



JOIN THE UNION OF YOUR CRAFT

# THE TOILER.



JOIN THE PARTY OF YOUR CLASS

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FIFTH YEAR

## WANTED

To inform workmen in general that A. H. Springer's stove and jobbing foundry is still **UNFAIR**

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EMPLOYS MORE PEOPLE.  
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This plant has attained its standing and popularity through Perfect Work.  
Prompt Attention to its Patrons.  
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The building is the best lighted, best ventilated and most sanitary laundry building in the state.

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## NOTES AND COMMENTS.

**N**O GROUP of working men ever fought a more heroic battle for the preservation of constitutional liberties than that of the miners in the Cripple Creek district of Colorado. Every device of the military, judicial and executive powers of that state have been invoked in the interest of the mine owners, and the workers have held their own in the face of such odds.

According to press reports, the governor has increased his vigilance as the watch-dog of capitalist interests, by proclaiming martial law and suspending the writ of habeas corpus. He proclaims the district in a state of rebellion, which it is toward the mine owners. The intemperate "bull pen" in which miners are incarcerated like so many cattle under military guard and with no charge against them, is to be enlarged to "accommodate" several hundred more.

In a sense, this may be said to be a retribution for the ingratitude of these same miners, when, years ago, Gov. Waite, who had the distinction of being the only official that ever called out troops in the interest of the workingmen, was defeated at the following election and an overwhelming majority was cast against him in the district which the present capitalist executive is trying to transform into a model of Siberia. It is claimed that this ingratitude of the miners so effected Waite that his death, which soon followed, was hastened by it.

The workingmen of that state are getting much valuable experience regarding the supreme importance of controlling political power when on a strike, and Governor Peabody, though a harsh teacher, is a good one. The Western Federation of Miners has already recognized this and has declared for united action at the polls as well as in the strike, and it is this position which makes them, as an organized body, so distasteful to the masters and their representatives in power.

It is this position which draws the fire of every hostile capitalist organization in the west, and accounts for the wanton disregard for all constitutional privileges on the part of the political and industrial rulers of that region.

The class antagonism inherent in the present system finds its most acute demonstration in the west, and it would be no surprise to the student of economics if the west proved to be the first to send workingmen into the halls of congress to fight the oppressor on his own ground and with his best weapons.

**A** NUMBER of "labor leaders" from Butte, Montana, visited Theodore the First at Washington, last week, and were entertained in an unusual manner by that august personage. As is well known, it is Ted's usual custom to maintain acquaintance with workingmen through the militia or federal troops, but he departed from the usual custom in this case by dining and dining a delegation from the western states. It will be remembered that, when Ted was in that section as a candidate for vice-president, the miners showed their sincere attachment to the Strenuous one by attempting to hiss him from the platform. Those miners have become less attached to him with the passing of time, owing to the progressive stand of the labor organizations with reference to the ballot. This is certainly unfortunate—for Ted, and something must be done to restore the affections alienated from him by reason of his strenuous proclivities in the use of troops to crush strikes. He began to look about for some worthy persons who would not look so unfavorably on his suit. He found them in a few discredited "leaders" of Butte.

It is not known whether he exhibited the neat, steel-spiked club, which he invented for the special benefit of workingmen, to his esteemed guests as a token of his "friendship," but such an oversight may well be passed over, considering the occasion.

Everything progressed nicely and labor was receiving that "recognition" which its "dignity," tradition tells us merits, when something in Butte fell with a dull thud. It proved to be charges preferred against the "leaders" for participating in the harmonious drama at Washington.

Ungrateful workingmen of the west, unlike many in the east, had remembered the Strenuous One's efforts at "harmony" in the past, and could not accept the proposed deliverance of their vote without consulting them. Somehow, they felt they had, contrary to the usual custom, a voice in such a delicate transaction, and that conviction prompted their action. The "leaders" found that an intelligent rank and file are capable of caring for themselves on the political field when once aroused.

Thus Theodore's bid for the western labor vote failed, and the ambition of the "leaders" was nipped in the bud. **MORAL:** Be sure you have the rank and file before attempting to "deliver the goods."

**T**HERE was terrible suffering in the kingdom of Bulbag. Not but what there had been a season of plenty, for the cocoanut trees had been loaded down like a woman on bargain day.

A syndicate had cornered the cocoanuts, and a hard rainy season was coming on. Never before had cocoanuts been cornered. From time immemorial they had been round.

The children were crying for cocoanuts, but their cries were only music to the ears of the syndicate managers. They knew that the cries would only make the brown and dotting fathers dig the harder.

Finally, the king sent for the main promoter of the trust. Meanwhile he had instructed his chief headman to rub his ax against the grindstone until it was as thin as the gruel the headman had had for breakfast.

The court assembled and the dusky warriors stood about. The culprit was brought in and asked if he had any silver-tongued oratory that he cared to unload on the market before the kind gentleman with the ax gave his physical culture exhibition.

"I am ready to die," said the trust promoter, with a smile, "but first I would have a word privately with the king. I have a new funny story that he should hear before I die and take it with me."

The request was granted, and the prisoner retired with the king to an inner chamber.

"O king," said the trust promoter, "father of the sun and second cousin to the electric light plant, there is a great mistake here. Instead of being a horse-thief, I am a public benefactor. Yes, your royal highness. You see, it is this way: With some other philanthropists I have organized this company. Do not call it a trust. It is not by raising the prices, but by superior management, that we will make 1,264 per cent. We were looking for you to let you in on the ground floor, but couldn't find your telephone number. How much stock do you want at 10 cents on the dollar, to be paid for by your note due three years after death?"

"Ahem!" said the king, very graciously. "This puts a different aspect on this business. Come down, tonight, with your friends and help me smoke a box of choice two-fors that the gracious envoy from New Jersey has just sent over. Meantime the execution is postponed indefinitely."

