



HON. R. F. PETTIGREW OF SOUTH DAKOTA.

The Miners' Magazine

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EDWARD BOYCE, Editor.

Unions are requested to write some communication each month for publication.

Write plainly, on one side of paper only; where ruled paper is used write only on every second line.

Communications not in conformity with this notice will not be published.

Subscribers not receiving their Magazine will please notify this office by postal card, stating the numbers not received. Write plainly, as these communications will be forwarded to the postal authorities.

Entered at the Postoffice at Denver, Colorado, as second-class matter.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Louis Englebright, formerly a resident of Gem, Idaho, has been lost to his family for eight months.

We have information that will benefit him and his family. Any news furnished this office concerning him will be appreciated.

NOTICE.

The financial secretary of each local union is requested to send the names of the newly elected officers to James Maher, secretary-treasurer, previous to October 10th, for publication in the directory.

Officers who neglect this notice should be held accountable to their union for neglect of duty, as it is necessary that the names of the officers of each union be published so the directory will be complete.

GRASS VALLEY UNION ACTIVE.

Mr. E. G. Swift was appointed agent for the Miners' Magazine by his union and will in the future devote a portion of his time to canvassing for subscribers in Nevada county.

We wish Mr. Swift unbounded success in his work, and commend Grass Valley union for making such a good selection.

This union has set an example that should be followed by others and increase the circulation of their organ in every county in the West.

M'KINLEY'S UNIONISM.

We acknowledge the receipt of the pamphlet sent from Republican headquarters containing a fac simile of William McKinley's card of membership in the Bricklayers' and Stonemasons' Union of Chicago, when he was elected an honorary member of that union to qualify him to lay the foundation stone of the federal building in that city.

We fail to see any notice in this Republican document of President McKinley's expulsion from this union afterwards for his action in continuing the troops in Idaho. McKinley was expelled by the Bricklayers' union and Steunenberg was expelled by the Typographical union for their persecution of the Coeur d'Alene miners. Both were only honorary members, but neither are worthy of such honor. Their record proves them to be dishonorable lackeys of the Standard Oil Company.

THE FULL DINNER PAIL.

Nothing impresses the student of political history more than the battle cries and catch words of the various campaigns. In the old days it was Jeffersonian simplicity and Jacksonian individuality. Then it was hard cider and the white beaver hat. Later it reached the more serious question whether slavery should be extended or not.

It remained, however, for the closing campaign of the century to beat all the others into insignificance, when the Republicans announced "the full dinner pail" as its watchword. Bear with us a moment, gentle reader, while we consider a few, a very few of the achievements of this century which is now going out in a blaze of glory.

When this century was young this country had three or four millions of population; the per capita wealth was so small as to hardly figure in a statistical table; most of the people were engaged in agriculture or in the still more primitive occupation of hunting and fishing. Since then coal, oil and the precious metals have been discovered, showing us very rich in natural wealth. The inventions of machinery have increased the power of producing wealth seventy or eighty fold, so that with a population of nearly eighty millions we have a national wealth of eighty billions and fourteen billions are being created

annually. Labor has done all this and what is its reward?—a full dinner pail! Fifteen cents' worth of cold food to be eaten off a bench or off the ground. This is the brag of a great political party as its achievement for labor. If anything can exceed the brazen effrontry of the people who put forward this slogan, it is the utter and pitiful stupidity of the six million odd adherents of that party who accept it in all seriousness instead of repudiating it as the greatest insult ever offered the working men of this country.

SENATOR PETTIGREW.

Richard Franklin Pettigrew of Sioux Falls was born at Ludlow, Vermont, July, 1848; removed with his parents to Evansville, Rock county, Wisconsin, in 1854; was prepared for college at the Evansville academy and entered Beloit college in 1866, where he remained two years; was a member of the law class of 1870, University of Wisconsin; went to Dakota in July, 1869, in the employ of a United States deputy surveyor, as a laborer; located in Sioux Falls, where he engaged in the surveying and real estate business; opened a law office in 1872, and has been in the practice of his profession since; was elected to the Dakota legislature as a member of the council in 1877 and re-elected in 1879; was elected to the Forty-seventh Congress as delegate from Dakota territory; was elected to the territorial council of 1884-85; was a member of the South Dakota constitutional convention of 1883; was chairman of the committee on public indebtedness and framed the present provisions of the constitution on that subject; was elected United States senator October 16, 1889, under the provisions of the act of Congress admitting South Dakota into the Union; took his seat December 2, 1889; was re-elected in 1895. His term of service will expire March 3, 1901.

Since Mr. Pettigrew entered Congress as a delegate he proved his ability as a representative and a friend to the interest of the people of his state; but his ability was not appreciated by the people of South Dakota or the nation till he entered the Senate and measured swords with the advocates of corporation supremacy. No other senator riled the Republicans so much, for he was always ready to combat them in their schemes to rob the people in the interest of corporate wealth. His arraignment of Senator Carter of Montana and Senator Hanna for their methods as national chairman of the Republican party in obtaining money to carry the elections was the severest blow that these two representatives of plutocracy ever received.

Senator Pettigrew is a staunch friend to all measures cal-

culated to benefit the people, and as a friend of the laboring men there is none more true to their interests in the Senate.

He opposed the administration in its wanton and unlawful attack upon the Coeur d'Alene miners and championed their cause from the beginning, which the miners of the West appreciate and hope that he will be re-elected to defend their cause in the future against the attacks of their numerous enemies in the Senate.

MARTIAL LAW OUTRAGE IN IDAHO.

Editor Miners' Magazine—We are instructed by Gem Miners' Union to write you on the latest outrage committed by the law and order element of Shoshone county, of which Governor Steunenberg is the chief.

The evening of August 16th, while the members of Gem Miners' Union were in session in their hall, which stands upon the foundation of the old hall which was burned in 1892 by agents of the mine owners' association, Deputy United States Marshal S. H. Findley and others, in company with the State militia of Gem, surrounded the hall. Finley broke in the door and entered the hall with gun in hand and shouted: "This hall is surrounded and if you resist we will kill every d—d one of you. I demand the books and money of this union and am going to have it."

Secretary A. S. Balch refused to give up the money in his possession and was immediately knocked down by Finley, who relieved him of whatever money he found on his person. Finley then turned his attention to the books, which were on the officers' desks and took them to the office of the Helena and Frisco Mining Company and turned them over to the manager, Joseph McDonald.

The following day Secretary Balch appeared before Probate Judge McKinley in the town of Wallace and swore out a warrant for the arrest of Deputy Finley, which was placed in the hands of Sheriff Sutherland, but that servant of the Standard Oil Company who selected the jury that convicted Paul Corcoran refused to serve the warrant.

The county attorney brought the case before the grand jury on September 7th, and the members of Gem Miners' Union who were in the hall when Deputy Finley and his companions entered the hall appeared before that select body empaneled by the mine owners and corroborated the charges in the county attorney's complaint.

The grand jurors then sent for Deputy Finley and his associates and after listening to his testimony, how he knocked down the secretary with his gun and then robbed him and took the books of the union to his master, Joe McDonald, he

was told there was no case against him. This is the kind of law and justice that we receive in Shoshone county from Steunenberg's minions, supported by McKinley's soldiers.

All our members realize that there is no justice for them in our courts, but they are determined to stand by their principles and will not surrender to those paid assassins.

PRESS COMMITTEE GEM MINERS' UNION.

B. OF L. F. CONVENTION.

The action of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen during the last session of their biennial convention, held in Des Moines, Iowa, September 11th, had more significance for organized labor, and particularly in the West, than is generally supposed. As we go to press we learn that this convention is yet in session.

The action which we refer to are the resolutions which that body unanimously adopted a few days ago, condemning the administration for its brutal and inhuman conduct towards the miners of Shoshone county, Idaho, in its efforts to crush the Miners' union in that district; and it also condemned that cowardly position which the administration took in refusing to publish the proceedings of the investigation that was had concerning the conduct of officials during the establishment of martial law in that county.

When we consider that this brotherhood, with other railroad organizations, having an aggregate membership of more than 160,000, through their executive officers, had espoused and championed the election of Mr. McKinley in 1896, we can better appreciate their courage and manliness in denouncing his attempts to destroy the miners' organization of the state of Idaho.

While it is true that these railroad brotherhoods are very conservative and careful in all their decisions, yet they will never stultify themselves to advance a political party that is unfaithful to the principles which underlie the Republic, or which shows itself hostile to the best interests of organized labor.

The Western Federation of Miners extends to the brotherhood for this brave, intelligent and patriotic action their sense of appreciation and admiration. It is a clear illustration that the unity of organized labor is closer and more compact than has entered the dreams of the politicians.

LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR COATES.

The Democratic, Populist and Silver Republican parties of Colorado met in the city of Denver September 10th and effected

a fusion, the lieutenant governor going to the Populists, who nominated John Calderwood.

When this announcement was made at the Democratic convention Governor Thomas, who controlled the convention, moved to non-concur in Calderwood's nomination, but gave no reason for his action.

In 1894, when the Cripple Creek strike occurred, Mr. Calderwood was president of Altman Miners' Union and Governor Thomas was employed by the mine owners to prosecute the miners, more on account of his animosity towards organized labor than his ability as a lawyer.

In this they made no mistake, for Governor Thomas has cherished this hatred through all those years.

The Populists reconsidered Calderwood's nomination and nominated D. C. Coates, president of the State Federation of Labor, which again made the governor furious. He openly boasted and threatened all kinds of vengeance on those who dared to support Mr. Coates' nomination, and refused to allow his name to appear on the Democratic ticket for no reason except that he was a member of organized labor.

Governor Thomas is a candidate for the United States Senate to succeed Senator Wolcott, and we must confess that between those two aspirants there is no difference. Both are avowed enemies of labor and have done everything in their power to break its influence.

We have known Mr. Coates for years, and no truer friend of labor's interests ever asked for the suffrage of the people. Every working man and woman should support him for the office of lieutenant governor, which came to him unsolicited; he will fill the office with as much credit to himself and friends as he has filled the office of secretary and president of the State Federation of Labor.

He is well qualified to fill the office and worthy of a higher position.

Later—Mr. Coates was placed on the Democratic ticket, notwithstanding Governor Thomas' opposition.

THE COAL STRIKE.

On September 17th, nearly 150,000 coal miners in Pennsylvania, members of the United Mine Workers, laid down their tools because they were not able to exist on the wages they were receiving from the coal barons—\$250 per annum.

Their action is just and merits the support of all fair-minded people who are opposed to slavery and the peonage system, so long in existence in the coal fields of the East, where little children are forced to work in the miserable coal pits of the coal combine to keep from starving.

We fear the miners will lose, for all the machinery of this government is against them. President McKinley is ready to order out the regular army to shoot them down; he can do nothing else, as Mark Hanna is one of the large stockholders, and his interest must be protected.

The governor of Pennsylvania has already ordered the state militia to be in readiness. The courts await the application of the corporation attorneys to issue any order desired.

