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# THE MINERS MAGAZINE

INDEPENDENCE  
EDUCATION ORGANIZATION

*Published Weekly by the*

## WESTERN FEDERATION OF MINERS

Denver, Colo.  
March 21,  
1912

Volume XII.  
Number 456

WEALTH  
BELONGS TO THE  
PRODUCER THEREOF



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EDUCATION INDEPENDENCE ORGANIZATION

# MINERS MAGAZINE



Published Weekly

by the

WESTERN FEDERATION

OF MINERS

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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

TEDDY ROOSEVELT, with the aid of the steel trust, has convinced himself that he is the only man that can save the country. His modesty is worthy of admiration.

THE COMMON LABORERS in the steel works at Bethlehem receive 12 cents an hour and work 12 hours per day. Why should the paupers of southern Europe yearn to come to America?

A DISPENSER OF JUSTICE in Pennsylvania recently sentenced a man for five years to the penitentiary for stealing 50 cents; but President Taft only a short time ago pardoned Banker Morse from prison who stole \$15,000,000. We are certainly "all equal before the law." Rats!

THE INFAMY of greed has been laid bare by the strike of the textile workers of Lawrence, Mass. Will the outraged strikers remember the clubs of policemen and the bayonets of state militia when they march to the polls next November? The result of the election will answer the question.

PATRICK HENRY in the days of '76 exclaimed, in thunder tones: "Give me liberty or give me death," and the pen of the historian recorded his name in the annals of fame as a patriot, but the wage slave fighting a battle against starvation on the industrial field in the twentieth century who declares, "Give me liberty or give me death" is branded as an anarchist and is entertained by the club of a police thug or the bayonet of the "boys in blue."

WHEN MORGAN launched the "Men and Religion Forward Movement" he knew that it would pay. According to the Labor World of Spokane, where a few evangelists of the Morgan syndicate exercised their lung power, it is claimed that they took their departure from that city with \$3,500. The question arises, what percentage does Morgan receive for his services in organizing this company of Christians? If he was allowed \$70,000,000 for re-organizing the steel trust, it is fair to presume that Morgan is not "holding the sack" as the chief promoter of the "Men and Religion Forward Movement."

THE CAPITALISTS of America who have interests in Mexico are still giving orders to the war department at Washington. As the capitalists of America own the government through campaign contributions that mortgage "the servants of the people," it is only reasonable to presume that our officials in national life will show that gratitude that is always admired by a class of privilege. Our "boys in blue" are standing ready at a moment's notice to obey the commands of a master class, issued by commanders who are but the puppets of the power behind the throne. Capitalism is King in America.

BLESSED ARE THE POOR, for they shall see God," means that if you are hungry here on earth, you will get plenty to eat in heaven. If you are only docile to your superior, which means the boss, accept with resignation and humility the brutal treatment of soulless tyrants, and the wage slave enduring the tortures of the damned in the industrial hills on earth, will enjoy thrones in the kingdom of the Omnipotent Jehovah and sip nectar from golden goblets.

Blessed are the slaves who produce profit for a sweatless and indolent master class, for they shall be crowned kings in that palace that we know not of. What consolation for a stomach that rebels against being empty!

THE STRIKERS of Lawrence, Mass., who were brought to Washington to disclose to a Congressional committee the outrages from which they suffered at the hands of the police and state militia, and the unbearable conditions under which they worked in the mills, are said to have brought tears to the eyes of many of the aristocratic ladies who frequently mingle with our lawmakers at Washington. Tears wetting the cheeks of society ladies at the National Capital will never bring liberty to the wage slaves of America. Men and women whose hands bear no scars of the desperate struggle to live will scarcely be prompted to declare war upon the heartless system that puts millions of dollars of profit into the coffers of economic despots. Tears on patrician faces will never wrest freedom from the iron grip of greed. The battle for liberty must be fought by the class that has endured the wrongs of the centuries, and only through the power of industrial and political unity can the barbarism of exploitation be expelled from a civilization that is dripping with the tears and blood of laboring humanity!

THE TWELFTH ANNUAL CONVENTION of the Civic Federation met in Washington this week. Prominent men from all sections of the United States took part in the deliberations by which it is hoped to knit closer the bonds between the employer and the employe.—News Item.

The bonds between the employer and the employe. That's good. It is the bonds of the stockholder on which the employe must produce a profit that causes all the trouble. It is the bonds of the employers that stand between the workers and the product of their labor. And it is also the bonds of the employers that really does stand between them and the workers. If it were not that these bonds of ownership of the industries were held by a few employers, they, too, would be workers and there would be nothing to stand between them and the

other workers. They would all be brothers. But as long as one owns the industries and the other does the work, creating wealth and being robbed of it by the other, there will be an eternal conflict between the two, regardless of the Civic Federation.—Indianapolis Register.

**T**HE LONDON JUSTICE says: "There is to be no more famine in India. King George and Queen Mary visited the vast poverty-stricken country as Emperor and Empress and charmed it all away. There will be no more plague in India. The same august personages held a great Durbar at Delhi, prayed to Almighty God to bless them—and plague has vanished, never to return. There can be no further financial trouble in India. £2,000,000 were spent on entertaining the pair of the Lord's anointed. £4,000,000 at least are to be laid out on the new capital of Delhi and some £2,000,000 or £3,000,000 more in a subsidiary capital for Bengal, at Decca. These payments out have, strange to say, filled the exchequer. The widow's cruse of oil was a fool to the new Indian till. And poverty? Don't trouble yourself! There is no more poverty in British Hindustan. Lord Hardinge, the Viceroy, is quite sure of that. The whole 224,000,000 of our fellow subjects, from being bare-bone starvelings to the extent of 200,000,000 of them, have suddenly become quite well-to-do—all the lot. Unrest? What are you talking about! That has vanished with famine and plague and poverty and overtaxation and deficits. Everything is for the very best under the very best of all governments possible. The modern magicians, George and Mary, Mary and George, have made it so. Wonderful conjurers! Perhaps they can perform similar successful hocus-pocus in our slums at home!"

**T**HE MEMBERSHIP of organized labor in the congressional district of "Uncle Joe" Cannon of Illinois are lining up their forces to relegate to private life the man who, as speaker of the House of Representatives, was recognized as a political czar whose rulings always met the approval of Big Business.

John Walker, the president of the United Mine Workers of Illinois, has been selected as the candidate of the working class to measure swords with "Uncle Joe." John Walker is well known, not only in the congressional district in which he lives, but has become a prominent figure in the labor movement of this country.

There is no valid reason why the president of the United Mine Workers of Illinois should not be heard in the next House of Representatives. Walker has the ability and his record in the cause of laboring humanity should unite the workers at the ballot box next November.

Labor can expect no favors from Congressman Cannon. His interests are with the class to which he belongs. For Cannon to espouse the cause of labor would leave him open to the charge that he had committed treason to a class of privilege, and there is no danger that such

an indictment will ever be brought against the old watch-dog of Illinois, who has ever been on the alert to promote the welfare of a master class and to strike labor a solar plexus jolt whenever the opportunity presented itself.

The laboring people in Cannon's congressional district have the votes, and if they are only loyal to their interests, John Walker will be heard in the national council at Washington demanding that the rights of labor shall be respected.

**A**N INQUISITIVE CORRESPONDENT of the Chicago Daily Socialist, under the caption "Why?" puts the following interrogatory:

"Why, in a government of, for and by the people, does the government allow twenty-two thousand wage earners and their dependents (if it were not for outside contributions) to starve and freeze, as is being done in Lawrence, Mass., today?"

"If the Republican party is such a good friend of the laboring class, as their politicians would have you believe, why does not this party make some effort to see that this vast body of workers gets justice? We have a Republican President.

"If the Democratic party is such a dear, good friend of the working people as their politicians tell you they are, why do they allow this army of toilers to remain entirely dependent on personal contributions so that they may be kept from death by starving? Massachusetts has a Democratic governor.

"The workers are asking for justice, not charity.

"Why can't they get it?"

In the first place, the government is not *of, for or by* the people, but the government is *of, for and by* the trusts and corporations. The people as a class have no voice in the administration of the affairs of government. The people have cast their ballots on election day to put the hirelings of combinations into office, and these hirelings, clothed with authority, have become the agencies through which the people are held in subjugation. The Democratic and Republican parties are but the political chattels of capitalism, and both parties being mortgaged to the interests of commercial and financial pirates, these parties can do nothing toward bringing *justice* to the people.

Under the present industrial system human flesh is the cheapest commodity in the world, and as capitalism sustains no losses through the starvation of strikers, the Democratic or Republican party does not feel called upon to adopt any measures that might relieve the suffering of the disinherited.

When the working class becomes conscious of the fact that the Democratic as well as the Republican party is absolutely owned by organized wealth, labor will not be making inquiries as to why the people do not receive justice. *Justice* to the people would mean a shrinkage in profits, and dividends are far more priceless to economic masters than *justice* to humanity.

## The Long, Lonely Road

(B. G. N., in Milwaukee Leader.)

**C**OMRADE, for many years you have been earnestly fighting for the under dog. While doing so you have not always had the most cheerful kind of a time.

The highest purpose in your life is: "To seek the Truth and to live it."

You are one of the propagandists who are leading the world from capitalism to liberty. You are preaching a new gospel, and, like all reformers, you are suspected and maligned. Envy, ignorance and slander pursue you.

You are detested by those whose good opinion you would like and by those who would work with you and value you if they understood you.

For a few minutes, perhaps, in the course of years, you have had sympathetic friends about you, but for those few minutes of satisfaction you pay with years spent as a target for ridicule.

When you review the disappointments, the hopes that die, the success of malice and selfishness, you at times grow weary. You feel indifferent.

The way has been long and it has been lonely, and today you are tired.

\* \* \* \* \*

As a matter of fact you are advocating new truths, you who are working for the betterment of the toiling millions need not pity yourself very much. You only need look back a little way to see sights that should fill you with self-gratulations.

When you think of the awful punishment wreaked upon those who dared denounce wrongs in the olden days, when nearly everything was wrong, you seek in vain for words to express your admiration for the courage of the men who gave their lives for the cause of the right.

\* \* \* \* \*

The frown of kings could not silence them. Prisons could not quench the fires of justice burning in their hearts, nor could the rack break aught but their bones. As they marched to the block they walked proudly. As they mounted the gallows they rose step by step like conquerors, leading men upward into a new land of freedom.

Their names are lost—nearly all of them—but you, Comrade, are the legatees of their heroic work and their heroic deaths.

Socrates told the truth. He defied unjust judges, and was forced to drink the deadly hemlock.

Christ denounced the gamblers and the money changers (the capitalists of that day), and he was crucified.

Giordano Bruno was burned alive because he dared to speak his mind and convictions, and his ashes were thrown to the four winds.

