want for the rest.

On every hand we see the graven images and burnished gods of modern Molochs tumbling beneath the contemptuous gaze of those who are at last awake.

The trade union movement—the theory of united action—is, more than ever, now necessary. It is not only a bulwark against further encroachments, but it is also a school room for those who toil in factories, shops and mines.

Henceforth its policy must be more elastic in internal workings. A more aggressive plan must be adopted, if we are to cope with conditions undreamed of twenty years ago.

We must, for instance, declare that the only way to force the steel trust to cease warring on those who toil is for the people to take over the ore mines and mills.

We must, for instance, declare for industrial unionism based on a consciousness that will follow if we but tell our members of conditions as they actually exist.

Then, and not till then, will peace prevail and discord end.

The acceptance of these theories is inevitable. Will our officials acknowledge the new order, or will they flounder in a dead past as they are forced into blind alleys, and then either retreat or retire in disgrace?—Toledo Union Leader.



A CHANCE MEETING.

By Emanuel Julius.

Through the hot, stifling streets, wearied and worn, he staggered. His clothes were dusty, old and torn, his gait was painful and his eyes were bleared. He was sweating and probably that was the reason he was so foul odored. He carried a heavy stick and anxiously looked about in search of a place to rest his tired body. He had been on the road all day and had entered the city but three or four hours previous. Probably the inquisitive reader would like to know his name—it was a common name, John Smith, and he hailed from Pleasantville.

As he turned a corner he came in view of a gang of street urchins and was immediately the center of attraction. Indeed, here was a chance for fun not to be found in a long time. How those boys piled onto him! How they pulled what was left of his coat! How they shouted, and laughed, and threw corn cobs at this "bummy!"

Vainly and weakly did he try to drive them away till at last, disregarding their pestiferous jollifications he seated himself on a stone stoop in front of a huge building.

Boys do not like to throw apple cores and paper balls at stone walls, so, when they saw that the "bummy" made no defense they slowly beat a retreat and left him in peace.

There was a smile of thanks as Smith saw the boys depart and looking up to see if they were all gone he saw the face of one who had led the band in their sport. After a glance he turned away but the picture of the boy's face remained in his mind—something told him the face was familiar. Hurriedly he looked again—he was right—the boy was his own son whom he had deserted three years previous when he went out on the road to find a job.

"Tommy, it ain't you, is it? My kid I left up in Pleasantville when I beat it out for a job?" hurriedly asked Smith of the departing boy.

The boy started. He looked back more carefully and suddenly the truth entered his mind.

"Pop, is it you? Pleasantville? Yes, I'm from there. I left 'bout three years ago."

The tears rapidly flowed down the dust begrimed cheeks of Smith and before they were half way down they became mud of a brownish hue.

Feverishly and nervously he stammered, "Come to me arms, kid, kiss me. You'll forget about me leavin' ye won't ye? I meant to come back or t' send fur ye as soon as I got fixed."

In the meantime, while he was saying the above, Tommy sat down on Smith's knees, placed his arms about his father's head and anxiously kissed his forehead a half dozen time or more.

"Sure I'll forgit it all, but why didn't ye write? Why didn't ye let us know where ye was so's ye wouldn't have finished mom?" answered and asked Tommy.

"Finished mom? What, d'ye mean—she dead?"

Slowly Tommy nodded yes and at the same time a faint "yep" could be heard.

Smith was too affected for words and for a minute or two his breast heaved violently while slow heart-rending sobs emanated from his throat.

"Who would 'ave thought it?" said Smith. "We was hit hard when the place closed down. I was out o' work for a hell of a while—there was nuthin' doin' in Pleasantville (hell of a name fur the town) an' it was up t' me to beat it out fur a job. I went out. Hoofed it all over. Wasn't no use. couldn't strike nuthin'. I got further and further away an' I got seedier and seedier until I became a full-fledged hobo. When I got that way with no chances fur a job I didn't have the nerve to come back so I just stayed away an' hoped against hope to strike something but 't wasn't no use. Then I quit writin' letters fur I didn't even have the money for postage. Every cent I got I used fur booze. I know 'twas bad but it sort o' made me furgit everything.

"It'd sort o' drown me trouble. At last I managed to furgit it all and so I never thought of you all. Ye don't blame me kid, d'ye? Fur I've had it hard, mighty hard an' there ain't no hope of a let up. Tell me, kid, what's happened while I was away?"

Tommy listened patiently to all his father had said and now he proceeded to tell what had transpired in the time his father was gone.

"There ain't much to it, pop. Only mom died a couple o' months after you left an' sister an' me come down here to New York to try to make a livin'. Mary 's up 'round Fourteenth street an' peddles her looks fur 'er oats. She's got it damn hard. She's got t' pay a dollar a night to the cop an' two dollars a night fur a room an' countin' her medicine an' that she's got t' dress swell she's never got nuthin' left. Once in a while I meet her an' she gives me a quarter. She'd give me more if she had it an' I know she'd give you sumpin' if you asked her. I've been sellin' papers. I kin sell 'bout fifty a day an' that's twenty cents to the good. Oh, I kin git along on that fur I put up at the Thirty-fifth Street burry. What's that? Why, that's a boys' hotel. Ye gits a flop an' oats twice a day fur fifteen cents."

Smith listened in silence to the tale of his son. He had become accustomed to horror and distress—it had become a matter of course.

"Pop, have ye got any coin?" asked Tommy.

Smith dug his hand into his right pocket and drew forth a nickel.

"Nuff t' git a beer an' a free lunch," answered Smith.

"Papers 'll be out in a couple o' minutes an' I'll need thirty cents but I'll only use a quarter, so here's a nickel. Go on pop, take it. I'll have enough an' if I don't they'll trust me at the burry."

"Pop" took the nickel.

"If you ain't got no place to put up in go to the "dump" on Twenty-third street—they'll keep ye a couple o' days an' it won't cost you nothin' neither. When you get there ask anybody where the muneecipal lodgin' house is. It's a big building an' you can't miss it."

Slowly Smith collected his bearing and raised himself to his feet.

"So long, pop."

"So long, Tommy."

Tommy took his father's hand in his own and shook it.

"Will ye see Mary? She might do somethin' fur ye. She lives upstairs of Donlin's saloon up on Seventh avenue an' Thirty-sixth street." said Tommy as he prepared to leave.

"Maybe" answered Smith.

So they parted. Tommy hurried down Third avenue to a "Journal" wagon where a crowd of boys were scrambling for papers while Smith slowly walked up the street towards the "dump."

Tarrytown-On-Hudson, New York.

REPORT OF W. R. CARTER.

Cerbat, Ariz., August 5, 1909.

To the Officers and Members of the Executive Board, W. F. M.:

I have the honor to report the organization of a new local of the W. F. M. known as Hualapai Miners' Union No. 116 with headquarters at Cerbat, Ariz. and claiming jurisdiction of the Hualapai mining district.

Recognizing the deplorable effects of the long unorganized condition of this section of the country the sentiment had been frequently uttered by the active element of the union men of this locality that a union should be established here if the miners expected to hold the advantages as to wages and treatment that they had gained from the proximity of the once morally and numerically powerful Chloride Miners' Union No. 77, which, through the shutting down of the mines in that vicinity, had been reduced in such a measure as to be practically defunct so far as the outside influence of the local might be considered.

There has scarcely been a mine operating in this district in which some attempt has not been made in the last two years up to very recently to reduce wages. This reduction has only been attempted toward skilled labor, such as shaftmen, blacksmiths, teamsters, carpenters, engineers, etc., and not toward the main body of underground miners for obvious reasons.

Had the miners failed to resent it there would have certainly been permanent reductions in all other branches of the industry and then the miners themselves would have had to face a cut themselves with no sympathy from their brethren whose wages had been previously reduced and the mine owners would have had valuable allies in the class of skilled labor who had either stood for the reduction of their wages and also in the scabs who had taken the places of those who had refused to work for less than the Chloride scale. I promised the various union men in the camp that if they would stick together and apply for a charter that I would act as organizer and give my time to the union as long as I was wanted. Upon this understanding an application was made to the executive board for a charter and an organizer's credentials and on July 15th Hualapai Miners' Union was formed.

The management of the Holcondo, the principal mine in the district, was bitterly opposed to the organization and made the usual representations but the organizer was the only one discharged although about thirty men carrying union cards in other locals have quit since and departed for other camps where it does not require so much courage to be a union man, carefully avoiding to square up with the local before going and for no other reason than a sheer disinclination to evince the slightest atom of moral courage. Of course they were immediately replaced by Mexicans imported for the purpose but when "white men" run away panic-stricken and the imported Mexican comes forward and asks for admission I am willing to believe that Hualapai Miners' Union has lost little thereby.

From our present standing as to membership and finances we have every reason to hope that Hualapai Miners' Union has a bright future of usefulness to the working class.

We have practically no expenses and for the present no salaried officials. Later, when conditions warrant it, a riding secretary will be put in the field and branch locals established. All members of other locals of the W. F. M. working in this district are requested to deposit their cards with this local and be transferred. Fraternally yours,

(Seal.)

W. R. CARTER, Organizer.

FUNNY, IS IT NOT?

By Emanuel Julius.

People who work and produce are supposed to be poor. That is what everybody thinks and believes. They have been taught to believe that he who bakes the bread, builds the houses, weaves the broadcloth, should be hungry, homeless and ragged.

How anyone can believe that it is right for parasites to live on the cream of labor's product while the workers themselves should feel the pangs of hunger taxes my understanding.

When we meet an ill dressed man on the streets we immediately surmise the fact that he is a workingman. Why? Because he is seedy and hungry looking. Workers are supposed to be hungry.

Funny, isn't it?

The workers themselves cannot realize the fact that they are entitled to as good, if not a better fare than their exploiters receive. They cannot realize that being the producers of wealth they should be the receivers.

I beg your pardon. I should not have said "cannot" for they are slowly, very, very slowly, beginning to realize the fact that they are being robbed.

Nevertheless, it is a huge joke.

Whether to laugh or weep depends on the point of view.

Tarrytown-On-Hudson, New York.

ARRAIGNED BY NO. 235, W. F. M.

Rhyolite, Nev., August 12, 1909.