The employers have imported thugs, called coal police, and armed them with the latest improved rifles to create disturbance and goad the miners to resistance, then shoot them down on the pretext of protecting property. It is perfectly legal, according to our beautiful system of government (?) for corporations to hire thugs and arm them for the express purpose of committing murder, but the poor, deluded working man who has voted for the perpetuation of such a government, must not object, else he is shot or imprisoned.

While this strike lasts the coal barons will increase the price of coal, which the poor must buy at any price, and the miners who produced it must freeze for want of it and their families go hungry for bread.

Under such conditions the coal barons grow rich and an ignorant public holds its breath in fear lest the strikers do not submit and starve to death in the midst of plenty. We advise the 150,000 miners to pay no attention to the miserable scabs, the lowest specimens of creation that walk, but take possession of the coal mines, which are their own, and operate them in the interest of all, and not for the benefit of Mark Hanna and other thieves who should be clothed in stripes instead of buying elections.

This is the only logical solution of the strike and until the people take possession of their own property and abolish special privileges strikes will continue.

In the meantime the quartz miners of the West should take warning by this strike, for it will soon be their turn; the Rothschilds and Rockafellers have their agents at work and when the opportune time arrives they will attack the western miner. Let us hope that we will be prepared to meet them with their own weapons.

DEBS AND HARRIMAN.

Eugene V. Debs of Terre Haute, Indiana, and Job Harriman of Los Angeles, California, are the only logical candidates for president and vice president that working men can conscientiously support and be true to themselves.

The working man who advocates the election of William

McKinley and Theodore Roosevelt was born too late; he should have lived 2,000 years ago, when a working man was perhaps the most despised creature on earth. He had no rights that his master need respect, and this is what the candidates on the Republican ticket represent; neither of them have any regard for the working man; all their associations are with the moneyed classes and their sympathies are with the aristocracy that rob and plunder labor. The candidates upon the Democratic ticket, Mr. Bryan and Mr. Stevenson, I believe are good men, but they are candidates of a party that is so thoroughly dishonest, so far as the interest of labor is concerned, that it equals its rival in every respect. Neither of these parties have been true to labor, and I see no reason why working men should continue either party in power.

Of the two, the Democratic party is by far the most inconsistent; it has the brazen audacity to say that it is the party of the people because it has passed away from the influence of Cleveland bourbonism and is reconstructed under the influence of Mr. Bryan. This is false in every particular. To be a good Democrat to-day you must prove that you were a good Democrat in the reign of Grover, and always voted the Democratic ticket.

The political bosses who controlled the party machine under Grover are the men who manipulate it to-day, and not one of them has any sympathy with labor.

Let us take the temporary chairman of the Democratic national convention, Governor Thomas of Colorado. I will say unhesitatingly that there is not a man holding a political office in the United States—Mark Hanna not excepted—who is so thoroughly opposed to labor. Then turn to Governor Steunenberg of Idaho, who sold himself to the Standard Oil Company to plunder, rob and murder the working men who elected him to office.

After carefully studying the history of other nations, I am convinced that we will follow in their footsteps and in the end be forced to adopt other methods than political to preserve the Republic; nevertheless, it is our duty to discourage such a solution of the grave crisis that confronts us.

Mr. Debs and Mr. Harriman have, under the most trying ordeal, proved their loyalty to the interests of labor, their record is clean and they believe the principles of government they advocate will, if adopted, free the people from the grasp of the profit-mongers and place each individual on an equality. When the miners of Leadville were struggling for their rights in 1896 Mr. Debs unhesitatingly responded to their appeal, and when McKinley's soldiers, at the behest of the Standard Oil magnates and Governor Steunenberg, imprisoned 1,300 men in the Wardner bull pen Mr. Harriman was the only man who

went upon the field and wrote the true history of the miners' struggle.

I shall, with pleasure, cast my vote for men who have always been true to the interests of the laboring people.

EDWARD BOYCE.

THE DANGERS OF MILITARISM.

On another page we publish a letter received from Gem, Idaho, where martial law—in other words, military law—has been in force for seventeen months. It shows how deputy marshals entered the hall of the Miners' union and after assaulting the secretary, Mr. Balch, and robbing him of all his money, took the books to the manager of one of the mining companies. This is one of a hundred such outrages perpetrated upon the laboring men of Idaho by and under the sanction of the military officers in command of the troops in Shoshone county. We also publish an article from Porto Rico which proves that the military arm of this government is being used everywhere to suppress labor organizations in the interest of the commercial thieves of the nation.

This fact is so well established that it is superfluous to dwell upon it in this brief article. Militarism in the United States presents a greater danger than the suppression of labor organizations which few writers have had the moral courage to attack, although it is apparent to all. This danger is the importation of Oriental diseases that will spread throughout the nation till the entire population is inoculated with them in one form or another.

Let us look at the soldier stationed in our large cities and without prejudice study his habits, from general to private, and we find that invariably his life is one of debauchery. Licentiousness everywhere, from the four hundred snob in epaulettes to the black private who makes the night hideous in the lewd district with bad whisky and unfortunate women.

This is the soldier's amusement by day and night, and the young man entering the army soon falls under such influence and all that is noble and refined in his nature, those virtues that he learned at his mother's knee, succumb to the baser passions and he is no longer a man, simply a machine without any object in life.

When those young men go to a foreign country where they are removed from natural surroundings and home influence their standard of morality will not improve; on the contrary, it will decrease, until all self-respect is gone, and instead of returning heroes they will come back confirmed drunkards, lunatics or incurables. They will bring with them the germs of loathsome diseases from the festering cities of China and the

Philippines that will spread with lightning like rapidity and in the course of a few years we will be compelled to establish leprosy hospitals in our midst or make the Sandwich islands a leper colony.

Parents who love their children should take warning and not be deceived by the cheap appeals of those patriots for revenue only, for the protection of their daughters and the health of their sons are of more importance than our commercial interests with Asiatic colonies.

When the people of this republic encourage the growth of militarism we have reached the zenith of our glory as a nation and will gradually sink into decay.

NEWLY ELECTED OFFICERS.

It is appropriate that we should extend our congratulations to the newly elected officers of affiliated unions, not because their positions are easy to fill, or remunerative in any respect, for such is not the case in a labor organization, but because they are in a position to benefit their fellow-men more than those who labor in the ranks as ordinary members.

Of all the men who affiliate with organized labor and fill an office within the gift of its members few persevere to the end and retain the enthusiasm that burned within them when they first enlisted in the cause of human liberty in opposition to the ravages of combined greed.

It is unfortunate that a large percentage of them get discouraged by the jealousies of some of their own members, who watch for an opportunity to attack them upon all occasions and who, to gratify their selfishness, will go to extremes to injure them and if possible rob them of all that man possesses, character.

Others, after years of toil and struggle, give up in despair at the critical time and resolve to abandon the turmoil and gradually move back into the procession of the unthinking mass of laborers that are descending the steep declivity of indifference to everlasting slavery. Others get discouraged at the internal strife that exists among the members, where all should be harmony, and often come to the conclusion that nothing can be gained through organizations of workingmen, because they cannot induce the majority to take some progressive step away from the old fallacy of pure and simple trades unionism.

These men, as a rule, possess a fine brain and intellectually they are superior to a majority of their associates, but they are also of a high temperament and cannot control themselves to continue in the slow, halting procession with the majority, and like the over-confident soldier in battle sees all the mis-

takes of his superior and resolves to adopt new tactics and in the midst of the smoke of battle leave the ranks and unwisely falls into the hands of the enemy.

Another class of men take more than ordinary interest in their organization and by their efforts its influence is increased and in a brief period becomes a power for good in the community, which alarms its enemies, who set to work to checkmate the influence of the energetic officers of the union, and through the newspapers, the mouthpiece of capitalists, begin an attack upon those men and unfortunately we find that they are unable to withstand such criticism and retire from active work to see their labors shattered by such papers.

You have been elected to positions of great responsibility and upon your example, more than your ability, depends the success of your organization which has forged its way to the front as a national organization in a few short years in opposition to trusts, injunctions, courts and soldiers, to a position where it commands the respect even of its bitterest enemies and can render valuable assistance to its members in their struggle for justice.

Do not get discouraged in your work nor heed the attacks of the enemies in your own ranks, where there are many, nor those upon the outside, for this is something you must expect, because every man who attempted to thwart the power of the ruling few in the interest of the many has met with nothing but abuse and vilification, but to-day their names and illustrious deeds are sought for on history's pages with as much eagerness as the mariner scans the heavens for the north star when his ship has been stripped from bow to stern by the typhoon's dreadful blast; while the name of the rabble and mob parasites and leeches that joined in the attack and hurled abuse at them disappeared as completely as though they never existed. You should be careful not to reveal your plans to all who profess to be your friends, nor listen to their advice, for we are living in an age of deception and one must be careful whom he trusts. Do your duty as you see it, regardless of friend or foe, but do not attempt to force your members too suddenly from their old idols, for this cannot be done. Nothing but time and education will erase the superstitions of centuries. You should endeavor by all means to establish a system of education among your members which can be done at a nominal cost, which will be fruitful of more good than any other investment.

While we have no right to say how men shall spend their money, yet you should do everything in your power to discourage the excessive use of drink, which is the ruination of almost as many laboring men and women as the outrages imposed upon them by capitalists.

Let your example in private, as well as public life, be such

that none can point to it with suspicion, then when your term of office expires you can with pride scorn the attacks of your enemies and be upheld by all independent, honest men in your union who are not slaves of some corporation and the willing tool of an employer who act and think only by his permission.

In your labor we cheerfully extend our best wishes for your success, and will gladly co-operate with you in every way for the advancement of the toilers of all lands as well as the members of the Western Federation of Miners.

THROUGH THE SAN JUAN COUNTRY.

In company with Messrs. Coates and Cohen, we left Denver on the Rio Grande railroad Saturday evening, September 1st, for Telluride to attend the Labor Day celebration under the auspices of the Miners' union of that mountain city.

Crossing Marshall Pass the mountain foliage presented a beautiful appearance, tinged with yellow, after the early frosts that had already fallen on the summits of the Rockies. This mountain panorama, painted by the hand of nature, can more easily be imagined than described.

Descending the western slope early in the forenoon we had an opportunity to observe the rough work of nature in the Black canon, through which the Gunnison river flows till it is lost in the seething waters of the Grande near Grand Junction.

Arriving in Telluride, we were met by the officers of the union, who had prepared a grand banquet at the Cosmopolitan restaurant, which was so artistically arranged that ever guest complimented Mr. Allen, the proprietor, very highly.

All regretted that the seating capacity of the building would not permit a larger attendance.

Those present were A. W. March, ex-president of the union; Edward Oleson, ex-secretary; V. St. John, president; O. M. Carpenter, secretary; John Pinkney, recording secretary; C. A. Smith, Antone Seed, Gus Edmonds, George Mowatt, Martin Anderson, Grant Smith, Jud Nixon, railroad organization; W. B. Taylor, president Federal Union; Henry Cohen, D. C. Coates, Senator Buckley, Congressman Bell, Mayor Hall and the writer.