Joan of Arc, the saddest of all the long line of martyrs, was forgotten by the brutal idiot whom she had saved, and burned at the stake.

Savonarola, the gentle friar, was strangled, and then burned on a heap of fagots.

Voltaire was arrested, imprisoned and exiled.

John Brown was hanged for trying to do away with chattel slavery.

William Lloyd Garrison was mobbed by "respectable Boston gentlemen" in the streets of that city.

Every great, good law has cost some brave man his life. They died for you so that today you might enjoy the right to express your convictions freely. You owe something to mankind for all this.

You cannot be deaf to the cry of human suffering. You cannot be blind to the havoc wrought by bad laws. You will not be cold-hearted to the plea of the weak against the tyranny of the strong.

It is true the world does not treat very gently those who are trying to serve it, but today punishment for independent thinking is extremely mild. What matters it if the class that "lives without working" throws mud at you? It is not as bad as placing your shaved neck under the knife of a guillotine.

\* \* \* \* \*

You are a class conscious Socialist working for a revolutionary change of the existing form of society.

To you we owe the science of agitation, the irresistible but peaceable marshaling of public opinion to change customs, policies and laws.

To you we owe the demonstration of the profound truth that reforms are not granted merely because they are right, but granted when it is no longer possible to refuse them to an educated, class-conscious people.

Today the crying necessity of society is to find the truth, and to right the laws in conformity with the truth.

Your creed of Socialism represents a cardinal truth, and it will survive you and all those who today laugh and jeer at you.

You know that the present system of capitalist misrule no longer serves its purpose. You know that a system that sends a negro to the

chain gang for betting a dime on "seven-up" and finds itself powerless to punish the Wall Street stock-gambler is weak unto rottenness.

You know that a system which tears a tenant from his family and puts him in chains because he sells his crops for something to eat and leaves the rent unpaid, and which at the same cannot punish the railroad barons, who shamelessly violate the penal statutes, is a system no one can respect.

Being an educated man, you know that the unequal treatment of the classes, the unequal levying of taxes, the unequal distribution of wealth, have been the three big causes that have peopled the cemeteries of the past with dead nations. As an American you love your native land and its people. For that reason you are doing all in your power to save it from going the way of nations that live only in history today.

You know the equality guaranteed by the Declaration of Independence does not exist; that the theory that before the law all men are equal is false mockery.

You know the government favors some industries at the expense of others; that it forces general contribution from all the people when the benefit goes directly into the pockets of the few; that it places the taxes almost entirely upon those least able to bear them, while it relieves almost entirely from taxation those who derive the greatest benefit from

the government, thus aiding and encouraging the strong to oppress the weak.

You denounce it as a shameful system. You say that it is a shameful government which permits it. You know that such a government is a burning lie before God and man. And it will die just as certain as you convert enough Comrades to indict the system and arouse the people to vote it out of existence.

Comrade, you are the citizen who loves justice in the laws, who believes that the doctrine of right should be the creed of all governments as well as of individuals.

Your mission is to indict the false and to propose remedies; to oppose bad laws and to advocate good ones; to educate the masses of the people in the true principles of government; to labor to the end that equality of opportunity and justice shall dwell among the people, and that the civilized world shall from today be a decent place for people to live—free from the robbery of labor by the capitalist class.

Your mission is a mighty one. Do not be cast down because your efforts seem to result in so little.

You are doing a glorious work. Take pride in the fact that you are wearing nobody's collar, that you stand on your own feet and do your own thinking. You know what you want and how to get it.

Comrade, I salute you!

## Is His "Hat in the Ring?"

WHEN THEODORE ROOSEVELT announced, a short time ago, that he had thrown his "hat in the ring!" a wave of political enthusiasm swept over the country; and a number of prominent men in political life declared that he would be the victor in the coming national convention of the Republican party. But it seems that Roosevelt's boom for the Presidency of the United States has lessened in its proportions, and now, when political hysteria has given way to calm, sober thought, the political prophets have come to the conclusion that Teddy is a man of the past and lacks the power to unite the political strength to insure his nomination.

It cannot be denied but that Roosevelt has powerful interests behind him and are using their influence to keep him in the limelight, but Taft, the corpulent statesman and politician, has likewise powerful interests behind him, and, furthermore, "God Knows" has practically all the machinery of his administration in operation to secure the nomination.

Four years ago, Roosevelt was the Hercules of the Republican par-

ty and his ultimatum, that Taft should be his political heir, was accepted with scarcely a dissenting voice among the Faithful.

But what a change has taken place! The Only Teddy, whose will was mutely obeyed in 1908, is scorned in 1912, and the press that once paid him homage is hurling the lightning of its condemnation against him and proclaiming to the people that his insurgent declarations make him a dangerous man to preside at the helm of a nation.

The great rank and file of the Republican party will have no voice in the councils of the national Republican convention. A comparatively few men will issue their dictum to the convention, and the delegates who come together to go through the farce of nominating a candidate for President of the United States, will yield submissively to the potent voice of a political oligarchy, whose economic power makes slaves of the puppets who dare not defy the mandates of a master.

Such are the glorious rights enjoyed by citizens with expanded chests, who boast of the freedom bequeathed by that sacred document known as the Constitution of the United States.

## Story About Some Figures

\$4.18	\$5.00	\$5.00	\$5.00	\$5.00
5.10	5.86	5.77	5.08	5.98

ORDINARY FIGURES? An account of weekly expenditures for incidentals! The sums you and I spend for tobacco, theatre tickets, drinks or carfare! The data of a housewife who wants to know the cost of gas, or coal, or water, or ice, or milk? No! None of these!

No ordinary dollars and fractions of dollars these. These figures drip blood—human blood—the blood of men, women and children. They stand for hunger and cold, for disease and degradation, vice, lawlessness, shame!

No ordinary figures these! They are the message of damnation blazing across the dome of a banquet hall of the modern Belshazzar, the scarlet letters of prostitution branded upon the icy bosom of civilization: "Thou hast sold out Christ!"

No ordinary story that which they tell. That \$4.18 is history of the youth of a sixteen-year-old girl. She worked fifty-six hours per week. Rents high, fuel high, food high, clothes almost impossible! Before her eyes, lolling on soft cushions, bedecked with jewels, protected by rich furs, rides a daughter of Mammon, born to luxury, who works not at all! The girl of that \$4.18, hungry, cold, hopeless, futureless, has naught to save her body—and she becomes the prey of the rich young fellow who later marries into Mammon's "best" circles. Arrest her! Pounce upon her with the police! Six months, \$200 fine, and a warning to leave the city!

That \$5.10 is a boy without boyhood—a lean, lank, boy, with lustreless eye, empty heart, dwarfed soul, a child of whom a man's work is demanded by slave-drivers. He has worked, gone cold and hungry, been lashed by the fiend of profit-making for fifty-six hours per week, that he might help father feed the motherless children back there in a

hovel in the alley. At fourteen years of age he is sixty-four years old. He steals. He throws rocks at the officers. He hates the law. Bayonet the "undesirable!"

That \$5.98 is a man, a full-grown man. He has a wife and babes whom he loves, "even as you and I." Observe his slouching gait, his wrinkled, leathery cheeks, his fierce, sullen eyes. You may see the scars of fifty-six hours of soul-killing toil, but you may not look into that heart and see the raging fires, the seething hell of envy and hunger for vengeance as well as justice. Bread, fuel, rental, clothes, medicine for five, for \$5.98. Away with him! He's hopeless!

Blood, tears, suffering beyond description, shame to the lowest depths, the ruin of children are all in these figures, dear reader. Awful figures! They cry out in terrible appeal that God must sometime answer, though all others be deaf. They impeach the virtue of our daughters in their comfortable homes. They proclaim that the happy youth and bright prospects of our boys are stolen from others. They shriek across the centuries to give the lie to our claim of progression from barbarism. They are the foul blots upon the escutcheon of so-called civilization from which drip vile hypocrisy and dishonor. They brand this age as the age of cannibalism of the souls as well as the bodies of helpless victims.

What are they? They are figures taken from ten average pay envelopes of employes of the textile mills at Lawrence, Mass., where the great power of a great state and of a great nation stands ready to shoot and bayonet our brothers who protest too much against degradation and misery being fastened upon them and their children forever.

Ten poor, little, soiled pay envelopes sent to the writer's desk. And, printed on their backs, is the superlative sarcasm of a big bank: "Do not spend all your income"—Society's, civilization's, favorite prescription for the hellish wrong of it all.—The Next Step.

## The Stunt Was a Failure

SOME TWO MONTHS AGO a branch of the Burns Detective Agency in Denver, Colo., pulled off a *stunt* that has resulted in placing the stripes of convicts upon two sleuths whose voracious appetites hungered for coin.

A lady operating a manieuring parlor, whose reputation had been slightly shattered by conduct that might be condemned by the Salvation Army, was the victim against whom this branch of the Burns Agency hatched a conspiracy.

The lady was known as Mrs. Stokes, and through her cleverness had become the possessor of a neat bank account and some *rocks* whose dazzling brilliancy seemed to have a wonderful fascination for the two Kitzelman brothers, who were managers of the Denver Branch of the Burns Detective Agency.

It was decreed by the Kitzelmans that the lady should be discovered in a compromising situation and then "shook down" for her valuables. The Kitzelmans selected a young man, who was an employe of the

this editor, blind to the conditions produced by Capitalism, calls upon the membership of the Catholic Church to arm themselves and fight the doctrines of Socialism—doctrines that proclaim the emancipation of labor from the fetters of wage slavery. Catholics must fight Socialism and perpetuate the hellish system that forces woman to sell her honor for bread, the system that breeds 70,000 divorces annually in this country, that puts 2,000,000 in the penitentiaries of profit, that chains 7,000,000 of the gentler sex to the benches of ill-paid toil and that has filled a nation with 6,000,000 of unemployed, whose future is almost

as barren as a desert scorched by the torrid rays of a tropical sun.

Catholics must fight Socialism and maintain the system that produces Bradley-Martin balls, that establishes Reno colonies where *free love* runs riot, that puts diamond collars on dogs and rags on babes, that builds palaces and hovels, churches and prisons, and starves a world in order that the Morgans and the Rockefellers, through their economic power may hold in their custody the destinies of 90,000,000 of people.

Please pass the tripe.

## Remember Lawrence, Massachusetts

FOR THE PAST SEVERAL WEEKS every labor and Socialist journal in America has been filled with descriptions of the brutal outrages that have been perpetrated on the strikers of the mills of Lawrence, Massachusetts. The editorial page of every journal espousing the cause of the working class has contained the most vigorous denunciation of the infamies committed against men, women and children, who have been waging a lawful battle for a wage that would enable human beings to escape the humiliation of the poorhouse and the potters field.