Editor Miners' Magazine:

We, the members of Bonanza Miners' Union No. 235, W. F. of M., realizing the possible effect upon the membership of a recent letter from our late secretary, J. J. Kelly, published in the Miners' Magazine and wishing to make the facts clear in regard to his standing in this local, desire to submit the following report:

On June 5, 1909, J. J. Kelly was tried in due form by this local and found guilty of violating the obligation to the extent of misappropriating the funds and falsifying his account on the books of this union. The penalty imposed was expulsion from all offices, instructions to make good all shortages which had been or would be found against him and suspension from our meetings for three months and fined twenty-five dollars, said fine being suspended. He was also instructed to keep himself in good standing in this union, but he is at present in bad standing, and furthermore, we wish to state that we consider the reference which J. J. Kelly made to the drunken bums which infest our locals as a vicious insult to the members of the Western Federation of Miners. It is a well known fact that our former secretary often found it to his advantage to associate with those "drunken bums" as he took advantage of their condition to extract money from them. Apparently the money was collected for dues, but the secretary invariably failed to give the "drunken bums" any credit on the books. This is based on the report of some of the "drunken bums." In his letter our former secretary states that after serving two years as secretary of this union there was no fault found with his record. But as facts speak for themselves and truth will prevail, we submit the matter to your honest judgment.

J. B. WILLIAMS,
CHAS. B. CAMERON,
A. J. GINGLAS,

Committee.

(Seal.)

A REAL NEED.

By Emanuel Julius.

One of the real great difficulties in studying the literature of the Socialist movement is met in its large number of extremely strange and unfamiliar technical names and phrases. This may seem a small matter at first glance but after some thought, no doubt, the reader will be more inclined to agree.

I well remember a case wherein I loaned a small pamphlet to an intelligent young man. I chose the pamphlet out of dozens because I thought it exceptionally simple. A week later the young man returned the pamphlet and said that though he liked it he could not understand some of the "hard names" he stumbled across. I asked him to point them out and he called my attention to no less than thirty-two names and phrases that were incomprehensible to him.

Just as an experiment I made a list of ordinary words and terms used in Socialist literature that I thought the average mind would not understand and the result was, after casually glancing through some of our books a total of over 450. I feel that this is not one-tenth of what could have been listed had I had the necessary time and inclination.

For that reason I am firmly convinced that the English Socialist movement is in real need of a dictionary properly compiled and carefully defined, whereunto the student may turn when he meets his intellectual Waterloo in the form of "Surplus Value," "Abstract Labor Power," "Proletariat," etc., etc.

This is by no means a task for the novice. A mind that is fully capable of undertaking the task is necessary. After a rapid survey of our American writers the first most logical and able mind that presents itself is that of Ernest Untermann. Let us hope he will take the hint.

Tarrytown-On-Hudson, New York.

RESOLUTIONS FROM NO. 261, W. F. M.

Whereas, There are at this time many idle men in the city of Carson, the county of Ormsby, and the state of Nevada; and

Whereas, The great state of Nevada has seen fit to employ convicts to haul coal to, and store it in the capitol, and the governor of the great state of Nevada has seen fit to also employ convicts to haul to and store coal within the governor's mansion; such action on the part of the state and the governor of the state taking away the opportunity from a number of citizens to earn a living, and tending to force them through lack of opportunity

to earn an honest living, to commit crime and themselves become convicts, and

Whereas, The state of Nevada must be well off financially judging from the fact that the last legislature increased the salaries of the clerks and appointive officers, clerks, stenographers, etc., to the extent of \$12,000 per year besides allowing relief bill amounting to \$14,000, \$12,000 being underyserved, therefore the state could well afford to pay living wages to free labor for any work it found necessary to undertake and

Whereas, The last legislature appropriated \$6,000 for two years' maintenance of the governor's mansion, thus enabling the governor to pay, and pay exceedingly well for any coal hauled to the mansion or for any other labor connected with the maintenance of said mansion, therefore be it

Resolved, That the members of Lyon and Ormsby County Labor Union No. 261 of the W. F. of M. in general meeting assembled, do denounce such parsimonious action on the part of the governor and the state of Nevada and do suggest that any state work in the future be done by free labor at the prevailing scale of wages and hours, and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be spread on the minutes of this local, a copy sent to the Hon. Governor Dickerson, and to each of the following papers: The Carson City Appeal, The Carson City News, The Reveille, The Sparks Forum and the Miners' Magazine. Signed

LYON AND ORMSBY COUNTY LABOR UNION NO. 261, W. F. M.



INDUSTRIAL UNIONISM.

Another step in the emancipation of the working class is now being taken in the movement toward industrial unionism. At a recent meeting of delegates from nearly all the railway unions, an organization was effected by which these unions are amalgamated into one organization. The unions retain their separate autonomy, but are united under one head for the purpose of resisting oppression from employers and for enforcing their just demands upon the management.

The absolute necessity for this movement has long been realized by railway employes. The strike of the telegraphers upon the Great Northern a few years ago taught an important lesson to the union railway men. While the telegraphers were striking and starving to secure enough for their labor to keep their families in bread, the other "union" men—the "union" conductors, firemen, engineers and trainmen—were under "contract" not to strike for a certain period, and, consequently, these good "union" men were hauling scab telegraphers out over the line to take the places of the union strikers.

A similar move toward industrial unionism has been effected in the building trades, by which concert of action can be obtained. Whenever one trade is forced to strike in defense of the rights of its members, all other trades in the same line will come to the relief of the strikers. And now it looks as though a complete amalgamation of all the mining industries of the country will be effected before the adjournment of the convention of the Western Federation of Miners now being held in Denver. Delegates are being appointed to meet like delegates from the United Mine Workers, and there is little doubt that the union of these two organizations will be effected.

This is a move in the right direction, but it will not be complete until all labor unions are brought under one head. Then labor will come by its own.—Deadwood Lantern.

BRAIN FLASHES FROM BRANN.

(From the Brann Books.)

The basis of Optimism, is foreordination, the foolish faith that before God created the majestic universe and sent the planets whirling about the blazing sun; that before the first star gleamed in the black, overhanging firmament, or a single mountain peak rose from the watery waste, He calmly sat down and mapped out every act of mortal man, decreed every war and pestilence, the rise and fall of every nation, and fixed the date of every birth and death. That may be excellent "orthodoxy," but it is not good sense.

Gall is sublimated audacity, transcendent impudence, immaculate nerve, triple-plated cheek, brass in solid slugs. It is what enables a man to borrow five dollars of you, forget to pay it, then tough you for twenty more. It is what makes it possible for a woman to borrow her neighbor's best bonnet, then complain because it isn't the latest style or doesn't suit her particular style of beauty. It is what causes people to pour their troubles into the ears of passing acquaintances, instead of reserving them for home consumption. It is what makes a man aspire for governorship, or air his idiosyncrasy in the congress of the United States, when he should be fiddling on a stick of cordwood with an able-bodied bucksaw. It is what leads a feather-headed top, with no fortune but his folly, no prospects but poverty—who lacks business ability to find bread for himself—to mention marriage to a young lady reared in luxury, to leave the house of her father, and help him fill the land with fools. Gall is what spoils so many good ditchers and delivers to make peanur politicians and putty-headed professional men. It is what puts so many men in the pulpit who could serve their Savior much better planting the mid-eyed potato or harvesting the useful hoop-pole. It is what causes so many young ladies to rush into literature instead of the laundry—to become poets of passion instead of authors of pie.

EARN LIVING BY MAKING ARRESTS.

Constables Who Work For Revenue Alone.—Fee System Criticised as Criminal Incubator, Making Liberty Subordinate to Financial Interests.

In the consultations preceding the launching of the Prison Reform League two fundamental principles were quickly agreed to: (1) That vindictiveness ought to have no place in the administration of the law; (2) that it ought not to be the financial interest of any one man to put another in jail.

Both principles run directly counter to the scheme of things as it exists today. As regards the first it is obvious that, starting with capital punishment and descending through the various grades of torture and discipline to the anxiety of the prosecuting attorney to obtain a conviction, vindictiveness is the most marked characteristic of our administration of criminal law. Here, however, a change is being gradually wrought, the abolition of capital punishment in certain states, the passage of probation and indeterminate sentence laws, provision for the care of discharged convicts and other reformatory measures marking the transition from the old to the new philosophy.

The second proposition sums itself up in an unqualified condemnation of

the fee system, under which the livelihood of large classes of men is made directly dependent on the number of persons they can catch and run into jail.

Wherever this fee system exists its necessary tendency is to turn that district into a criminal incubator. To the man, generally of a most inferior class, who is making his living out of arrest fees and the highly lucrative mileage charges that he pockets whenever he conveys a prisoner to the county jail, it is useless to talk of discrimination or leniency. His occupation makes him of necessity a man-hunter, and he quickly develops the mental habit of gauging his worth as a public servant by the size of his daily catch.

The result is so obvious and the scandals incident to paying officers by results are so notorious that we think it useless to multiply quotations from the numerous writers who have investigated this system and condemned it in unmeasured terms. We select one passage, however, from a most authoritative source, the report on county jails made to the American Prison Association by a committee specially appointed the year previous and composed of our noted criminologists. Touching on the fee system it says: "We gather up points of new testimony to the effect that when a county sheriff is paid for his services in fees, rather than by salary, he must have the sturdy virtue of a Cromwell or a Lincoln to preserve his soul in a state of grace. This testimony from all parts of the land demonstrates that the fee system tends to injustice, to false imprisonment, to delay of trials, to plunder of the public treasury, coming and going, in and out, to partisan corruption, to official robbery, to the debilement of the character of the agents of justice."

Tried in the Balance.

Is it possible to damn in stronger terms? When you strip off the trimmings and get down to essentials, what is a country really worth in which there is injustice, in which there is false imprisonment, in which trials are willfully delayed, in which the public treasury is plundered, in which there is partisan corruption, in which there is official robbery, and in which the character of the agents of justice is defiled? Yet every one of these unspeakably serious charges could be amply proved as existing under the fee system. One need not go a hundred miles from Los Angeles to name men who have been arrested, lodged and kept in jail long terms for no other reason than that their evidence was stated to be necessary in a certain prosecution, to say nothing of the army of unfortunates whose sole crime was that they were out of work and had the enterprise to park their blankets and scour the country for a job. While as for "partisan corruption," it is common knowledge that wherever the fee system prevails the sheriff's office is one of the latest political plums, though no one can say what it is actually worth.

It is to the credit of the federal government that although, as we have shown in a previous letter, it lags far behind in the matter of juvenile probation laws and other reforms, it has abolished the fee system. Elsewhere it generally has been possible to do so only after conditions have reached a point at which the scandal has become unbearable, for active financial interests are at stake and fight desperately against change.