Then the king went outside and told the populace to chase itself.—Erie People.

**S**IXTEEN workingmen were killed in a wreck near Pekin, Ill., November 19, and the coroner, in giving the verdict of the jury, placed the responsibility on railroad employes. These are being held in jail pending the action of the grand-jury.

It is certainly peculiar that men in charge of trains running in opposite directions on the same track will occasionally meet with a collision and wantonly destroy human life. Such cold-blooded indifference for human life, including their own, deserves all the punishment that an "outraged public" demands.

Trainmen should be careful and always be on the lookout for such things, and, when approaching trains are coming in an opposite direction, should take the precaution of either running into a corn field till they pass or make a flying leap over the approaching train. The fact that the capitalist owners of the roads do not build two tracks, because it is cheaper to take human life than to incur such expense, should be, and, in fact, is

## The Parasite That Loans Money and Takes Mortgages on Sewing Machines, Tubs, &c.

**T**HIS parasite is generally visible while feeding. It is probably because of this fact that we look upon him as being one of the most loathsome and repulsive of all the species that find lodgment and exist upon the body of labor.

He evades, ignores and violates the laws of the state, but is seldom molested by the authorities. His victims being the poor, the needy and unfortunate are rendered powerless to command the ear of the court because of the lack of finances to defray the expense incidental to a hearing by it.

Instead of looking to the court as its protector, the victim instinctively shrinks from and avoids it, as a child shrinks from a cold-hearted, unloving and cruel father.

The victims belong to that class that have been dispossessed of the weapons of warfare, suffered wounds, or are fallen from sheer exhaustion and left behind upon the great battlefield of human existence to be devoured by the vultures, the jackals and cold-blooded vermin that feed and fatten upon the fallen and helpless in this seemingly never-ending struggle to gain mastery over each other.

They are the sick and afflicted, the physically maimed and helpless, the poverty stricken and propertyless, the widows and the forsaken, for which the laws of the state make absolutely no provision except the county poor house, and, strange to say, though a free gift by the state, none can be found to avail themselves of the luxury, except in the last extremity, or as a last resort.

They would rather enjoy the little freedom there is in the struggle, contend with the odds against them, endure privations, hardships and servitude, sacrifice health, home and even honor, spurred on by a vain hope of raising themselves to a higher plane of life.

'Tis at this juncture that the louse, I should say parasite, makes his appearance. He finds the victim in straightened circumstances. The victim may be a widow with several children. The law demands that she provide for them, which she is trying to do. She cannot do it



and meet her rent promptly. The landlord (another species of parasite) is about to throw her into the street. She tries to borrow money. But she can't borrow it under the system the government has adopted to distribute it. She applies to the parasite. He is the Moses that will lead her from bondage. He loans her the money, takes a mortgage on her wash-tub, cook-stove, etc., charges her at the rate of two hundred and fifty per cent. The widow now has nothing to do but to grind out the money. If she succeeds in prompt payment, well and good. If she fails to pay to the last farthing, she is threatened with the strong arm of the law, which, under the prevailing system and order of things, would be raised in behalf of this thieving, fiendish ghoul.

Is it not a glorious system under which the law not only permits any sort of fleecing of the helpless, but is actually put into execution to hold the resisting victim while his life's blood is being sucked away by these repulsive parasites. Do you see anything wrong with the system? You certainly do, if you have ever given the subject one moment's thought. If you have not, stop and think a moment—just one,—then help to change the system so that those who labor and are useful members of the community are not persecuted and robbed and kept in poverty by the useless, shiney leeches that hang to labor's body and render the community nothing. This can and will be done through the co-operative system of wealth production.

F. SENCE.

always overlooked by juries intent on fixing the responsibility for such horrors. Our virtuous capitalist rulers are righteously indignant at the "neglect" of their "hands," and will be the first to insist on punishing them. If they cannot accomplish the feat which we suggest as necessary to avoid collisions on a single track, they must be dealt with in a manner that will serve as a warning to others.

Verily, capitalism fixes its death traps and punishes its victims when it accomplishes its gruesome mission, and, at the same time, parades as the guardian of human life. The worst of it is that the victims vote for it without a whimper.

**EUGENE V. DEBS** spoke to a vast audience that packed the Coliseum at Chicago, last Sunday. The Chicago papers report the number being present from five to ten thousand people, the latter figure being nearer the truth, as many had to stand during the address. He spoke in part as follows:

"The democratic party is dead, was dead long ago," said Mr. Debs; "still it has a mission as one wing of the capitalist forces. Republican prosperity has almost run its course, and it is nearly time to shove in a democratic president as a scapegoat for the coming panic."

thoroughly organized as they would have been in 100 years, and yet they lost their battle. I always have been with the labor unions, but it is time for them to learn that their movement is in process of evolution. They no longer should be satisfied with the strike, the boycott and the injunction. Let the union men recognize the class struggle they are engaged in and make their strength felt at the polls."

"The more death blows, the more Socialists. The oftener Socialism is killed, the louder, the lustier the movement becomes." Bismarck, thirty years ago, said he had crushed out Socialism. The dainties long have been blowing over the grave of the iron chancellor, but Socialism goes marching on."

Gov. Peabody of Colorado was attacked for enforcing martial law, and the audience was warned that some day a president would become a military dictator.

"If the capitalist parties last long enough," said Mr. Debs, "you will see a Roosevelt or some other chief executive head an army as dictator and crush out what liberties you have."

In these characteristic sentences Mr. Debs gave his advice to union men:

"When labor goes into politics, the capitalist party will die. In Chicago the red flag of Socialism will wave over the city hall. Corruption will cease in public affairs. The workingman will be crowned sovereign of the land."