Even daily journals whose policies are at variance with the principles of organized labor have been forced to condemn the brute methods of the mill owners, who have utilized courts, police thugs and state militia to suppress the rebellion of men, women and children who protested against being slowly murdered by starvation while working in the bastilles of profit in Lawrence, Massachusetts. The working class of America is thoroughly acquainted with all the brutality that has been committed against the ill-paid slaves whose long hours in the mills have made millionaires of a few and beggars of tens of thousands.

Shall the infamies and outrages committed against the strikers of Lawrence, Massachusetts, be forgotten by the laboring men and women of America on election day next November?

Shall the sovereign citizen, in whose callous hand there yet remains a ballot confiscate that ballot in the interest of a class and for the perpetuation of an industrial system that uses armed might to assassinate justice?

Shall laboring men in the coming political campaign permit themselves to be drugged by the oratory of hirelings of trusts and corporations, who will appeal for ballots to uphold the hellish system that demands bayonets for its protection?

If men of the working class on election day would only remember the Couer d'Alenes of Idaho, Cripple Creek of Colorado, Latimer of Pennsylvania, Virden of Illinois and every industrial battlefield where the blood of labor has wet the soil of this country, there would be such a political uprising that capitalism would be buried forever beneath an avalanche of ballots.

Remember Lawrence, Massachusetts, next November!

## He Is Working for His Paymaster

A MEMBER of the Western Federation of Miners living at Cobalt, Ontario, Canada, has sent us a copy of The Catholic Record, published in London, England, which contains a lengthy article under the heading, "Can a Catholic Be a Socialist?"

The article in "The Catholic Record" is similar in character to many articles that have appeared in Catholic publications in denunciation of Socialism. The writer of the article who signs himself Francis S. Montgomery, has as clear a conception of Socialism as a Texas bovine has of the planetary system. It seems that every Catholic writer who deems himself specially equipped to give Socialism a verbal thrashing, puts forth the same old re-hash of condemnations that have appeared in sectarian journals since the hierarchy of the church began to realize that Socialism was no *dream*, but a stern and living reality, demanding the best thought and consideration of intelligent men and women.

The editor has no desire to take up the various indictments which Montgomery brings against Socialism, but will select a few paragraphs from the article, in order to demonstrate that the weakling who fills up space in the Record is suffering from mental barrenness.

The first paragraph is a gem and could only have germinated in the prolific imagination of a mental garret where the wheels are loose. It is as follows:

"We contend first that Socialism is fundamentally and essentially irreligious, and, secondly, that Socialism would do away with the monogamic marriage and would substitute 'free love' therefor."

The above charges coming from Montgomery is deemed by himself as sufficient to relegate Socialism to its eternal death. The professional calumniator does not entertain the opinion for a moment that when a writer makes a statement that it is necessary to support such a statement with proof.

Montgomery advances no proof to support his statement and seems to forget that the conditions that are being established by capitalism make it almost impossible for the vast majority of people to enter the marriage state with a certainty of maintaining a home.

The fact that the courts of the country are now grinding out 70,000 divorces annually; the fact that nearly 1,000,000 of women are in brothels; the fact that 7,000,000 women are in wage slavery, and the further fact that 2,000,000 children are being slowly murdered for profit in the mills, stores, factories and sweatshops of this country, are absolute proofs that marriage is becoming but a luxury for the few.

Montgomery says: "The Catholic church upholds a regularly constituted authority as essential to the wellbeing of society and stands upon the principle that all authority is from God."

Such a statement might have been accepted a few generations ago, but in this day and age, when intelligence is breaking the fetters of superstition, such puerile drivel will be repudiated by every man and woman who has read history and who knows how such authority has been abused by *divine* despots in the shape of men.

Czar Nicholas has exercised "constituted authority" and that *authority* has been that of a royal fiend without a heart or soul. Did his *constituted authority* come from God? If so, God is a monster to permit a wretch who is reddened with human blood to occupy a throne to mete out brutality to victims who rebel against the misery of wrong and injustice.

God said, "Thou shalt not kill," and yet, so-called *constituted authority* that comes from *God* commands human beings to meet upon

fields of carnage and grapple with each other, in order that a few may reap a golden harvest from human blood. Does such authority come from God? Montgomery must have *snakes*.

Montgomery again says:

"Socialism demands equal nursing and rearing and education for all by the state. It hereby wrests the children from parents, and keeps the parents from the children, and removes the chief reason for the lifelong union of husband and wife. Socialism does away with the stability of the marriage bond and absorbs the family in the state. Individuals and families lose their identity and cease to be social units. Can a Catholic be a Socialist?"

Is there anything *wrong* in Socialism demanding equal care, education and rearing for the children of the race? On what moral grounds would Montgomery demand that there should be discrimination relative to the nursing, rearing and education of children?

On what grounds should society demand that some should be tenderly cared for and educated and others neglected?

The Socialist is demanding equal opportunity for *all* and the Socialist knows that equal opportunity cannot become the heritage of *all* until the earth and machinery of production and distribution become the collective property of *all mankind*. But Montgomery says Socialism "wrests the children from parents and keeps the parents from the children."

What for?

The state must have some extraordinary interest in view when the state would take children from their parents and keep parents from the children.

There must be some *reason* for such dehumanized brutality on the part of the state, and why has not Montgomery set forth the *reason*. Montgomery attempts to set up the state as an autoerat, forgetting that the state under Socialism will be the *people*. Will the *people* wrest their children from themselves? Such *rot* is but the ebullitions that come from a "neode" seriously afflicted with fanaticism and superstition. But under the present industrial system which Montgomery is endeavoring to uphold, marriage relations are destroyed, as the divorce courts will prove, and children are *wrested* from their parents, as the numberless institutions in every city of the nation prove, where children are crowded, because parents under the hellish system of exploitation were forced to surrender their claims to their own flesh and blood.

Montgomery declares that under Socialism "individuals and families lose their identity and cease to be social units. "Where was the *individuality* of the Lawrence strikers, where fathers, mothers and children were awed and intimidated under the clubs of policemen and the rifles of state militia.

Where was the *individuality* of families in Alabama when Governor Comer destroyed the tents where thousands of families lived during the great strike conducted by the United Mine Workers of America?

Where was the *individuality* of families in the Couer d'Alenes, when federal troops tore husbands and fathers from their wives and children and held them in bullpens while black brutes in uniform offered insults to mothers, wives and daughters?

Montgomery should take a package of Lydia Pinkham's pellets. But the closing part of Montgomery's article is the usual exhortation

of the sanctified hireling who prostitutes religion and the church to prop the crumbling temple of Mammon.

Montgomery's squeal of supplication is as follows:

"What barrier shall we set up to stem the tide of Socialism? What remedy do we propose to affect the cure that Socialism can never bring to pass? Shall we be satisfied to let things go on as they are going? Not at all; the times are evil, as evil as Socialists wish; things should not go on as they are going. Man has not the right to do what he likes with his own. He has a right and a duty to do what he ought with his own. The word 'ought' stares every man in the face all his life long. What, then, ought a man to do with that which he calls his own? There is only one answer to this question. There is only one solution to the great social problem that confronts us. Correct moral principles and the Christian virtues are the only saving principles in these troublous times. In the economy of Christ there is comfort for the poor, charity for the rich and justice for all men. He alone solved this problem who told us that we should always have the poor with us, warned us to give to each his due, who told the rich how hard it was for the rich man to save his soul, who comforted the poor by promising them not money but life eternal, who held out to the rich the full reward for all their good deeds in this life. He alone has solved this problem who has prepared an everlasting glory for those that

feed the hungry, clothe the naked and give drink to the thirsty; who has prepared an everlasting torment for those that enjoy, without working, the hard-earned produce of those that work without enjoying, for those that are an end and an object to themselves and have no concern for justice and mercy, no care for the millions that live in hunger and thirst, unclothed, unhouseled, hopeless of better days in this life, yet hopeful of the reward of the eternal day hereafter."

The above plea to the victims of poverty and want is the same old appeal that is made by every hypocrite in the pulpit who uses his eloquence to placate Lazarus in his wretchedness and serve Dives in his indolent splendor.

The poor are promised mansions in heaven, if only they will be satisfied to exist in hovels on earth.

Such a supplication, made up of pathetic "hot air," is but the verbal froth that comes from tongues that are kept wagging by traitors to honor and truth, whose reverence for lucre is greater than their sympathy for humanity.

The hoary superstition of past ages will not satisfy the mental appetite of wage slaves in the twentieth century; promises of palaces in the skies will not save capitalism from its impending doom. The dawn of justice is breaking, and men with real hearts and souls propose to build an Eden on earth, where man can love his neighbor as himself.

## The "Friends of Labor"

RAYMOND ROBBINS, one of Morgan's "Men and Religion Forward Movement" artists, whose mission is to teach men with empty stomachs to whistle "In Heaven Above, Where All Is Love!" recently called Rev. W. A. Prosser of the M. E. Church, Hazelwood, Pa., "an intellectual ass" for believing in the Socialist doctrine. Robbins was promptly challenged by Rev. Prosser to debate Socialism, but, like all the cowardly stomach crawlers who play puppets to plutocracy, Robbins refused to discuss it.—Donham's Doings.

Robbins is typical of those many "friends of labor" who are but hirelings of capitalism to drug the mentality of the working class.

Every swindler who has written his name in the annals of criminal history has been equipped with a suave and smooth tongue, and his language has been of that velvety and pathetic character that appeals to men whose hearts are more easily reached than their brains.

The man whose head is master of his heart will never be deluded by the eloquent spasms of such men as Robbins. But the thoughtless man in the ranks of labor whose power of analysis is limited and whose confidence can be captured by flights of oratory on the part of a masked

hypocrite, falls an easy victim to the expert specialist, who knows the weak spots in the armor of laboring humanity. Robbins knows that for almost nineteen hundred years the representatives of Christianity have been working the scriptures to expel the brute from man, and he knows that all the eloquence of the pulpit has failed to mitigate the suffering imposed upon labor by a ruling class, and yet, this "friend of labor" for "revenue only" has placed himself under the banner of the "Men and Religion Forward Movement," an organization financed by Morgan & Co., in order that his efforts may aid in prolonging the agony which labor has endured for all the centuries of time.

Such men as Kirby, Parry, Post and Otis are angels compared with the "friends of labor" who scheme to win the confidence of the worker, in order that that confidence may be sold for the Judas money of capitalism.

The fulminations against labor by such men as Kirby, Parry, Post and Otis deceive no one, but the hypocrisy of the "friends of labor" is the subtle poison that makes an invalid of the labor movement of this country.



### NOTICE TO SECRETARIES OF W. F. M.

Editor Miners' Magazine:

I have been instructed to request you to kindly have the following notice published in the Miners' Magazine:

"That all miners and mine laborers leaving the jurisdiction of Local No. 113 without a paid-up card from this local, will be considered unfair until they do so. And after a reasonable time is given, all those considered unfair to this local will be published in the usual manner.