A. W. March called on Senator Buckley to act as chairman, which he filled very acceptably.

All the speeches were very appropriate for the occasion. Senator Buckley, who championed the eight hour bill in the last session of the Colorado legislature, who is a mine operator, spoke very kindly of the members of organized labor, and Mayor Hall pointed out the friendly relations that existed

between the people of Telluride and the members of organized labor.

All were much interested in the remarks of Judge Bell, when he described conditions as they existed in Washington during the past eight years, and showed how little the laboring people could expect from the present administration.

Labor Day the clouds hung low on the mountains and the rainfall was so heavy part of the line of march had to be abandoned.

Upon the arrival of a special train from Ouray, Rico and Ophir, which carried 500 visitors, the procession marched to the opera house, where Messrs. Cohen, Coates, Buckley and Bell addressed the audience.

Judge Bell appealed to the miners and working men to be true to their unions, for organized labor, next to our public school system, is the only system of education that will finally emancipate the laborer from the present vicious system.

He declared that by a system of education in the union its members would become the greatest diplomats in our civilization.

When we see the far-reaching effect of organized labor we should not hesitate to give it our unqualified support, for that which benefits the laboring man benefits every citizen of our country, so you should push on in the good work in which you are engaged and stand together.

On the 4th we took the special train for Ouray that carried the Telluride excursionists to their homes. Arrangements had already been made by the Ouray Miners' union for a public meeting in the opera house, which was addressed by W. M. Burns of the executive board W. F. of M., who acted as chairman; Lieutenant Governor Carney, Hon. John Kennedy, Henry Cohen and D. C. Coates. Between the speeches Misses Rogers and Brown rendered some beautiful vocal selections that were highly appreciated by the audience. Professors Dougherty, Lovejoy and Beard next entertained the audience with a song and dance. Mr. Dougherty displayed his ability as a jig dancer, and the two negro professors, Lovejoy and Beard, in their burlesque on Coates' and Boyce's dancing qualities was enjoyed by the audience, Coates alone dissenting, claiming that he was not fairly represented. It required much persuasion to prevent him giving an exhibition in his own behalf to prove to the satisfaction of the audience that he was entitled to the championship.

President Beard of the Miners' union, after a quick transformation from negro professor to presiding officer, on behalf of Ouray Miners' Union, presented Mr. Boyce with a handsome silver miner's candlestick. After this the seats were removed and dancing proceeded till morning.

A meeting was advertised at Red Mountain for Wednesday evening, and in order to show the members of Sky City Union and the citizens of Red Mountain that Ouray Miners' Union appreciated their many sacrifices in behalf of organized labor, the following members of Ouray union decided to attend the meeting: W. M. Burns, W. J. Beard, J. M. Hogue, Arthur Parker, John Kennedy, M. Cluney and Thomas Quinn.

The entire population of Red Mountain attended the meeting, which was arranged by the officers of the miners' union. Messrs. Burns, Cohen, Coates, Kennedy and Lovejoy addressed the meeting, complimenting the people of Red Mountain for their earnest work in behalf of organized labor, and hoped that they would soon see the same prosperity as they enjoyed when the mines in that vicinity employed 3,000 men.

Thursday we continued our journey to Silverton over a rough mountain road through a drenching rain which made the road almost impassable.

Upon reaching Silverton Messrs. Price, Fletcher and Bawden, officers of the Miners' union, had all arrangements completed for our meeting, which was well attended, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, which made it impossible for those men employed at the mines to attend. In this we were disappointed, as it was our intention to meet all the members of Silverton union.

Mr. Coates addressed the meeting at length and covered the situation in the state in a very able manner and warned the members of organized labor to beware of so-called political friends.

Durango was the last town on our list where a public meeting would be held. Leaving Silverton Friday morning we arrived in Durango at noon and were met at the depot by President Senain, Secretary Wride, Treasurer Murray, ex-Secretary Brice of Durango Mill and Smeltermen's Union and N. H. Harbaugh, ex-secretary of La Plata union, now under sheriff of La Plata county.

A meeting of the union was held that evening, which was well attended and some questions of importance to the union were discussed.

After the meeting the Fort Lewis Indian band, in charge of Professor Lilybridge, played a number of selections and then marched to the court house, followed by the members of the union and citizens of Durango.

The seating capacity of the beautiful court house was taxed to the limit when Secretary Wride called the meeting to order and introduced the speakers, who spoke for two and a half hours.

Mr. Coates, after portraying the evil results to miners and smeltermen accruing from the decision of the Supreme Court

on the eight hour law, advised his hearers to exercise the voting franchise in an effective manner at the ensuing election and prove to the enemies of labor that past transgressions would not be forgotten.

Mesdames Wride and Roe decorated the speakers' stand with five beautiful boquets, for which we return thanks to those most estimable ladies.

HANNA'S DICK REFUSES TO MEET LENTZ.
(Toledo Bee.)

Congressman Lentz of Ohio sent the following challenge to General Dick, which was refused by that corporation apologist:

Columbus, Ohio, Sept. 15.

"Hon. Charles Dick, M. C., Columbus, Ohio:

"My Dear Sir—Inasmuch as the Republican Congress refused to publish the testimony taken by the investigation of the use of the United States army in connection with the labor troubles in the Coeur d'Alene district of Idaho, and whereas you and I are the Ohio members of the committee on military affairs of the national House of Representatives, before which the investigation was held, and since you and I are the two only men in the state of Ohio, so far as I know, who are in possession of a complete printed transcript of the entire testimony which was taken under oath; and, whereas, there is an interest in this departure from the jury system in this country and the establishment of martial law under which many hundred men were imprisoned for many months at the point of bayonets without an affidavit or warrant, without an indictment for trial; and since you were in charge of the report formulated by the Republican members of the military committee, which was signed by every Republican member of that committee; and inasmuch as the Republican members of the committee completely exonerated President McKinley and Governor Steunenberg; and, whereas, the Democratic members of the military committee unanimously adopted the report that President McKinley, as commander-in-chief of the United States army, and Governor Steunenberg not only violated the constitution of the United States, but also the constitution and statutes of the state of Idaho, I challenge you to a public discussion of the propriety of the Republican party suppressing this testimony, notwithstanding the fact it would have the white paper and printers' ink, since the testimony was already in type. The times, manner and places for these discussions may be determined by yourself, as chairman of the Republican state executive committee and the chairman of the Democratic state executive committee. Awaiting an early reply, I remain yours faithfully,

JOHN J. LENTZ."

WHAT OTHERS SAY

THE BALLOT.

The knave and the fool and the quite bright man
Lived all by themselves on an island fair.
And the very smart knave formed a marvellous plan
To own that same island and all the things there.
So he said to the fool: "I'm a man divine,
And a friend of thine; be a friend of mine."

And he then explained to the very dull fool
The thesis of government good and strong.
"Dame Nature herself," he remarked, "goes by rule,
And, in order to peaceably glide things along,
We must have in future a code of laws,
With justice and honor in every clause."

So he drafted a code that would go thirteen ways,
And he read it aloud to the fool and the man.
Referred to committee, reported with praise;
And then on each section the voting began.
A full referendum, a fair, honest count,
With courteous discussion to any amount.

They voted on this, and they voted on that;
A two-thirds majority's certain to rule.
The other man's head-piece from under his hat
They voted, they voted—that knave and that fool.
Thus ever. Whenever a freeman shall choose
To shake the old ballot-box dice, he will lose.

—William Walstein Gordak in "Liberty."

IMPRISONED BY MILITARY.

Labor Unions in Porto Rico Summarily Suppressed.

New York, Sept. 10.—Labor leaders here have reported to the Central Federated Union that they have received a letter from more than one hundred representatives of Porto Rican labor organizations who have been imprisoned in the municipal prison at San Juan.

The letter says that all labor organizations known to exist are being suppressed by the military authorities.

Those now in prison, it is said, include the presidents, secretaries and members of the arbitration committees of nearly all the labor unions of any consequence in Porto Rico.

The labor leaders in their letter petition the organized workmen of the United States to appeal to the administration at Washington to obtain the release of the labor leaders from prison and to allow the organization of labor unions to proceed without opposition.—Rocky Mountain News.

FATHER DUCEY ON THE COAL MINERS' STRIKE.

New York, Sept. 16.—Father Ducey preached a strong sermon to-day in St. Leo's church on the avarice of the rich. Taking the coal strike in Pennsylvania as an example, he spoke with great directness of the greed of the great moneyed interests.

"We need," he said, "only to look at the struggle now beginning in the Pennsylvania coal regions. It is the greatest crime of modern society which compels children of eight years to work for 30 cents a day in these dark mines; all this in order that their task masters may live lives of luxury and refined ease.

"And any man who raises his voice against these wrongs will be proclaimed a demagogue. Jesus Christ in His day was called a demagogue and an imposter because he was the friend of sinners and consorted with the common people. But the anarchists are not the men who protest. The real anarchists in this case are the mine owners, who constitute the greatest danger to modern society."

The retail coal dealers of Greater New York have taken advantage of the strike to raise the price of coal before the strike is really on. In the Manhattan borough the price of coal will be advanced \$1 a ton to-morrow morning. In the borough of Brooklyn an advance of 25 cents a ton will prevail.

The effect of this will be an immediate blow to the pockets of the poor, who buy a supply day by day because they have no room in which to store coal.

The bucket and basket trade is supplied by dealers who buy small lots from bigger retailers, and an advance of \$1 a ton to the little cellar dealer means at least fifty per cent. more of an advance to his customers.—Rocky Mountain News.

TRUSTS FATTEN ON FOOD TAKEN FROM STARVING SLAVES.

(James Creelman in the Rocky Mountain News.)

New York, Sept. 15.—The trusts and the coal miners:
Flour, per bag, \$2.15 to \$2.75—increase of about twenty-seven per cent.

Sugar, per pound, 5 cents to 7 cents—increase of about forty per cent.

Oil, per gallon, 12 cents to 15 cents—increase of about twenty-five per cent.

Clothes—Increase of about twenty-five per cent.

Tobacco, per pound, 28 cents to 38 cents—increase of about thirty-six per cent.

Soup meat, per pound, 9 cents to 14 cents—increase of about fifty-six per cent.

Veal, per pound, 12 cents to 16 cents—increase of about thirty-three per cent.

Beef steak, per pound, 12 cents to 16 cents—increase of about thirty-three per cent.

Ham, per pound, 11 cents to 15 cents—increase of about thirty-five per cent.

Crackers, per pound, 5 cents to 10 cents—increase of about one hundred per cent.

Condensed milk, three for 25 cents to two cans for 25 cents—increase of about fifty per cent.

Shoes advanced—increase of about thirty per cent.

Rubber boots, per pair, from \$2.25 to \$3.25—increase of about forty-four per cent.