The processes by which men are railroaded to jail will be seen most clearly if we take the case of the county constable, and, since it is much the same wherever the fee system is in force, we select a town in Los Angeles county, given in the constable's returns a seventy-six miles from Los Angeles. The record shows that the constable there in December last arrested and brought to Los Angeles forty-two men. Four of these arrests were for vagrancy, thirty-seven for malicious mischief and one for battery. Seeing that the town in question has only 300 inhabitants, it must either be frequented by an unusually large percentage of bad men or the constable must have an exceptionally keen eye for evildoers. Well, the constable's bill against the county for that month is \$209.65, of which \$159.50 is for "mileage"—the taking of his prisoners to Los Angeles for trial. He is allowed a fee of \$1 for each arrest and mileage of twenty-five cents a mile within his township and fifteen cents a mile outside of it. It is needless to say that the railroad companies do not charge fifteen cents a mile, and in this one item of mileage there is always and everywhere the biggest kind of a rake-off.

Take another town, also given in the latest guide as of 300 population. There in December last the constable made 194 arrests, surely an enormous number for so small a place! Seventy-one of these were for malicious mischief, fourteen for vagrancy, and sixteen for evading payment of railroad fare. The bill against the county was \$362.80. The previous month it had been only \$123.40, and the month before that only \$8. In fact, if one were to judge by the officer's returns, this village is visited by extraordinary waves of crime. In a single month the constable does business that brings him in \$362.80, and there are three months in which he does not make a cent. But an explanation lies in the fact that the salaries made by many county constables became such a scandal that the board of county supervisors limited the amount any one could draw to \$1,200 a year. It is permitted, however, to bump the entire twelve months, so that the returns for a few active months may make up the total that can be charged for the year.

Makes His Full Allowance.

Here is another town, in the same district, on the same line of road, practically under the same conditions as those prevailing in the one just considered. But it has exactly four times the population. Yet the constable's bill for December was only \$92.90 as against \$362.80 in a neighboring town of only one-fourth its size. But he also manages to draw his full amount from the county, the bill rendered for the year being \$1,201.35.

Is it necessary to multiply examples? Everywhere and always it has been understood that the county constable, often, if not always, in collusion with the justice of the peace, has feathered his nest from his mileage. One cannot imagine a more direct inducement to run men in and convey them to the county jail, regardless of their innocence. And constables have been known to help a friend who wanted a trip to town by making a convenient arrest and putting him in charge.

San Bernardino county is a good illustration. They put all their officers on straight salary some fourteen years ago, but the mileage charges were retained. The amount that certain constables were making became a public scandal, such towns as Victorville, Barstow, Dargott and the Needles became known as "hole-mills," and at one town the justice of the peace was familiarly known as "Ninety-day," having the reputation of running in every possible stranger and passing one invariable sentence. Last August the grand jury, after investigating the claims sent in by desert constables, recommended that they should be allowed to charge only such mileage as they had actually paid for, and at present every constable's account contains an affidavit to that effect. What has happened? The constables have united and brought a test case, seeking to have the act on their part by the county declared illegal.

Since the mileage rate off has been stopped the constables have generally gone into the service of the railroad companies as salaried detectives.

Testimony is Universal.

We have given the evidence of sworn statements on file in the Los Angeles court house, but newspaper men know well that there is a class of evidence that, if possible, is even stronger than this universal testimony. Every newspaper man who has investigated this field knows that the testimony of the men who, often from choice but also often from necessity, park their blankets will support unanimously our charges, and there is in Los Angeles more than one reporter and curious amateur who has gone on the tramp to verify for himself the general report. An article by one of these is now before us. It begins by saying that the man in search of employment has nothing to fear from the railroad detectives or the city policemen who are on salary, but that the tramp catchers "for revenue only" will arrest the sick and crippled without mercy. The reporter in question carried a gold watch and had too prosperous an appearance for the part, with the re-

sult that almost the first country constable he met after leaving Los Angeles fraternized with him and asked him to his office. The story proceeds:

"Entering, he invited me to be seated, and then he inquired about different persons employed at the Pacific Electric Company. Just then a fellow carrying a big roll of blankets passed the depot. The constable almost jumped out of his seat, stopped the laborer and after he found that this harmless fellow who had been peacefully counting the ties toward Los Angeles, where he expected to find some employment on the aqueduct, had only 40 cents in cash, he placed him under arrest as a vagrant, in spite of all the pleadings of the poor fellow, who had proof on his person in the shape of letters and recommendations, that he had a large family and old parents to support."

Saves By Paying Salaries.

This simple story could be reproduced from a hundred different sources, and is repeated over and over again in the narrative just quoted from. Occasionally it is relieved by a touch of humor, as where a Mexican constable confessed that "he had to arrest \$75 worth of tramps a month to hold his job, as \$35 had to be paid by him to the fellow who had given him the chance to make this kind of a living." But perhaps the most suggestive part is that which says: "I discovered that Orange county had saved last year \$22,000 in county expenses by paying cash salaries to its constables and their deputies. I found at Orange a total absence of interest in harmless wanderers, and no one is arrested in Orange county on trumped up charges. The taxpayers are saving money formerly wasted in feeding tramping loafers and feeding loafing officials."

Although this letter, will circulate principally east, the illustrations have been taken from Southern California because the letter is written there. There can be no harm in this, since the illustrations hold good wherever the fee system is in operation. The proposition is simplicity itself. The constable's income is dependent on the number he lands in jail, and as soon as he has hardened to his occupation he may be relied on to use every trick at his disposal to swell his income. He is no longer an agent of justice; he is a trafficker in human liberty.

In our letter on the convict camps of the south we gave the affidavit of Deputy Sheriff Charles Mennike of Florida, Ala., which stated: "The state or county pays me nothing. I make between \$5,000 and \$6,000 a year. This is in reward for negroes who are needed to work. I can take up anybody on suspicion." With due allowance for local conditions, it is pretty much the same wherever the fee system is in operation."

One Universal Feature.

We have taken up the trail at the start, where there are no complications and it can be easily read. Were it to be followed to the county jail and the sheriff's office, where the administration of both the civil and criminal law is burdened with an endless succession of fees, every one of which denies justice to the poor man and makes it the monopoly of the rich, the tracking might be more difficult, but the result would be identical—an entire class pecuniarily interested in depriving their fellow being of liberty. The situation unquestionably is not ideal.

Meanwhile reformers and thoughtful people write papers and deliver addresses. They show how the figures of criminal convictions mount with every industrial depression, and trace cause and effect. They deplore the congested condition of our cities and explain the necessity of the worker getting back to the country and the land. They criticize the arrangements of our city and county jails, in which the innocent, the juvenile and the first offenders are herded cheek by jowl with the hardened criminal, the chronic drunk or tramp, all the flotsam and jetsam that a one-sided civilization carries on its current. They declare these conditions must not exist one moment longer, and they declare it so vociferously that now and again some paper takes the question up and creates an ephemeral sensation by writing up a jail with sickening fidelity.

On the other hand conservatives swell the chorus with laments over the increasing tendency to discontent and violence manifested by the workers. They ignore the fact that we have passed through a long series of revolutionary industrial changes, producing unsettled conditions that have thrown huge armies of men out of work. It is not pleasant to be anxious to earn a living and to find the opportunity closed. Enforced idleness invariably produces a mental irritation that is fruitful of disturbance, and on the top of this inevitable bitterness comes the country constable, "for revenue only," anxious to make his living out of his mileage and fees, and arrests the man who harks back to the country and industriously canvasses it in search of work.

The Prison Reform League has said repeatedly that the attitude of society to the discharged convict is absurd. So is the condition we have been considering in this letter, and it is self-evident that it will continue, despite all the lamentations of the reformers, so long as we continue a system that makes one man's existence depend on running another into jail.

Perhaps there is one other fact that is even more absurd, and that is the callousness with which labor organizations contemplate this fee system. For their membership furnishes by far the larger proportion of its victims.

THE END OF UNIONISM.

By Robert Hunter.

"I really feel sorry for you people," he said.

We were sitting in a committee room of the Senate.

"The senators and congressmen here know what is going on. The leading men in the country come here to talk over plans and they are determined to crush unionism and Socialism. In the next few years," he went on, "you will have the fight of your life. Every agency that money can command will be used to destroy you. Have you ever realized all you are up against?" he asked.

"Perhaps not," I answered.

"Well, let me tell you." He pulled out a drawer of his desk to rest his foot upon and threw himself back in his chair. "The most dangerous and subtle thing is corruption. The Civic Federation is using the method with masterly skill. It doesn't buy leaders outright. That could not be done. It wins them—with dinners, conferences, patronage. The second method is warfare. The Manufacturers' Association takes care of that. Wherever there is a strike it supplies the funds, leads the battle and uses its vast influence, financial and political, to crush the strike. The third method is disruption. The hired men of the Civic Federation and other organizations foment division inside of the organization. They divide the sheep from the goats, the radicals from the conservatives. They awaken suspicion and hatred by creating two warring factions that make united action in the labor movement impossible. Above all, they want to drive Socialists out of the unions and to force them to declare war on the unions."

"The Civic Federation?" I asked.

"Yes, the Civic Federation as well as other organizations. It is the work of all organizations and the game is to divide you," he replied.

"Spies, traitors and false leaders are employed to foment disorder and to create division. They supply reports to the bosses, keep them informed as to what is going on and in time of strike use their efforts to encourage violence and other causes for bringing in the militia."

"Yes, that I know," I said.

"And the greatest power wielded by the opponents of unionism is their political power. They own the political machines and through them control the police, the militia, the governors, the legislators and the courts. When a strike is too powerful to be overcome by any of the methods I speak of they then force the state to take a hand and through some arm of the government break the strike. The injunction is the supreme weapon, but how often

we see now the courts tying up the funds of the union, suppressing all the rights of the union and even sending to jail the leaders of the union."

"But this opposition," I declared, "will strengthen unionism in the end, not weaken it."

"Yes," he answered, "open opposition; but that is the least of the measures taken to destroy unionism. It is the disintegration within, the growing hostility inside encouraged by enemies outside that will prove the ruin of unionism. When Socialists and unionists come to hate each other more than they hate their bosses, your finish is near. And I want to tell you without mincing words that the trade unions will never win another great industrial battle."

"Well, then new organizations will be formed," I declared.

"And there, too, you are wrong," he insisted. "The courts intend to make any form of industrial organization impossible. Strikes have heretofore been legalized revolts, hereafter they are going to be considered riot and sedition."

"Well, then," I said, "there will be riot and sedition."

"And that's where you'll lose," he answered.