Yours fraternally,

THEO. T. RUTHERFORD,  
Secretary No. 113.

Texada M. U. No. 113,  
Van Anda, B. C.  
[Seal.] March 4, 1912.

### "LEST WE FORGET."

C. H. Robinson.

Big and strong, with a good sound heart, and his massive shoulders fine,  
I sing to you, as goodly a man, as any along the line  
As he works away, with his great pipe wrench, his collar open falls  
Showing the play of his muscled breast, as his duty upon him calls.

If one "who giveth a single cup" a Savior of man may be,  
How is it with the man I sing, and his copious gifts to thee?  
But "he's only a common working man;" that's what I hear you say,  
"At work on the water-main in a trench," and then he "gets his pay."

His clothes, all splashed with the reeking, foul muck, again our man I see,  
With short cutty pipe or stump of cigar between his teeth maybe;  
Never a bit does he hesitate, to plunge in the filth, his hands  
To fix a pipe on our sewer line, or strengthen the joint with bands.

"He's only a plumber that's glad to work," but you have the grace to say,  
It's an awful job, but he's used to it; besides, he gets his pay."  
Out there at work in the noisesome wet, adjusting that pipe of tile  
'Mid wintry gusts, with his strong, soiled hands, he's doing God's work the while.

Oh! for the "Day of Brotherhood" when we're Christlike enough to do  
As much for the unsung heroes outside, as they, for me or you,  
When we, whom they serve, will as freely give, such service if they need,

As Christ washed the feet of his little band; Great God, the day soon speed.  
And oh! for the time when we're all so fair, and to ourselves so true  
That we will scorn to ask anyone else any such task to do;  
That we as freely will not in turn do for them just the same.  
"Thy kingdom come on earth" we've prayed, dear Lord, is ours ever the blame.

That we've mumbled over the words you gave, nor give them tho't or heed  
Any more than to our brothers outside, still do we maek you bleed?  
By crying aloud, in the house of prayer, "Thy kingdom come on earth."  
With hands held back from our own true work of bringing the kingdom forth?

### ATTEND TO VOTING!

Cobre, Nev., March 9, 1912.

Editor Miners' Magazine:

I am heartily in accord with the advice to all workingmen contained in your valuable magazine to attend to the matter of voting at the next national election. One of the troubles of the working people is that they will not give this important matter enough of their attention, and particularly attend to the necessary preliminaries.

It appears to me it would be well to call attention to the machinery of elections and remind the voters constantly that it is just as necessary that they attend to registering as to attend the election afterwards. They should arrange to comply with all the pre-requisites in order that they may be able to cast a vote which will not be subject to challenge at the polls.

I am of the opinion that it is part of the policy of employers of labor, and especially in closely contested districts, to lay off a large number of men just prior to election or registration time for the purpose of getting them to roam away from their proper place of voting in order to destroy that number of votes. They spend what little money they may have and become penniless wandering around; and they find conditions even worse everywhere else than at home. By allowing themselves to be manipulated in this manner they play into the capitalists' hands, both politically and economically. They had far better remain at home and eke out an existence till after election than wander around and spend their little savings, lose their vote (where they could do some real good), and, in too many instances, impose upon their poor brothers who are trying to support their families, by claiming support from them.

I am merely calling this to your attention, for I feel that the question of voting is the most important one now before the people, and all labor papers should urge their members to be sure to remain right at their voting places till after election in order that they may turn the trick in their own favor instead of going away and letting the masters have it all their own way.

Yours truly,

A READER.

I do not sign for reason that I can see no profit in making trouble for myself when it would benefit absolutely no one and would injure me in my position. It is not because I fear anyone or anything. I am advocating the principles where my talk is doing good, and no one is hurt by my methods, either.

## CAN MORGAN HELP IT?

By Guy Williams.

Those who hope for an early settlement of the trust question will do well to remember that J. P. Morgan is practically in control of the Federal government.

Morgan and his associates organized many of the trusts that are to be "busted." And who is to "bust" them? Why, the government. That is to say: Morgan's trusts are to be "busted" by Morgan's government. Don't anyone laugh. They expect us to take it very seriously. We must swallow it all and be as serious as owls. The laugh has been on us common plugs up till now. Each of the three hundred trusts gets a profit out of us. That means that we must pay several hundred a year for the privilege of living in "our" country.

Morgan has sold the stocks of these corporations to capitalists in the brief intervals they could spare from their monkey dinners and dog suppers. And these capitalists were told what big dividends the stocks would bring, and if the dividends don't materialize the capitalists will throw Morgan out and put others in control.

So poor J. P. is between the devil and the deluge. If he cuts down prices, the discontent of the STOCKHOLDERS will swamp him; and if he does not cut down prices, the discontent of the PEOPLE threatens destruction. He knows he has few friends among the common people and that his only chance is to keep in the good graces of the monkey dinner crowd.

Morgan stands a chance of being swamped whatever way he turns. But for the present delay is golden. All he needs to do is to get his fat office boy to keep up the "trust busting" as long as it amuses and satisfies the people. When this farce-comedy ceases to entertain them and they stop the show, what course will Morgan pursue?

I predict that he will agree to have the government take over the trusts to be operated, not for profit, but to give good service at cost. He cannot help himself. If he goes ahead the people will become "unmanageable," and if he turns back he will be swept into obscurity by the enraged stockholders. J. P. Morgan is too great a man to let his opportunity pass and will probably recommend some practical solution himself. Probably it will be in the form of paying an annual allowance to stockholders, and turning the trust properties over to the people.

The past belongs to the incompetent reformers who have proven to the people the futility of "regulation" and "busting the trusts."

The future belongs to the people, who will never be satisfied with anything less than public ownership, so that all may enjoy the benefits of scientific management and modern labor saving machines.

## WISCONSIN NOTES.

"The paramount political issue in this community is anti-Socialism vs. Socialism," says the platform of the so-called nonpartisans of Milwaukee.

This indeed is the issue of the present Milwaukee campaign. The nonpartisans frankly admit that their one aim is to turn out the Social-Democrats. This is therefore not really a nonpartisan movement, but a new party—the anti-Socialist party.

Of course, the Socialists of Milwaukee always knew that sooner or later the Republicans and Democrats would have to come together and fight Socialism. So far from being dismayed by this coalition, the Milwaukee Socialists agree that this fusion might as well come now as later. It is only a fulfillment of the prophecies of the Socialists, and shows how clearly they can read future events. The time will come—the sooner the better—when we shall see a national anti-Socialist party organized all over the United States. When that time comes, we shall have a clear-cut issue throughout the country, just as we now have it in Milwaukee.

The so-called nonpartisan ticket of Milwaukee consists of a combination of Republican and Democratic candidates. It was nominated by a committee composed of nine Republicans, nine Democrats, and nine members of the Merchants and Manufacturers Association. A most significant combination! It is, indeed, the party of the Interests.

The Milwaukee comrades, on their part, are making the best and biggest campaign they have ever yet waged. They are aware that this year they must have a majority of all the votes cast in order to carry the city, and not merely a plurality, as in 1910, when Milwaukee first went Social-Democratic. In order to get this majority, they are leaving no stone unturned. Eighty thousand pieces of literature will be distributed from house to house next Sunday. Every day immense numbers of platforms and other literature are circulated in the factories. The campaign committee has also issued a campaign booklet, containing a detailed account of what has been done by the Milwaukee Socialist administration. Moreover, in many wards the comrades are making house to house canvasses for the Milwaukee Leader. The circulation of this paper is growing at a tremendously rapid rate, and it is doing a magnificent work.

Our meetings are packed to the roof, and furnish overflow meetings, which, however, fail to accommodate all comers, so that many are turned away. Never before was such enthusiasm shown so early in the campaign. Never before was the quiet and self-restrained membership of the Milwaukee Social-Democracy so stirred to its depths as today. The spirit of the comrades is splendid. The work they are doing has never been equalled. In the face of the united enemy, we expect to carry Milwaukee and nail it down for Socialism forever.

E. H. THOMAS,  
State Secretary.

Milwaukee, Wis., March 8, 1912.

## THE NEGLECTED FACTOR—WOMAN.

By Carrie W. Allen.

Said a man to a woman textile worker with whom he was discussing the question of suffrage for women, "You shouldn't mix up with politics. Your place is at home."

The weaver measured the man with steady eyes, and replied, "They why doesn't the Harmony Mills pay my husband enough to keep me there?"

There was no answer. The man walked away.

A host of women are to-day asking the question the little weaver asked. From mills, stores, foundries and factories the question comes, "If woman's place is in the home, why in the name of conscience haven't we been kept there?"

Woman didn't elect to leave the home. She didn't just lay down her tools and walk out. Every woman loves a home. Glad indeed would millions of women be if they could stay there.

Industrial evolution has driven woman out. It has compelled her to stifle her instinctive love for home and motherhood. Modern conditions of industry have compelled woman to take her place by the side of man as part of the great industrial machine.

"Woman's place is in the home!"

With every industry open to women, and six millions of them fighting life's battle as wage earners, it is curious that men cling so tenaciously to this antiquated old tradition, and trot it out to do service on every possible occasion.

Whenever we hear this time-honored objection to suffrage for women, we are carried in fancy back to the long ago, back to the days of our grand-

mothers, to the days of the tallow dip and spinning wheel, the days when it might have been said with some degree of reason that woman's place was in the home, because she found her work there.

Within the confines of the home, woman functioned as a producer, and there was an economic value to her work. Everything necessary for the family was manufactured there.

With the coming of modern machines, woman's work has been taken out of the home, out into the great world of industry. The cloth making, garment and bread making have been transferred to factory, sweat-shop and mill.

Her means of livelihood taken from her, woman has naturally gone out from the home, and an army of machine-driven women and girls take up their daily march to factory, sweat-shop and mill.

Daily these women are confronted by laws which they had no part in making, and are compelled to submit to conditions which they have no power to control. They literally have no weapon with which to fight.

Under these conditions, the ballot is not a question of right. It is not a question of justice. It is a crying need—something that women must have here and now in order to protect themselves against the iniquitous industrial laws made for them by man.

"They wouldn't have enough intelligence to do this," says some man. Perhaps not. Men haven't displayed an alarming amount of intelligence in the use of the ballot. When we look about us, it strikes us that women couldn't do worse. The chances are all in favor of their doing better.

In any case, the suffrage question is an economic question, and as such, should enlist the serious attention of every working man and woman.

The great army of women who have been forced to leave the home and go into industry are lowering wages, crowding men out of positions, and creating fiercer and ever fiercer competition for jobs.

Women are more tractable than men. They are much less apt to organize and strike for better conditions. The crowning virtue of women in industry, however, is that they are cheaper than men, and more profit may be made from their labor.