Stove coal, per ton, \$1.50 to \$2.50—increase of about sixty-two per cent.

Increase in living expenses, fifty per cent.

Chestnut coal, per ton, \$1.00 to \$2.50—increase of about 150 per cent.

Ginghams, per yard, 5 cents to 8 cents—increase of about sixty per cent.

Average increase of about fifty per cent. on the sixteen articles in above list.

Increase in wages—nothing.

New York, Sept. 15.—I stood on top of a monstrous hill of black coal refuse overlooking the great Woodward mine near Wilkesbarre, in search of the truth about the approaching anthracite coal strike.

On all sides we could see bare-footed women and children, painfully gathering handfuls of coal from the refuse. They were the wives and little ones of the miners preparing for the strike.

Presently a miner strode over the hill.

Hear the American workingman's statement of the case, and then say whether the hundred and forty-odd thousand men and boys who will begin the struggle against the coal trust Monday deserve sympathy and support.

He leaned on a coal car and pointed to the women and children groveling in the refuse.

"Look at them," he said. "They know that winter is coming on and that the mine owners will try to starve us into a surrender."

"What is the trouble in the anthracite country?" I asked.

"We can't live on our wages."

"But you have lived on the same wages before."

"The cost of living has gone up. We can't get enough to eat for our wives and babies at the present prices."

"How do you account for the rise in prices?"

"The trusts have done it. They have ruined us."

"Will you go on strike?"

"Of course I will."

"Why? The mine owners will win. It will be a contest between miners' stomachs and the organized wealth of the coal trust. The struggle will be unequal."

"I know it, but I will strike because I am a man, not a dog."

"But it is said that the men are being forced to strike against their own judgment."

"Great God! We can't live under these conditions. We must fight. There is nothing else left for us. Our children are all at work when they should be at school, and still we can't get enough to eat."

"You say that the trusts have caused this distress in the anthracite coal country?"

"Yes, sir. The trusts have put up the price of meat and flour and sugar and light and heat. The coal trust keeps our wages down."

"How about your own case?"

"I am a married man, and I have five children. None of them is old enough to work yet. No man in the world can work harder than I do. Still I have to order less and less food. Things are getting so dear that I am slowly getting in debt for clothes and shoes."

"How about the full dinner pail?"

The miner took the cover off his dinner pail. It contained two slices of bread, a piece of ham and a slice of cheese.

"That's all?"

"That's all."

Then came to my mind the boasted wealth of the trust system—wealth so great that Mr. Morgan, the head of the coal trust, could lend \$28,000,000 to the British government to carry on its war against the starving Boer patriots; wealth sufficient to enable the trusts of America to loan more than \$200,000,000 this year to European governments. I thought of Mr. Carnegie, with a private income of \$42,000,000 a year, and Mr. Rockefeller, with an income of \$50,000,000 a year. It was all explained when I looked into that miner's dinner pail. The trust system worked both ways—wages down, living up.

RIGHTS AND DUTIES OF LABOR.

(Cardinal Gibbons in the New York Journal.)

I say labor contributes to the prosperity of the country, and whatever conduces to a nation's welfare is most worthy of commendation. It is not the office or occupation that dignifies the man, but it is the man that dignifies the office.

"Honor and shame from no condition rise;

Act well your part—there all the honor lies."

Cincinnatus lent dignity to agriculture by working at the plow; Caligula, by an infamous life, degraded his crown and imperial purple.

DeTocqueville could not pay a juster and more beautiful tribute of praise to the genius of our country than when he wrote in 1835 that every honest occupation in the United States was honorable.

The honest, industrious man is honored among us, whether he work with his hands or with his brains, because he is an indispensable factor in the nation's progress. He is the bee in the social hive; he is the benefactor of his race because he is always producing something for the commonwealth.

Our sympathies for those in our employ, whether in the household, the mines or the factory, are wonderfully quickened by putting ourselves in their place and asking ourselves how we would wish to be treated under similar circumstances.

We should remember that they are our fellow-beings, that they have feelings like ourselves, that they are stung by a sense of injustice, repelled by an overbearing spirit, and softened by kindness, and that it largely rests on us whether their hearts and homes are to be clouded with sorrow or radiant with joy.

Surely men do not amass wealth for the sole purpose of counting their bonds and contemplating their gold in secret. No, they acquire it in the hope that it will contribute to their rational comfort and happiness. Now, there is no enjoyment in life so pure and so substantial as that which springs from the reflection that others are made content and happy by our benevolence. And I am speaking here not of the benevolence of gratuitous bounty, but of fair dealing tempered with benignity. Considerate Kindness is like her sister Mercy.

"It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven

Upon the place beneath; it is twice bless'd;

It blesseth him that gives and him that takes;

'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes

The throned monarch better than his crown."

While applauding the tender feelings and magnanimity of many capitalists, I am constrained in the interest of truth,

humanity and religion to protest against the heartless conduct of others whose number, for the honor of our country, is, I hope, comparatively small.

No friend of his race can contemplate without painful emotions those heartless monopolists exhibiting a grasping avarice which has dried up every sentiment of sympathy, and a sordid selfishness which is deaf to the cries of distress. Their sole aim is to realize large dividends without regard to the paramount claims of justice and Christian charity. These trusts and monopolies, like the car of Juggernaut, crush every obstacle that stands in their way. They endeavor, not always, it is alleged, without success, to corrupt our national and state legislatures and municipal councils. They are so intolerant of honest rivalry as to use unlawful means in driving from the market all competing industries. They compel their operatives to work for starving wages, especially in mining districts and factories, where protests have but a feeble echo, and are easily stifled by intimidation.

In many places the corporations are said to have the monopoly of stores of supply, where exorbitant prices are charged for the necessaries of life; bills are contracted which the workmen are unable to pay from their scanty wages, and their forced insolvency places them entirely at the mercy of their task masters.

To such Shylocks may well be applied the words of the apostle: "Go to, now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries which shall come unto you. * * * You have stored up to yourselves wrath against the last days. Behold the hire of the laborers, * * * which by fraud hath been kept back by you, crieth, and the cry of them hath entered into the ears of the God of Sabbaths."

How forcibly this language applies now to our own country, and how earnestly the warning should be heeded by the constituted authorities! The supreme law of the land should be vindicated and enforced, and ample protection should be afforded to legitimate competing corporations as well as to the laboring classes against unscrupulous monopolies.

But if labor organizations have rights to be vindicated and grievances to be redressed it is manifest that they have also sacred obligations to be fulfilled and dangers to guard against.

They should exercise unceasing vigilance in securing their body from the control of designing demagogues who would make it subservient to their own selfish ends, or convert it into a political engine. They should also be jealous of the reputation and good name of the rank and file of the society as well as its chosen leaders. For while the organization is ennobled and commands the respect of the public by the moral and civic

virtues of its members, the scandalous and unworthy conduct of even a few of them is apt to bring reproach on the whole body, and to excite the distrust of the community.

Activity is the law of all intellectual and animal life. The more you live in conformity to that law the happier you will be. An active life, like the purling rivulet, is an unfailing source of gladness, health and contentment, while an indolent life, like the stagnant pool, breeds discontent, disease and death. No man enjoys with a keener relish the night's repose and the Sunday and holiday rest than the son of toil.

A life of patient industry is sure to be blessed with a competence, if it is not crowned with an abundant remuneration. The great majority of our leading men of wealth are indebted for their fortunes to their own untiring industry. Take an active, personal, conscientious interest in the business of your employer. Be as much concerned about its prosperity as if it were your own.

Foster habits of economy and self-denial. No matter how modest your income may be, always live under it. You will thus protect your liberty and business integrity, and guard yourself against the slavery and humiliation of debt, which is too often the precursor and the incentive to commercial dishonor.

While honestly striving to better your condition, be content with your station in life, and do not yield to an inordinate desire of abandoning your present occupation for what is popularly regarded as a more attractive avocation. Remember that while the learned professions are overcrowded, there is always a demand for skilled and unskilled labor, and that it is far better to succeed in mechanical or manual work than to fail in professional life.

Be not over eager to amass wealth, for they who are anxious "to become rich fall into temptations and into the snares of the devil, and into many unprofitable and hurtful desires which drown men in destruction and perdition."

A feverish ambition to accumulate a fortune, which may be called our national distemper, is incompatible with peace of mind.

Moderate means with a contented spirit are preferable to millions without it.

Sobriety will be an angel of tranquillity and comfort to yourself and family. While this virtue should be cultivated by all men, it ought to be especially cherished by the laboring class, who are so much exposed to the opposite vice. Intemperance has brought more desolation to homes than famine or the sword, and is a more unrelenting tyrant than the grasping monopolies.

THE PHILIPPINE PROBLEM.

(Continued from Last Month.)

VII.—HOW THE POISON WORKS.

Among the many bad things bound up with this unfortunate business none is worse than the degradation of America, sure to follow in more ways than one, if we persist in the course that we are now following. No stronger or sadder proof of the unwise and harmful character of this policy is needed than the fact that its defenders are led so quickly to part company with sober argument and truthful statement, and rush into virulent abuse and deceptive sophistries. Who would have believed two years ago that any sane man would have appealed to Washington in support of a policy so abhorrent to the Father of his Country? What ignoble untruthfulness in twisting his words into the approval of foreign conquest! Who would have thought it possible that scholars and statesmen would so soon become mere jugglers with words, pretending that our previous territorial expansion furnishes analogy and warrant for a colonial system far across the ocean, entered upon by warfare and maintained by Congress without constitutional safeguards? These facts show how virulent a poison is at work upon the national mind. We have here already a perversion of patriotism and a loss of political sagacity and veracity.

It is bad enough to hear men exclaim: "There is money in it, and that is sufficient;" but a national venture that leads men to scoff at the Declaration of Independence, to ridicule the constitution as outgrown, to denounce the wisdom of the fathers as foolishness, and to declare that American glory dates from Manila bay—is there not something ominous in such talk? If a brief experience in the expansion of America that scoffs at American principles produces such results, is it not time to sound the alarm? If the defense of a policy compels men to take such positions, there is something infinitely dangerous in that policy.

VIII.—UNWORTHY FATALISM.

There are those who supinely fall into national fatalism, and exclaim: "We were compelled against our own will to take possession of those islands." "They fell into our unwilling lap." "They were forced upon us by destiny."

What a strange thing it is to hide so ignominiously behind Providence! How convenient, but how unmanly, to shirk our responsibility, and say: "We did not mean to buy and kill, but forces over which we had no control pushed us into it." But is it manly to renounce our responsibility? Is it honest to misrepresent the situation? Is it patriotic to hide behind a pious phrase? Must we admit that we are a lot of brainless and heartless irresponsibles?

