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# THE MINERS MAGAZINE

INDEPENDENCE  
EDUCATION ORGANIZATION

*Published Weekly by the*

## WESTERN FEDERATION OF MINERS

DENVER, COLO.  
Sept. 22nd  
1910  
Volume XI  
Number 378



WEALTH  
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EDUCATION INDEPENDENCE ORGANIZATION

# MINERS MAGAZINE



Published Weekly by the  
**WESTERN FEDERATION OF MINERS**

Denver, Colorado,  
 Thursday, September 22, 1910.

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 Communications not in conformity with this notice will not be published.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

## Card of the Homestake Mining Co.

Lead, S. D.,.....19...

I am not a member of any Labor Union and in consideration of my being employed by the HOMESTAKE MINING COMPANY agree that I will not become such while in its service.  
 Occupation .....

Signed .....

Department .....

**THE ANNUAL** convention of the American Federation of Labor meets at St. Louis November 14th.

**THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY** of Arizona has elected the majority of delegates to the constitutional convention.

**THE SECRETARY** of the McCabe Miners' Union of McCabe, Arizona, has forwarded a communication to headquarters making known that Taylor McCarthy, a member of Globe Miners' Union No. 60, has lost his membership card. Any one finding the same will please forward card to William Wills, Globe Miners' Union, Globe, Ariz.

**THE "BOY SCOUT" MOVEMENT** is but a name to hide the fact that capitalism has established on American soil the Cossack who is to be armed to shoot down labor on strike.

The laboring man of this country who scorns to be an absolute slave is confronted with the necessity of equipping himself for self-defense.

**THE PEOPLE** of England are becoming alarmed relative to a threatened strike which may involve more than a million workers. Conditions are becoming unbearable and it is said that even the conservative *labor leaders* are losing their influence with the rank and file of the membership, who have concluded that "patience has ceased to be a virtue."

**THE BANDITS** who planned the holdup of the Burlington Pacific Coast express train in the St. Louis yards a short time ago were formerly employed by William Randolph Hearst as stereotypers on the Chicago American. Hearst should have shipped those thugs to

Lead, South Dakota. They would have been hailed as upright, law-abiding citizens by the Call and done valiant service for the Homestake Mining Company.

**THE PRESS** reports 71,000 people in the Labor Day parade in New York City, but when election day rolls around in November, it is not expected that 71,000 ballots will be counted for industrial liberty. The membership of organized labor take some interest in showing their strength in a parade, but little interest in demonstrating their political strength at the ballot box.

**BOB CHANLER**, the society swell of New York, courted a songstress and they were married. Chanler never earned an honest dollar. His brow was never moistened by honest work, but it is said that he gave the actress a million dollars to accept his hand in wedlock. No sooner had the songstress cornered the cash than she flung the aristocratic club man and laughed at this dupe of her duplicity. Will some one tell us, what "Socialist" destroyed this home?

**"THE AMERICAN PEOPLE—,"** began the new United States senator; but the presiding officer rapped him to order. "The Senator will confine himself to matters of interest to this body."

The Senate then went into committee of the whole for the consideration of the anticipated size of dividends from their holdings for the coming year.—Puck.

The above from Puck is intended as a sarcastic slap at the Senate of the United States, but there is more truth than sarcasm in the verbal thrust of Puck at the "American House of Lords."

**MAGISTRATE HIGGINBOTHAM** of Brooklyn, New York, who has frequently rendered many decisions against strikers, is now in the toils charged with making an assault upon a young lady who happened to call at his private office for the purpose of having the civil authorities take charge of a demented mother. This dispenser of justice has been frequently charged with drunkenness and orgies in the *red light* districts, but he has always been able to secure the necessary *white-wash* that enabled him to remain on the judicial bench.

It may be, however, that an assault upon a young lady is of such a trivial character in New York as not to unfit a man for the judiciary.

**THE MEMBERSHIP** of organized labor throughout the United States and Canada must feel a thrill of joy as they realize that the coal miners of the state of Illinois stood with their faces to the foe and gave battle for five long months, ultimately forcing the association of the coal barons to run up the white flag and concede practically the demands made by the Peoria convention. The miners of Illinois endured many hardships and suffering. Many of the miners saw their families wanting for the actual necessities of life, but they were determined that this organization should live and snatch victory from the iron grasp of heartless greed. The coal miners of Illinois are heroic men and a credit to the labor movement of the country.

**IN THE IRWIN-GREENSBURG DISTRICT** of Pennsylvania, 10,000 coal miners and their wives and families have been evicted from the hovels owned by the coal barons. Since the strike was declared last March, the coal miners and their families have been subjected to every outrage and insult that could be inflicted by a state constabulary and imported thugs wearing the badge of authority. The courts have sent more than 400 strikers to prison on the grounds that a strike is a conspiracy in restraint of trade, and a grand jury has recommended that a workhouse be built in order that miners who have the temerity to

rebel against a boss may be deprived of their liberty and become slaves in a penal institution.

Let us sing, "My Country, 'Tis of thee."

**T**HE NEW Aldrich-Vreeland currency bill will help out the poor down-trodden banker considerably. Formerly a national bank invested a few thousand dollars in government bonds and by depositing these bonds with the United States Treasury could issue a like amount of bank notes. Thus it received three per cent. on the bonds and eight per cent. on the notes they loaned. The new bill provides that instead of bonds the banker may deposit merchants' notes, receiving eight per cent. on them and eight per cent. on the currency they would be allowed to issue. Yes, sixteen per cent. instead of eleven per cent. will help some and even if the security turns out to be worth a little less than the paper it is written on the only loser will be the people, and they are used to that.—Kansas City Socialist.

**W**ILLIAM C. BENFER has severed his connection with the Black Hills Daily Register. Editor Benfer, though comparatively a young man, has displayed editorial ability of a high order, but the most admirable trait in his makeup is his dauntless courage in giving free expression to his honest convictions. Benfer is a soldier in that great army that is battling for the emancipation of man, and because his loyalty to the working class is as true as the needle is to the pole, the industrial oppressor, supported by lackies and sycophants, forced him from the field of journalism in the Black Hills. But, wherever Benfer pitches his tent, there will he be found fighting for the rights of man. Such men as Benfer may be defeated, but never conquered. As the battle rages for human liberty, men of the Benfer type stand more firmly on their feet, bidding defiance to the combinations that are pitiless in the persecution of men who refuse to surrender their honor and manhood for a "mess of pottage."

**I**T HAS BEEN DISCOVERED by the statisticians that girls throughout the United States under sixteen years of age are working for a weekly wage of \$3.30. Girls under sixteen years of age are working for less than 55 cents per day, and our Christian people expect such girls to remain as pure as a dew drop.

The princely sum of 55 cents a day for food, clothing and shelter. It is no wonder that America can boast of an army of 500,000 women who have lost their identity in brothels and that a few more hundreds of thousands of women are the mistresses of men whose bank accounts enable them to buy virtue like sausage. The meager pittance of 55 cents a day is not a fortress, behind which the female slave can take shelter. Such a wage bids for dishonor and a civilization that places a higher value on profit than virtue is doomed, and the sooner such a civilization is swept from the earth the sooner will joy and happiness come into the impoverished homes of the struggling millions.

**T**HE THOUGHTS that breathe and burn are the loving and inspiring thoughts that encircle the world and embrace all humanity. Love is service, the joy of service is consecration, and the crowning of consecration is immortality.

The greatest soul springs from the greatest struggles. Only they who lose all find all; only they know the joy of triumph and the grace of exaltation. Every homeless brother challenges the validity of

my title; every sorrowing sister rebukes my Christless complacency, and every neglected child smites my conscience in the name of Humanity. Not until all are fed are any fed; not until all are sheltered are any sheltered; not until all are civilized are any civilized.

All humanity is one and Socialism is for all humanity, therefore am I for Socialism, with all the blood of my veins and all the passion of my soul.

Socialism — Socialism, the noblest thought, the divinest impulse, the supremest aspiration, the most thrilling and far-sounding battle-cry of all history, whose rise has been the dream of all ages, and whose triumph will be the glory of all humanity!—Eugene V. Debs.

**R**OOSEVELT is a man of distinction, and also of very fine distinctions. He drew some of them while here Tuesday. For instance:

He refused to sit at the same table with Senator Lorimer, but he sat down with Busse, and listened to the latter's adulation.

He declined to associate with Lorimer, but made no question about sitting down at the same banquet with Lorimer's backers, the men "higher up."

He scored Lee O'Neill Browne as if he were already convicted and on his way to the penitentiary. The jury has acquitted the manager of the jackpot.

He distinguishes two great criminal classes. First, labor unions; second, the great trusts. He did not mention the land trust. The less said about that the better for the reputation of Roosevelt's private income.

He is against political pocket-picking, unless the pick-pocket first washes his hands.

At the same time that he was denouncing labor unions the miners' union was putting finishing touches on the greatest and most peaceful union victory of recent years. He forgot to mention that.

The people are "getting onto" Roosevelt. He will not have a chance to decline to sit down at the same table with the leaders of the "criminal" labor unions.—Chicago Daily Socialist.

**T**HE SUN of the new world is rising; it is rising out of the solidarity of the working class. Its rays of light are bursting through the dark horizon which ignorance and deceit have so long riveted down about us. It is lighting up the faces of a new order of men and women; supermen and women; men and women not discouraged by defeat; god-like men and women; men and women who have found the secret springs of life and already are drinking deep and glorious draughts; men and women who are standing erect and whose joined hands encircle the world; men and women who see the world's wretchedness and the world's poverty and are ready to throw away their lives with a song on their lips, that such things shall not be. Courage, then, my brothers and my sisters! In the vision of your hearts lies the power to crumble effete civilization into dust. In the sun of your love and faith the world's tyranny shrivels; but the toiling masses are catching the spirit of that sun. The slaves of ten thousand years are stirring in their graves with the mighty heartbeats of the future. You are the liberators! Behind you a mighty host is waking from its age-long sleep and unfolding its banners to the light. You are the victors. Where you now walk the earth will be beaten flat with the tramp of a million feet. Another day then; another day of glad courage and fortitude; another day and the towering palms of our new world will burst upon our sight; we can not fail for we have lain hold of life's reality and life's meaning!—Franklin Wentworth.

## Wasted Eloquence

**F**ATHER VAUGHN, who is recognized as one of the eloquent men of the Catholic church, attended the Catholic Congress recently held at Montreal, Canada, and in his flights of oratory to the assembled multitude denounced the husbands and wives who failed to become the parents of large families. The reverend gentleman contended that parents should yield obedience to the scriptural mandate: "Increase and multiply, replenish the earth." But the clerical gentleman in his plea for an increase in the population of the earth, took no notice of the economic conditions that make abject slaves of the countless millions of people that are haunted by poverty from the cradle to the grave.