Manufacturers have been quick to realize all this, and, wherever possible, women have been put at the machine in preference to men.

Quite recently Professor Scott Nearing has given us some astounding figures in regard to wages in the United States, the most significant of which are perhaps those relating to the wages of women.

According to Professor Nearing's carefully prepared tables, three-fifths of the working women in the United States earn less than \$325 a year, and nine-tenths earn less than \$500 a year.

Men must compete for jobs with this army of underpaid women, and this competition grows more tense with each passing year.

This competition is unquestionably one of the contributing causes to the fact brought before us by Professor Nearing, that one-half of the adult males in the United States are earning less than \$500 a year.

With these facts staring them in the face, how can working men go stupidly on saying, "Women shouldn't mix up with politics. Their place is at home."

The long neglected factor, woman, is making her presence felt. She is making demands. Working men will do well to heed these demands.

The ballot for women will be a means of education. Through it, working women will learn that which working men are slow in learning, their class interests.

Propertied women instinctively know their class interests. Given an opportunity, working women will know theirs.

The lesson of class interests once learned, the women of the working class will take their place in the vanguard of the Socialist movement, the only movement which means freedom to the working class, the only movement which will liberate both men and women from the misery of economic slavery.

## ARE UNIVERSITIES WORTH WHILE?

H. K. Bush Brown.

Washington, D. C., March 7, 1912.

The acid test of an education is what a man can do. Is it fair to put a commercial test to a University degree? Such a test, however, has been made by the Harvard Appointments Office and the showing, while startling, is certainly far from flattering. According to the statistics available the average wage of a man who has received a bachelor's degree is at first about \$15 per week. Princeton reports show that its graduates start at an average of \$6 per week. From tables made up from the salaries paid graduates in certain lines of employment the averages are as follows: Brokerage business, \$3 to \$8 per week; manufacturing, \$7 to \$12, and engineering, \$10 to \$15. In all these lines the college graduate does not receive more than the average high school graduate. It is obvious that these institutions are not measuring education in dollars and cents. Their declared purpose is to give an all round education for a gentleman. That they are doing this to good purpose is shown by the following incident which recently occurred at Harvard: Professor W. H. Scofield, instructor of comparative literature, asked a class of more than 100 when Aristotle lived. Not one could answer. When he further inquired how many thought he was born after 1840, six men held up their hands.

The attainment of the degree which stands for culture insures, however, a respectable position in society. Most graduates are also skilled in several of the gentle arts of idleness, and while they have not increased their earning capacities, they have quite necessarily acquired the needs and facilities for spending more than when they entered college. With the earning capacities of children and the spending capacities of men, the period of dependence is prolonged, and unless the earnings and spending can be made to balance the danger is that our elegantly educated gentlemen will serve no higher purpose than to distribute the wealth that his forbears have accumulated. And this, alas, through no particular fault of his own. Of course, our average college graduate has a higher ambition, and so let us leave him to struggle with life on his small earnings and strain our imagination while we contemplate a different kind of a university. One that does not deal with the theory of life as set forth in text books, lectures and libraries, but is ruled by science and art in every phase of its manifestation, having control over a large area of land and dedicated to showing youth by actual contact with all kinds of productive occupations, the marvelous possibilities of the arts and sciences. Not merely talking about them and analyzing them, but learning how to produce by means of them.

It would be necessarily divided into two great interlacing and overlapping sections, one of which would be devoted to the minor arts of expression or to those things which are devoted to the care and development and welfare of the body, and the other to the major arts, or those things devoted to the care, development and welfare of the spirit.

In order to comprehend this new university we must establish a new fundamental principle that education is not a commodity that can be acquired for a fee. It can only be had by living it. That only by self-reliant, self-supporting and self-respecting work can we attain a real knowledge of the arts and sciences. By dealing with them personally at first hand and not by the means of indirection from someone else. A great university would deal with life in all its conditions and be in perpetual experimentation with every problem for the uplift of mankind. An ideal, perfect city, state in itself, wherein every vocation would play its part in the highest form, so that those who studied in these surroundings would find no contrast in stepping into the

outside world, except that inspired by the knowledge of his own great work to do in order to fulfill his part in the great struggle for better surroundings and better kind of living innate in every soul. That if our great republic is to succeed it must be through constructive co-operative work for the uplift of all, and not through individualism and competing for better places by pulling each other down.

Heretofore we have had sections of humanity dominated and controlled by the military spirit, at other times by the religious spirit, not infrequently by the two combined, again by the legal spirit and by the military and legal spirit, and always ruled by the power of money; at all times preaching and promising the brotherhood of man, but never attaining it except in modified and attenuated form.

Here we have a great republic established on the fundamental base that "all men are created free and equal." With the best of intentions and efforts at equal opportunities of education through the highest development of the public school that the world has seen, yet we have nevertheless failed of attaining the maximum of productive capacities, both for the poor who are allowed to leave school at fourteen and for the rich who are educated in a false atmosphere and know not life itself. We have in consequence one kind of education for the poor, another for the rich, and through individualism, selfishness and the love of power have a people divided against itself, and it is known that a "house divided against itself cannot stand."

Let us then be frank with ourselves and our national ideal, and establish one community in the form of a university wherein science and art will be enthroned as the dominating spirits, and where everyone will be judged by his deeds, where self-reliance and self-support shall rule.

Under such influence the mature students when leaving the institution may hope to have a greater earning capacity than when they entered it, and be better fitted to take hold of life to make of it "Peace on earth, good will toward men."

In outline this is the kind of institution contemplated by Senator Borah of Idaho in his bill to establish the Federal University to be located at Washington and be in co-operation with the state, colleges, universities and experimental stations, and have local co-operative centers wherever the people want them. A university within reach of every citizen who wishes to better his physical, mental or spiritual condition by his own efforts for the purpose of life is not only prosperity but self-development.

It is estimated that there are over ten million children in the United States between the ages of fifteen and twenty-one, and a good proportion of these do not know how to do anything very well and do not want to do anything very much; their productive capabilities have been only partly developed. They are drifting from one temporary occupation to another. Although they are minors they have no protection as such and are at the mercy of every employer who wants their time and their energy because it is cheap. Their only idea of an education is that by means of it they may attain a life of idleness. As minors they are entitled to be taught how to make the most of their abilities, and they need to be inspired by the idealism of a great university wherein self-reliance and self-support may be the means of advancement not only materially, but intellectually and spiritually.

To help make a world where no one has the right to idleness, but where all work in co-operative instead of a competitive way for the uplift of mankind.

There has never been a university based on fundamental principle that each student shall be a self-sustaining unit, the same as the world itself demands of most of us. The trustees or regents of this university are to be selected from men who have experience in the application of the arts and sciences to the needs of daily life, and having made success of their own private affairs, it is to be assumed that they can put such an institution on a practical basis. The long term of service of the trustees insures a permanency of policy.

While Congress is asked to make the initial appropriation, the foundation endowment feature of the university will attract endowments from those who have money to leave for the benefit of mankind, no matter in what form the fund is intended to apply to the betterment of life. Such a university will deal with life in every form, and will set up an unassailable standard, namely that everyone should know how to do some one thing well, and that the best in everything is none too good for an American citizen as his guiding principle.

On this simple and free base we can make material prosperity ever a means to the highest culture and spiritual growth. Some say this is making a science of religion, others that it is to be a religion of science. It matters not, for science and religion are really kindred forces and are everywhere working for the same ends. A university must deal with humanity as it is and the idealism of the spirit is big part of human life.

## THE TRADE UNION AND THE SOCIALIST PARTY.

### V.—CORRUPTION AND DUAL UNIONISM.

By Robert Hunter.

It is almost impossible to give all the reasons advanced by seceders in their effort to justify rival Unionism. We have considered briefly the attempt to form Unions on political lines, and also the attempt of the Industrial Workers of the World to divide union men into craft unionists and industrial unionists. All seceders have, however, invariably claimed that one of their chief reasons for forming rival Unions is the corruption in the American Federation of Labor.

All through the literature published by the Socialist Trade and Labor Alliance and the Industrial Workers of the World we find the phrases labor faker, labor skate, grafter, labor lieutenants of the capitalist class, the lackeys of the system. The American Federation of Labor is a "scab herding organization;" it is the "decoy duck organization;" it is the "faker-ridden agglomeration of planless and spiritless elements;" it is "the field of pure and simplicity." The seceders have even established a "rogues' gallery" that is filled with the portraits of every trade union leader.

The Socialists who continue any relations with the old Unions are condemned more bitterly than even the anti-Socialist leaders. "A crook like Debs," says De Leon. Hickey's "rogues' gallery" includes the Socialist leaders of the Western Federation of Miners, the Western Labor Union, as well as the American Federation of Labor. The Socialist Publishing Association of New York, when it began to fight rival unionism, consisted of "a motley crew; small traders and manufacturers with fully developed bourgeois instincts; professionals more or less filled with middle class notions, pure and simple with a Socialist varnish; incipient labor fakers in various stages of incubation; anarchists and other freaks, some of them real curiosities."

These and similar terms of endearment were the chief assets of the agitators of the new forms of unionism. Any man who attempted to dispute the wisdom of trade unionism formed on political lines, or of unionism founded on industrial lines, became immediately a traitor to the cause of labor. And no man, no matter what his services had been in the labor movement, escaped the wrath and venom of the seceders. Some of the very men who declared at one period that the labor unions should be the side show of a political party, at the next period formed industrial unions that were to make the political party the side show of the industrial movement. They denounced their later opponents with the same bitterness and venom that

they had used toward their former opponents. The rival unionists changed their principles with about the rapidity that a vaudeville performer changes his make-up. The chief figures in the rogues' gallery of one day, such as Debs, Moyer, Hayward and others, became later fellow-workers and comrades. But as soon as dissension arose, again, these same men were reinstalled in their old position in the gallery.

All this seems strangely incomprehensible. And, in truth, the whole history of rival unionism is totally incoherent. There is nothing like it in any other country in the world. However diligently one may read and ponder over the literature of rival unionism, there seems to be no explanation for its confused policies and incoherent methods.

The Industrial Workers of the World had not existed more than a few months before the members of that organization began to denounce each other as crooks, grafters, fakers, etc. At the convention of the Industrial Workers of the World in 1906, Delegate Parks said: "It is the general opinion . . . that there was among some of the departments of the Industrial Workers of the World corruption, graft and fakery, which would put to shame the worst of the American Federation of Labor." Delegate Hazelwood said: "Now it is an undisputed fact that there has been a lot of grafting going on in the offices of this organization. . . . I want to say that night before last there was something between eight and nine hundred dollars paid to men who are sitting around here as stool-pigeons." We see, therefore, that stories of corruption played a part in the movement of the so-called revolutionaries quite as much as in the factional fights of the old line trade unionists.