Where shall we stop if we allow our statesmen to practice such subterfuges? This means the destruction of responsible government. Shall we in this scientific age renounce reason and conscience, and play the baby act by crying: "I did not do it; it was the other fellow?" But what are the facts? Did God or our president write the proclamation of December 21, 1898, calling on ten million people to submit to our authority, with threat of punishment if they resisted, but with no promise to consider their wishes—six weeks before the treaty was ratified by the Senate, when, as since admitted, he had no authority for such an act? When General Miller a few days later received directions to bombard Iloilo, if necessary, who wrote the command—Providence or a military representative of our government? That was the real beginning of the war; there was the clear intent, if not the overt act. The successive steps in this whole transaction were the acts of men, for which it is childish to hold destiny responsible. We were, as a nation, perfectly free to have taken any one of a dozen other courses. If the impelling motive had been the good of humanity—a real desire to do the best for the Philippines—this is the last policy that we should have adopted.

This little lambskin of fine phrases about Providence and civilization is scant covering for the wolfish greed that everywhere obtrudes in talk about trade and commerce. We are told that God commanded us to take possession of these islands to help humanity. By parity of reasoning every inequity ever committed may be made to shine in white, as a beatitude. How pious it all sounds: "We needed these islands to advance the cause of civilization." And in the same breath we gloatingly exclaim: "They will enrich us beyond the dreams of Croesus." Certainly no one is deceived by phrases stamped with pious emblems, but coined of base metal in the mint of rapacious greed. Least of all will those islanders be deceived by these phrases. The more we publish them, the more we sow the Orient with dragon teeth.

IX.—OUR PRESENT DUTY.

It is the fashion of the hour to say: We do not want criticism of what has been done, but description of what is best to do now. The past is behind us; that we cannot change. We must assume that certain things exist, whether for good or for evil. They confront us to-day. Let us push on and make the best of this bad business. Tell us our present duty. Make plain the path before us.

But in this case, as in many others, the necessary preparation for doing the right thing to-day is to realize that yesterday we did the wrong thing. Criticism of the past has not done its full service until it works in us a change of heart. We cannot well address ourselves to the future until we recognize that

our present policy is unwise and unjust. We cannot mend our ways until conscious that our conduct is unrighteous. He who points out what is harmful in present methods opens the door to better methods.

Three courses lie before us: First, we can hold these islands as colonies and allow Congress to govern them without regard to the constitution, providing the Supreme Court sustains such a policy. This means a colonial system, costly, exacting, burdensome and dangerous. If we elect to do this, let us do it with our eyes open. Every hour will make it clearer that this policy is in contradiction to our political principles, hostile to the genius of the republic, destructive of our best influence and noble pre-eminence among the nations, injurious to our own political life, and subversive of the best interests of the people so governed. Liberty enlightening the world is a sublime figure; but Columbia ruling the people without their consent is an infinite shame.

Second. We can extend our constitution to the Philippines and make them a part of our nation. This is the only meaning the phrase, "benevolent assimilation" can justly have. This means that no trade restrictions be erected against them. Their products shall have free entry into our ports. Their custom-houses shall be barred against the world's trade the same as ours. Their people shall be free to settle anywhere in our domain, for where the flag floats there they shall be at home; a million, if they feel like it, may freely come to the Pacific coast or settle in the "black belt" and intensify the negro problem. They must have their representatives in Congress to vote on all matters pertaining to our national affairs. Their ballots must be counted in the election of a president. In our labor troubles our monopolists will be able to import those islanders to supplant native Americans.

The Philippine people, if retained, must be either the one or the other; subject colonists, in contradiction to our boasted freedom, or they must, in the near future, be given equality of citizenship. Our territories have always been treated as states in the making. Our expansion, so far, has been a national expansion, the expansion of American principles and policies. We have never for a moment contemplated keeping a large body of inhabitants under a territorial form of government. When temporarily so situated, these people have been full American citizens with slight qualifications. To treat these islands as dependencies would be a radical departure from established national policies. If capable of self-government, it is a crime for us to govern them without their consent. If incapable of American institutions, our attempted assimilation of them will be harmful to them and injurious to us.

Third. Our people will certainly, in the end, favor neither

of these policies. Before it is too late, the sober second thought of the average American citizen—the plain people in whom Lincoln trusted—will demand that we follow another course. The open way of wisdom and justice which we ought to have taken at the beginning, is this: We ought to have made it perfectly clear that we would help them to self-government, assuring them that we would stay among them no longer than they needed us. We ought to have made it plain that we would lend them all possible aid to make them prosperous and independent; that our last soldier was theirs for protection against foreign oppression, and that our best officers were theirs to help them to peace among themselves.

If these things had been said and done at the beginning there would have been no war. It is possible that the leader of the insurrection did not represent the people; but it must be borne in mind that we were so un-American that we never gave them a chance to show what they wanted. If, instead of demanding their subjection, after the manner of despots, we had, in the spirit of a true republic, offered our help and given them a chance, all this bloody business would have been avoided. All the trappings upon our own principles would have been prevented. How much innocent blood unshed, vast treasure unspent and national disgraces and dangers avoided! We should have kept them as friends. The flag would have had a glory that these blood stains cannot give it. And even our commercial advantages would have been greater than they can ever now become.

Does some one say: "But they prevented all this by shooting our soldiers?" No, we prevented this by letting the weeks pass without making a single clear declaration of friendship. The solemn responsibility we must bear. We virtually incited them to war by demanding their submission on threat of punishment. We treated them like people without any rights. We have not yet given them a single offer or pledge of self-government. We have not asked them what they desire. This indifference on our part to their wishes created a revolt that can be stopped the moment that we are loyal to our own political ideals. But even now we show our misconception of the true situation by boasting that our commissioners will soon impose on them a form of government similar to the one that they had already formulated. But if able to formulate it, why not give them freedom to operate it? Why not act in the American spirit, and ask them what they would like? This disposition to rule them to please ourselves, without reference to their wishes—this created the war. This prolongs the strife. This violates our democracy and destroys their rights. This alone stands in the way of peace. Let us reassert our republicanism and extend justice to the Philippines by doing to-day what would

have prevented all trouble if done in the beginning. The promise of friendly co-operation would then have been wise and just, and it would have maintained peace. Why not give that promise to-day, putting aside the unholy dreams of imperialism and rescuing our nation from impending dangers? Make it clear that we are their friends, not their conquerors, and all will be well with them and us. Our national honor cannot be increased by continuance in wrongdoing. Let us hope that this is what the American citizen will soon demand.

SOCIALIST FALLACIES.

(A Lecture delivered before the Denver Section of the Socialist Labor Party by Henry Cohen, February 20, 1898.)

(Continued from Last Month.)

So far as the whole quantity of goods in a country is concerned, a new market, instead of being an outlet for goods, is in the last analysis really the contrary. As people import from abroad either those things which they cannot at all produce at home, or those which it would take more capital and labor to produce at home, it must result in this, that the actual wealth imported, measured by any standard employed at home, must be greater than that exported. So new commercial relations, by opening up a market in a new country, instead of being a means of getting rid of goods, is the reverse.

"CLASS CONSCIOUSNESS."

Collectivists have much to say of "class consciousness." We should develop class consciousness, but we must be sure where the dividing line is between the classes. The exploiting classes are the holders of legal privileges, and no others. Those whose power to exploit comes to them through the holders of these legal privileges are not the real enemy, and the time spent in fighting them is worse than wasted. We have more than enough to do in tackling our real enemies without spending time in fighting those whose power comes to them at second hand, and is, therefore, of a derivative nature, and not a primary cause of exploitation.

In making the argument for mutual credit I have often been told that while it might give the product to the laborers as a class, it would not divide them with that mathematical equality which the various collectivist and communal systems would.

Here we find a curious contradiction. First it is argued that labor must have the class spirit, and when it is proposed to establish a condition by which the useful laborers as a class shall become possessed of all the products—an objection is made because, forsooth, some one individual may get a little

more than some other individual. The class is, of a sudden, forgotten.

Strangely enough, those who insist on class consciousness and hold up the laborer as a laborer, and who accuse others of forgetting him, are the first ones to forget him. In all the collectivist argument the laborer is always pictured as a producer, never as a consumer, and while blaming the capitalist for forgetting that the laborer must live, you yourselves forget that he does live. In other words, you forget he is a consumer.

Collectivists argue against commercial institutions, but the question is, can goods be produced under any other? Not only must we ask whether we can do away with private property, individual initiative and competition, but whether it is wise. Is another way of producing and exchanging wealth possible?

With the exception of a few religious communities who had common property and were in a measure successful, communism or socialism has not been a success; and whatever success these religious societies attained was due to certain beliefs to which the modern social reformer would be the last to appeal. And that was a willingness to work very hard for very poor pay, so the community might become rich, and God glorified thereby.

But having taken the ground that commercialism is bad, its opponents must prove their case, and they point with pride to the postoffice, which has been taken out of the hands of selfish capitalists, and which is conducted wisely, cheaply, etc., and to the different experiments in government and municipal control.

To prove this case, examples are given of cheap gas under municipalities, cheap telegraph service under government management, and where the poor facts do not tally with the theory, why it is all the worse for the facts. When these vaunted successes are carefully examined, it is found that state-conducted industries are more wasteful, more inefficient, slower to improve and change than others. These disadvantages more than outweigh the benefits of the service which is supposed to be furnished without profit. This waste is so great that private enterprise, working for the current rate of profit, can pay that profit and undersell the state because the extravagance and bad management costs more than the profit of the capitalist.

I will not go further into detail along this line. It would take too much time. I will only say that all believers in co-operation, with the exception of a few private co-operators, feel what I say to be true. They feel it instinctively, and they never fail to provide for it. For as soon as a co-operative enterprise is proposed, be it a single industry, or a co-operative

commonwealth, the first thing done is to prohibit others from engaging in that business. Thus, nearly all co-operators, from the followers of Marx to the followers of Kropotkine, propose, either by penalties as at present, or by taking away all capital from everyone, to shut off all possibility of competition.

Nothing can explain this but a confession of weakness on the part of the non-commercial people. Were they strong and confident in their beliefs, they would welcome a free field and no favor.

But we need not even concern ourselves with the question whether such a system would work or not. It is proposed as a cure for a certain evil, and if the evil does not exist, or if it does not exist where they think it does, we need not consider their remedy.

So let us see in what this evil consists. We are agreed that there is a great deal of poverty, and that it is among that class which does the world's work.

Why does this poverty exist? It is because labor is robbed of a part of what it produces, and what makes matters worse, the bad results are not confined to what is taken, but because it is taken in a certain manner it does endless harm. Labor only receives a portion of its earnings as wages, and here the trouble begins, not alone for the laborer, but for everybody. The wages of labor being only a fraction of the product, the laborer's purchasing power as a consumer is limited to that fraction. This means the farmer, the manufacturer and the merchant have not enough customers. So everyone is waiting for the other, and no one can improve things.

By how much does labor fail to buy its product? By the amount of increase that goes to capital over and above its replacement. The average increase on capital in this country at the present time is about six and one-half per cent. per annum.