Vaughan took the grounds that parents were violating the laws of nature and offering an insult to God when they failed to leave behind a brood of children. Will this minister of God hold that a father and mother have the sanction and endorsement of the Ruler of human destiny in bringing children into the world, who must enter the mill, factory and sweatshop the moment that their labor becomes profitable to a heartless and soulless exploiter? Will he contend that a father and mother are justified in bringing children into the world, that are robbed of childhood, robbed of an education and sentenced to bastiles of profit, to fill premature graves in order that a master class may ban-

quet on the surplus proceeds that are ground from the flesh and blood of innocent childhood?

The father and mother who bring a child into the world whom they are knowingly unable to care for, are committing a crime against the child, and the God who would be pleased at such conduct on the part of parents, is a monster barren of the affection that should be felt for the human race. The children of the poor are food for exploitation, and become physically deformed and mentally crippled, before they reach the age of manhood and womanhood, and many of them yield their lives in boyhood and girlhood to satiate the appetite of capitalism that even murders childhood for dividends.

If Father Vaughn had raised his voice against the system that puts the child in the mill, factory and sweatshop, had he denounced the civilization that breeds the red lights of shame in every city of the land, had he hurled the thunderbolts of his eloquence against the exactions of the industrial despotism that puts the few in palaces and the many in hovels, we would hail him as a giant in the cause of real, genuine Christianity.

But Father Vaughn is either ignorant of the great problem of all the ages that must be solved before the gates of equal opportunity are opened to all humanity, or else he lacks the moral courage to combat a system that is drenching the earth in tears and blood.

## Another "Friend of Labor"

THE FULTON COUNTY DEMOCRAT, published at Lewistown, Illinois, had the following editorial in a late issue, under the caption of "Strikes and Boycotts":

"Without labor unionism, and without the right and power in union labor to strike and quit a job en masse, laboring men and women in the great cities and in manufacturing centers, great coal mines and employees in every department of our great railway systems would be in a more deplorable condition than southern slaves of fifty years ago. Very seriously we make this comparison. Slaves were worth each from \$500 to \$2,000. It was economic wisdom, any sentiment of humanity aside, to take good care of that valuable property.

"As to laboring men and women in the great centers of industry, their comfort and lives are of no interest to their employers. If one falls dead at his or her task, it counts for less than if a farmer loses a calf or hog. It is a pretty tough truth.

"Labor organizations are the one weapon these men imagine they have. But too often they abuse this power and themselves become despots through the use of the boycott or from more brutal methods.

"Laboring men have a better weapon than they weakly or in criminal fashion sell as a mess of pottage or throw away. It is their vote.

"In every presidential campaign these laboring men, ten to one, are lured to vote against their interests. From 1896 until now, with rare exceptions, they have cringed under the lash of predatory capital and voted to make the rich richer and the poor poorer.

"Labor unionism should teach its members first of all, to vote for their wives and children, for the best interest of the masses. And this humble paper begs to say that even to vote en masse for Debs would be a holy protest against unbearable conditions in this country right now."

The above editorial in a Democratic journal that does not flaunt at the head of its editorial column an endorsement from a Trades Assembly or a Central Labor Council, might seem fair and almost leaning towards the principles of unionism, but the editor who penned the editorial on "Strikes and Boycotts" has as much use for organized labor as a Parry, a Kirby, or a frenzied Post. While advocating the necessity of the labor organization and while conceding the right of the labor union to declare a strike, yet, the editorial champion of a Democracy that disfranchises the black man, tells the membership of the labor union that "they abuse their power and become despots through the use of the boycott or from more brutal methods.

A strike is war, and in the language of Sherman: "War is hell." Shall the union man when fighting unbearable conditions, use padded gloves? Shall he be meek and humble while a master class use the

police force, sheriffs' deputies, state militia, federal troops and injunctions from courts to Russianize the toiling slaves on the soil of a boasted republic? Shall he bow his head and bend the knee before the armed power of a government that is owned and controlled by the exploiter?

Are the acts of a state militia less brutal than the acts of a mob, made desperate through hunger? Is legalized violence more humane than that violence which does not bear the badge of legal authority? But this Democratic editor with his heart overflowing with the milk of human kindness, points out to the laboring man that since 1896 he has "cringed under the lash of predatory capital and voted to make the rich richer and the poor poorer." What does he mean? He means that the membership of organized labor have not united and given the Democratic party the benefit of their political strength. He means that because a Republican party has reigned in the national affairs of this country, and that labor has supported that party, that labor has "cringed under the lash of predatory capital." But the Democratic editor seems to forget that conditions are no more humane in Democratic Georgia than in Republican Pennsylvania. He seems to forget that a Democratic governor of Alabama was no more merciful to labor than a Republican governor in Missouri. He seems to forget that even the "sage of Princeton" when he was president of the United States—the departed Grover Cleveland—did not hesitate a moment in sending the federal troops to Chicago over the protest of the governor of the state, to defeat labor on strike, and to hurl behind the walls of a prison the man whom this Democratic editor would permit the laboring people to vote for, under present conditions.

This Democratic editor covertly intimates that if the laboring people had only cast their ballots for Bryan, they would have been voting "for their wives and children, for the best interests of the masses."

How sad and lamentable it is, when we meditate on the fact that the laboring people of this country had not as brilliant a conception of "the interests of the masses" as the editor of the Fulton County Democrat.

When Gompers, Mitchell and Morrison were sentenced to prison for the exercise of free speech, the standard bearer of national Democracy, the "peerless one," when asked his opinion concerning the dictum of the judiciary, almost whispered that it was not his policy to criticize the decision of a court, but that the decision was "unique."

The editor of the Fulton County Democrat is one of those "friends of labor" who is more dangerous to the interests of toiling humanity than the brutal despot who strips himself in the open, to give battle to every advance of the labor movement.

## "Rats!"

THE UNION, a supposed labor paper published at Indianapolis, Indiana, gives the following political advice to the membership of organized labor:

"Signs are not wanting that the campaign is about to begin. Organized labor should study conditions and should prepare itself to vote in November so that the best interest of the movement will be subserved. Let us make up our minds to vote for those who will represent us when they are in office; who will refuse to become part of the oligarchy that has for so long been controlling affairs. As trades unionists, let us vote for those who affiliate with us, irrespective of their party affiliation, if the candidate, as a candidate, is true to his convictions."

The above editorial paragraph in The Union is certainly rich with logic, and only a sage or philosopher could bless a troubled world with such powerful and weighty suggestions in directing the millions who toil as to who should receive the benefit of their ballots.

The Union declares: "As trades unionists let us vote for those who affiliate with us, irrespective of their party affiliation, if the candidate, as a candidate, is true to his convictions."

The editor who penned such an insult to the intelligence of laboring men, should be looked upon as a traitor in the field of labor journalism and should be accorded the treatment deserved by every Judas who

prostitutes himself to perpetuate a system that is reeking with corruption and debauchery.

According to The Union, it is safe for the membership of organized labor to cast their ballots for any man identified with organized labor, regardless of the political party from which such a member of organized labor shall receive a nomination. If he is a member of organized labor, and he is a candidate on the Democratic, Republican, Prohibition or any other old ticket, The Union tells labor to vote for such a candidate, irrespective of his party affiliation."

With The Union, the candidate's card in a labor organization becomes "like charity" and "covers a multitude of sins." The member of organized labor, hungry for office, may be a Democrat like Gomer of Alabama, but if he has a union card in his pocket, we must forget that he belongs to the same party whose representatives in office send the state militia to shoot down men with union cards, who rebel against the despotism of industrial tyrants. If he is a Republican like Governor Hadley of Missouri, and carries a union card, we must give him our votes, to show that we as union men have faith in the party that honors a Taft, a Cannon, an Aldrich, and a Guggenheim.

According to The Union, the only thing that is necessary for the laboring man to ascertain on election day is whether or not the candidate, regardless of party affiliation, has a card in some labor organization.

Rats!

## Nail Him to the Cross

THE FOLLOWING appeared in St. Louis Labor in excoriation of a labor editor who is seeking a seat in the law-making body of Missouri via the Republican party route:

"Joplin, Mo., Aug. 28.—Some time ago the St. Louis Central Trades and Labor Union came out in no uncertain terms condemning Governor Hadley for ordering the State militia to Hannibal to break the Ilasco Cement Workers' strike. As every union man will remember, there were about 2,200 men involved in that strike.

"The men mostly interested in this controversy were some skilled mechanics, especially members of the International Machinists' Association.

"Business Agent Lamb of the Machinists' District Council No. 9

spent some time at the Ilasco Cement Works, and it was Brother Lamb who at the time declared that Governor Hadley had ordered the troops to Hannibal an hour before the strike began.

St. Louis Labor is, to my knowledge, the only labor organ in Missouri that has paid proper attention to the Ilasco strike movement. Governor Hadley has the heart of the average politician and felt much aggrieved at the attacks made on him by the St. Louis labor unions and St. Louis Labor. His political friends have since made great efforts to give him a good whitewash, and they finally found a labor leader who was willing to do the job.

"The Missouri Trade Unionist (an up-to-date, conservative labor paper)" is edited and managed by Mr. Charles W. Fear, the printer

for years connected with the legislative committee work of the Missouri Federation of Labor.

"In last week's issue Mr. Fear's Missouri Trade Unionist comes out with Governor Hadley's picture on the front page, together with the announcement:

"Hadley coming September 5th. Herbert S. Hadley, Missouri's Republican governor, has promised to deliver an address at Electric Park on Labor Day under the auspices of the Labor Day committee."

"As an old-time union machinist, who was very much interested in the Ilasco Cement Works strike, I ask:

"What do you think of a 'labor leader' like Fear and of a local trade union movement like ours in Joplin that invites a strike-breaking militia governor, Hadley, to deliver a Labor Day oration?"

"Is this not an insult to the 2,200 poor wage-workers of the Ilasco Works, to the Machinists' unions and Central Trades of St. Louis and organized labor throughout the state?"

"And why is it done? Why was Hadley invited to Joplin? Because Charles W. Fear, the manager and editor of the Missouri Trade Unionist, managed to secure, without opposition, the Republican party machine nomination for the state Legislature."

"Mr. Fear may attempt to justify his treachery by means of the 'political policy of the A. F. of L., but I like to challenge any one to show me where even the A. F. of L. advocates political deals between labor leaders and a Republican machine, the head of which ordered the state militia against striking workmen."

"When Governor Hadley appears at Electric Park on Labor Day the banner of every labor union should be draped in black."

"PIONEER UNION MACHINIST."

The editor of the Miners' Magazine has commented editorially on the political attitude of the gentleman who happens to be editor and manager of the Missouri Trades Unionist. We have taken the position that Editor Fear in accepting a nomination from the Republican party as a candidate for the Legislature and being instrumental in bringing the governor of Missouri to Joplin to deliver a Labor Day address, is unworthy of the trust and confidence of the working class.

Fear, or no other man, can be loyal to the Republican party and at the same time be faithful to the interests of the class that is battling against industrial oppression. If he is loyal to the Republican party, then he must be a Judas to every principle of real unionism.