"I am sorry, but that will be your ruin. The trouble with you visionaries is that you have lost control of the state. You have the votes but no intelligence to use them. You could today possess the legislatures and the courts. You could dictate legislation, direct the police and the militia, but you haven't the intelligence. Rome was once a republic and so was America. Rome became a tyranny and America is following in her footsteps. It's sad, God knows, but it's true. Democracy requires intelligence and your people are innocent of any suspicion of intelligence."

THE CAPITALIST.

Capitalists are those who own capital. That is all that makes them capitalists. Apart from their capital they are just ordinary human beings and do not particularly interest us. As capitalists they have no other attributes than their ownership of capital and perform no other function but to own capital.

Not all seeming owners of capital are capitalists, however. Small contractors, merchants, farmers, etc., may hold title deeds to capitalist property. But in nine cases out of ten they are compelled to surrender what surplus value flows into their hands to those "higher up." They are merely proxies for capitalists—stewards of the real owners.

Capital is property in the means of wealth production when used to exploit labor. Capitalists are enabled to exploit labor by compelling the workers to sell their labor-power to them. The workers are compelled to sell their labor-power as it is of no use to them, they owning no means of production, and having nothing else to sell to obtain the necessities of life. The capitalists, therefore, owning or controlling the means of production, and having bought the labor-power used in production, own the wealth produced. Thus they own capital merely in order to exploit the workers of the wealth they produce.

It becomes clear, therefore, that the value of capitalist property to the capitalist lies merely in the fact that it enables them to exploit the workers, and each property is of greater or less value according to the greater or less degree of exploitation it will further earn. The land, the buildings, the machinery, are not themselves the valuable quantity, but only their function as a means of exploitation. Their value lies in that they endow the capitalists with the right to purchase at will the labor-power of every member of the working class. As their labor-power is their physical energy this virtually amounts to a right to purchase, for a shorter or longer period, every member of the working class.

If, therefore, the workers are emancipated from this condition, capital at once ceases to exist. The capitalists are dead. The individuals may still continue to live, and it may even be necessary to provide against their starving to death, if that be deemed advisable. But certainly in no way can they be compensated. To compensate them for their property at its value as capital, that is, to the extent to which it enabled them to exploit the workers, is, clearly, merely to change the form of the workers' enslavement, without in the least changing its substance.

There is really no case for compensation, as in the first place there is nothing to compensate with, and then there is nothing to compensate for. All that the capitalists have that is of any value to them is the right to purchase the workers. Are we, then, to buy our freedom, after we have been compelled first to win it?—Western Clarion.

IS THE PANIC OVER?

When we speak of a panic, generally, we mean, terror, or perhaps madness inspired by apprehension of immediate danger, the confusion being out of proportion to the apparent cause.

The fire alarm is given in a church, school or theater, and the people are seized by a panic. Or the commander falls and a panic among the troops ensues.

So when there is a radical change in the financial policy of the government, or some large business concerns collapse, or any other irregularity appeals strongly to the suggestibility of financial authorities and they raise an alarm, the business community is panic stricken and those who have money, become afraid to invest it, and hide it away and depression ensues.

But the expression itself is not a panic. It may be the effect of a panic. Many people believe that it is so at the present time. But the real cause of whatever stringency now obtains, was in existence before the panic, and still exists, and is growing greater. The panic was only an incident, and was itself an effect of the same cause.

The unprecedented, corrupt, tyrannical extravagance of the general government has been, and is being, emulated by the states, the counties, the townships and the municipalities. Thousands of unnecessary offices have been created to accommodate subordinate politicians. Salaries have been raised and taxes increased. Any kind of an officer, from that of the road supervisor, who sits in the shade and watches the brooklets tear gullies in the highway, up to that of the committee of three who smoke Havanas and drink champagne on the Isthmus, at thirty thousand dollars apiece per annum, is better than honest labor. To be a mail carrier, a mail agent, or any other employe of the government is better than to own a good average farm. The soldier boy who lolls about in camp for a few months or a very few years, at most, has an asset of greater value in the way of enabling him to live in idle worthlessness all his life long than a good average business in a good average town. For although he is better fed, better clothed, better quartered and kept in better sanitary condition than he ever was before, yet he will prove some disability shortly after his discharge, and draw a pension for life.

Who is there that knows of an old soldier of the sixties now living who does not draw a pension? And yet, who is there so ignorant that does not know that every man and woman in the world who contracted a disease that long ago, is long since recovered or dead.

In this state (Indiana) the office of township trustee has become a lucrative sinecure. A county office is a prize to be sought by any citizen who sees a chance to be elected, for no matter how successful he may be in his own affairs, the office is something better.

All of those officers and employes of the government, state, county, township and the municipality can live better than the hard-working masses who pay the bills. The officer or the deputy even, gets more good money for an hour's work than the average farm owner can make in a day, rising at 4 a. m. and retiring at 9 p. m. These politicians feel that they can af-

ferd to be extravagant, and make a pretty show. This is humiliating to their less fortunate neighbors, and causes them to live beyond their means, in an effort to appear as well as others. So the cost of living, from the multi-millionaire down to the day laborer who is always in debt at pay day, more than the amount of his wage, has become so very expensive that the man who would try to save a dollar for a rainy day must deny himself everything he can.

The millionaire manufacturer can add his expenses to the prices of his wares, and make the people pay them. The day laborer may work the roads, pay his tax, and meet his other obligations, if he can, and will. But between these extremes, there is the great middle class who must. This middle class comprises all who try to do something in their own name. Those who own some property, and are trying to own more, the professional men, mechanics, and business men generally. On them the burdens must fall.

The schools are far more expensive and far less efficient than formerly. And religion, how pompous, how pharisaical and how expensive! They must all dress well to attend the soulless services in costly edifices, managed by high-salaried ministers, and why? Because that is the latest style or fad, of worshipping Jesus who tramped about from place to place, without a decent suit of clothes, and without where to lay his head.

Is it any wonder that this belabored, tax-ridden, society-ridden, fashion-ridden, church-ridden middle class does sometimes sink beneath its crosses? The bank failures a year and a half ago might be considered the straw that broke the camel's back. When that straw was lifted and the creature struggled onto its feet again, it was expected to maintain its balance, however broken and disabled, and it is still blundering along, although many other straws are being laid on.

If this were a monarchical government it would be easy enough for anyone who so chose, to raise a rebellion in a few hours, against such a condition. In 1775, our ancestors revolted against oppression. But now we groan under a yoke one hundred fold more galling. Why do we? Is it because we are so degenerate? No, but it is because every leader in every neighborhood is placated with some petty office, or the prospect of one, that pays. Meanwhile those who are not ambitious for positions tamely grind at the mill.

Our Journalists, with their educated imaginations, laced by their honest sympathy for the Russian peasantry, have failed thus far to portray a condition in that empire quite as gloomy as the one to which we tamely submit at home.

A French cartoon, a few years ago, pictured a peasant hoeing his patch while carrying an officer on his back. The intimation was that each peasant had to support one officer. If we would designate as officers, all who draw salaries, wages, fees or pensions, from the government, state, county, township, or municipality, the same picture might be drawn of the American farmer, and not be much of an exaggeration. The principal difference, perhaps, would be that the American peasant is required to support his officer more royally than does the French. For the farmer would do well to earn enough in a day to pay the official for an hour's service.

There are a few "humane" theorists who pity the poor laborers to the extent of saying very pathetic things about them, and advocate higher wages and shorter days. But there are very few farmers who have had actual experience with hands, and can see their way clear to employ very much labor, even at the prevailing wages. In this quarter, farm hands get seventy-five cents to one dollar per day, and board themselves, the farmers furnishing them a house free of rent. This looks cheap enough. Why, then, will farmers not employ more hands? Because expenses are so high that it leaves them no profit. If the farmer cannot make seventy-five cents out of a hand's labor, what does he probably make out of his own? Evidently, he makes less than seventy-five cents a day, though some of our German farmers rise at 3 to 4 a. m. and retire at 9 p. m., and they work on a race. Then out of his small earnings he must pay these heavy taxes to help support the millions of aristocrats at all the way from fifty cents up to fifty dollars per hour. Is it any wonder then that the resources of the producing class sometimes fail? And that depression, reverses and panics ensue?

These great financial exigencies are nationally divided into three stages, which differ from one another in degree. The panic, properly so-called, which never lasts, but for a short time. Financial stringency, which continues until confidence is restored, and business depression which will be felt on until all of the immense net work of commerce and allied interests shall have been fully readjusted.

What people call "hard times" have always obtained, perhaps, more or less, and affects those especially who do not work regularly, those who do business carelessly, those who live extravagantly, and those who go on other people's notes. But the laudable efforts of the thrifty to ameliorate their condition, may be balked by a general depression so that they, too, fall short of their reasonable expectations, and call it "hard times."

When the country reacted from the general depression of a dozen years ago, it swung back in conformity to a law as infallible as that of the pendulum, to its opposite extreme, and the extravagances mentioned above succeeded. In this last panic the government did not wait for reaction, but in the very midst of the extremity, increased the army and navy, raised the salaries of soldiers and sailors, and most everybody else, and directly or indirectly increased every expense. All of the experts of prodigality put forth their best efforts to waste the country's means, and oppress the people.

For what us is all this? Right now, in time of peace, our army and navy are costing us nearly twice as much, including pensions, as in the most expensive period of the war under Lincoln. And all this for no purpose, except that the administration at Washington can stick their thumbs in the sleeve holes of their vests and say to other nations, "Behold, we have a bigger bauble than you have."

And so they give our hard-earned millions to Cuba, Porto Rico, the Philippines, China, to everybody, everywhere, that foreign peoples may say, "Behold, the president is generous." And all this at the expense of his toiling subjects.

For example, we wanted a canal. There was no rational cause in the world why we should not build it at our own expense, and manage it as we pleased. But our statesmen made a treaty with Europe which provided that it should be as free to all the world, both in war and in peace, as it is to ourselves. We would have expected better than that of school boys. But our servile people applaud such corrupt business just because our elected officers do it.

Of course we will fortify the canal in time of war, and fire on the enemy's ships if they approach. Then when the war is over we will pay a heavy indemnity for violating our treaty obligations. Such is our magnanimity.

We wanted a right-of-way for this canal. It is of more importance to Panama, in proportion to the size and population of the country than it is to us. Therefore, Panama should have been glad to give us the right-of-way, and would, no doubt, if they had been asked to do so. Anyhow, if we had given her a guarantee of her independence from Columbia, as a consideration, surely, everybody on the isthmus would have recognized that they got the great big end of the deal.