Of course, every movement must expect to have some of its leaders yield to corruption. In one form or another it assails the working class movement in every part of the world. Indeed, it is inevitable where classes exist, where men are human, and where Capitalism is supreme. Whether or not corruption is more prevalent in the American labor movement than elsewhere is a matter that we shall not attempt to discuss; but this we know, that is the easiest and the cheapest way, when differences of opinion arise to gain a temporary victory by denouncing your opponents as corrupt. And this method of factional warfare has become a veritable vice in America. The almost universal corruption in capitalist institutions helps up to gain support for any denunciations we may make as to the corruption of those who oppose us.

The cry of corruption has been pushed to the point where it may be dismissed as ridiculous. De Leon says, for instance: "I know not a single exception to any party candidate ever elected upon a political platform of the emancipation of the working class, who did not sell them out as fast as elected." The absurdity of that statement is equalled by the following: "In bringing our indictment of craft unionism to a close," says the Industrial Worker of the World, "we wish to emphasize the fact that it is part and parcel of Capitalism, and that the corruption of its leaders is but the outgrowth of its principles."

The Socialist Labor Party for a decade or more dealt only in such goods. They developed a genius for inventing new names with which to blacken the characters of their opponents. "Speaking of the members as I have met them," says Debs, "it seems to me they are too prone to look upon a man as a faker who happens to disagree with them. . . . I believe it is possible for a working man . . . to so strain his vision looking for the faker that he sees the faker where the faker is not." This is perhaps as charitable a statement as one could make concerning this method of argument.

Of course if all the accusations of corruption were true we should indeed be in a bad way. If the leaders of all Unions are corrupt, if every Socialist elected to office sells us out, of the Industrial Workers of the World was graft-ridden even in its helpless infancy, and if only the Socialist Labor party, with its diminishing numbers, is pure in heart—then, indeed, the working class in this country has little hope. But fortunately these accusations are not true. They are mostly miserable lies that have gained a hearing only because our labor movement is divided into factions, and the weaker a faction is the more it is driven to slander its rivals. However, this must be said that whether this work of defamation is done by rival leaders, rival Unions, rival factions, or by spies, it has a disorganizing and injurious effect on the labor movement and helps only the enemies of labor.

Defamation was the method used by the Anarchists to destroy the International. In fact it is part and parcel of that philosophy of Anarchism which declares: "Kill off the leaders and you destroy the institution." I do not ask those who denounce the leaders of the American Federation of Labor to take this assertion of mine unsupported. That my view is correct, I call upon Daniel De Leon himself to testify. In his pamphlet on "Socialism Versus Anarchism," page 24, he has made my argument for me. He condemns there "the Anarchistic notion that by killing off an officer supposed to be clothed with headship, his organization is killed along with him, or falls a helpless booty into the hands of his slayer." Speaking further of the attempt to destroy De Leonism, "No man," he says, "makes the Socialist Labor party.

. . . Its officers have not dropped down into their positions from the sky. They are a product of the organization. Vain, because anarchistic, is the imagining of whomsoever who, aiming at capturing or killing off the organization, merely aims at capturing or killing off its officers." In another place (Convention of 1900, page 33) De Leon says again: "It is not only useless to call the management bosses, czars, popes, tyrants and the like, and the rank and file oppressed and misguided angels, but it is unwise as well, because in doing so you offer an insult to the rank and file by degrading them to the level of puppets who will jump as the string is pulled." If the above is a sound argument against those who have rebelled against De Leonism, it is no less sound against all those dual unionists who rebel against Gompersism.

Dual unionism is to be condemned, however, on much stronger grounds. It is treason to the working class. It aids and abets the enemy. It offends the very foundation doctrine of Marxism, in that it places itself in opposition to the material interests of the working class. Even the intelligent non-unionist knows that the Union holds up his wages. If the Carpenters' Union were destroyed and wages were lowered, the non-union carpenter would suffer with the others. For that material reason the trade union movement has the moral support of millions of workers who are not actual members. Dual unionism, therefore, attacks the material interests of not only the two million organized workers, but also of millions of others who are benefitted by the trade union movement.

No; the cry of corruption in the trade union movement will not excuse rival unionism. If it did, then it would excuse another rival union to fight the first rival union, and so on forever. And the fact is that only cowards would leave an organization of labor in corrupt hands. The very fact that the leadership of a working class organization is corrupt should be the chief reason for fighting to reclaim that organization. He who runs away from one set of corrupt leaders will run away from the next set that fasten themselves upon him.

Dual unionism, from every point of view, is to be condemned as treason to the working class. It is a cowardly betrayal, that makes itself all the more despicable when those who practice it proclaim "the class war." It is the tool of the enemy. There is only one distinction between those corrupt leaders that have betrayed the working class and the advocates of rival unionism—the first serve the capitalists for the sake of money only; the second serve them without pay and with a zeal that is fanatic.

## ONE OF MANY.

W. E. Hanson, Butte, Mont.

On the wall there's a motto, "In God we trust;"  
On the floor a pallet and broken chair;  
The windows are dim with grime and dust,  
And Poverty's signs are everywhere.  
On the pallet, a woman, ghastly and thin,  
Hollow-eyed, hungry, dying with cold—  
She is paying the debt that is levied by sin;  
Only one more victim to—"God of Gold."

Cold and clammy the death sweat stands,  
Dim grows the light, the heart beats slow;  
Draw the rags closer with shivering hands,  
For life is ending, the sun sinks low.  
One ray slants through the grime and dust,  
One ray of light 'mid the shadows dim,  
Falls on the motto, "In God we trust,"  
Then on the face so ghastly and grim.

Just one of thousands that had to work  
From dawn till dusk, a crust to win;  
A cog in the wheel, she may not shirk,  
So to sate her hunger she sinks to sin.  
She studied long; should she starve and die,  
Or barter her body, and damn her soul?  
So she turned from the world with a weary sigh,  
And chose the path to Hell—the goal.

If there be a God who rules on high  
He knew the reason the woman fell;  
Deaf to her appeals, he heard her sigh  
When she went down to a living hell.  
So I wonder much, and I question well,  
That there is a God and that he is just—  
Why is he blind to this earthly hell,  
And the lying motto, "In God we trust"?

Why trust in a God that does not give  
An ear to the hungry ones in sin?  
A chance to work, and a chance to live,  
And a chance the glories of Heaven to win?  
Since nothing can be unless he wills—  
That is the story his shepherds tell—  
He is the cause of all Life's ills,  
And trying to live is only hell.  
We labor and suffer because we must,  
And fling back the lie that "In God we trust."

## NEWS FROM WASHINGTON, D. C.

(By National Socialist Press.)

Washington, D. C.—Big, bold politics was—and is still being—played by the bi-partisan machine in the matter of the Lawrence strike and the proposed investigation of the American Woolen Company by the House of Representatives. Democrats and Republicans alike, smothered under a mass of evidence introduced by Victor L. Berger, the Socialist Congressman, are now trying to turn the investigation over to the labor committee, which is made up mostly of Gompers Democrats.

On Monday, Chairman Henry of the rules committee brought in a special rule to gag Berger. This rule provided that only members of the committee should question the witnesses. But despite all this trickery and plottings the country knows that a Socialist forced the hand of Congress. No matter what Congress may now do in the Lawrence situation Berger has succeeded in exposing the conditions under which men, women and little children toil—exposed them probably better than a congressional investigation would succeed in doing.

The second day's hearing showed that the rules committee was sorry it ever took up the Lawrence matter. But it was too late. It was in it and couldn't back out.

Samuel Lipson, who was recalled to the stand, hardly began his testimony before Hardwick asked: "Are you an American citizen?"

"I have my first papers, but I never had enough money to take out second papers. Instead of paying \$4 for my papers I had to buy shoes for my little ones," replied Lipson.

Hardwick and Campbell then questioned Lipson whether he believed in American institutions, the Constitution, etc. Lipson said he did. This answer did not evidently please those of the committee who wanted to put the witness in an unfavorable light. Garrett asked:

"Isn't there really a streak of anarchy in you?"

"No, sir. I believe in a republican form of government, but I don't believe Lawrence is on the map of this country at all."

In telling the story of the clubbing of women and children at the Lawrence depot, Lipson said the authorities of that city acted worse than the Russian Cossacks. "A Russian Cossack would not dare touch a child," he said.

Gompers followed Lipson and spoke at length, defending the conduct of Golden and the Federation in standing by the craft form of organization. He also made a bitter attack on the Industrial Workers of the World. He urged an investigation, but by the labor committee, of which Wilson, Gompers' lieutenant, is chairman. Berger took the stand to reply to Gompers, and said:

"This is not a convention of the American Federation of Labor. This is no place for us to argue over differences in the labor movement. But I believe Golden's attempt to justify here the brutal acts of the Lawrence police is contemptible."

Some of the committee objected to Berger's characterization of Golden, but he insisted that it go in the record.

Berger declared that he is opposed to an investigation of the strike by a committee dominated by Gompers and his friends.

"These children," declared the Socialist Congressman, pointing to the little mill workers, "have been robbed of their youth and have been mercilessly exploited. I shall stand by them to the last drop of my blood."

Gompers tried to get the committee to take some action in regard to Berger's charge that he controlled the labor committee, but the committee was afraid to handle this matter further.

Every one of the thirteen little child slaves took the stand, and in their simple way told a story that will last forever as one of the strongest indictments of capitalism. They told of their miserable wages, long hours, uncomfortable homes and their uninteresting life. Their little bodies huddled up in the witness chair with their pinched faces appealing to the committee for aid presented a scene never equaled in Congress.

Samuel Goldberg, a sixteen-year-old boy, was the first witness. He told the committee that he went to work at 6:35 a. m. and quit work at 6:30 p. m. When he has work, which is not regular, he gets \$5.10 a week. The company he said, deducts 5 cents a week from every worker for drinking water.

"They say it's spring water, but it ain't," said little Sammy.

"Are you one of the strikers?" asked Henry.

"I am," proudly answered Sammy.

Asked by the committee whether he saw any police brutality Sammy said that he saw women leaving the depot after the clubbing with their faces bleeding.

Charles Vasiarsky, a little, pale Polish boy, was the next witness. He said that his father and brother also worked in the same mill. One day, he said, he got his hand caught in the machinery.

The third witness was Auguste Wante, a French boy. He said that he worked without his shoes on as it was very hot in the mill where he worked. "They don't open the windows," he said. "The machines are worked up to a great speed and I got to keep working quicker and quicker. My toes are all hurt running up against the tracks. If you don't run fast enough, the foreman scolds."

William Hildebrandt, a German boy, told the committee that his father works as a janitor in a Lawrence school. Immediately Louis Cox, the representative of the mill owners, got Campbell to ask the boy the name of the school. Little Hildebrandt gave the name. Cox no doubt intends to use the influence of the senior Hildebrandt's superiors to drive the boy back to work.