Rockefeller, Gould, Vanderbilt, Taft, Aldrich, Borah, Cannon, Guggenheim, are all Republicans, firmly believing in a political policy that will maintain the supremacy of predatory wealth, and yet, we find a *labor editor*, who pretends to speak for the working class, identified with the same party whose principles bear the indorsement of Wall Street. But he is not only a member of the Republican party, but in order to get a nomination from that party he attempts to prostitute the labor movement to subserve his personal interests, and appease his political ambition. The laboring people of Joplin, Missouri, will make no mistake when they crucify this political degenerate, who has endeavored to make organized labor a personal asset by which he might crawl into a petty political job.

## The Joke of the Cardinal

CARDINAL GIBBONS before leaving Baltimore to attend a Catholic congress at Montreal, Canada, was interviewed relative to the *unrest* and *discontent* which seem manifest throughout the country. The distinguished prelate of the Catholic church of America, during his interview with a representative of the press, established the fact that he was a humorist of a high order, as the Cardinal blamed the *unrest* and *discontent* to the people yearning for theaters, amusements of all kinds and automobiles. The Cardinal did not seem to realize that the people who attend theaters and ride in automobiles are not among the number whose anxious faces show the symptom of discontent. The *discontent* and *unrest* are found among the millions in mine, mill, factory and sweatshop, whose miserable wages fail to enable them to purchase even the necessities of life.

The Cardinal, after perpetrating such a ludicrous joke on the representative of the press, as to blame the *unrest* and *discontent* on automobiles, theaters and amusements, unbosomed himself of the following:

"In our days there is a universal tendency toward organization in every department of trade and business. In union there is strength in the physical, moral and social world, and yet just as the power and majesty of our Republic are derived from the political union of the several states, so do men clearly perceive that the healthy combination of human forces in the economic world can accomplish results which could not be effected by any individual efforts. Throughout the United States there is today a continuous network of syndicates and trusts, of companies and partnerships, so that every operation from the construction of a leviathan steamship to the manufacture of a needle is controlled by a corporation. When corporations thus combine it is quite natural that mechanics and laborers should follow their example.

"There is continuous unrest between the employed and the employer, and it would be most beneficial if this condition could be overcome.

"There should not and need not be any conflict between labor and capital, since both are necessary for the public good, and the one depends on the co-operation of the other. A contest between the employer and the employed is as unreasonable and as hurtful to the social body as a war between the head and the hands would be in the physical body. Whoever strives to improve the friendly relations between the proprietors and the labor unions by suggesting the most effectual means of diminishing and even removing the causes of the discontent is a benefactor to the community.

"Common sense treatment of the so-called ills of which the people of this country are complaining will result, the people will find, in their importance being greatly reduced. The country is growing fast, and with such rapid growth it is impossible that all conditions should be perfect, but what ills there are, what causes of unrest prevail, may all be minimized or overcome by the exercise of a Christian spirit and the application of common sense."

The Cardinal frankly admits that there is "continuous *unrest* between the employed and employer," but the learned dignitary of the Catholic church fails to point out the *real cause* that breeds this *unrest* and *discontent*.

The Cardinal declares: "There should not and need not be any conflict between labor and capital."

If there "should not and need not be any conflict between labor and capital," then why is there "continuous unrest between the employed and employer?"

The Cardinal again declares: "Whoever strives to improve the friendly relations between the proprietor and the labor unions by suggesting the most effectual means of diminishing and even removing the causes of the discontent is a benefactor to the community."

If that is true, and no one will dispute it, then why has the Cardinal failed to suggest the *means* to remove the *cause*?

If there "should not and need not be any conflict between employed and employer" then it would seem that the man who gave utterance to such a statement would be capable of suggesting the remedy that would bring peace, and end the "continuous unrest between employed and employer."

But the Cardinal at the close of his interview brings consolation and hope to a despairing world, when he says: "What causes of unrest prevail may all be minimized or overcome by the exercise of a Christian spirit and the application of common sense."

Strange, is it not, that after nineteen hundred years, that *Christian spirit* has not been developed that would overcome that *unrest* and *discontent* that now threaten a civilization that is loaded with misery and blackened with infamy?

The joke of the Cardinal on *unrest* and *discontent* is so rich with nonsense as to be nauseating and deserves the derision of intelligent men.

## The Indictment of a Preacher

REV. R. T. Coyle, the pulpit orator of one of the most fashionable churches of Denver, in a sermon some time ago, delivered himself of the following:

"Our courts, our judges, and our whole machinery of law are for property a good deal more than for persons; for the money side of things a good deal more than for the manhood side of things. Corporations too often count for more than those whose business it is to make and minister our laws than human souls. Man is outweighed by dollars. People are outweighed by possessions. It is this over-emphasis of things and this under-valuation of men that are causing the clash and conflict of society, arraying class against class and converting the industrial world into a warfare as real as any ever displayed on fields of battle."

The above statement from a follower of the meek and humble Nazarene should leave no room for doubt in the minds of church-going people that even the man robed in the garb of Christianity can easily

discern the fact that there are classes in this country, and that the class struggle rages between the exploiter and exploited. Coyle must recognize the fact that the very church in which he preaches the gospel of Christianity is exclusive, and that only those who are in possession of a considerable amount of the world's goods are occupants of the cushioned pews.

Reverend Coyle preaches to an aristocratic congregation and there are few men and women belonging to the working class who have the temerity to enter the fashionable church whose congregation pays Coyle the handsome salary of \$6,000 per annum.

Reverend Coyle, in a general way, utters his denunciation against profit being placed above the man, but Coyle has never yet uttered a single word against the hellish system that elevates the dollar and degrades the man. Coyle is conscious of the fact that as long as he confines his condemnation to the effects of a system and remains blind to the cause that no influential member of his congregation will raise

any question as to Coyle holding his job. But let Coyle raise his voice against the system that puts property above manhood, let him hurl his verbal vitriol against exploitation that pauperizes the multitudes and enriches the few, and Coyle will be a jobless minister who has been driven from the pulpit by a class that dominates the church.

The church, however, is having an awakening. There are a few courageous and fearless men identified with the church who are thun-

dering their protests against the system that brutalizes humanity, and these men care but little should their assaults against capitalism divorce them from the pulpit. The preacher who is brave enough in these days of greed to rebel against the system that holds in slavery the workers of the world, is deserving of the highest encomiums of praise and is worthy of the trust and confidence of the men and women who bear the scars of wage slavery.

## Conservatism Shocked

A STUDENT at Cornell University has shocked Cresus and caused *conservatism* to have a few spasms. The student at a fashionable university, where only the sons of the wealthy are supposed to grow to the intellectual stature of men, has given expression to sentiments that chilled the spinal columns of an audience that were in the habit of listening to ancient ideas as to right and wrong.

Henry White Edgerton, of Washington, D. C., the class orator of Cornell, mounted his oratorical guns and belched forth some verbal rain and hail into the fortress of capitalism that has caused bald-headed sages who have espoused and championed class rule, to make the inquiry:

"Whither are we drifting?"

Edgerton, in his address, spoke in part as follows:

"State and federal judges are representative of the capitalist class. They have fought the fight of the capitalist class, and they have appropriated extraordinary weapons in order to fight it with more effect. Popular government should be a government of sober second thought, but it must be the second thought of the people themselves. What the people upon reflection do not approve of can not long endure. And the exercise of the ultimate legislative authority by the nine elderly gentlemen who compose the Supreme Court upon second thought, or third thought, is exactly as much like popular government as a ukase of the Czar of Russia.

"Judicial usurpation, which profits the capitalist class, will not profit us. While the notion of the divine right of judges is permitted to live, it will grow. It is our duty to see that all judgeships are made

elective; to see that the courts, especially the Supreme Court, are filled as rapidly as may be with men in whose eyes property was made for men, and man not for property."

The young man who delivered himself of the above has been guilty of treason. He has given expression to sentiments that could only come from the lips of a man who had observed the brutality of a system that even corrupts our "temples of justice."

For a student standing on the threshold of young manhood to challenge the integrity of a Supreme Judiciary is a departure that may well cause surprise among the well-fed and well-groomed aristocrats who attended the commencement exercises at Cornell University.

This young man did not receive the ideas which he uttered from the text books of the University, but it is evident that he has been communing with the works of men who have consecrated their ability to the overthrow and destruction of a system that has placed profit above human life.

But Cornell University is not alone in the production of graduates who are raising their voices against the hellish system that demands the brute power of armed might for its protection and even invades the sanctuary of courts, asking for decisions that legalize the infamy of murderous exploitation. Institutions of learning all over the land are turning out young men of thought and ability who are becoming missionaries in the world-wide crusade against capitalism, and the time is drawing nigh when enslaved man shall emerge from the darkness of industrial slavery, to bid defiance to the dictums of courts that have become the allies of oppressors who have lost every sense of justice in the mad scramble for dollars.

## The Coming Civilization

THE MONEYED interests of the world are endeavoring to formulate plans by which the great mass of the people of every nation can be held in subjection. The ablest and most brilliant writers are in demand to stem the rising tide that begins to threaten the supremacy of organized wealth. The orator on the rostrum and the minister in the pulpit are raising their voices against the discontent that is heard throughout the length and breadth of the earth, but with all the eloquence of orator and preacher and with all the genius of brilliant writers, the tramp of millions can be heard as they march onwards towards the goal of a new civilization, where man, woman and child shall be free.

Labor throughout the world is going into politics, as the following reports from the International Socialist Congress will show:

"Germany—3,500,000 votes, an increase of 250,000 since 1907; have 49 out of the total of 397 members of the Reichstag, the national law-making body. They would have more than any other party if workingmen's votes counted for as much as other classes. Gaining among farmers.

"France—1,400,000 votes, a gain of 250,000 since 1907; have 90 out of the total of 584 deputies in the Parliament.

"Austria—1,000,000 votes; 88 out of the 516 representatives in the Diet.

"Great Britain—42 out of 670 representatives in Parliament; 100 members in local councils.

"Australia—A Socialistic Labor party in complete control of general government, and of state governments of Tasmania and New South Wales.

"New Zealand—320,000 votes; 60 representatives.

"Italy—350,000 votes; 44 representatives out of a total of 508 in Parliament; have a majority in 100 municipalities, including the famous cities of Milan and Turin; caused city governments to take up 3,100 industrial enterprises; organized farmers' union of 200,000, and farmers are the backbone of the party.

"Switzerland—100,000 votes; 23 representatives out of 170.

"Belgium—500,000 votes; 34 representatives out of total of 166; 7 senators; captures 22 communities, and strong in many others.

"Holland—88,500 votes; 7 out of 100 representatives; represented in 30 communal councils.

"Denmark—92,000 votes; 28 representatives out of 114; majority in Copenhagen City Council.

"Sweden—75,000 votes; 36 out of 165 representatives; control city of Stockholm; fight mainly for universal suffrage.

"Norway—90,000 votes; 11 out of 123 deputies; many representatives, including women, in municipal councils.

"Finland—330,000 votes; 84 out of a total of 200 representatives in the Diet.