This is the average rate of interest paid for the use of money, and since money can and must be exchanged for all other kinds of capital; and vice versa, the rate of interest on other capital is determined by and follows the rate on money. If this is so, we need not bother by whom the capital is owned, nor how it is manipulated. If its power to rob is gone, and if its whole power to do this is derived from and determined by the rate paid for money, all we need to do is to reduce the rate of interest on money to the vanishing point. We have thus made the question a thousand times simpler. Instead of proposing a system under which millions of laborers must be provided with billions of capital to furnish them with all the various tools of their trades, with the raw material on which they must work, etc.—instead of all this complexity, we supply them with this one tool, money, this tool which is used in all

trades and with which all other tools can be bought, and without which no tools can be bought. The laborer can quickly enough supply himself with the others.

But it is said that capital, and not money, bears interest. If this were true, the holders of capital would get interest from the holders of money, but it is not true. The capitalists one and all go to the bank and borrow—not capital, but money, and they pay interest for the use of it.

The present debt of the country, public and private, although the latter has been repeatedly repudiated (at least in part by continued failures), is still almost if not fully equal to the active capital engaged in production. This means the owners of the money loaned in past times were paid for the use of it, and they now still have a legal claim on the debtor class,

THE MONEY QUESTION.

We have now reached the money question, and you have noticed that when I say money is needed, I mean credit. You may wonder why the laborer, whom I have just shown as a person who has nothing to give as security, for credit—could be helped by this. It is not necessary to furnish money or credit to each and every laborer in order that he may employ himself.

This country possesses a certain amount of wealth. A part of this wealth is capital actually engaged in production. Of this capital only a part is constantly used. The reason for this I have already explained. All that is necessary is to force the present capital to a full use, and if this is not enough, compel the use of the potential capital not now in actual use. If this is still insufficient to employ all the idle workers, more capital can be produced until there is enough.

Let us inquire how much is needed to accomplish this, and while we are analyzing the figures in the case we can see if they justify our conclusions.

Mr. Waldron, whom I have already quoted, is a writer whose whole trend is against competition, and who is therefore opposed to my theory, has compiled a book on the statistics of 1890. While I do not accept all his figures, his work seems to be done in a workmanlike manner. If he has any bias it is against my side of the question, so I think I am safe in quoting him. He says in the year 1890 there were 21,000,000 wage-workers in the United States. He further says the average rate of interest is six and one-half per cent. I have already shown that the rate of interest is the measure of robbery, and also the measure of idleness caused by that robbery. If by paying six and one-half per cent. for the use of capital the consuming community fails by just that sum of buying its products, then the consumer is able to buy ninety-three and one-half per cent. of the product. (If he pays it out in interest he hasn't it with which to buy goods.)

That much being taken out of the market makes it possible for production to go on to that extent, and no further. If this theory is true, the idle population of 1890 ought to be just equal the rate of interest, and they were; counting those entirely idle, and those working a part of the time, the figures show from 1,250,000 to 1,300,000 people out of work in that year, which is about six and one-half per cent. of 21,000,000.

The year 1890 is a good one for the purpose of our illustration because it is a normal one under present conditions. A few years before we had a period of feverish activity, and since that there have been one or two years which were better. Since the panic things have been very much worse; we will first see what is necessary to set enough capital in motion to employ all the idle men and then we will analyze the panic.

The figures justifying our theory regarding the unemployed showed us in an average year about one worker out of a job in every fifteen. To set him permanently to work is the problem, and the whole problem, because when all workers are employed, and the employer cannot replace them out of the idle population, you have him where you can dictate terms. This means he will have to give you your full earnings, and he will do it.

There is hardly a farm, workshop, mill or mine which cannot find room for one man additional for every fifteen they now employ, without crowding them in the least. Suppose the tailoring business is taken for an example. The tools of that trade are better known than most others and I will be better understood. In the different tailor shops in Denver there is enough room for one extra man for every fifteen now employed. There are also enough sewing machines, tailors' geese, needles, etc. The tailor shops have more than enough cloth, and the employing tailors would be glad to set that extra one man in fifteen to work. So we really have enough capital right now to employ all the idle tailors. Should it be that it is not the case, what would be easier than to get some of the empty rooms, put in work benches, and get sewing machines from the agency? (A single agent could supply them from his stock on hand.) Were this not enough, other sewing machine agents could be called upon, and that failing, they could send and empty their warehouses, and last of all, the wheels of the factory could be made to whirl around to make more machines. The agent would be pleased to sell the machine; the railroad would be glad to haul them here, and the makers of machines in the East would be more than delighted to receive extra orders.

This is the amount of stimulus needed to solve the problem. After we have taken up the question of panics and seen how industrial systems break down, we will try to find how

they can be built up, and what kind of a foundation is needed to keep such a system from going to pieces in the future.

Every reformer has a theory of panics. They must have, because in explaining in what bad times consist, they must also be able to tell what the worst times (panics) are.

The panic of 1893 is still fresh in our memory. We remember in the early summer of that year banks in every part of the country were breaking, dragging with them business firms which were indebted to them. The phenomena which makes a panic is purely financial. There was just as much land and natural wealth in 1893 as before. There was just as much labor. There was just as much machinery, as many buildings to be used either as dwelling houses or workshops, and finally there was about the same amount of money in the country. Now since none of these very necessary factors in the production of wealth had diminished, what was it that disappeared, bringing ruin and beggary on so many; and from which bad effects we are only now beginning to recover?

It was credit that disappeared. We had a system of fixed credit. We should have had a system of circulating credit. We had a system of wildcat credit. It should have been real credit.

We will now examine how credit expands and why it is unsafe at present.

To illustrate, a man owns a factory worth \$50,000 and employs 100 men. He finds business increasing and borrows \$25,000 to enlarge his business. For a long time all goes well. His credit of \$25,000 enables him to employ more men and turn out more goods. But this tide of prosperity is subject, as has been shown before, to a constant drain in the shape of an interest charge. When that drain is complete—that is on the average, when the interest equals the principal, say in from fifteen to twenty years, this manufacturer has paid out all the money in interest and he still owes the principal. The next installment of interest is due. He has no more with which to pay, he has an abundance of products which he cannot sell. He fails. The factory is closed, and the workmen are idle.

This is a panic in miniature. The credit was all right, but the price paid for the use of it was ruinous. The price of credit must be made gratuitous. It must be furnished at cost.

When this manufacturer borrowed the money a note was given for \$25,000. This note was secured by a mortgage on the factory (which was worth double that sum). The \$25,000 was fixed credit. It was evidence that the maker thereof was entitled to that sum. The banker thought so for he certainly gave him \$25,000 in currency—that was circulating credit.

For that one act, that of trading circulating credit for fixed credit, the banker receives a premium of six and one-half per cent. a year. If this manufacturer, and we must consider him as a type, could transform his fixed credit into circulating credit himself, he could save this drain of six and one-half per cent., and he could continue in business and employ even more laborers.

Or, to drop the illustration, if every owner of wealth could monetize that wealth and make circulating credit—that is, a circulating medium of it—a very small fraction of the total wealth, perhaps three or four per cent., when monetized, would give us enough money to set all the capital actively in motion that we need.

Taking the figures of 1890 as a basis for our calculation, there were 1,200,000 idle people. If it takes \$1,000 of capital each to employ them, one and one-fifth billions of dollars would be needed. This could be safely raised on two and one-half billions of property, which is less than one thirty-second of the wealth of this country.

This was the plan proposed by Proudhon in 1848, and which is now considered behind the times because of "capitalist production."

Let us see if it is:

It is just fifty years ago since Proudhon wrote his *System of Economical Contradictions*, which Marx replied to in his "Misery of Philosophy." The trend of the Marxian argument was that Proudhon's plans were an attempt to revive a system of "little bourgeois" production. A half century has gone by, and the conditions of to-day show Proudhon was right instead of Marx.

The marvelous improvements in machinery have been far outstripped by the organization of the money power—the fountain of credit under present conditions. Production has made giant strides, but exchange has made still greater strides.

The Pullmans and Carnegies and the Krupps, and the large department stores in Europe and America, notwithstanding the large scale on which they do business, are mere pigmies in the manner they do business when compared to the gigantic exchange associations such as the London and New York clearing houses.

The New York clearing house effected \$50,000,000,000 of exchange in one year, and only used \$50,000 in gold to do it. One gold dollar for each \$1,000,000 in exchange. The London clearing house does even better. It pays the balances with checks on the Bank of England and thus does away with gold altogether.

The line along which the remedy should proceed has been

suggested and worked out from different standpoints, and we have reached the question itself—what is the remedy?

It is to start mutual credit associations to be conducted at cost, as mutual associations generally are. These associations would print credit notes and lend them to their members at the actual cost of issue, which the experience of banks of issue shows is less than one-half of one per cent. per year. These notes would in a very short time be the only currency in use, because no one would borrow six and one-half per cent. money when he could get one-half per cent. money, and this credit would soon force the other out of circulation both by its quantity and superiority. The mutual credit, or mutual banking associations, as they are sometimes called, when enough of them are under way, could form a national association of banks, and could put the endorsement of the national association upon their notes. Such notes would circulate everywhere. That is what happens at present under our national banking system as far as the issue of notes is concerned. We have 3,000 different kinds of notes circulating in this country now. We would not likely have that many kinds under the system proposed.

The clearing house is a good model for us. It is a mutual association conducted for the benefit of its members at cost. It is for the purpose of effecting and simplifying exchanges between its members, but its members are only bankers. Such an association open to whoever wishes to join; whether they are laborers, mechanics, merchants, manufacturers, would do them even more good than the clearing house does for the banker.

This is the general plan which, if adopted, will solve the labor and industrial question, will make poverty and idleness impossible, and bring about the greatest change in the affairs of men that the world has ever seen.

She had asked the advice of the family physician. "Old Mr. Kreesus has a weak heart, hasn't he?" she inquired. "Yes," replied the doctor. "A very weak heart. He is likely to drop off after the slightest excitement." "And there is no doubt about his wealth?" "None; he is a rich man." "The reason I inquire is that he has asked me to be his wife," said the frank young woman. "Indeed!" "Yes; I am glad I sent for you. I know now just what to do." "Yes?" "Yes," said the noble girl. "We will have a quiet wedding, followed by a large and exciting reception. Thank you so much, doctor?"

Tommy (caught in the act)—What do you want here? Sister—Nothing. Tommy—Well, you'll find it in the jar where the jam was.

COMMUNICATIONS

RANDSBURG COMMENT.

Mr. Editor—A little poem published in the July number of your excellent magazine, entitled "Only a Man in Overalls," is worthy of more than passing notice.

In simple meter and words that are plain it sounds a clear, ringing note that touches a responsive chord within the breast of every man familiar with the infernal industrial system universally practiced by that "person without a soul," the modern mining corporation. Every employe under it instinctively knows that at any moment his life may be demanded as a sacrifice to the efficiency of a merciless and inexorable plan adopted in utter disregard of every human interest except the sordid love of gain. He knows full well that if such should be his fate the poet has truthfully expressed the sentiments of his employer in the following lines:

"Only a man in overalls, lay him anywhere,
Send for the company doctor—we have not time to spare;
Only a little missfire, only a miner crushed,
Put another one on, for from dark until dawn
The smelter must be rushed."