But our first offer was to acknowledge their independence, to maintain it at our own expense, to give them ten million dollars cash down, and a perpetual annuity of five hundred thousand dollars. The present worth of this annuity at two per cent, is twenty-five million dollars, so we gave them the equivalent of thirty-five million dollars, for what? Not for the right-of-way, for we do not own it yet, but for a mere lease of it, hardly this, even, for we had already bought this right from the French company.

The president was authorized to build the canal, and it was estimated to cost a little less than one hundred and forty million dollars. Now, they have brought their estimates up to four hundred million dollars, and it is apt to cost two or three times that, before it is done, and because of bad management.

Two years ago last November, the president went to the Isthmus to see for himself and for all, what was doing. The Review of Reviews for January, 1907, gave an elaborate report of his observations. He represented that there were at that time six thousand white men employed, and nineteen thousand negroes. He never said how many Chinese, so whatever there were we will let go for good count. Thus there were at least twenty-five thousand at that time. All of these were getting big wages. The officers were on high salaries, some being as high as thirty thousand dollars per annum. In the three months preceding the president's visit they had removed eight hundred and thirty-eight thousand cubic yards of earth. There were seventy-nine working days in those three months. Eight hundred and fifty-eight thousand divided by twenty-five thousand times seventy-nine equals eight hundred and fifty-eight-one thousand nine hundred and seventy-fifth yards a day for each man—considerably less than a half yard apiece. And this with all their boasted modern machinery. A little boy with a gallon bucket and a big spoon should remove more dirt than that the distance of the width of the canal. Just about one wheelbarrow load per day. The president considered this good work. It was so much better than it had been theretofore.

This is only a glimpse at the unwarrantable extravagance of the government in this single instance. Then is the panic over? The people have taken alarm and cut down their living expenses, and this is making a perceptible improvement in the general conditions. But the hand of oppression is bearing heavier and heavier, and there can be no rational hope but that hard times will get harder and harder.

The great journals of the country are profited by these extravagances, and they approve, of course, and declare to the people that we are having good times, and the suggestion passes from mouth to ear, all over the land. And the reverberation is mottored back, and buzzes all around. Good times, good times." But ask whom you will of this great middle class who bear the burdens, "What is there good about it, what, oh what?" And the echo comes back "What!"

Values have merely been boomed. What does this mean? A few years since, Richard Roe owned a farm worth a thousand dollars. His tax was fifteen dollars per annum. By indefatigable industry and the most rigid economy, he could support his family and lay by an item each year. He felt that he was prosperous, and he was buoyant and hopeful. But prosperity came. He refused two thousand, then five thousand, and finally ten thousand dollars for that farm. But he sees no better place to invest the money, for other farms have gone up along with his, and he is only a farmer, and must retain his possession. And now, being rich, he must live like other rich people, and buy more stuff at higher prices and pay a hundred dollars a year taxes, and fall behind further and further every year on expenses. Is the panic over?

And there is absolutely no hope of reform. Those who have brought conditions to this unhappy state, for their own aggrandizement, still have control, and they have not yet lost sight of their own selfish interests. They must be expected to grasp for greater benefits to themselves, and to oppress the people more and more.

There is no hope in any possible change of administration, for the political machinery that controls, elections ramifies in every portion, part and point of the whole country, and no party can get into power that would not obligate itself to keep their favorites in positions and to increase, rather than diminish, their emoluments.

When every over-labored boy quits the farm and educates himself for an office, and a dozen aspirants of similar qualifications are clamoring for every position, and but one can succeed, and the eleven are stung to resentment of their defeat, then it may become possible to organize an opposition to the established aristocracy that will stop their extravagance, and bring about better times, in which it will be possible for men to be honest and yet to live. But the times are not ripe for any reform now. We're too ignorant. —National Rip-Saw.

WORLD OF LABOR.

By Max S. Hayes.

The United States Steel Corporation hardly expected to meet with such stubborn resistance as it is encountering in endeavoring to non-unionize its tinplate mills. Before the trust forced the strike its spokesman declared that a number of the mills would disobey the call of the Amalgamated Association, but later events demonstrated the fact that there was but one mill in which there was any lukewarmness displayed and subsequently a large percentage of the men in that plant walked out.

On the other hand, the third week of the strike the unionists captured two non-union mills and are making steady inroads in secretly organizing the trust employes. At the present writing the situation is chaotic, with both sides claiming to have gained important advantages. Like all recent contests between labor and capital, this battle will be a long and hard one. The men have got tremendous odds confronting them. The 8,000 sheet and tinplate workers are really the last remnant of the 60,000 unionists formerly employed in the trust mills; they are the old guard who have stood loyally by the once powerful Amalgamated Association through every stress and storm. The insidious attacks of the capitalists, the corruptions and blunders of alleged leaders, the secession and desertion of fellow-workers in other branches of the iron and steel industry could not shake the faith of these stalwarts who are now subjected to the most raking fire that has yet been aimed at the men of the mills by pitiless plutocracy.

While the names of Corey and Gary and a lot of obscure lieutenants are mentioned in the newspapers as being the prime movers in the campaign to destroy the unions in the trust mills, the real power opposing the working class in this contest is J. P. Morgan. It was about seven years ago that Morgan inaugurated his campaign to crush organized labor. As is well known when he formed the United States Steel Corporation (a trust of trusts), he added more than a dollar of fictitious value for every dollar of real value to the capital stock. By introducing the most scientific labor-saving machinery, by crushing small competitors and developing almost a complete monopoly in certain branches of the iron and steel business, and by pounding up prices and hammering down wages, this modern industrial pirate hoped to pay dividends on watered stock amounting into hundreds of millions of "made" dollars. It was the greatest adventure ever undertaken by any financial brigand since the world began, for not only would these dividends represent millions of dollars of graft without the investment of a single penny of capital, but the stocks sold upon the markets would bring in still further millions for not greater outlay than to have the certificates printed.

There was little opposition to Morgan's colossal steal. The hiring press glorified him to the skies for his "unparalleled business genius," the office-holders winked at his bold and brazen violation of national and state laws, the party managers passed the hat to the world's greatest robber for campaign contributions, many good churchmen blessed him for his donations to convert the heathen, the professional Wall street wolves licked their chops in pleasant anticipation of coming feasts, and the little cheap-skate capitalists with more money than brains, including the intolerable snobs with plutocratic minds in the working class, who have an uncontrollable mania to become Morgans and Rockefellers, purchased watered stock and began to plan what they would do when they became fabulously rich.

The only opposition that developed came from the iron and steel workers, when Morgan began to put on the thumb-screws in carrying out his program at the production end of the line. They went on strike and fought hard. Their spirited resistance threatened to puncture the balloon of inflated values and let out the wind. The late Senator Hanna, as chairman of the National Civic Federation, arranged a "compromise" and thus made himself still more popular with the alarmed Wall street thieves and also with the iron and steel workers, who were assured by their President Shaffer, who has since fallen into the hole of obscurity, that they had gained something.

Morgan boiled with rage at the thought that the workmen dared to strike against his imperial will and at the further thought that he was humiliating his royal personage in making a settlement to save the water in his stock and assure the continuance of the political bunco game of the day. He swore to be revenged. It turned out a sorry compromise. The Amalgamated lost 14,000 men during the year by the gradual victimizing, black-listing and coercive policies that the capitalists knew so well how to operate. In 1904 the hoop mills were "open shopped" and the union lost another 10,000 members. The following year the bridge trust wing of the trust forced a fight and 12,000 more men were cut out of the Amalgamated. In 1906 the loss was 3,000 members, in 1907 about 6,000, and last year 7,000 were driven out of the Amalgamated. Now the retreating army is making a last stand and unquestionably its most desperate fight.

Throughout the class war upon the industrial field the watered stocks of the steel trust have been juggled up and down. The hungry lambs have been shorn of millions of their fleece; the nasty little capitalistic parasites have been stripped of hide and tallow by the big plutes, and they deserve small sympathy—they are the most detestable of labor exploiters and apologists of plutocracy. I am little concerned in their fate, anyhow. The most deplorable phase of this industrial tragedy—for tragedy it is—is that, compared to a generation ago, the wages of the iron and steel workers have been pounded down 300 to 500 per cent. Yet prices of iron and steel products appear to remain stable. Now the trust demands not merely the open shop, but still further tribute in the shape of a wage reduction from the tinplate workers ranging from 2 to 25 per cent, which fact is carefully kept hidden by the capitalist press.

Strange as it may seem, it has never occurred to the iron and steel workers, who, more than any other trade, have been forced to struggle against the encroachments of brutal capitalism, to join the Socialists and engage in independent political action all the while they were fighting on the defensive upon the industrial field. I don't know whether they are affected by the heat in which they are compelled to work (or more properly, slave) or they lack the intelligence to understand that they are engaged in a class war in which Morgan and his gang have the powers of government on their side, but the fact remains that the iron and steel workers display no more political progress than a crab. They have prided themselves on being high protectionists and good Republicans, like Morgan, Corey, Gary, Frick, Carnegie and the rest of their kind masters—the men did the voting and shouting and their masters got the plunder.

It is likewise true that the iron and steel workers have been badly advised. Nearly all of their so-called leaders have turned out to be nothing but political fakirs or sold out to the master class to assist in the game of despoliation. There was John Jarrett, Weike, Garland, Shaffer and numerous others who seem to have used their prominence in the Amalgamated Association merely as a sort of stepping-stone to climb into political jobs and then use their influence to keep the rank and file chained to the Republican party. The Lord only knows how many more object lessons, how much more oppression, must be heaped upon these unfortunate workers before they acquire the moral strength to cut loose from the capitalistic parties and stand up for their class interests on the political field. Surely they are making plenty of sacrifices on the industrial field, and as Socialists they wouldn't have to suffer any more than they do at present.

Collisions, explosions and breakdowns are of almost daily occurrence on the Great Lakes. In their determination to smash every vestige of labor organization the handful of bosses who control the Lake Carriers' Association are sparing neither money nor men to make a showing. Although it is now three months since the publicity agents of the association announced that the strike was broken and that they had about all the marine workers they could use, if one picks up a capitalistic daily the same stereotyped announcement will be found almost any day, "the strike is broken and we have only a few more vacancies for good men."

The truth of the matter is that the ship owners have got a good nucleus of competent seamen who are being worked to death in trying to break in a small army of college boys, professional bums and strike-breakers and ignorant foreigners who have no understanding of the trouble. The result is that accidents by the score, attended by much loss of life and property, are happening constantly and many of these occurrences are carefully suppressed and the public hears nothing about them.

After a trip or two the strike-breakers usually have their fill and desert the ships in considerable numbers, and their places are taken by other landsmen, either for the novelty of the thing, as in the case of the unprincipled college boys or because hunger incites some of the workers to accept the hazardous employment, while the professional strike-breakers serve their masters for the reason that they are natural-born traitors and hate their fellowmen and themselves.