"Russia—320,000 votes; 60 representatives.

"Luxembourg—10 out of 48 representatives.

"Spain—42,000 votes (doubled in three years); 1 representative in Parliament.

"Bulgaria—30,000 votes; 8 deputies; fight to abolish oppressive standing army.

"Canada—One labor representative in Dominion Parliament; several Socialists in provincial Parliaments.

"Chile—Six deputies; movements in Argentina and Bolivia.

"South Africa—Growing movement; several representatives.

"United States—Nearly 600,000 votes; one metropolis, Milwaukee, gained; several representatives in councils and Legislatures, but none in National Congress."

No one can deny the fact but that the doctrines of Socialism are commanding the serious attention and consideration of the people of every nation on the globe. The rule of capitalism has been brutal and the great mass of the people who have suffered from the wrongs of exploitation are no longer standing still and remaining silent, while the comparatively few revel in indolent splendor. The battle of all the ages is yet to be fought, but when the smoke of that battle has cleared away, justice will sit securely upon its throne, and man will be hailed as "the noblest work of God."

## Awful Fiasco!

AT LAST the grand day had arrived. The day of days. The eyes of the world were on Milwaukee. For on that day and in that city—the city of Seidelberg—the great and only Teddy was to demolish once and for all—the world's greatest dream—Socialism.

The magnificent auditorium was filled with an expectant crowd. Every man who had voted against the Socialists was in his seat, ready and anxious to applaud as the terrible one annihilated the hated doctrine of Karl Marx.

The telegraph wires were kept open to flash the details of the slaughter to all the corners of the universe.

A score of reporters, each with a dozen pencils, ready sharpened, were straining their eyes to see the fur commence to fly.

The band played. Popular music, military music and patriotic music—everything but the Marseillaise.

At last he came. The applause lasted less than half a minute. The air seemed heavy with an unaccountable depression. During the whole evening of his talk, only three short peals of laughter and three ten-second periods of applause.

The Germans disgraced their race by singing "Er Lebe Hoch." But even there the usual vim and energy was visibly and very noticeably absent.

Teddy mildly recounted a few of the evils existant under capitalism. He said it was a bad thing that men had to work for less than living wages, and that it was a worse thing that girls had to do the same thing. He was sorry that under modern conditions girls had to go into industry instead of remaining at home. That there they had to compete with a multitude of others for an insufficient number of places for a job at wages insufficient to enable them to live. Milwaukee's trade schools were a good thing. That pointed to a cure for these evils, because it gave an equal start in life. He admitted corruption in politics, food adulteration, the necessity for a better standard of justice and that much could be done collectively through the government. Then came a prolific bunch of stock platitudes.

He boosted magazines, especially the cheaper kind, asserted that in the long run we must all go up or down together, that men of militant

honesty were needed, that he was a politician and that eventually this would be the greatest Republic the sun ever shone on—the lamp of hope for the world.

Then he grabbed his hat, hurried from the platform and was whisked away in an automobile, so fast that his coat tails could not be seen for dust.

The crowd was dumbfounded. Expressions of deep disappointment were heard on every hand. Not one word about or against Socialism. Not one syllable in reply to the courageous and manly attitude taken by Mayor Seidel, which was expected to bring down the thunderbolts of the terrible one in an awful avalanche to be remembered ever after.

The mountain had labored and brought forth a mouse.

The terribly windy one had surely demolished Socialism—nit!

He hadn't even dared to try.—Political Action.

## Getting Themselves in Easy

IF CLERGYMEN were not the most self-restrained persons in the world, if they did not always look anxiously to see others succeed before they themselves thought of success, if they did not always work for the advancement of men in other professions before they considered their own economic situation, if they did not always rejoice to see other men in opulence while they, themselves, remained in poverty, they would, at times, rise up and cuss. That is, if they were not clergymen and were thereby barred from such a luxury.

This thought is brought to mind by an article published most inconspicuously last week in most of the papers concerning the "average" earnings of the clergymen of this country.

It seems they get between \$700 and \$800 a year remuneration, or stipend, or recognition, or salary, or pay. A workingman would figure it out that there was, on Saturday night, from \$14 to \$16 in the envelope. It does not look sufficient to turn the thoughts of most of the people of this country toward the ministry as a profession.

Let us look at it in another way. How long does it take to make a clergyman? At what age can he be expected to begin to earn money? The answer is well known. At twenty-five. Consequently, the training is long, arduous, exacting and the results are petty, mean and degrading. All the outcry about the grade of men willing to enter the ministry proves it. All the protests from ministers, who feel themselves pinched by such a material thing as the cost of living, intensify it. The cold, unmistakable figures clinch the conclusion. There is no money in being a minister.

But there was a time in this country when the minister was supreme. The clerical class was dominant. It was effectively in politics.

That period passed away and another class took up the burden. Most of its members were farmers or manufacturers in embryo. Neither under the rule of the theocracy or the agriculturist were the people of this country content. When they passed and the rule passed to the bigger manufacturer, or his representative, that is, to the capitalist, the people were still discontented. They are now. They are mightily discontented, and among the most discontented are the ministers and the small farmers who once ruled. It is rightly so, for they are among the most oppressed.

The figures given above, in the matter of ministers, shows it. In that average are included clergymen of the cities who receive thousands of dollars a year. Included also are clergymen who get \$300 or \$400 a year. The clergyman no longer amounts to anything, except as the pet of a rich congregation. He may as well recognize the fact. It is not only eloquent in showing his present position, but it is also of the utmost importance in showing the course of action he must follow.

In order to show the present standing of the clergyman it is necessary to point directly to the present ruler of America.

It is the lawyer.

He has made for himself the fattest and the softest places.

He draws the highest pay.

He has the largest number of positions from which to select.

He is the real ruler, the real director, the last authority on everything concerning our national life.

Here are two contrasted facts: The chaplain of the national Senate and the chaplain of the House of Representatives receive \$2,500 a year each. Yet they have to pray for the choicest aggregation of scoundrels ever turned loose on a generous people.

There are two of them. They cost the Nation \$5,000.

Look at the Supreme Court. One chief justice gets \$13,000—or \$8,000 more than the two chaplains who do all the heavy national praying. The others get \$12,500. Did it take them longer to learn their trade? It did not. But they rule the Nation and they can fix their pay at what they like.

Take another instance: E. Gaston Higginbotham, who has been before the courts on more charges than most men would care to consider, but who is for all that a magistrate, gets more pay than a bishop. He pulls down more money than six average clergymen: Is he six times as learned? Did it take him six times as long to learn how to run his office? Is he six times as valuable to the people of this country or this city? Nope. He is an ordinary blackguard. But he is a lawyer and more than a lawyer. He is a judge. For one one-hundredth of the charges brought against Higginbotham a clergyman would long ago have been driven into the wilderness.

The fact is brutally stated. But it is true.

Let us see why it is so. Higginbotham is in politics. The clergymen are not. Lawyers rule this country. Clergymen, no matter how magnificent their ideals, do not. Lawyers have carefully prepared soft berths for lawyers. They have fastened upon the Nation the most astonishing aggregation of bloodsuckers that ever drained a people. They were able to do it because this is a government of lawyers. Do not forget that fact.

Why do you suppose the head of the Nation is a lawyer, and an injunction judge? Why do you suppose the head of the state is a lawyer, and now in line to become an injunction judge? Why do you suppose the head of the city is a lawyer? The answer is simple: Lawyers rule this country. They were necessary to the capitalist, and they rose from that to the point where they became necessary to the ruling power.

The meanest little judge on the bench receives more money than a bishop, or the head of the civic, state or national sanitary or health department. Why? Because he is a lawyer, and lawyers fix his pay. Do you suppose the head chemist of this Nation studied less and knows less than a circuit judge? He receives less money. The head of the health department of this city gets less than half what the surrogate judge is given. Is he less important? Less learned? Less zealous in his work? No, but like the clergyman he has nothing to do with this government. He gets what the lawyers, who rule us, choose to give him.

It is a beautiful situation. A lawyer may guess at what the law is. If he is wrong, all right. A doctor guesses and the patient dies. A clergyman guesses, and he is excommunicated. But the lawyer retains his position and has many times more money.

That is what comes of going into politics.

There formerly was a cry of "Drive the rascals out!"

Today you mean the same thing when you yell "Drive the lawyers out!"

In the United States Senate sit Root, Depew and various other lawyers. Look at what the chaplain who prays for them is up against. But each receives three times as much money, and has outside jobs to attend to. No wonder the clergyman is discouraged. He will never know where he is at until he joins the Socialist movement.—New York Call.

## Bucks and Post

THE BUCKS STOVE Company didn't know what it bucked up against when it began to tackle organized labor.

For four long years the stove company has been fighting the union. The war has been a hot one. Labor has won.

If the struggle had not been marred by the infamous four-flushing of Sam Gompers and his undoubted allegiance with the company itself to give it the widest possible publicity, which means good and valuable advertising, this story would read like the history of a city's capture.

The farcical threat of imprisonment of Gompers and Mitchell fooled a great number of honest union men, but their eyes are now quite open.

The union has won a marked victory in spite of Gompers and other leaders. The lesson has been bitter, but it is the more thorough.

Labor may well look into its own face and behold its own strength.

What has been done in the case of the Bucks Stove Company can be done in the steel industry.

If all the stove makers refused to use scab pig iron and other scab material from the scab steel trust, the boys in the steel mills would soon be able to organize.

And if the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, the Firemen, the Switchmen, the Brakemen and other union men in the railroad industry refused to haul scab steel, refused to run their trains over scab rails, refused to cross scab bridges, then the steel workers would not have any difficulty in organizing the Carnegie and Gary shops.

Will labor come to that some day?



How can we help realizing that unless we stick together in all industries we will lose out in many of them?

C. W. Post is chagrined because he could not get the courts to issue an injunction against the unionizing of the Bucks factories.

Pretty little cockroach, this man Post!

Let union labor butt up against him just once and he will topple over, just like an old fence post that is rotten at the ground.

Can't the several railroad brotherhoods get up spunk enough to refuse to haul his scab peanut shells at least?

That would finish Post. For how could he get out his scab breakfast foods without peanut shells?

Post wouldn't stand a ghost of a show if the present unions did half a trick.

The outlook in the ranks of labor, when no union will handle any scab goods, is bright.

Say, wouldn't it be a joke on all the capitalists if the unions took a stand like that?

And also refused to handle a scab ballot? --Chicago Daily Socialist.



#### INFORMATION WANTED.

Any local union of the Western Federation of Miners knowing anything of the whereabouts of Tom Slack, formerly of Skirwith Hall, Cumberland, England, would confer a great favor by communicating with W. I. Slack, Phoenix, British Columbia.

#### INFORMATION WANTED.

Information is wanted of the whereabouts of Robt. L. Rogers. The last heard of him was at the Jeffries-Johnson fight. News of importance is awaiting him from Arthur Smith, Blacktail, Bonner county, Idaho.

#### HIS CARD STOLEN.

French Gulch, Calif., Sept. 11, 1910.