A mute, helpless feeling of rebellion rises in his soul when he thinks of the cold indifference in store for his loved ones at the hands of those in whose service his life is sacrificed.

"Only another widow under another's roof,
Only another victim beneath the iron hoof,
Only a batch of orphans, and here the drama ends,
Just let them go with their anguish and woe
So we make our dividends."

Thus with unerring perception a grievous abuse of the unfortunate wage slave is vigorously touched upon.

A new and well equipped champion has entered the lists in defense of the poor and oppressed. We grasp the hand of the miner-poet with approbation and encouragement. May his lyre ever remain as perfectly attuned to the deep and unutterable longing of the laboring man to be relieved from the unnecessary wrongs and indignities that embitter his hard lot of incessant toil.

T. H. ECKLES.

LIKE GIBRALTAR.

Mullan, Idaho, Sept. 16, 1900.

Editor Miners' Magazine—I presume that the many readers of The Miners' Magazine remember the fact that on the map

of the Coeur d'Alene mining district there is a town named Mullan. But for fear they may think the good people of this town have obeyed the commands of Steunenberg, Sinclair, France and the mine owners' association to depart for pastures new, I take this opportunity to disabuse their minds. The union men of Mullan are as firm as the "rock of Gibraltar;" their homes are here, their families are here, and "they" intend to stay here. While there are many new faces to be seen on our streets, yet the old timers make "their" presence known in various ways, much to the chagrin of that opium fiend France and his lesser satellite, Edmiston, he of the dark colored visage and unknown origin—the permit salesman. We are blessed with a deputy state agent and numerous spotters, who are here to see that we do not injure ourselves by performing too much manual labor, unless under the fostering care of the Standard Oil Company. It was thought until recently that there were but few union miners in this district, but the funeral of the unfortunate Barney Connelly, one of God's noblemen, who lost his life by a cave-in in the Park tunnel, near Stevens' Peak, convinced the union haters that they had not correctly counted noses. The funeral took place at Wallace, September 14th. About 400 men, 350 of whom wore union badges, but all were union men, led the way to the Miners' Union cemetery, where all that was mortal of the deceased was reverently placed away in that little plot of ground which contained the remains of many of his former friends, gone before. While your correspondent was visiting the cemetery on this melancholy occasion he took the opportunity of inspecting the graves of our illustrious dead, and was much gratified to observe that on the monument marking the spot wherein lies "quietly sleeping" those three immortal (to union men, at least), heroes of the memorable strike of 1892, Carlson, Cummings and Hennesy, the American flag was proudly floating, giving the lie direct to the slanderous utterances of the mis-called law and order gang of this district. The grave of the great general of '92, Tommy O'Brien, also of M. J. Devine, a victim of Steunenberg's "bull pen" cruelties and Dr. France's malpractice, were also decorated with American flags. How humiliating it must be to the would-be exterminators of organized labor that they must grit their teeth and obey McKinley's hypocritical cant: "Who dare pull down the American flag?" Sinclair, if here, would do so beyond doubt, for "fools enter where angels fear to tread." That malodorous animal has disappeared entirely from public view. He quit the Silver Republicans and attempted to break into the gold bug ranks. Even they would have none of him. As Congressman Lentz said about him, he is a man from nowhere. No wonder. The brand of Cain is on his brow, and every man's hand should be raised against

him. When his term of office has expired he will of necessity be compelled to return to the classic banks of the Kootenai river and catch another squaw, while his great chief, Steunenberg, can live for several years off the money he secured from the B., H. & S. and the lumber syndicate of Wisconsin.

E. J. FLANAGAN.

iii A LETTER FROM ST. PAUL, MINN.

Editor Miners' Magazine—The meetings, under the auspices of organized labor, the churches and certain politicians, that were held last winter, are about to be resumed.

Whatever the character of this movement may be, it is well that working men who respect themselves should, before taking part in it, take into consideration certain pertinent facts. First, anything that receives the commendation of such papers as the St. Paul Globe and the passive, if not active, approval of the rest of the daily papers of this city, should be looked upon with suspicion. The daily press is not a friend of labor; it is a friend of the exploiters of labor.

Second, men of the Dave Morgan stripe, whose interest in labor has taken the form of employing at 35 and 40 cents a day, paid in cast off clothing and pauper victuals, are not likely to suddenly reverse their policy. At least we are justified in examining pretty carefully whatever project receives their indorsement.

Third, the general character of the church and organized labor, as it exists in this city, is not of such a nature as to induce honest, intelligent men to co-operate with them. Let us examine this last statement.

We have witnessed in this city and in various parts of the country in the past few years some of the most damnable outrages recorded in the annals of history. What has been the attitude of the church towards the treasons and murders of plutocracy? It has been one of passive approval. Where has there been any serious protest by the church against the wanton murder of the coal miners at Hazelton, Pennsylvania?

What has it done regarding the treasonable invasion of the state of Idaho by the Standard Oil conspiracy? When a mass meeting was held in this city a year ago to protest against the bull pen horrors of Wardner, where, then was the zeal of these clerical and organized labor reformers? It prudently skulked within the sacred precincts of its "law and order" tactics and held aloof from an effort that might prove unpopular or excite the suspicion and alarm of the "orthodox" politician and ecclesiastic.

There is urgent need of reform in this city. The weak, the defenseless and unfortunate excite but one feeling in the hearts

of the "Christians" of this town—that is the hankering to take advantage of their helplessness to rob them. "Trade" flourishes upon the wrecked lives of women who have been denied a decent living by the "Christians" who have exploited them, and the rank growth of their ostentation has been nourished in the fertile soil of squalid poverty, out of which has sprung the palace and the slum, the church and the brothel. If ever there was a time or place that needed men and action, that time and place is now and here.

When theft and rapine stalk brazenly upon the highway and honesty and virtue must slink along in the by-ways; when hypocrisy preaches in the pulpit and lawless, brute force usurps the judicial function; when it is criminal to speak the truth and "respectable" to lie and cringe and sneak, then it is high time that there should be men and the deeds of men. Not the sort of men whose lips tremble lest the words that come from them shall offend the hypocrite and thief, but men who dare to think, and speak, and act.

The deviltries we have to deal with may not be pleasant to speak of, but they exist and the man who refuses to recognize them connives at their existence. Let us have a reform movement here; let it be one unmistakable in meaning; one that does not propose to rescue the victim of social injustice and still retain the favor of its perpetrator. We cannot serve God and Mammon.

F. R. HAYS.

A SAD CASE OF CLASS CONSCIOUSNESS.

Butte, Montana, Sept. 10, 1900.

Editor Miners' Magazine:

Dear Sir—In the last issue of your magazine I was surprised at an editorial headed "Socialism as She Is Taught," aiming at and intended to be an attack upon the article I contributed in April last, which you saw fit to publish in the July issue. In view of the fact that I handed said article to you in person, in the Federation office in Butte, and that you expressed your approval of it, your attitude now seems inconsistent, to say the least. Furthermore, I want to remind you, you assumed the privilege of labeling it "Socialism." Through an oversight on my part I forgot to head it (Old and New Trades Unions). However, since you have labeled it "Socialism," and chosen to attack it, I am prepared to defend it against you or your scatter brained "Anarchist Individualist" colleague, Cohen, your editorial writer. If you are honest in your attack upon socialism you are doubtless willing to acknowledge that all your past utterances in favor of it were mistakes, and that your address to the convention in Salt Lake City, May 8, 1899, was a big mistake, when you said (see page

17 printed report): "It is very important that we inaugurate a system of propaganda of Socialist principles, which, in my opinion, is the only true system of government." At the same convention you made no protest when the platform and principles of the Socialist Labor party were indorsed. Why do you now go back on your past declarations? Have you found out it will serve your private interests better to try to beat back the rising tide of Socialism? Or did you, like the capitalists whom you are paid your salary to fight, hope to sidetrack Socialism by seeming to agree with its final aim, yet in your practice act contrariwise by retarding the practical methods to that end by roundly condemning existing conditions and always ending by advocating profitless, petty and hopeless methods of reform? You have pointed to what you said you believed to be the "true system of government," viz: Socialism, and which you pretended to wish to reach. For turning a movement awry there is nothing like seeming its friend, taking its lead and then leading it into the ground. In what way can you confuse the workers more and serve the capitalists better than advocating a remedy in one place and running it down in another? If Cohen is such a master of economic science as you would have us believe, why don't he show up the "half baked vagaries" he alleges exist in my article. Instead of attempting to do this he signals the readers of the magazine away from it to propound his freak panacea, "free competition." Granted he has a diploma certifying that before he was admitted to the bar his brain had been properly embalmed, and that he is incapable of receiving a truth or a new idea if he should live a thousand years. If he can overturn the teachings of Marx, as he claims, the tyrants of the world will soon recognize their man, make him one of the chosen ones and raise a monument to his memory that will outlast the pyramids of Egypt. From deluded disciples of Proudhon to chancellors of kingdoms have arisen men who undertake to kill Socialism. How well they have succeeded the onward march of Socialism bears ample testimony—over two million Socialist voters in Germany alone, and three times that number in Europe. The men who tried to prove Socialism was fallacious, where are they? The echo answers, "where are they?" I feel grateful to this prophet of the plains for the discovery of an ex-cathedra ring in the Socialist Labor party, and out of the abundance of his knowledge he will show me where it exists. I also want the editor to know I am no economic reformer. The magazine staff can have a monopoly of that field for me. Behind all the driveling rant of this humbug economist I perceive absolute consistency. Witness the bid he makes for himself and his shyster lawyer class, when, in his speech at a banquet of the "Denver University Law School" he recommends that the

solving of social problems be left to lawyers. Against the opinion of this egotist, I will place the words of Ireland's greatest emancipator, Daniel O'Connell. In speaking of lawyers and law makers, he said: "There is not a law on the statute books of England but I could drive a coach and four through." Asked how this could be, he replied: "The laws of England are made by pettifogging lawyers in the interest of the ruling class, and they always leave a loophole for their masters to crawl through." Wendell Philips, in a speech that he delivered on St. Domingo's patriot, Toussaint L'Overture, used the following words in speaking of that great revolutionist: "This poor and uneducated negro made laws for the people of St. Domingo that have never been excelled by all the lawyers and statesmen that have ever lived." It is the essence of consistency to plead the cause of the smeltermen for a fee and industriously ward off anything that would be likely to interfere with similar remunerative employment. Please inform me where the anarchist individualist school of thought has made one inch of progress towards working class emancipation. Respectfully,

JAMES LEMMON.

In publishing the above we apologize to our readers, as it is not the policy of the magazine to devote its columns to personalities. Were this not an attack upon the editor we would spare the patience of our subscribers. EDITOR.