A Lithuanian boy was the next witness. John Boldelar was his name. He said that he was 14 years old, and that he worked alongside of his father in the mill and that he made more money than his father. The boy made \$5.49 and his father \$5.10 a week.

"When did your father come to this country?" asked Hardwick.

"The same time I did," replied the fourteen-year-old proletarian.

Asked by Campbell whether he likes America better than he does Lithuania, little Boldelar sighed: "I wish I was back in Lithuania." Boldelar described to the committee the humble home at Lawrence. "We have three rooms—one stove—no carpets—horses live better than we do."

"What have you to eat?" asked Wilson of Illinois.

"We eat black bread, coffee, molasses and sometimes beans and meat once a week—on Sunday."

The little child slave's eyes filled with tears as he left the stand.

William Murphy followed on the stand. He is 14 years of age. He told the same sad story— toil and sorrow. Peter Studies, another 14-year-old boy, said that he supported his mother and a little sister on his \$5.10 a week.

Charles Dooghe, French; Tony Bruno, Italian; Rosary Contraino, Italian, were the next witnesses. Following their testimony came Victoria Wenaryzk, a 14-year-old Polish girl.

"I work hard, run around all day, and sweat all the time, and when I come home I am so tired I go right to bed," she said in a low, pitiful voice. The committee members dared not meet the eyes of the little victim of the economic system they defend.

Camella Teola, another 14-year-old girl, testified that two years ago a man induced her father to send her to the mill. This man got a certificate that she was 14 years of age for the sum of \$4.

"One day the machine caught in my hair and tore off my scalp," said the little child. "I was in the hospital seven months. I still go to doctors. But the company only paid my hospital expenses—did not even pay the wages I lost."

Little Pearl Shinberg, a 14-year-old girl with curls, was the last child slave to take the stand. She said she made \$3.50 a week by "working partners with her sister. Hardwick tried to get her to say that she was coerced into going on strike.

"When they went out on strike I thought it was a good opportunity for me also to go on strike. My folks needs more money than I can make now."

"Aren't you afraid to go back to work—that the strikers will hurt you?" persisted Hardwick.

"No, sir. I would be perfectly safe if I wanted to go back, but I don't want to—not until the strike is settled," replied the little class-conscious worker.

In the examination of all the children Hardwick never failed to bring out the fact that they were either foreigners or that their parents were born abroad.

Max Bagatin of the Philadelphia children's committee gave a graphic account of the clubbing of women and children at the Lawrence depot. He told of the brave "Boston rah-rah soldier," who was as pale as a ghost when two little boys made a dash through the door he was guarding. He exhibited a physician's certificate showing that his left side was badly contused and that probably a rib was also broken as a result of the police outrage.

"Why did the Philadelphia Socialist party take an interest in the Lawrence strike?" asked Dalzell.

"Because the Socialist party takes an interest in every matter that concerns the working class," replied Bogatin.

Jane Bock, who, with two others, accompanied Bogatin on the mission to Lawrence, also gave a strong description of the outrage at the depot. The committee, made up in the main of southern Democrats, treated her with a great deal of chivalry, and hardly asked her any questions, letting her tell her own story without direction.

Miss Bock was followed on the stand by Tema Camitta, also of the Philadelphia committee. She also testified as to the scenes at the depot on that fateful day. Margaret Sanger, a trained nurse of New York, gave the committee startling testimony as to the physical condition and poverty of the Lawrence children.

Simon Knabel, also of the Philadelphia committee, gave probably the most complete description of what took place at the depot when the police charged with clubs women and children. Lawrence Maroney and Josephine Liss, strikers, gave testimony regarding the unbearable conditions and low pay in the textile mills.

A strong speech against the so-called courts of justice of Lawrence was delivered before the committee by George E. Roewer, attorney of the strikers. He made a fine impression on the committee.

The best witnesses from the standpoint of the strikers were those who came to speak against an investigation. Commissioner of Public Safety Lynch, Police Marshal Sullivan, City Solicitor Murphy and City Missionary Carter did more to force the committee to champion the strikers' cause than any testimony rendered by the strikers themselves.

At first confining themselves with faint praise for the strikers the witnesses soon showed their cloven hoof. To the credit of Stanley, of Kentucky, he it said that he led in the unmasking of this quartette. Every one of these was shown to be ordinary liars. Some of them became so confused that the committee and spectators burst out laughing.

Lynch, Sullivan and Murphy were forced to admit that they had no warrant in law for their action in preventing the children leaving the city.

Rev. Clark Carter was probably the most pitiful apologist of capitalism who ever took the stand for his master's defense. Admitting that his salary was paid by the mill owners, Carter blandly asserted that children of fourteen years ought to be employed in factories. "Idleness is a curse," he declared. "The children enjoy their work in the mills. They are treated right."

After stating that the Lawrence working people were accustomed to their poverty and that they really did not want butter and better things in the way of food, Foster, of Illinois, made this tart comment:

"From the evidence here I would think that there are two luxuries among the mill workers in Lawrence—one, molasses on bread, and another cold water."



## PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE.

Did it ever occur to you that a man's life is full of crosses and temptations. He comes into this world without his consent and goes out against his will, and the trip is exceedingly rocky. The rule of contraries is one of the features of this trip. When he is little, the big girls kiss him; when he is big the little girls kiss him. If he is poor, he is a bad manager; if he is rich, he is dishonest. If he needs credit, he can't get it; if he is prosperous everyone wants to do him a favor. If he is in politics, it is for graft; if he is out of politics, he is no good to his country. If he doesn't give to charity he is a stingy cuss; if he does, it is for show. If he is actively religious, he is a hypocrite; if he takes no interest in religion, he is a hardened sinner. If he gives affection, he is a soft specimen; if he cares for no one, he is cold blooded. If he dies young, there was a great future for him; if he lives to an old age, he missed his calling.

If you save money you're a grouch, if you spend it you're a loafer, if you get it, you're a grafter, if you don't get it you're a bum, so what's the use.—Exchange.

## JUSTICE TO MAXIM GORKY AT LAST!

One of the most shameful things the United States ever did was its treatment some years ago of Maxim Gorky, the great Russian author. Arriving in this country with his wife and their adopted son, they were practically hounded from the country by trumped up stories that his wife was merely a prostitute traveling with him. All the foul hypocrites in New York suddenly turned their virtuous backs, receptions were called off, and the hotels, in response to the clamor of the whitened sepulchres of the town, turned them away. This was America's reception of one of the greatest literary men of the age!

Now it develops that the attacks on Gorky, which even extended to governmental snubs, were engineered by the agents of the czar, and the chief of the Russian spies at that time, Col. V. Nicolaeff, has confessed the whole plot, and the confession, translated, has been given space in various metropolitan papers. Says the ex-spy:

"It will startle the average American to learn that various noted Russian refugees, particularly Maxim Gorky, failed to find the open door in New York and Washington, and in society, entirely because of the machinations of the system for which I worked.

"The Gorky scandal, I confess with shame, was partly of my instigation. Trepoff, who succeeded Plehve, after the latter's assassination by Sosonoff, wrote me from St. Petersburg that he had heard that Gorky, who was then in Helsingfors, intended to tour Europe and America, and make a personal appeal for the revolutionary cause. He, therefore, directed me to do all I could to discredit him."

He then tells how Gorky's plans were ascertained and how the game was started. Among other functions they learned that a dinner was to be given Gorky at No. 3 Fifth avenue, with such guests as Mark Twain, William Dean Howells, Arthur Brisbane and many others.

Meanwhile, Baron Rosen in Washington did his diplomatic best to influence President Roosevelt not to receive Gorky. Miss J., an ardent Russian sympathizer, had gone to Washington to pave the way for Gorky's reception at the White House. The President seemed then to be very sympathetic, and said he would be glad to meet Gorky, Tchaikovsky and Narodny. The next day, however, Miss J. was told that the President had seen the Russian ambassador and had decided that it would not be proper to see the revolutionary emissaries.

"The dinner to Gorky at No. 3 Fifth avenue took place," says the spy. "There were present a large number of literary people, many reporters, and last, but not least, several spies. The latter were not idle. Furthermore, I have reason to suppose that other Russian agents in Europe had arranged for the sending to a New York paper of a cable from London, full of discrediting gossip. The fuse was lighted, and there followed the explosion. The story I had prepared in Berlin appeared, and the result was that Gorky and Andrieva were turned out of their hotel, and were glad to get a room in the apartments of a friend. Here they remained until they secretly moved over to the home of a Mr. Martin, in Staten Island. These are the details of the great Gorky scandal, which not only humiliated Gorky personally, but which also changed the attitude of European literary circles toward the New World. It was thus that American conventionality became a weapon for the Russian department of espionage."—Social Democratic Herald.

## SECRET POWER OF COURTS.

There are few workingmen who appreciate the secret force of courts that silently usurp power in defiance of constitutional rights, while the people are chloroformed with appeals to protect "our sacred judiciary."

The first step in this encroachment is to class every attorney as "AN OFFICER OF THE COURT." This gives the court absolute control of every lawyer.

The next step of the courts is to apply what is termed "Inherent Power," which places a weapon in the hands of judges that cannot be reached by the constitution, the legislature or even the people.

Few outside the professions realize what this "Inherent Power" is. Judges won't discuss it, except in a general way, as they, with long-winded platitudes, refer to "the various functions of government."

Stripped of all verbiage, and standing in all its terror as an enemy of the people's rights, "Inherent Power" means that courts have taken upon themselves the power to enforce their mandates, regardless of constitutional guarantees that assure men the right of a trial by jury, free press and free speech. In labor injunctions, the workings of this "Inherent Power" is shown. Here we find a judge will issue an order to workingmen. If the judge thinks the order has not been obeyed, the alleged offender is cited to show cause why he should not be punished. The judge alone decides the innocence or guilt. First, he makes the law; then he interprets it, and later executes it. He can place the worker in jail—the worker may insist on his rights, which tell him a trial by jury shall never be denied. The court, however, springs its theory of "Inherent Power," and the worker is told that courts must have this power to enforce its mandates, OR THERE WOULD BE NO COURTS. They can't conceive of courts unless these institutions have power to disregard the constitutional rights and slap men in jail.

In the Gompers, Mitchell and Morrison case, now on, the court issued an injunction debarring unionists from EVEN DISCUSSING the controversy with a certain stove manufacturer. These workers refused to obey the order, and showed it was a direct attack on free speech and free press. Regardless of this fact, the judge sentenced them to jail, and cited his "Inherent Power,"

which is necessary to back up the irresponsible and undemocratic order. The principle raised by the unionists was overlooked by this modern judicial Nero. It can readily be seen that a court is the sole judge. He answers to no one. There is no power above him, except other courts, who "play the same game." Courts are unhampered by any constitutional enactments or legislative statutes, which they entirely ignore. Their power is pure assumption. Special Privilege and Big Business make no mention of it, and as they control the press, the people are kept in ignorance of these glaring violations of guaranteed rights.