Editor Miners' Magazine:

The card of Bro. Lawrence Little was stolen in Kingman, Ariz. All locals are notified to take up the card, if presented, and forward to this local, 141, W. F. M.

His card will show that he is registered on page 126, Ledger 4, and paid in full up to September, 1910. Yours fraternally,

(Seal)

W. W. MAGUIRE, Secretary No. 141.

#### A GOOD STORY.

Former Senator J. C. S. Blackburn of Kentucky tells many stories of his political experiences, but the one he likes best concerns a father and son who went to a political meeting to hear free silver discussed. Before the meeting a Republican came around and began asking the people in the crowd, "Why are you a Democrat?" He asked a young man who stood on the edge of the crowd. "Because," the young man replied, "Dad's a Dimmycrat and the Dimmycrats is the friend of Labor and the 'publicans want to fo'ce gold on us, an' that would he'p the Yankees, an' I ain't never goin' to do nothin' that would he'p the Yankees." "Yep," piped up the young man's father, "an' I'm a Dimmycrat because what we need is more money, an' we're goin' to get it with Bryan. Stan's to sense that sixteen dollars is better nor one gold dollar." "But you will not get any more money," asserted the inquiring Republican. "Have you never heard of the law of supply and demand?" "In co'se I has," replied the farmer, "but that ain't nothin' to worry 'bout. That law'll be repealed soon's Bryan's 'lected an' Joe Blackburn gits a good hack at it."—Saturday Evening Post.

#### SPECIAL OFFICERS AND THE LABOR MOVEMENT.

By Robert Hunter.

Some time ago in a police court of New York City a magistrate was dealing with several arrests that grew out of a strike.

The arrests had been made in all instances by some special officers serving directly under the instructions of the employers.

When the magistrate saw the type that these special officers represented he gave utterance to the following statement:

"I think it an outrage," said he, "that the police commissioner is enabled to furnish police power to these special officers, many of them thugs, men out of work, some of whom would commit murder for two dollars.

"Most of the arrests which have been made by these men have been absolutely unwarranted. In nearly every case one of these special officers had first pushed a gun in the prisoner's face.

"The shooting last night, when a boy was killed, shows the result of giving power to such men. It is a disgrace and a shame to the police department of the city that such conditions are allowed to exist."

I suppose there is no other place in the world where such conditions do exist.

I suppose there is no other place that pretends to call itself free that would PERMIT such conditions to exist.

Yet this magistrate portrays a condition which exists in almost every industrial city in the United States.

It has become a regular procedure. The bosses go to the police commissioners and get appointed as THEIR special policemen, detectives, thugs and ex-convicts.

These men are then armed to the teeth ready to commit murder at the drop of the hat.

Yet no one protests. That is the amazing thing. We pretend to be free-born American citizens and yet we submit meekly to this mob rule.

It is the cause of most of the violence that occurs in almost every strike. It goads and torments the strikers until they, too, are prepared for murder.

A gang of armed ruffians, foul-mouthed, brutal and often drunken, that pretend to represent law and order, are enough to provoke men who work hard year in and year out and never violate the peace.

These special police are of course encouraged to start a fight. They are the American type of "les agents provocateurs."

A fight serves the bosses by turning public sentiment against the men. And these ruffians start riots and disorder to give the bosses a chance to call out the militia.

The bosses can then break the strike by arresting a multitude of strikers and fining them heavily for disorderly conduct.

And when these ruffians commit murder they say invariably they have done it in self-defense.

These special policemen are responsible to no one. They are not elected. They are not paid by the city. They are thugs, employed directly by the bosses.

In some cases they have been hired assassins that go out to create trouble and to arrest or club any man that resents their brutality.

It is well for union men to have this testimony of Magistrate Steinert of New York City. And it would be well for union men all over the country to use this testimony in protesting against the use by the bosses of a special police.

It is an outrage to which the unions ought no longer to submit. They ought to make a campaign in every town against special policemen whether they are employed in time of peace or in time of war. It is unadulterated anarchy.

Our present government is based, the philosophers say, on anarchist principles except in one thing. We have a governmentally owned police.

If the police were privately owned and privately directed our government would be, the philosophers say, an ideal anarchy.

That's what they say and if that were true, which it is not, a special police privately owned and privately directed makes us a complete anarchy.

Fight against it. Let this thing nowhere get a start. Pluck it in the bud, destroy it in the germ.

The labor movement should fight to the finish this thing of allowing a plutocratic duke to buy up unemployed ex-convicts, thugs and assassins and then arm them to the teeth for war.

The labor movement has many things to fight, but this it should not overlook.

It's bad enough to have against labor the army and the militia or the Cossacks, now being established in certain states, but these private detectives and special policemen mean despotism.

#### AT THE GRAVE OF A NAMELESS HERO.

By John N. Landberg.

I.

Magnificently superb are, at night time, the blue waters of the Dniپر where it majestically sweeps past Kiev, the ancient citadel of Russian clericalism. The starry cupola of the pure, azure heavens, reflected in the mirror-like surface of the mighty stream, presented a scene both beautiful and sublime.

It was April, 1902. We were sitting in a nearby park. The air, though still chilly, was fresh and exhilarating. Joseph and myself were life-long chums and schoolmates. Together we studied, dreamed and planned. Now has arrived the hour for parting; he is going to Odessa to accept a teacher's position, and I setting out on a wearisome journey to that myserious—then, to me—land, America.

"How wonderfully enchanting this spot is tonight," remarked my companion, pointing towards the vast expanse of water spreading out before our eyes. "What a pity that this part of the world is misruled by the most despotic tyrant that ever plagued human beings!"

"Joe," I said to him, after a prolonged silence, "come along with me. Shake the dust of execrable Russia off your boots. The destinies of the Jews lie beyond the western border of the Romanov's empire."

"Brave men fight at home," he replied, with a sigh. "And while I don't blame you for leaving this unhappy land for the United States, in quest of political freedom, I am determined to struggle on here, as long as possible, and contribute my share to the work of awakening our proletariat and peasantry. I may have to join you sooner or later, but I shall take this step only as a last alternative."

II.

Four historic, epoch-making years elapsed. Russia arose in armed rebellion, but czarism, having mobilized the forces of a whole empire, suppressed the uprising of 1905-06. Thousands of victims were swept away, into prisons and exile, years of bloodshed passed by, strikes were crushed, and the hapless subjects of triumphant autoeracy remained chained to the block of slavery to this day.

In November, 1906, I received a note to the effect that Joseph had arrived at the port of Philadelphia. With a mixture of delight and trepidation I hastened to greet the welcome guest. It was a great joy to clasp hands with the big broad-shouldered rebel, whose scars and cuts bore testimony to the gruesome story of the cossack's nagalka and sabre. But my ecstasy over the

meeting was considerably marred by the irritating thought nourished within my mind by personal experience in the factories and workshops, offices and even professional vocations, in this stronghold of commercialism.

After a brief rest, my guest insisted upon being given the hardest kind of toil. No white hand's job for him! He very rapidly mastered the craft of a leather worker, at which trade he was steadily employed for eighteen months, until the disastrous panic of 1907, when some three million "free, independent," American wage slaves were swept into the sea of wreckage—bankruptcy, hunger and suicide—brought about by the insatiable greed and callous brutality of the Wall Street jackals. Joseph was carried away with the disastrous tide. Financial assistance he would not listen to. He was irreconcilably opposed to "uncharitable charity," as he termed it.

In 1907, having drained all his savings, he suddenly disappeared from Philadelphia, without even bidding me farewell. For two years thereafter I lost every trace of him.

### III.

In the spring of 1909, in response to an inquiry, I received a notice from a New York hospital, informing me that Joseph had just recovered from a severe illness, and wished to return to Philadelphia.

What a frightful change the man underwent within the space of two years. Instead of a powerful athlete whom I greeted at the immigration depot, in 1906, I beheld a moving skeleton, pale, emaciated, gloomy and dejected.

After six months' rest, Joseph seemed to have completely recovered. He began to work again. But this time it was exceedingly difficult for him to find steady employment. Wherever he went he had to compete for jobs with female workers, and the factory bosses were all very reluctant to engage male "hands." Joseph was getting desperate. Charity, i. e., aid, was an insult to him to talk of. In the fall of 1909 he disappeared once more.

In January, 1910, I accidentally discovered that he was wandering about the lodging houses in Philadelphia. With difficulty I persuaded him to stay with me. He was a complete wreck now. His tale of suffering during the terrible winter of 1910 made me sick. Driven from one job to another, without a home, penniless, but still obstinately abhorring the very thought of friendly assistance, he tramped the streets, day and night, hungry and cold.

### IV.

Then came on the dreadful blizzard, which buried everything under a snowy pall. There was, however, a "blessing" in this misfortune for the great army of hoboes and tramps, those most wretched victims of a vicious, infernal industrial order. Half-famished, sickly, shivering from cold, Joseph, too, was one of the unfortunates who responded to the call.

Twenty-four hours he toiled, unremittingly, and earned two dollars, plus inflammation of the lungs.

He was doctored at the Jefferson hospital, and discharged therefrom, a month later, uncured. It was then that I found him in a pestiferous lodging den, and took him up to my house. Inflammation of the lungs rapidly developed into the American scourge—tuberculosis. He was so weakened by his privations and suffering that he could not undertake a journey to a sanitarium.

One month following his discharge from the Jefferson hospital and ten days after his admission into the Philadelphia hospital, this soldier and victim of ruthless industrial warfare breathed his last.

### V.

And now, standing at the grave of this nameless hero, I recall, together with the scenes of our happy boyhood, his exclamation at our first parting eight years ago: "What a pity that this part of the world is misruled by the most despotic tyrant that ever plagued human beings!"

But upon his tombstone I shall inscribe instead: "What a pity that this whole miserable world is misruled by the most despotic industrial and political tyrants that ever plagued human beings!"

### "PATRIOTISM."

By Clarence S. Darrow.

"There is no such thing as patriotic art or patriotic science. Both art and science belong, like all else that is great and good, to the whole world, and can only be promoted by a free and universal interchange of ideas among contemporaries with constant reference to that which we have inherited and learned from the past."

—Goethe.

This sentiment of Goethe has been expressed over and over again by the wise of every age and land; still, after long years of so-called civilization the shoddy sentiment of patriotism is almost as strong for mischief in the human heart as in the days of the savage who knew only the members of his own tribe and knew no trade but war.

From time to time the primitive man, rulers and robbers, have used the sentiment of patriotism as their chief asset in their selfish schemes. Whether the strong nation wished to conquer and despoil a weaker land or plunder the people of their own they have ever appealed to patriotism to blind the ignorant to the real motives behind their schemes.

With a primitive people, knowing little and seeing little, there was some reason for the belief that their own tribe held all the greatness, intelligence and virtue of the world, but in modern life it is only the narrow and ignorant who can really think that their own land is better, wiser or more advanced than many others on the globe.