While the marine workers have been forced into a struggle such as has confronted no other organization—being opposed by the huge steel trust and allied corporations and having no opportunity to picket the ships except when they arrive in port—the union men are grimly determined to wage the contest indefinitely, according to their present plans and subject the trust and its consorts to as heavy financial losses as possible. The unionists declare that those of their men who have remained true up to the present will stand like a stone wall and that gradually those who deserted will return to the ranks.

The next two or three months are the most dangerous period in the navigation season, and the experienced seamen look for wholesale desertions among the strike-breakers, who have no desire to assume the risks of finding watery graves during the autumn storms. Meantime many of the small vessel owners, who permitted themselves to be coaxed or bullied into the Lake Carriers' Association, have received little or no support from the United States Steel Corporation and its allies. They have been used as tools with which to fight the labor organizations and are being bankrupted as their reward.

No progressive workingman or woman in the country will regret to learn that retributive justice or an avenging Nemesis is overtaking one by one the gang of conspirators who sought to destroy the Western Federation of Miners and hang or imprison the spokesmen of that famous organization. It has already been mentioned in the Review that the notorious Peabody, dumped overboard by the mine operators after they used him, has become a bankrupt and virtually an outcast in his native village and was even refused the scant comfort of a political spittoon-cleaning job that would net him a hundred dollars per month.

Western papers announce that "General" Sherman Bell, who brought pain and suffering upon many a miner and his family, went bankrupt as a mining promoter, is wandering about from place to place making a precarious living, and was recently arrested at Raton, N. M., upon the charge of creating a disturbance.

Supreme Judge Goddard, who was driven from the bench at the last election after having earned the contempt of every decent citizen of Colorado for his outrageous decisions against labor and who perjured himself in the Hay-

wood case, is trying to eke out an existence promoting real estate schemes, but is virtually ostracized.

John Holmberg, who was state auditor and treasurer and Peabody's chief lieutenant, and who has never accounted for a discrepancy of \$10,000 when he was retired from office, tried to commit suicide when he heard that his speculations were being investigated.

Ex-Governor McDonald, who stole his position to carry on the disreputable work of Peabody, is carrying a heavy load because of a sensational murder and suicide in his family, and is said to have become broken in spirit and poor in purse.

Harry Orchard, the "hero" who was lionized by the whole gang of conspirators, tyrants and thieves after he confessed to being a wholesale murderer and guilty of every crime on the calendar, and who was treated like a prince in the Idaho penitentiary by Governor Gooding, has been placed at hard labor by the new warden who took control of that institution.

The Citizens' Alliance, which was once all-powerful in Cripple Creek, Victor, Pueblo, Colorado Springs and other places, is now down and out and it is said that no business man will admit today that he ever had any connection with that infamous organization of brutes and cowards. Nevertheless, many of the working people in those places have long memories, and not a few of the arrogant business men who (in Colorado like everywhere else) imagined they had a right to boss everybody, were disillusioned and are now out of business.

It appears that the spirit of class-consciousness and the determination to resist oppression is becoming stronger in Colorado. When that spirit finds expression at the ballot box the workers will be doubly strong.—International Socialist Review.

AFTER UNIONS ARE CRUSHED—WHAT THEN?

Nine years ago, so the story runs, J. Pierpont Morgan, during the adjustment of the steel workers' strike of 1901, in a burst of rage said to Theodore Shaffer, then president of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers:

"I'll smash your union for this!"

There is another strike in progress in the mills of the United States Steel corporation now, and not a union man is at work in any of them. Morgan has driven the union out, just as he vowed he would drive it from shops which employed about 130,000 men, most of them skilled mechanics. In 1901 there were 60,000 union men in the steel mills and 40,000 other workers were non-union, "Morganized" men. In 1906 the same mills were employing 21,000 union and 87,000 non-union men. In the early part of the present year the figures stood at 8,000 unionists and 119,000 non-unionists. When these 8,000 men struck against a reduction in wages, the steel corporation declared that the fifteen mills in which the men struck would hereafter run as "open shops." The affected mills are in Newcastle and Sharon, Pa., Wheeling, W. Va., Martins Ferry, Bridgeport, Piqua and Struthers, O., and Elwood, Anderson and Gas City, Ind.

If the trust is able to defeat these 8,000 men, Morgan will have kept his word. The union will be smashed in the mills of the steel trust. When this job is completed Mr. Morgan will be able to say just how many nickels and dimes per day he will pay to each of 130,000 men without the fear of interference. Unorganized, the men will not be able to force wages upward toward the rising cost of living. True, if they don't like conditions and pay in the mills they may hunt work elsewhere. But if they try to find employment in independent mills they will simply glut the market with surplus labor and compel lower wages thereby. If they go into other lines of employment they must leave all their previous skill and experience behind them and begin in the apprentice class—and that won't raise their wages. There will be nothing for these men to do but to accept the conditions and make the best of them—or perhaps join the ranks of Socialism and revolution.

The steel trust, with its heel on the necks of 130,000 men, will more than ever be able to dictate legislation in the national congress for its own benefit, make such prices for its products as it pleases and devise such snares as it may deem surest to crush competition. More than ever will it furnish an example to the whole people of what to expect from unbridled corporate greed and power—and perhaps the crushing of the union to gratify the spite of J. Pierpont Morgan may some day arouse the whole people to apply the pulverizing power of the law to his and other like corporations.

The crushing out of unionism may precipitate greater dangers in this great American republic than are even dreamed of by the Morgans, the Parrys and the rest of the industrial Napoleons who are opposed to the only organizations which now voice the protests of the great, toiling industrial army.—Detroit Evening News.

AMERICAN INFERNO.

By Arthur Scales.

I. Preliminary.

A former writer, in touching upon these subjects Las said that it is almost impossible to keep cool and write about them in a normal way. This is no doubt true. The conditions that prevail in our police, judicial and penitentiary departments are enough to make "every statue leap from its pedestal and hasten the resurrection of the dead." The true facts that prevail are not well known, except to the underworld, amongst the ones that administer the so-called justice and those who observe for themselves.

The Los Angeles Times, a capitalist organ, freely admits that our system of penology is a disgrace to civilization. Brand Whitlock asks plaintively, "What good does it do?" Lincoln Steffens and Charles Erskine Scott Wood level wholesale denunciation at the heads of our police departments. Charles Edward Russell exposes, and effectively, too, the contract convict lease system of Georgia. Robert G. Ingersoll of the past and Clarence S. Darrow of today attack the present system and with a host of others unite in denouncing the fiendishness displayed by those in power. Nevertheless, the true facts are not well known. It is almost impossible to get anything into the capitalistic press about these subjects.

Formerly, the police and the judges were content to prey upon helpless humanity, and acquiring considerable proficiency in this line they have extended the field of their operations until now it includes all of the unemployed and a considerable portion of the wage-workers and of those others who have less than a couple of thousand dollars.

The police power has grown with the growth of capitalism, until now, the ordinary citizen's life and liberty are in danger from the police, with the tacit consent of the judges. Our peace-loving and law-abiding citizens need look well to themselves for the jails, penitentiaries, chain-gangs and what-not are too often kept filled to their full capacity in order that fat positions may be maintained and created.

It has been a source of much astonishment among the government authorities that the army and navy are sadly in need of men, and, this too, at a time when there are millions vainly ransacking the continent for employment.

In searching about for the causes of these conditions the authorities have overlooked one of the greatest. A man who is out of a job and is punished by the policeman with his club for it, or sentenced by a judge for it to a work-house, bridewell, chain-gang or penitentiary, is not going to rush with patriotic impulse into the service of a government which punished him so severely for being unemployed.

On the whole, it must seem rather odd to an unprejudiced, thinking man that a government that refuses employment to its own citizens should expect those same citizens, after having been punished with long terms in prison, to give up their lives in its service.

Evidently, Senator Dick took this view of the matter when he introduced his now celebrated militia bill. And this law is but one of thousands that confronts the citizen today. For over a hundred years, though especially active in the last twenty, have the legislatures of the various states and territories, the different departments of legislation pressed thousands upon thousands of laws upon the statute books, two-thirds of which are enough to make Washington and Jefferson turn in their graves, and to be denounced and repudiated by every former American patriot from Patrick Henry to Davy Crockett. Hampered and harassed upon every side, the ordinary citizen can scarcely move without breaking some ordinance, some law, that up to the moment of his arrest he never heard of. The suppression of free speech is only an incident in the despotic power of today. A full expose of these conditions would take volumes, consequently I can but touch lightly on most of them.

II. Marshals, Constables, Justices of the Peace.

A brief reference to these subjects will be all that is necessary. After considerable study of these three kinds of officials I am convinced that the and villages. Frequently they are "new" to the business, and in most cases people.

It is true that there are some constables and marshals who have reached a very low form of degradation, and abuse the power they have been given by the people, but I repeat these are rare. Usually, they are recruited from the working classes, being themselves, at one time, perhaps, farmers or merchants. The same might be said of the justices of the peace in small towns and villages. Frequently they are "new" to the business, and in most cases they do endeavor to give the person before them a fair impartial trial.

The chief occupation of constables and marshals is running the unemployed out of town, terrorizing some harmless cripple putting some one in the "lockup" over night for drunkenness; rarely do they have anything to do with criminal cases, and when they do handle these cases they generally treat the criminal with the same regard they would anyone else. Many a town marshal or constable is brave and fearless with a reverence for his sworn duty and a desire to treat every one as fairly as possible.

I am aware, however, that there are exceptions to this rule. Sometimes a marshal or constable will take a "pot" shot at some one, being careful, however not to hit one of his own friends.

Some few cases are on record where the constables have shot down their fellow man, in the dark, when no one was around and where they could rob the body of the spoils. But fortunately these cases are not recent. In summing up, it may be said, they have not been trained in long years of ferocity, like the police.

III. Department of Police.

When a man wishes to join the "force" he is supposed to be of good moral character and to be physically fit. The police commission, or in some cities the chief of police, is the judge of these qualifications. These gentlemen oftentimes take bribes for putting some one on that does not measure up to the required standard. It is an open question whether the police of the large "graft" cities are as dangerous to the common people as those of the smaller metropolitan ones. However, it can be said that the police chiefs of ninety-nine out of one hundred forces are similar characters. A most ferocious expression of countenance, the eyes--in action--lit up as by the fires of hell itself, thick, bull neck, the lips, sometimes, in high excitement, fairly foaming, muscles tensed with rigid hate towards all humanity. It seems to be the profound conviction of every chief that every one should be behind prison bars. Dante, himself, were he to gaze upon the face of a chief of police would be struck with horror. His voice resembles, at different times, many different wild beasts. The snarl of the wolf, the howl of the hyena, the brutal bay of a bloodhound, can easily be discerned.