Courts, as at present conducted, are the enemy of democracy. The opposition to direct legislation rests on the fear that courts may have their wings clipped. That's why Taft, Harmon and all the rest oppose the initiative and referendum. That's why Attorney General Hogan insists on such restrictions that the referendum will be unworkable. They fear the courts will be reached and the recall established. Practically every lawyer who has visions of a judgeship (and few have not) takes the same view, but it is not good politics for them to voice their true sentiments. Most of them play the game as oHgan is doing. And Plutocracy smiles.

The unbridled power of courts and their subservience to corporations can be seen in the Thatcher case. Here is an attorney who exposed judges, alleged to be friendly to corporations. He cited decisions and made public many court documents to prove his position. A man would think the Ohio supreme court would assist in an effort to purge the bench of this element. Instead of aiding in this work, or of even declaring that Thatcher's alleged statements of fact were not true, and that the judges had been wrongfully accused, the supreme court dodges by holding that Thatcher should be debarred because he "SHOWED A LACK OF APPRECIATION OF ETHICAL STANDARDS," a term, by the way, not recognized in the law of the land.

As no two men will agree on what constitutes "ethical standards," it can be readily seen the chances a man has before a court that takes this position, and backs up its mandates with "Inherent Power," which makes it absolutely master and subjects citizens to the whim and caprice of every judge who is more interested in maintaining precedents of other judges than in dispensing red-blooded justice.—Toledo Union Leader.

## AFTER SEVENTY YEARS.

## The Old Age Pension Farce—and Tragedy.

Old Peter Dunn turned slowly into the park.

As he hobbled along, leaning heavily upon his stick, his face twitched nervously. He was evidently laboring under some deep emotion. In his weary eyes there was a gleam of satisfaction.

At length he reached one of the seats overhung by trees whose leaves had turned a tawny yellow, for it was October. A pale autumn sun shone from a dappled sky. The weather was dry and crisp, and occasionally a shrill wind whistled through the trees.

Nestling to the end of the seat, turning his coat collar up over his ears, and holding his stick between his legs, old Peter made himself as comfortable as he possibly could.

That day was a great event in Peter's life, a day of wassail and huge delight.

And he had come to the park to dwell upon it for half an hour in calm enjoyment.

That day was his birthday—and this birthday was one out of the ordinary.

He had just popped his white old head through the crust of the seventieth year. He had reached the allotted span of life, and he was proud of the fact for more reasons than one.

But it was when he realized that from now on until the shadows claimed him he would be entitled to the old age pension that his pride almost reached bursting point. His shrunken bosom swelled, his eyes gleamed.

That morning he had been to the postoffice, satisfactorily proved his claim after laborious preliminaries, and received the first five shillings.

Since then little surges of delight were continually arising within him. "At last," he kept murmuring to himself, "I have got my reward."

And in the dusky evening of his life those five silver coins seemed to glitter like five silvery moons.

Sitting there he represented the typical toiler, who by dint of hard work and considerable roughing it, has managed without the aid of the poor law or the prison. He was worn and gnarled, bent almost double; but there was a quiet dignity about his red, puckered face that told of pride and independence.

For sixty years had Peter worked—sixty hard, long, blinding years. He began when he was but ten years old—now he was seventy.

He was by trade a carpenter. And each week-day of all those years had seen him sawing, planing, hammering, measuring, except during several grim and tragic periods of unemployment.

His industry had been singularly fruitful—for other people. There was hardly a town of any importance in the country that did not contain some portion of his handiwork. Sometimes it was on houses, at other times on public buildings, and public houses, and even on churches, that his energy and skill had been expended.

Now he had finished. He could no longer find masters to employ him. Unemployment, even with his solidly-built reputation in the trade, had come, as he began to age, upon him more and more frequently, until at last he had abandoned—on that very day—the pursuit of work altogether.

Yes, he had finished; and now he was about to enjoy the reward of all those years of industry, of unflagging drudgery.

To Peter there seemed unlimited possibilities in these five shillings. He began to ponder over what he should do with them—how he could most advantageously lay them out.

First of all there must be half-a-crown for the room in which he was to live; he could not possibly get one for less.

Then he would want clothing and coal, for winter was coming on, besides bread and butter, sugar, tea and milk. However much he scraped, it was necessary to have dinner sometimes, and that would involve expenditure on meat and vegetables.

It was very tantalizing. There seemed such a heap of things to buy with that half-crown. No matter how much he retrenched, his demands always exceeded his means.

If he dispensed with any new clothes, and rubbed along with those he already possessed, he would still have to pay to have his shirts washed.

In the first flush of enthusiasm he thought of having his meals in a coffee shop, but when he found that it would not pan out to a week of dinners—to say nothing of breakfasts and teas—he gave it up.

The more he contemplated the more the potentialities of his reward diminished.

A sad, helpless kind of feeling came over him. Leaves were continually dropping from the trees and rustling around his feet. The wind grew more boisterous. The pale sun receded into fleecy masses of cloud. The air, keen and penetrating, caused the old toiler to shiver.

At length he struggled to his feet. He had spent his half hour of calm enjoyment on this day of wassail and huge delight, and two heavy tears ran the course of his wrinkles as at last he muttered:

"It'll have to be the Lump after all."—Tom Quelch, in London Justice.

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

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Table listing unions in ALASKA, ARIZONA, BRIT. COLUMBIA, CALIFORNIA, COLORADO, IDAHO, KANSAS, MICHIGAN, MINNESOTA, and others. Columns include No., Name, Meet'g Night, President, Secretary, P.O. Box, and Address.

LIST OF UNIONS

Table listing unions in MISSOURI, MONTANA, NEVADA, OKLAHOMA, ONTARIO, OREGON, SOUTH DAKOTA, UTAH, WASHINGTON, and WISCONSIN. Columns include No., Name, Meet'g Night, President, Secretary, P.O. Box, and Address.

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"BREAD IS THE STAFF OF LIFE"—So says the philosopher but he didn't mean just ordinary bread, he meant good, wholesome, nutritious bread, such as you can make with "CAPITOL HIGH PATENT FLOUR. Are you using it? If not, your grocer will supply you with it. Manufactured by **MORAN BROS., Bonne Terre, Mo.**

ALWAYS AT THE TOP

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**COZIAN BAKERY, FLAT RIVER, MISSOURI.**

**HUNGER—AND A TINY SLIP OF PAPER—RESCUE OF TWO DESPAIRING GIRLS.**

BY BESSIE BEATTY.

Upon so small a thing as a slip of paper—  
Were you ever hungry?

I don't mean hungry with the hunger that comes half an hour before dinner, or hungry even as one who has been in the country away from the haunts of the cafe for a day. I don't mean hungry even as the convalescent is hungry after a long siege of illness. I mean HUNGRY—hungry with the hunger of a healthy body crying aloud for food, a body that pleads and begs, protests, demands, grows weak and angry with pleading and protesting, but pleads on!

The girls about whom I am going to talk were hungry. Before they were hungry they were tired and friendless and homeless.

If you were tired and friendless and homeless, you might do one thing, and if I were tired and friendless and homeless I might do another.

There came a night when these girls discussed what they should do as a last resort. There were but two courses left, so they thought—the bay and the street.

It had been nearly three days since either of them had had enough to eat. They chose the bay.

When it was dark they walked toward the water front and out onto the pier.

It was too dark! The water was too cold! They shuddered and turned away—turned from the dark, unfriendly end they contemplated toward the more friendly beckoning lights of the street above.

There was a welcome there. There is always a welcome there when you are young. The inevitable man met and engaged them in conversation. He promised much money, a good time, pretty clothes, a life of ease, if they would go with him.

They went.

In San Francisco no woman can enter a house of prostitution and offer herself for sale unless she possesses a certificate from the municipal clinic.

Upon so small a thing as a bit of paper have the lives and happiness of countless thousands depended through many centuries.

So small a thing as a bit of paper saved the two girls of whom I write from the end that is so much less merciful than the cold, uncompromising bay.

Because they had not this certificate the woman to whom these girls were taken, fearful of the results of permitting police regulations to be broken, told them they must register at the clinic before they could work in her house.

Physicians who see, day in and day out, the patients of clinics, soon learn to know the women who belong. A new face and a manner bespeaking ignorance of the ways of the life are detected in a minute. When these girls applied for the bill of health which is necessary to the trade, the doctor talked with them and reported to the superintendent his belief that the girls were just starting and might be saved. He took the girls to his private office and talked it over with them and he learned their whole pitiful story.

Eagerly they both grasped at the offer of help, and today they are in a local hospital training for a profession in which they will have the opportunity to reduce the sum total of human misery instead of increasing it.

During the Christmas rush these girls worked in a local department store. In the days of retrenchment which followed they lost their positions. Seeking work, they went from one store to another, always without success.

The money which the girl in the department store finds in her pay envelope at the end of the week leaves little rainy day surplus.

Because they could not find work they went hungry.

Because they were desperate they were willing to try suicide.

Fear saved them from the bay and a slip of paper saved them the worse fate.—San Francisco Bulletin.

**In Memoriam.**

Elkhorn, Mont., March 5, 1912.

Whereas, Death has again invaded our ranks and removed from our midst Brother William T. Plummer, who passed away in Elkhorn this morning, March 5, 1912, therefore be it

Resolved, That our sincere and heartfelt sympathy be extended to the bereaved family and relatives of our deceased brother, and that this Union feels keenly the loss of a consistent and faithful brother and worthy and efficient secretary.

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

J. W. D'CAMP,  
JOHN TEMBY,  
RICHARD CADDY,

(Seal) Committee Elkhorn Miners' Union, W. F. M., No. 157.

**IN MEMORIAM.**

South Porcupine, Ontario, Canada, Feb. 28, 1912.

To the Officers and Members of Procupine Local No. 145, W. F. of M.

Fellow Workers: We, the undersigned committee beg to submit the following resolution in regard to the death of our deceased brother, Dan Rahaley:

Death, the grim reaper, has again invaded our ranks, taking our brother, Dan Rahaley, across the great divide.

Killed in the Juggernaut of Capitalism, a system that he fought against with revolutionary fervor, we feel proud in knowing that, although he is dead, that during his lifetime he carried to others, that a like had been carried to him. The priceless gift of liberty and light, which was neither his nor ours, but is the heritage of the soul of man.

We desire to express our heartfelt sympathy with his relatives on his untimely decease; and be it further

Resolved, That we spread a copy of this resolution on our minutes; that a copy be sent to his relatives; a copy to the official organ, and a copy be sent to Cotton's Weekly for publication.

F. K. RICHARDSON,  
JAMES DOGUE,  
HUGH KENNIBURGH.

(Seal) Committee.

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