Even as to governments no one can tell which is best or which is worst, and, in fact, the real governments of every land are much the same amongst people of a like grade of intelligence.

Forms of government, like forms of religion, are matters of growth and development, and, all things considered, fit the particular time and place where they hold sway.

The history of the world shows the ruin and bloodshed and destruction that the spirit of patriotism has caused. Ambitious rulers have always appealed to this blind, senseless passion to move their dupes to give their lives and their fortunes to help the ignoble schemes of a few. In the great wars of the world, waged for no real cause, the rulers, and they alone, have reaped fame and fortune, while the people have given their labor and their lives.

The common people, the ones who toil, have done the fighting, have shed the blood, have borne the burden. And these common men have had no cause to fight and no land to serve.

The real work of the world today is not for destruction. True, the vainglorious, those who like applause or offices of honor, are as ready as ever to shed the blood of the innocent and helpless. It matters not who may suffer or die, if they may be made generals or colonels or even majors. These schemers want notoriety; they must be talked about in newspapers; must hold offices; must acquire money. Neither life nor liberty can be permitted to stand in their way. Still it is true that the work of the world is along peaceful lines. The builders of today are subduing the wilderness; they are tunneling the earth; they are sailing the seas; not with men of war, but with ships laden with food and clothing and comforts that conduce to modern life.

The real men are studying the laws of the universe and the laws that make for the happiness of man. One almost nameless biologist, working patiently and obscurely to coax from nature the secrets of life and learn the mystery of death is worth more to the world than all the generals of antiquity. The man who discovered and applied anaesthetics is of more value than all

the armies of Europe. And the man who can find a way to pull one tooth without giving pain is of more consequence than all the vain, strutting colonels who were anxious to assassinate Spaniards and Filipinos so they might run for office when they came back from the front!

Truly, no country has any monopoly of the geniuses of the world. If you study the heavens you can find no American or English astronomy. This learning reaches back to the nomadic tribes who tended flocks and herds on the lonely plains and looked up at the trembling stars at night to learn some of the infinite mysteries that the heavens hold.

Wise men and great in all lands have builded on these small foundations to perfect the marvelous science of astronomy we have today. So, too, not the patriot, but the student, has read the history of the world during the long, silent ages before man was born; has read it in the rocks and soil and constructed a tangible theory of the earth and life.

Science, not patriotism, has ministered to the afflicted, has vanquished pain, lengthened life and destroyed diseases that once scourged the world. Science and industry have utilized the blind forces of nature and made it possible for man to produce amply, to satisfy his needs and desires.

Art and music and literature were not born in any one land. Blind and narrow prejudice has wrecked and destroyed them with the new ambitions of almost every lunatic who strove to conquer the world and wished to make his own name so great that he might furnish the topic of conversation for all time to come.

Art and music and literature were not born in any one land nor nurtured under one flag. They were born of the sky and sea and earth and of human souls that could be inspired and moved by feelings universal to the race. Their devotees and patrons have lived and worked through all time and have made all nations great. Their thoughts and feelings have been as universal as humanity itself. The great artist and poet have never known the narrow lines which bind the feelings of the patriot.

To him, injustice and oppression is no less sordid and mean when practised in his native land. The claims of the poor, the weak and the oppressed appear no different to his heart, whether the victim live far or near.

The scientist, the student, the artist that knew nothing of the work or literature of any but his own land would be poor, indeed. In fact, this could not be, for the knowledge and achievements of all the world are so woven into a complex mass that no chemist could be clever enough to separate the particles that form the whole.

As the world grows older and more complex the lines of states and nations become fainter and fainter. Commerce and industry, like science and art, make all lands one in intent, thought and feeling. The good that comes to one land is reflected to the rest and the calamities of one leave the whole world poorer for the suffering of a part.

Modern life and common interests must leave the feeling of patriotism to the politician, the vainglorious and the cunning. When a man waves the flag with his right hand it is well to see what he is doing with his left.

In the aspiration and work for social justice there can be no state lines. The workers of the world have always had a common interest and should always have a common cause. Under any ideal social system every man who produces something in any land helps all the rest and every man who is idle in any land lays a burden on every worker of the world. The social cost of armies and navies and other paraphernalia of patriotism is a heavy burden on the poor and the social cost in the narrow, brutal sentiments of the race cannot be told.

### MAC VEAGH'S INTERPRETATION.

By G. H. R.

Secretary MacVeagh of the United States Treasury has just ruled that a bank may indorse the personal note of a "reputable" individual or corporation and pass its equivalent into circulation as "elastic currency" in time of panic.

The Vreeland bill provides that commercial paper upon which emergency currency may be issued shall include only notes representing actual commercial transactions, which shall bear the names of at least two responsible persons and have not more than four months to run.

Secretary MacVeagh has decided that the indorsement of the holding bank upon such notes will constitute the second indorsement which the law calls for.

Mr. MacVeagh also holds that notes issued by reputable persons for the carrying on of bona-fide business and which are discounted at banks represent actual commercial transactions and are distinct from what is known as "accommodation paper."

Now the Vreeland bill was about as broad-minded as Congress would stand for. Those who framed the bill may have had this very construction in mind and understood that MacVeagh would make just such a ruling, but to those who passed the bill it meant just what it said and there evidently was not thought to be any need of a professional interpretation of its plain, unmistakable English.

But, what won't modern business do to get around the law?

MacVeagh is a banker. The banks wanted this construction placed upon the law. The banks had put MacVeagh where he is. So, MacVeagh makes his ruling, in accordance with the wishes of the banks.

But what is the objection to this interpretation?

During periods of prosperity banks loan more money than they are supposed to on personal notes. If the party or corporation is "reputable," the money is loaned without security other than collateral stock.

Money goes into enterprises that don't pay. People over-borrow their legitimate credit, and can't pay.

The banks are losers. Their cash on hand runs short. They can't meet the demands made on them. A panic ensues.

Then the banks need an elastic currency. That is, they need money. It doesn't make any difference whose money, or what kind of money, just so it's "legitimate."

Here's where the Vreeland bill comes to the rescue. These personal notes of "reputable" persons or corporations may be indorsed by the holding bank and United States currency issued to their full amount.

In other words it opens the way for banks to issue currency without more than the worth of the paper on which the notes are drawn to and the promise of the bank to guarantee its redemption.

There is nothing deposited except the empty promises of the bank, whose credit is strained, and an individual whose credit may be naught.

It virtually permits a bank to issue currency in time of panic on its own promise to pay.

But what if the bank "busts"?

Then the small depositors, mostly workers, pay. The game is smooth. The owners always win and the workers always lose.

### DONATIONS TO W. F. M.

September 15, 1910.  
Donation of \$2.50 received from H. C. Hadley, Hesperus, Colo.

September 10, 1910.  
Cherry Creek, Nev.,  
Mr. Ernest Mills, Denver, Colo.:  
Dear Sir and Brother—Enclosed please find money order for \$4.00 for the benefit of the locked-out brothers in the Black Hills, South Dakota.  
Yours fraternally,  
WESLEY T. LOPEMAN.



## PRACTICAL CONSERVATION.

It seldom happens that a man engaged in such a thankless task as that of advocating the conservation of the resources of this country receives a welcome like that accorded Gifford Pinchot when he appeared before the National Conservation Congress. He has managed to make himself the center of a spectacular fight, and, so far, he is at the head of a movement to conserve the resources of the country. Along with this idea is another, that of reclaiming the desert and swamp lands and of reforesting the areas that have been denuded of timber. In all that he advocates, the practical man seems to be at work, and up to a certain point his ideas can win only unreserved endorsement.

But when that certain point is reached the question: For whom is he anxious to conserve the remaining resources of this country?—intrudes itself. Up to the period of the civil war there was constant clash between the various elements in the national legislature over the question of the public lands. The line-up was never constant. There were times when the statesmen of the North shifted to the position formerly held by the statesmen of the South. But in spite of this surface manifestation there was always one consistent element at work: Some militant, powerful body of capitalists was growing rich in the work of looting the public domain.

After the war, that element which monopolized access to the richest portion of the public domain was the one represented by the great railroad interests. The railroads managed to gather to themselves public lands given freely by the nation, that were worth millions of dollars, and that, in the capitalization of the roads, could be entered as assets worth hundreds of millions of dollars. All this is ancient history. The railroads looted the public domain and charged the nation for doing it. Individual capitalists grew enormously rich, but no matter how rich they became they were never satisfied. There still remained natural resources that could be capitalized—and they sought to appropriate them.

In their charitable work of taking from the nation gifts of priceless value the earlier capitalists worked extravagantly. For instance, they stripped the timber lands in the most outrageous manner possible and thereby reduced timber lands to growths of worthless scrub or to deserts. They ruined the agricultural lands and practically made them deserts. But under newer ideas and with the aid of science it is found the old lands can be reforested, the waste, ruined and desert lands can be reclaimed, the swamps can be drained, the worn-out districts can be re-exploited and, above all, rivers, lakes and waterfalls formerly unconsidered, are admirable sources of power, and power means money, for power drives machinery.

So our capitalist class has been urging on our national government to do the necessary work. For, if there is one thing above all others the capitalist class likes, it is to appropriate the fruits of industry, whether it be the industry of the nation or the industry of an individual.

But there came to Pinchot and to many others some doubt as to the justice of this capitalist proceeding. He protested against it. He did not wish the Hills, the Guggenheims, the Morgans and the many other capitalists taking to themselves the full benefits of the work the nation had done. He was not and is not yet clear on the real points at issue. But it is evident he does not wish open thievery.

So far, Socialists agree heartily with him. They, however, go a step farther. They want the thievery stopped. They want the goods already stolen returned to those to whom they belong. They want a stop put, for good and all, to the system whose basis is thievery, that is, to capitalism. In the present case they cheer Mr. Pinchot on in his work of stopping the capitalists from stealing. That is not enough.

With reforestation they want restoration.

With reclamation of waste lands they want to reclaim the wealth stolen from them, the wealth that now appears as capital.

With the draining of the swamps they want the draining of the pestiferous disease breeding social conditions that result in so much misery.

With "practical conservation" they want conservation of human rights so practical that those who work will not be constantly robbed.

With the irrigation of the deserts they want a system of procedure that will not permit the new lands to pass into the hands of the exploiting class. In a word, they want Socialism.

It is founded upon a commandment even Mr. Roosevelt seems not yet to have discovered: "Thou shalt not steal."

Capital was stolen from the wage workers. The Socialists want it reclaimed and conserved. That is their program in full.

Mr. Pinchot has gone far. He should go farther or his work will avail nothing. He should follow his policy to the end. It leads inexorably to Socialism, for it is founded on the idea that social necessities belong to all the members of society. It is against the idea that social necessities may be exploited for the benefit of a few individuals. That is what is being done at present and it leads to poverty for the many and to gigantic wealth for the few. It leads to social disorder and crime. It leads to want and misery. Mr. Pinchot seems to want to stop stealing in its more open and raw form.