Not often does he laugh, but when he does his terrorizing "Aw, haw, haw," ringing down the corridors brings a shudder to all who hear, for when the chief laughs it is when some poor soul, who defied the police, has been "railroaded" to the "pen" for many years. The chief of police in almost all cities is a monster in the shape of a man. When excited or enraged (which is more often the case than otherwise) the chief is dangerous to the last degree. When in repose a look even more terrific is to be seen on his face. Vague shadows upon the horizon of the memory of his mind reveal a host of men and women, rotting in prison cells, many of whom he could have sworn were entirely innocent.

In summing up, it may be asked "what makes the chief of police such a monster?" The answer is this: Through having been, many years, before being a chief, a patrolman, inspector, captain or what not and having been carefully trained in ferocity step by step, all this time, it is not surprising that his mind has developed, during this period, all the qualifications necessary for a chief to possess. But, you say: "That the chief of police frequently has met during this time many dangerous people who deserve the most brutal force." These, dear reader, are the very ones that the chief respects and admires. He treats these with most respectful consideration, sees that if sentenced at all, his "man" is turned loose once more so that he can commit some fresh crime for the detection of which the police receive the praise of the press and repeat the operation over and over again. Thus does the chief help to encourage and foster crime, for it is to his interest to do so.

It is true that the police, frequently, before onlookers, make a grand demonstration of "suppressing the dangerous element," but this is done merely for show or exhibition purposes. When the "crime market" is low the police, to win the plaudits of the people, throw out what is known as a "dragnet" in which all persons known to the police are arrested and brought to the station house, where the chief and his men can pick and choose those who shall be sent up to replenish the attendance at the various detention prisons.

Sometimes the chief, when crazed with power, will issue some edict to suppress some demonstration to let the people know he is the supreme ruler of the city. And I must admit that his assumption of supreme power is, on his part, well taken. I am unable to find a single individual, nor did I ever hear of a case where anyone got justice or damages after suing for it in the courts, from injuries sustained at the hands of the chief or any of his men! Just think of it! The chief of police sets the pace for his men and they try to emulate him as far as possible. He protects them and woe be unto the citizen who has an enemy on the "force;" for if the officer desires to get revenge, it would have been better for that citizen if he had never been born. A recent case has come to light in New York, where a former pugilist had the temerity, while drunk, to strike an officer. He was arrested and sentenced for resisting an officer; when he had "done his time" he was again arrested on a trumped-up charge and sentenced to Sing Sing for twenty years. In striking the officer he had struck the entire police force. Police officers, themselves, finding no one else upon whom they can vent their viciousness, with any plausible excuse, sometimes fall upon each other, tooth and nail and in bloody encounter, eyes are blacked, noses bloodied, teeth are knocked out and in a whirlwind of profanity the quartet comes to an end. The chief, provided no one else sees them, grins in grim approval. Walter Besant once said: "Put me down for one conviction, stronger than any other, that there is no man that ever lived, no set of men that ever lived, that given power will not abuse that power." In the case of the police it is truth without a flaw. The officer of the law soon learns that everyone fears him and he glories in his power. He will pilfer bananas from our Italian friend, he will steal apples or peanuts from some poor woman as readily as he will, in the larger "graft" centers, take bribes from the owners of the prostitution dens or from the saloonkeeper who desires for the sake of profit to break some law, or from the "porch climber" who desires to practice his profession without molestation. Among the unemployed he strides like a Legree for he knows that they fear him more than any one else on earth.

In the big "graft" cities, booking on suspicion is not so common as in the smaller metropolitan centers. Suppose you are walking along the streets of your city when you are suddenly confronted by a policeman who suspiciously regards every breath of air you draw as being laden with crimes. He snarls out in the tones of a wild beast:

"Where'd you come from?" You must not feel at all insulted. Answer in the politest tones you can command for you are talking to a monster who has no scruples whatever, who has back of him and who knows he has back of him the entire police force, every official of the state and back of them the entire United States government.

As the cat plays with a mouse, does the policeman play with you. He does your thinking for you and decides your fate. Finally he howls: "Come on!" If in a metropolitan city he will telephone for the "wagon" if in a smaller city he will take you himself. It is useless to try and escape, you can then, at least be sentenced for resisting an officer. The fact that you have important business to attend to or are trying to reach a train, adds the venom of the officer and sometimes he will break into a frolicsome grin.

Sometimes he will snarl, in an outburst of conviction: "You are One Eyed Murphy!" If you have two good eyes, the officer is frequently prejudiced against you and refuses to notice your optics. If you have just arrived in the city he will coolly tell you that he has been watching you for the last three weeks. The officer knows far better than you about yourself. An argument with him can only result in your becoming angry which condition the officer is only too anxious to incite. He can tell your past, present and future and tell it with such conviction that there is no disputing him. All this time he will watch you closely, you are "under surveillance," every step you take, every swing of your arm he regards as an attempt to escape and you can see his jaws working, his eyes glittering like a cobra, his muscles tense, ready to spring. God help you if you have but little money! You are in the hands of men who regard you as a poisonous reptile regards its prey. I know that to some readers this will seem absurd, to others exaggerated, but as to its truth only the thousands upon thousands, who are at the present moment rotting in prison cells, can testify. You are taken to the police station, your record looked into, if they can find nothing against you they hate you a thousand times worse than if you were guilty of some crime. If the mood takes the officers, they will "let you go," very reluctantly. Many times however, even when they know you are not "wanted" for anything they will book you on suspicion. Here is a recent clipping.

Jail Yields Lost Men.—Seventy-six Prisoners Against Whom No Charges Are Filed in Kansas City.

(By direct wire to the Times.)

Kansas City, Feb. 19 (Exclusive Dispatch.) A census of the county jail, completed today under instructions of Judge Latchaw, shows seventy-six prisoners who had become lost to the world. There are also sixty no charges or informations on file against any of these men twenty of whom have been in confinement from four to eight months.

One prisoner, Edward Wangaman of Pittsburg, had been forgotten for thirteen months. Wangaman pleaded guilty to a minor charge thirteen months ago but sentence was never imposed upon him. Wangaman says that Judge Wallace told him he would release him on parole if he would give bond. The prisoner had no friends.

Scarcely does a day pass but the daily press records such atrocious events as to make Russia seem a paradise of "law and order" compared to America. According to law, officers can arrest any one they choose "on suspicion," and they are not slow to take advantage of it, especially when the "suspect" looks as if he didn't have enough money to defend himself. I have heard it asserted that lawyers are in cahoots with the police and judges to plunder the victim of the police during the process of law, but I have been unable to find any evidence to base a strong statement upon the subject. But those who have given these subjects study, whatever their political belief, will come to the same conclusion, that our hellish system makes these officials a vital menace to the people they are supposed to protect. If a person has any respect for the law, whatever, these officials turn it into a haired too deep for words to express. An official should at all times be quiet and unobtrusive. When an arrest is made, it can be done in a quiet way. When a person is placed in jail, the duties of a policeman should cease. Now, the reader may say that when an official abuses his power, we can "kick" about it to the chief or to the police commission. So? The next time the police do you an injury, reader, go you, and make your "kick." Are you a person of influence? Got plenty of money? No? Then stay away. I have nothing more to say about it. But in conclusion, if the reader is arrested on any pretext whatever, fight the case with every point that can be raised. The police have arrested you preliminary to placing you behind the bars, as to their ability to do so, there can be no question—International Socialist Review.

IN THE GLARE OF THE RED CAULDRON.

By John C. Carroll.

A lurid glow tints the sky above the great rolling and plate mills of the Illinois Steel Company at South Chicago, and as that glow, never ceasing, throws its ruddy tints skyward, much profit is made and many lives sacrificed, and the stockholders of the United States Steel Corporation are content. Pittsburg millionaires buy magnams of champagne for comic opera favorites, while the steel mill workers, seared by the heat of the huge furnaces, drink something that "bites" to take the horrible dryness from their throats. The United States Steel Corporation is an "open shop" where the work day is twelve hours long and single men are preferred, especially men who have no relatives to bring damage suits against the company in case a huge cauldron of molten metal slips from its position and pours its contents on a group of men, reducing them to cinders.

Everything is done according to system. The men work in pairs, each man having a partner. Take, for instance, Anton and Stanislaus. Anton is on the day shift and works twelve hours a day for a month or so. Then he works twenty-four hours at a single stretch while his partner is shifted from the night to the day gang. Then about a month later, Stanislaus works twenty-four hours at a stretch, while Anton goes back to the day gang. It takes steady nerves to deal with molten metal, where a slip means cremation—and long working hours do not produce steady nerves. Therefore the company's accident adjuster is continually busy. In prosperous times the plant either kills or seriously injures a man every day in the year.

For that reason the company keeps a private hospital within the grounds. The benign law of the state of Illinois provides that no report of an accident to a workman need be made to anyone unless the man is killed or permanently disabled or incapacitated for thirty days. If he is killed the report must be made to the police. The reports, when made, go to the State Board of Labor Comm. solers as a matter of scientific interest.

The company is a law unto itself, it is a source of profit to other business enterprises. There is a standing order in the Police Department that a person who meets a violent death must be taken to the morgue nearest the scene of the disaster. There was an actual race among three or four South Chicago undertakers for the position nearest the gates of the steel mill inclosure.

The special victim of the steel mill is the foreigner, who is ignorant of English, ignorant almost of his own tongue, and who, from sheer loneliness and submission to the lot of a peasant, has no fear, no actual realization of danger. The workers at the steel mills are mainly Poles and Croats, driven by the whip of necessity.

"I really wonder," said Baron De Nider, Austrian Consul at Chicago, as

he rolled a cigarette, "why the workmen will submit to the terrible risks of employment at the steel mills?" a remark that fits nicely with the repeated censure which coroner's juries have heaped on the Illinois Steel Company for its flagrant disregard of the safety of its employees.

All this constant strain, the perpetual exposure to danger, the long hours of hopeless toil, play into the hands of the sellers of liquor and women. These merchants thrive in a district of South Chicago which is known as the "Strand."

In this district, as a current investigation made by the federal government shows, girls are sold to resort keepers at an initial price of \$10, to which an additional \$10 is added if the girl remains in the resort two weeks. Some of these girls are themselves doubtless daughters of steel mill workers.