He should go below the surface. Then he would find that the people of this country are robbed and exploited the same as the public domain has been. He would also realize that the workers are fully as worthy of being conserved as the trees are. But to do it an end must be put to capitalism.—New York Call.

## A REPENTANT RADICAL.

Yesterday William Randolph Hearst, who has steadily run for many offices, and managed to be elected to one only, cordially invited Theodore Roosevelt, who has exploited for his own benefit the art of obtaining public office as it was never exploited before, to return to New York and become governor. Mr. Hearst, who tried to become governor but couldn't, kindly offers the position! It is therefore up to Mr. Roosevelt, who has been governor, and also President, to decide whether or not he cares to accept the gift Mr. Hearst offers. Mr. Hearst began life with a pot of money that enabled him to buy or establish various newspapers with a circulation limited only by cowardly bashfulness of those whose duty it is to claim the largest circulation ever. He also began life with political ambitions and he has used a large and bulging wad of money in furthering them. All he has so far managed to land is the office of congressman, in a district where a nomination on the Democratic ticket means election. That was when he was a regular Democrat and a contributor to the campaign fund and a supporter of the ticket. Since then he has tried for the presidential nomination. Being balked in that aspiration, he was willing to become governor. Not getting that, he would have been content had he become mayor. He didn't get it.

Mr. Roosevelt has been governor and President. He is the best advertised man in the nation. He is far and away the best self-advertiser.

So it is extremely kind of Mr. Hearst, who never manages to get much for himself, though he has tried for everything, to offer him the post of governor. It is a not inconspicuous position and there is some influence attached to it. It is a place of considerable dignity, and as Mr. Hearst was willing to take it under very dirty conditions—the support of Tammany Hall being necessary—his kindness in offering it to Roosevelt becomes all the more remarkable.

But the letter which Hearst wrote making the offer is more remarkable still. Many people still look upon him as a radical, as a fighter against corporation wrongs and a defender of the little fellow, the common people, the man who has nothing. Such he seemed to be, at one time. No man's voice was louder, no man's denunciation was stronger, no man's promises appeared more fraught with hope for the poor. But now all is different.

As far as Mr. Hearst is concerned he is one of the leading members of the "In Bad Club" in his dealings with Organized Labor. He is High Roller in the "Down and Out Club" in running for political office. He is Chief Orator of the "Escaped Radicals' Association." And he is the most repentant "Progressive" of all those who pray tearfully to Wealth for forgiveness. All his old ideas are abandoned. All his old promises are forgotten.

The only reason he wishes to have Mr. Roosevelt governor is in order that Mr. Roosevelt may administer to the corrupt politicians what is known in Homeric terminology as a "nifty swat!"

He has tried to raise again the old cry of "Turn the Rascals Out!" because evidently he hopes he may be one of the new influx of rascals.

He also misreads and misunderstands the significance of Roosevelt's recent remarks. Roosevelt has placed himself—for the time being—squarely against judicial usurpation and the absence of adequate national labor laws.

Either one of these issues would be uncomfortable to Mr. Hearst, and he ignores them. So he lifts his voice and pleads with Mr. Roosevelt to return and smash a few inconsequential assemblymen while the Supreme Court is still able to nullify the will of the people and there is not a single adequate labor law to interfere with the will of the grasping capitalist, the Hearst, for instance! There is repentance for you! He not only has broken away from radicalism himself but he wishes to break the radicalism of Roosevelt.

So he manages to pick out for praise the only unimportant thing Roosevelt has said. He praises the attack on corrupt legislators because it is a perfectly safe proceeding. With a subservient judiciary the corrupt legislator is always safe. If one unfortunately gets caught more can be sent to do the will of capitalism. That is evidently what Hearst figures on. Having abandoned the only advanced position he ever occupied he cries for Roosevelt to come and join him in the retrograde movement.

Such has been the "progress" of our noisiest radical. It is like the Rake's Progress, as pictured by Hogarth, steadily downward. Hearst experimented along many advanced lines, but he found that he must be sincere to make them effective. As he assumed advanced positions only for his own benefit he was beaten. Consequently he now plants himself fairly and squarely with the big business interests and rightly so—he is one of them. In that position he can be honest. As a radical he could not be honest, and he never tried to be.

Yesterday's letter fairly oozes with warnings to Mr. Roosevelt not so to disturb business, that there will be a renewal of the panic. There is a warning against being too harsh to the corporations. Mr. Hearst is averse to the dishonest corporation and boldly says so. He has sent dishonest men to prison or caused them to be fined, and says so. He does not, however, bother about listing them, because he knows his list is pathetically ridiculous. He never helped, in all his career as a merry journalist, to convict one rascal of any size. But in his reckless days he seemed threatening. Now, however, he is the mildest of mild conservatives, and, as a man who boasted and bragged of his advanced position, the most contemptible of hypocrites.—New York Call.

## AS TO J. WESLEY HILL.

Coming into some kind of prominence as an authority against socialism is a clergyman rejoicing in the name of J. Wesley Hill. He is a Methodist Episcopalian, though we are not prepared to say the mentioning of this fact illuminates for our better understanding the peculiar theological tenets of friend J. Wesley.

His forte at the present time is to attack socialism, and the socialist being an inquiring animal and extraordinarily curious minded has been investigating the personality of this man Wesley Hill, as indeed they have investigated the character of others who have criticized them. They have obtained results.

They find that at one time this same J. Wesley, who now is the fraternalizer of bishops and priests of the Catholic church, had an extraordinary predilection for the American Protective Association, better known as the A. P. A. movement, prior to the time that very interesting body sought and found oblivion. After leaving the sinking ship, J. Wesley looked around for another "cause," and in the year 1906 he disclosed the fact that he found it, for he commenced at Sdney, Ohio, a series of lectures—where admission was pretty high—and the subject of the lectures was Mormonism. At that precise period J. Wesley looked upon Mormonism as the one thing that was to bring death, damnation, and all kinds of awful destruction to America. The shekels came in fast to aid the lecturer, and he formulated schemes to establish at Ogden, Utah, a Gentile college, which would be devoted to the education of clergy whose special object would be to combat Mormonism. He established leagues which were devoted to the attack, he had started, against Mormonism, and he made many collections whose ultimate disposal beyond the treasury of J. Wesley would puzzle the most astute collection-box-handling sky-pilot to explain.

This Gentile college was sure a drawing card, and old man Hill more than scooped the public pool every time when he flashed his hand. It was elaborately described, and was to be the most successful missionary enterprise of the day. The evils of Mormonism were scathingly denounced, and even his labor tirades against socialism pale before the blood curdling eloquence of fire and brimstone he hurled against the followers of Joseph Smith.

But somehow that Gentile college did not materialize, and although some of the individual amounts subscribed were over one hundred dollars, no one knows, to this day, what became of the foundation funds—except J. Wesley.

During the last trip of the President throughout the West this anti-socialist high priest accompanied Mr. Taft on his special car, until he came to the boundary line of the state of Utah. He either couldn't face the Mormons, or the dupes who had subscribed to the Gentile college that never materialized.

And now Brother Wesley has found a new "cause," this time the socialists are his particular hatred, and he has again established a league for their utter suppression and said league is known as the Social Justice League. The Social Justice League was recently launched with the blessings of clergy of all denominations, and on its executive, of course, hobnobbing cheek-by-jowl with bishops, and soi-distant labor leaders, doctors, lawyers, and university professors, is our old friend J. Wesley Hill, of the A. P. A., the Anti-Mormon crusade, originator and smotherer of the Gentile college idea, and surely large as life. The new league will devote its entire efforts to combatting socialism, and J. Wesley Hill is to be the destroying angel, being a man of experience in the fire, brimstone and accessory methods, but the good men in charge had better keep their reverend peepers on Brother Wesley, for like as not, he will try to swipe the corbona.

And what fine specimens of humanity are not these unselfish anti-socialists in truth and faith.—Nome Industrial Worker.

## MEN AND MONKEYS.

A tribe of monkeys met one day  
To settle some disputes  
That they had had among themselves  
Concerning men and brutes;  
And, as I chanced to pass that way,  
I felt an inclination  
To hear what they might have to say  
And got an invitation  
To take a seat among the rest  
And make myself at home  
Among my old relations  
That in the forest roam.  
Says I to one: "There's some mistake—  
Explain it if you can—  
Do you me for a monkey take,  
Or think yourself a man?"  
Says he: "My friend, there's no mistake,  
As far as we're concerned;  
This question rose among you men,  
And men whom you call learned;  
And this is why we meet today—  
To talk the matter over;  
So hear what we have got to say,  
And do not feel so sober."

I took a seat, and must confess  
I felt a little queer  
To hear what monkeys had to say  
Regarding man's career;  
And what I saw, and heard them say,  
I'll tell it, verse or prose;  
I'll let the Muses settle that,  
No matter how it goes.  
But let it be in verse or prose,  
I'll tell the truth the same;  
And if there's aught to give offense  
You'll not have me to blame.  
'Tis always best to tell the truth,  
No matter who it hits—  
You need not put the fool's cap on  
Unless you find it fits.  
It seems these monkeys all had heard  
Of Darwin's famous plan  
That from their ancient sires had sprung  
The present race of man;  
They sent a delegation out  
To learn more of this race,  
And found a slight resemblance—  
But only in the face.  
One monkey rose and told the rest  
What he had learned of men,  
And if my friends all think it best  
I'll tell it o'er again:

Said he: "I've traveled far and wide;  
I've seen wise men and fools;  
I've seen them in their churches pray;  
I've seen them in their schools;  
I've seen men drink, and swear, and fight,  
And tear each other's eyes;  
I've heard them tell for solemn truth  
The most stupendous lies.  
I've seen men do a thousand things  
Too foolish to be told;  
And yet they claim to be as wise  
As Solomon of old.  
In fact, Old Solomon himself  
Did many a foolish thing  
But people call him very wise  
Because he was a king.  
A king, though he be born a fool  
Or stupid as an ass,  
Will find his most obedient tools  
Among the working class;  
The working man will pass resolves  
To put oppression down—  
Yet crawl and cringe before a king  
Because he wears a crown.  
They toil and sweat from morn till night  
Until they fill their graves,  
To feed a pack of titled drones  
Who use them as their slaves."

Another monkey took the floor  
And thus addressed the crowd:  
"If Darwin's story be correct,  
You need not feel so proud  
To learn that men were monkeys once.  
They act like willing asses,  
Who carry burdens all their lives  
As do the working classes;  
Disgusted with the rule of kings  
And with their cringing tools,  
I came to Free America  
Where boasted Freeman rule;  
Where Yankee Doodles fought and bled  
To free themselves from kings.  
I found that their degenerate sons  
Were ruled by thieves and rings.  
When kings and knaves get up a fight  
To settle their disputes  
The working men will rush, pell-mell,  
And play the human brutes.

The knaves will then divide the gold,  
The fools divide the lead;  
And then they shoot each other down  
Till half the fools are dead;  
The other half will then go home,  
And work, like willing slaves,  
To help and pay the war-fund off—  
And then fill paupers' graves.  
When working men were in the field  
And fighting, brave and bold,  
The Wall Street thieves, like Fiends of Hell  
Were gambling in gold!  
Men boast of their religion

And boast of their free schools;  
But if we monkeys acted so  
They'd say that we were fools;  
And I would say the same myself;  
In fact, I'd hide my face;  
If we should ever act like men,  
I'd cease to own my race.  
I feel ashamed to tell you how  
The working men will act;  
I scarcely would believe myself  
Until I proved the fact.  
They spin, and weave, and make fine things  
For lazy drones to wear;  
They plow and sow, and reap and mow—  
And get the smallest share.

And, when they've filled the land with wealth  
With scarcely room for more,  
The drones will take and pile it up  
And keep it all in store.  
The working man will stand, and gaze,  
And raise the silly cry:  
Because we have produced so much  
We've got to starve and die!  
And those who neither toil nor spin  
Have plenty and to spare;  
They seem to claim a lawful right  
To other people's share.  
Where'er I went the working men  
Ne'er stood compact, together,  
But, ruled by knaves, in party droves  
Made faces at each other.  
When Providence is kind to us  
And sends abundant fruits,  
We don't go round and cry hard times  
As do the human brutes.  
We go to work, as monkeys should,  
And gather in our store;  
Each monkey gets what he has earned—  
And does not ask for more.  
But men have quite revised our plan:  
They plunder one another,  
Each one stealing all he can  
And brother robbing brother;  
And then they go to church, and pray,  
For God to give them grace—  
'If not, O Lord, then give us gold—  
'We'll take that in its place!'"

I felt that I was out of place  
In such a crowd as that;  
But, knowing that they told the truth  
I felt a little flat;  
The meeting was adjourned sine die  
And I was left behind  
To ponder o'er what I had heard  
About the human kind.  
And now, my friends, my story ends,  
This moral fits the case:  
Let working men co-operate  
And free the human race.  
Co-operation leads the way,  
The only way, to Freedom;  
The way to rid the earth of drones—  
The world no longer needs 'em.  
Shake off the chains that bind you down  
And stand erect like men;  
And, if you stumble by the way,  
You'll soon get up again;  
And if we all co-operate  
For labor's true salvation  
The joyful sound will then resound,  
A free and happy nation!

—Pittsburg Leader.

## WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE?

"How do you know that Socialists, if elected, would not be just as corrupt as Republicans or Democrats?"

This is the question more often asked than any other by those who do not understand Socialism.

The difference between the Socialist party and the capitalist parties is fundamental.

The old parties try to patch up the holes and leaks in the decayed system which they serve, but do not want to destroy the system.

Private ownership in public utilities cannot be maintained without special legislation in its favor.

The old parties are parties originated and supported by the owners. They are in power for the owners. They do the bidding of the owners.

As soon as the old parties cease to serve the owners they cease to exist. The private owners must use labor to do the work. For the owners themselves do not want to work.

They must treat labor in such a manner as to be able to control it.

They must also present a seeming front of fairness.

It is therefore that the owners use their own parties—the Republican, Democratic, Prohibition and others of the same kind—to legislate in keeping with their own best interest.

To serve themselves and also the working class is entirely impossible. The best they can do is to appear to serve the people, and fool the masses into that belief.

Nor does it make any difference whether the owners call their party Republican or Democratic. These parties both belong to the owning, exploiting class.

You as a worker can, therefore, not expect any relief from either. All you will get is enough to maintain yourself so that you may be profitable to the owners.

The Socialist party is entirely the opposite to the other parties.

The Socialist party is made up of the workers and is their own instrument of self-protection.

As the old parties stand for private ownership, which means exploitation, graft, corruption and everything that is wicked, so the Socialist party stands for public ownership of public utilities which means that the people as a whole rather than a few shall enjoy the good things of life.

Now, the old parties have succeeded in serving the purposes for which they are maintained.

Why should not the Socialist party serve the purpose for which it is maintained?

If the old parties have served their masters, why should not the Socialist party serve its masters?

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And, since graft and corruption have their source in private ownership, will they not disappear with the disappearance of their source?

The Socialists are of a different turn of mind and have a different object in view from the old party adherents.

The old party servants have the saving of private interests as their goal.

The Socialists have the saving of the whole working class as their goal.

They know that as individuals neither they nor the rest of the workers can be secure. They know that only by collective ownership in the means of life can they and their class get justice.

In view of all this it would not be natural for Socialists to sell out. They cannot sell out to the people for they are already the servants of the people. They will not sell out to the private owners, for that is to return to slavery.

Milwaukee is showing to the world that there is a difference. Even the old parties admit that the Socialists are on the square but they do not know why.

Socialists can gain nothing by being crooked. They can gain everything by being straight.—Chicago Daily Socialist.

**BRANDED.**

"Ten thousand of them were branded!"

A cable of last week contained that sentence. To what did it refer? To cattle? To sheep? To pigs?

No! It referred to human beings!

It was during the great shipping strike, at Antwerp, a few months ago. Large numbers of strikebreakers were imported by the shipping federation and 10,000 of them, the cable man now informs us without the vestige of a blush, were branded on the wrists with india rubber stains, as the sign and symbol of their despicable trade.

It is a long time since we had so flagrant an example of the degradation of humanity by capitalism.

When the historian wants to impress us with the demoralizing barbarity of the feudal system he tells us that laborers who ran away from the service of their masters were brought back and branded with his mark.

The awful abasement of human nature involved in this legalized outrage sums up for us posterity's indictment of feudalism as a social system.

God made man in his own image and likeness. Divinity set its seal upon the human countenance and form.

Then came along the devil of Exploitation and branded the divine like a beast.

Capitalism as exemplified at Antwerp is thrusting feudalism into the shade in this devil's work.

It brands its human tools, not as a punishment for running away, but as the outward and visible evidence of their shame in entering its service.

Many of those strikebreakers were brought over, in shiploads, from Great Britain. They had been taught to bellow there, on patriotic occasions, that "Britons never shall be Slaves!"

And at Antwerp they held out their wrists, to be branded with india rubber stains, that signified a baser servitude than any ever inflicted upon bondsmen of old.

The feudal serf could not escape his fate. He was the involuntary victim of a system that ground his manhood into the mire and distorted into a blasphemous caricature his likeness to God.

These strikebreakers, on the contrary, deliberately accepted their degradation. Knowing they were being used to injure the cause of fellow beings fighting gallantly for justice against overwhelming odds, they nevertheless offered themselves for that work and preferred the stain of the slave to the clean skin of the free man.

With centuries of heroic struggles for liberty behind them; with a national record enriched with the blood of men and women who have chosen freedom in death rather than endure bondage in life, these strikebreakers submitted for a few shillings a week to be branded instruments of oppression.

No doubt they wanted the money badly for the maintenance of their wives and families. Recruited from the ranks of the hungry unemployed, they snapped eagerly at the chance of work and wages and the prospect of putting a little bread in the cupboard for those they loved.

So anxious were they that they not deterred even by the knowledge that in order to do so they must act the part of traitors to their class and carry the stain of their traitorous occupation visibly upon their bodies for all men to see.

To this has Capitalism reduced humanity—to this has it corrupted the holiest instincts of men, that to win food for their women and children they will injure the just cause of their brothers.

The first man who raised his hand against a brother was branded on the brow for the stern behoof of the world.

But Capitalism says: "Here, come into my pay!" And to encourage him in his fratricidal energy it brands him on the wrist with the seal of its service.—Brisbane Worker.

**PROPERTY VERSUS MAN.**

Some of the antiquated property laws of staid old England are in danger thanks to an eleven-year-old boy.

In England, as in the United States, the railroad companies own land for which they did not pay a cent. On parts of this land the railroad employes are allowed to run little truck gardens; the companies finding it cheaper to grant their men this privilege than to pay them decent wages. Most of the land, however, lies there, as idle as it was in the days of William the Conqueror.

Now, it so happened that a young lad, reared in the faith of his fathers and in conformity with the customs of the country, considered it his filial duty to adorn his father's grave with flowers. Being too poor to patronize a florist, he committed the heinous offense of picking wild flowers on the railroad company's land. He was promptly arrested and haled before a magistrate whose head was crammed full of law but whose heart was devoid of justice.

Eager to protect the sacred property rights of an outraged corporation, this servile tool of wealth imposed a fine upon the boy of \$1.55 and added costs amounting to \$7.50. As a boy too poor to buy flowers for his father's grave naturally had no \$9.05 in his clothes, this lad had an excellent chance to go to prison, there to be taught crime as a profession. Fortunately there are still some men in England who think a human life ought not to be blasted even to please a corporation, and that picking wild flowers in memory of a beloved father does not merit a jail sentence. The boy's fine was paid, and an agitation has been started that is shaking British Toryism to its foundation.

The Secretary of State for Home Affairs has been forced by public opinion to investigate the affair. Not alone are some magistrates likely to lose their official heads, but the growing sentiment in favor of making a fight against the sanctification of "property rights" as against human rights bids fair to upset some old traditions. The case of the Southeastern Railway Company against little eleven-year-old Benjamin Peidger is likely to become a historic one. An outraged public sentiment is likely to result in the clipping of the wings of some of the geese that roost on the judicial bench.—Organized Labor.

**THE ANT'S COUSIN.**

Read the story of the ant. Mark how minutely modern science observes his ways, his manners, his mode of life, and how lucidly it sets these forth for our edification or instruction. So with the bee or the oyster, or aught else in the animal kingdom. Even of vague protoplasm we can write and think sanely and clearly; of the elusive electron also we are learning things. But when it comes to Man—we throw up our hands in despair.

Not that we have not thought and written enough about him. Thinkers on man are legion and their tomes encumber the earth. We have in point of fact written and thought of him so much that it is yet necessary to think and write of him a great deal more. And it is not our ignorance that is altogether to blame for this, for, considering who we are, we know quite a lot. The fault is with our extreme vanity. We have divided the universe into two parts—man and not-man.

First-born of an ass. Is man not cousin to the ant and great-grandchild of protoplasm? Man is merely one of the animal species which inhabit this planet, which is only one of the planets circling about one of the suns. As such he is of no greater importance in the scheme of things than the ant or the oyster. His habits and customs and mode of life are on the same plane as theirs, though more complex and less satisfactory. Of course his own affairs are all-important, to him, but that is all the more reason why he should bring to bear upon their investigation at least as much scientific observation, exact reasoning and unprejudiced utterance as he devotes to the affairs of the ant or the bee. He must put his species into its proper place in the department of biology and there examine it as though it were being observed by a scientific and unenthusiastic ant.

In this light the human race appears, not as a coterie of remarkable individuals differentiated from one another by marked personal attributes, but as it should appear, as a species of gregarious mammals, living in hills, hives or communities varying in extent and complexity of organization. History then becomes the record of the development of these communities, and economics, a scientific analysis of the mode of life within the communities. Naught else than the biology and zoology of the human race, and an investigation of the factors which have shaped its course.—Western Clarion.

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