A visit to the branch of the municipal court in South Chicago is like a trip back into the Middle Ages. The ignorance of rudimentary things displayed in cases presented there would be impossible even among the lower animals. Those who work at the mills struggle with superhuman difficulty. At one point ground by merciless toil, at another attacked by adulterated liquor, the steel mill worker leads a life of torment, and his mind and soul become blunted and distorted.

Huge cranes carry cauldrons of molten steel across large areas in the plant, and many of the cauldrons, because they lacked proper safety devices, have been known to slip from the grappling hooks which held them and to pour white-hot metal on the men beneath. When such things happen, the wives and mothers, as they sit at the inquests, their faces showing a terrible, dumb grief, are the living sacrifices to the carelessness of the company. Blast furnaces, which were reported to be defective, have burst, spreading a sheet of seething metal over the human beings around. There are ingots of steel with men in them buried in certain places in South Chicago.

It is said, too, on good authority, that the steel trust makes it known abroad that there are golden opportunities in America. "What brings the workers over?" may be asked of those familiar with the steel mill worker. "Why, the local papers published in the foreign tongues," comes the answer, "print news items about 200 or 300 men being taken on at South Chicago or Gary, and the stories of the steamship agents do the rest."

The United States Steel Corporation has a capital of \$1,000,000,000 and an international organization which commands the major portion of the world's iron and steel market. It owns the mines and steamers. It makes armor plate for war ships, structural iron for skyscrapers and it also makes millionaires and widows and orphans and interest on a huge issue of bonds. The last item is, of course, the most important of all, for had that not been true, William Ellis Corey might never have lavished a French chateau on Mabel Gilman and J. Pierpont Morgan might never have been able to corner the European art market.

What the steel worker has accomplished in South Chicago he has accomplished in spite of the steel company. The service of that corporation is as insatiable as one of its own great blast furnaces. The men are the coke for the furnace which makes dividends. The wives and children of the workers are the drafts which aid in the combustion of the coke. There are over 4,000 lumps of such coke being consumed in the money furnace of the steel mills of Chicago.—Modern Magazine.

REMOVE THE LOAD.

"A heavy dray broke down in the street and a man was crushed and held captive beneath it. On top of the dray was a load of merchandise and on top of the merchandise were sitting a lot of Monopolists.

"A crowd of men gathered about and began to discuss how to relieve the man crushed by the dray. They stayed so long and discussed so hard that the people finally created them into a legislature.

"Then they called in a lot more men, called Political Economists, who decided that the man had always been so crushed; it was his natural condition, and it was useless to think of releasing him.

"Other professors said it would overturn civilization to let the man get out from under the dray—and so it would.

"Next, chairs were endowed in universities to teach that the man was there because he was not fit to survive, or that he had too much overproduction on top of him; that even if he got out he could not walk, because of lack of experience in walking.

"Then came the Theologians, who said the man's heart was bad and that he must be saved before the stuff could be taken off; finally, that if his heart could be got right he need not have the weight taken off at all!

"And the Theologians secured a life job for centuries, just for preaching that the man could not possibly be anywhere than where he was.

"Finally a man came along and said, 'Why, take the stuff off and let the man go free.'

"That man was a Socialist."—Western Wage Earner.

THE CRIMSON STANDARD.

By Eugene V. Debs.

A vast amount of ignorant prejudice prevails against the red flag. It is easily accounted for. The ruling class the wide world over hates it and its sycophants, therefore, must decry it.

Strange that the red flag should produce the same effect upon a bull that it does upon a tyrant.

The bull is enraged at the very sight of the red flag, his huge frame quivers, his eyes become balls of fire, and he paws the dirt and snorts with fury.

The reason of this peculiar effect of a bit of red coloring upon the bovine species we are not particularly interested in at this moment, but why does it happen to excite the same rage in the czar, the emperor and the king; the autocrat, the aristocrat and the plutocrat?

Ah, that is simple enough.

The red flag, since time immemorial, has symbolized the discontent of the down-trodden, the revolt of the rabble.

This is its sinister significance to the tyrant, and the reason of his mingled fear and frenzy when the "red rag," as he characterizes it, insults his vision.

It is not that he is opposed to red as a color, or even as an emblem, for he has it in his own flags and banners, and it never inflames his passion when it is blended with other colors, but red alone, unmixed and unadulterated, the pure red that symbolizes the common blood of the human family, the equality of mankind, the brotherhood of the race, is repulsive and abhorrent to him because it is at once an impeachment of his title, a denial of his superiority and a menace to his power.

Precisely for the reason that the plutocrat raves at the red flag the proletarian should revere it

To the plutocrat it is a peril; to the proletarian a promise.

The red flag is an omen of ill, a sign of terror to every tyrant, every robber and every vampire that sucks the life of labor and mocks at its misery. It is an emblem of hope, a bow of promise to all the oppressed and down-trodden of the earth.

The red flag is the only race flag; it is the flag of revolt against robbery;

the flag of the working class, the flag of hope and high resolve—the flag of Universal Freedom.

In Memoriam.

Tonopah, Mont., August 3, 1909.

Whereas, The Grim Messenger, Death, has taken from our ranks our beloved brother, Edward Slavin, a man ever true to this organization and to the duties of life; be it

Resolved, That Tonopah Miners' Union No. 121 sincerely regret the loss of a worthy brother and a true union man and extend to the sorrowing friends and relatives of the deceased, our heartfelt sympathy in their hour of bereavement, and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the relatives of the deceased, that a copy be sent to the Miners' Magazine for publication and spread upon our minutes, and that our charter be draped for a period of thirty days in respect for our deceased brother.

J. P. MURPHY,
W. H. HOLDEN,
A. B. RICHTER,
Committee.

(Seal.)

French Gulch, Calif., July 19, 1909.

Whereas, It has pleased the Almighty to remove from our ranks our beloved brother, Harry Feeny; and

Whereas, Our organization has lost in him a loyal member and a staunch upholder of unionism; therefore be it

Resolved, That French Gulch Miners' Union No. 141 extend its sympathy to the relatives and friends of our deceased brother; and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to his relatives, a copy to the Miners' Magazine for publication, and that they be spread upon the minutes of this meeting, and our charter be draped in mourning for a period of thirty days.

CLARENCE WHITE,
JERRY FORD,
PAT KELLY,
Committee.

Burke, Idaho, August 2, 1909.

Resolutions adopted by Burke Miners' Union:

Whereas, In the loss of Victor La Dieux, who was drowned in the Missoula river, union men have lost a true and helpful friend and brother; therefore be it

Resolved, By Burke No. 10, W. F. M., that our heartfelt sympathy be extended to his bereaved relatives, and our charter be draped in mourning for a period of thirty days, and a copy of this resolution be spread on the minutes, a copy sent to his relatives and a copy sent to the Miners' Magazine for publication.

J. E. COLGAN,
CHAS. HARVEY,
WALTER SCOTT,
Committee.

L. A. REESE, Secretary.
(Seal.)

Pioche, Nev., July 28, 1909.

In memory of our late deceased brother, John Martin, who died July 23rd and who was a true and efficient member and a strong advocate of the principles of organized labor, and be it

Resolved, That the charter remain in mourning for thirty days, and be it further

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

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be placed on the minute book of our union; and be it further

Resolved, That a copy be sent the Miners' Magazine for publication; and be it further

Resolved, That a copy be sent his family and nearest relatives.

CHAS. BETHLEE,
W. A. DENTON,
LEW BANNO,
Committee.

Butte, Mont., July 15, 1909.

To the Officers and Members Butte Stationary Engineers' Union No. 83, W. F. of M.:

Your committee to express your sympathies over the death of Brother John H. Ryan, submit the following for your consideration:

Whereas, The Grim Reaper has visited our ranks and removed one of our loyal workers to his reward where suffering and sorrow are known no more; therefore be it

Resolved, By Engineers' Union No. 83 that in Brother Ryan's death our union loses a faithful member, his dependent ones a true provider, and this community a valued citizen, and be it further

Resolved, As a mark of esteem and respect for our departed brother that our charter be draped for a period of thirty days, a copy of these resolutions be sent his mourning loved ones, a copy spread on our minutes, and a copy sent to the Miners' Magazine for publication. Respectfully submitted,

CHAS. C. MITCHELL,
ABE WINWOOD,
JOHN McMULLEN,
Committee.

Cobalt, Ont., July 11, 1909.

To the Officers and Members Cobalt Miners' Union No. 146, W. F. M.:
We, your resolution committee appointed on the death of Brother Sam Chislatte, report as follows:

Whereas, Death has again visited our ranks and removed from our midst our beloved brother, Sam Chislatte, who met his death in the Nova Scotia mine on July 8th, and

Whereas, In the death of Brother Chislatte Cobalt Miners' Union has lost a true and faithful member; therefore be it

Resolved, That we extend to the family and relatives our heartfelt sympathy, and be it further

Resolved, That we drape our charter for a period of thirty days, that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the deceased brother's family, a copy to the Miners' Magazine for publication, and a copy spread upon the minutes of this local.

LAYTON BRITTON,
T. E. RYAN,
Committee.

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

Table with columns: No, NAME, MONT, PRESIDENT, SECRETARY, P.O., ADDRESS. It lists local unions and their officers across various states including Alaska, Arizona, Brit. Columbia, California, Colorado, Idaho, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Montana, Nevada, Ontario, Oregon, South Dakota, Utah, and Washington.



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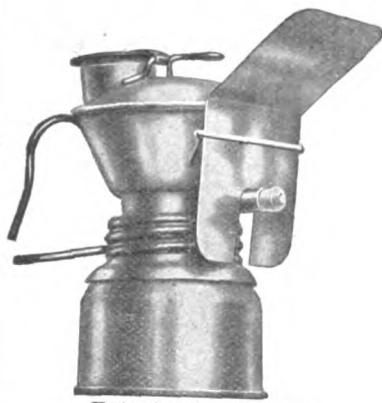
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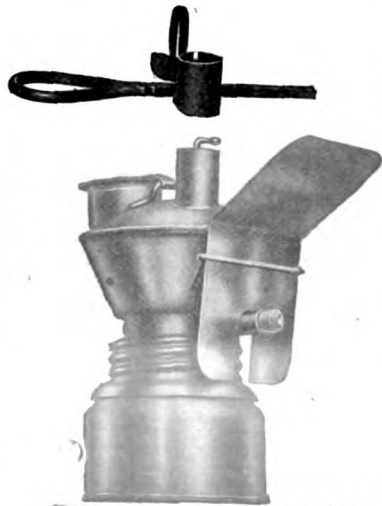


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