LABOR DAY IN STENT, CALIFORNIA.

Labor Day was celebrated in grand style in Stent under the auspices of Tuolumne Miners' Union No. 73, W. F. M. Never before in the history of the mother lode town was there a larger crowd of pleasure seekers; never before was a better time enjoyed in any mining camp.

Throughout Stent decorations were visible on every side, while it required no expert to see that the glad hand extended to everybody was not a meaningless matter of form, but was backed by preparations for the comfort of all, which made the hospitality enjoyed have the true ring. Carters, Soulsbyville, Confidence and other East Belt camps were practically deserted in favor of Stent. Of visitors alone there were fully 2,500. At 10 o'clock when Grand Marshal Bastian ordered the procession to move to Quartz it was estimated that 2,000 people had gathered in Stent, and they were still coming from all directions. The members of Tuolumne union, with representatives of other local unions, formed in marching order on Main street in front of Miners' Union hall. Grand Marshal Bastian and his aides, Will Lyon and J. E. Nolan, soon had the procession ready, when the command to march was given. It moved in the following order:

Grand Marshal.

Soulsbyville Band.

Neal McDonald, Flag-bearer.

Presidents Opie of 73 and Holland of 87.

Members of Tuolumne Union.

Upon the return to Stent the parade was disbanded and the members repaired to the hall, where the oration was to be delivered.

The interior was handsomely decorated for the occasion with red, white and blue bunting and evergreens. On the side walls at convenient distances were arranged with pleasing effect picks, shovels and hammers, encircling a space in which were hung tin dinner buckets. When President Opie called the assembly to order in a few appropriate remarks, standing room was at a premium and hundreds outside were unable to gain admission. The orator of the day, E. W. Holland, Esq., of Sonora, was introduced and made a brief address which pleased all who heard him.

He commenced by saying that it was fitting and appropriate that the toilers of this land should have a day set apart for rest and recreation. Labor is the source of all wealth. History shows that the degradation of labor has always been the primary cause of national decay. It is well, therefore, that the people of this great country, and particularly those charged with the duty of making and administering its laws, should heed this important lesson which history teaches. In this country more than any other that has ever existed under the sun, is recognized the truth that labor is worthy of its hire. There should be no enmity between capital and labor, for they are natural friends and allies. They are inseparably connected, for political economists define capital as the sum total of the wealth produced by labor, less the cost of labor's subsistence. Wealth is simply the result of labor applied to natural resources.

The most important work entrusted to human government is to give to each man and woman an equal chance in the battle of life. This government was founded upon the principle that all men are created equal and are endowed with certain inalienable rights, life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. These great principles were embodied in the federal constitution and given the force and effect of positive law. The right to a speedy and public trial by jury; the right to petition for a redress of grievances; immunity from cruel and unusual punishment; to have the cause of his imprisonment inquired into; freedom of person and habitation from unreasonable search; the right of free speech; the right to worship God after the dictates of his own conscience; the right of personal liberty and the right of personal security, are some of the fundamental principles

which underlie our system of government. It is important that the wage earners and toilers who are the source of the great wealth of this country should jealously guard the liberties they enjoy and protect the rights they have, and this can only be done by united effort, organization and that eternal vigilance which is the price of liberty.

All the great reforms resulting in benefit to the human family, every onward step toward the enlargement of the arena of human liberty have emanated from the so-called common people. The laboring men of this country have the power of organization and united effort to right every wrong inflicted by legislation. In the ballot box they have an effective remedy for any of the evils that result from misgovernment. It is the duty of every good citizen who desires to perpetuate the blessing of free government to place country above party. A man who permits party prejudice to overcome his judgment and conscience is a dangerous citizen of a free country. No man should hold office for life in this country. A life tenure in office is inconsistent with our system of government. Every officer entrusted with the administration of the affairs of the government should be elected by the people and held responsible to the people for his official acts. The secret ballot gives every voter an opportunity to vote his convictions and if he fails to do so he is not performing his duty as a good citizen. Let labor be mindful of its rights and each perform his duty as a citizen of this great country.

JAMES OPIE.

COMPETITIVE VS. SOCIAL CO-OPERATION.

The fossilized doctrine that competition is the life of trade is the product of a mind either despairingly hallucinated or designedly facile. No man can conceive of a more elastic argument than that that trade must necessarily be stimulated by competition. For instance, a community of 500 persons support one storekeeper; the people of that vicinity have come to the conclusion that he is an extortionist in his prices for goods; the agitation goes on until such time as some one else starts in with a line of merchandise identical with the first; the new man says here, I will sell goods for twenty per cent. less than my competitor; the latter comes down twenty-five per cent., and so on, cutting until the cost price is reached. They stop, think, and endeavor to retrench, but what is the result? Financial ruin inevitably. The first man comes to the second and proposes an armistice, which consists of a proposition and a counter-proposition, let us come together on prices and both sell alike, modern pooling, which, if at a reasonable profit, is perfectly legitimate, but is it good for those people of that country? We think not, and why? The first man has a fam-

ily and money invested, say \$10,000. He endeavored to make, say eight per cent. on that amount over and above his actual expenses, when the second man comes in and succeeds in almost ruining both, afterwards forming a combination. He, too, has \$10,000 invested and a family to support. They, in arranging their combination, must figure on a profit on the second man's investment plus the amount of the latter's family expenses, this being the case, who pays for the additional investment and its accrued earnings? Undoubtedly the people who were so anxious for competition. They were taxed to pay interest on \$20,000 and also to provide for the maintenance of two families. In the first place there was no more business than one firm could handle—the second was superfluous. This is only what we find in multitudinous other lines of business; railroads, for instance; one line carries all the trade of a particular country with perfect facility with a reasonable dividend on their original investment. Another road is projected parallel to it, and the old story is again told; first, rate war, terminating in consolidation or a pool in rates of transportation. So it is with all business with the exception of the raising of some of the staple cereals, such as corn and wheat. Combination is the ultimate result of our present system of commerce. The irregularities and exigencies of every day life are largely responsible for this unstable condition, inasmuch as we do not know what will be our wants for one year hence, neither do we know whether we will be able to provide those wants. This being true, it does not appear possible to so arrange things that will offer a common distribution, even should our necessities be obtainable this year they may vary to a great extent in the next; this is evolution, a natural law. A furniture man makes a lot of furniture this year; the demand exceeds the supply; his brother manufacturer goes into the business in the same line; they construct great quantities and succeed in selling some of their stock; styles and designs change and the demand is for something different; they have a surplus on hand uncalled for which is stored away as a loss. This system is natural and prevails in all branches of commerce, except in the above named exceptions. This condition has to be provided for, and how? The much abused combinations or trusts use a method of compilation of the probable supply and demand of articles of commerce. Of course their calculation may be over or under estimated, but it is based upon the most available information human minds can devise. On the contrary, the individual, as a manufacturer or mercantile promoter, has not the facilities of obtaining this required information, local conditions excepted. The diversifications of a large country are many, necessarily instrumental in varying results. The individual has not the means of reaching these

facts, therefore his knowledge is incomplete. The moneyed combination does business all over the country, from the sea level to the mountain tops, east, west, north and south, on the prairies, in the sage brush and in the timber. The reports therefrom are encompassed into an economic basis of intelligence, thence disseminated among the members, who are in possession of the best there is. Is there anything criminal or aggressive in this system? Yes, and no. Yes, in such cases where a man discovers a coal mine—a very necessary commodity is coal—in some distant part of the country from coal fields where fuel is scarce and expensive, close to a line of railroad. He may be able to dig his coal and place it for sale in his neighboring town for, say, \$5 a ton. The railroad company, for a purpose, ships in coal hundreds of miles and undersell this man until such time as he is actually compelled to sell out his mine, when the former price of \$8 or \$10 is restored. This has been done in innumerable things and is not something hypothetical. One combination of capital will lend its assistance to crush an individual, or even a community, and if it is necessary combinations will form into an aggregation, overawing all. Except in cases of where a temporary war is on in rates or prices, we do not know when aggregations of wealth are beneficial to the people. However, in products such as wheat and corn, it is good policy to store away 150,000,000 bushels of wheat per year in the event of a failure the next, which could hardly be feasible in any other way under our present system of economics. The great countries raising this grain not having facilities among the farmers to store this grain, such as Minnesota, Dakota, Washington, Oregon and California, elevators, storehouses, gigantic in size, obviate any provision on the part of the farmer, who would be evidently a loser by shrinkage and waste. This abnormal system is a series of competition and combination; the former competes with his fellow man in growing his wheat; when he attempts to sell it he runs up against combination, either selling to them or shipping without the rebate, a scheme to discriminate, and evade the law. In either case he is deprived of the value thereto. Just as long as this system is used just so long will wage earners and all producers be robbed of their increment. Is there a remedy? We think so. Co-operation offers the only solution. Production is the basis of all wealth. Wealth is not the creature of spontaneity, it is produced by labor only, and gives the person supplying that labor a lien upon it. He should have something to say about placing the value upon his labor, or what he helped to make into an article of commerce. These facts admitted, he has no voice in appraising the value of his labor, neither has he when he is a consumer buying something which, as commerce, passed through different avenues of ex-

change. Were it not for the demand made by the consumer, there would not be an incentive to produce this article, hence the people are directly the wheel of commerce, and those who handle commerce (dealers) should be liable to the people for what they sell them. They pay a license to sell, why? Because the people grant them privilege to deal in merchandise by license, as middle men, they are a part. Transportation companies get a charter from the people (government) or state to convey this commerce to and fro. Why is it not reasonable to suppose that these creatures, one subject to the people and the other the creation of the law, can be compelled to submit their financial standing for inspection? Our neighbor says we have no right to inquire into or demand the privilege. His argument is: It is an invasion of individual rights and derogates the rights of property. Let us see. What is property? Webster defines property thus: That to which a person has a legal title, whether in possession or not. This is a good technical definition, but misleads. For instance I hire a man to dig a ditch and pay him by deeding him a portion of land worth \$100. This man gives another man \$50 to do the work. The first party gets his land by the actual expense of \$50; the second receives his \$50 and I have the ditch complete. This is right legally, but is it right? Individuals are often deprived of what justly belongs to them, even in a court of equity. The legal and economical status are sometimes differently presented. Disregarding all economics, just as soon as property passes outside of the producer it can be traced to the consumer, and if at any time in possession of some one who can make a profit out of this property, which he adds nothing to, the public have a right to regulate this trade and demand of the trader that he pay a license. If he be not a producer he createth nothing, therefore he is dependent upon the producer for his identity. Likewise should his business be under the supervision of producers. This doctrine may appear revolutionary, but is it not a fact that big transportation companies override the will of the people? The people are supposed to be the government, granting a charter to carry goods for all under reasonable conditions to any place within their line of business. What is the result? This corporation carries goods sometimes 500 miles as cheap as in others only fifty; gives the big shipper rates altogether discriminating against the smaller shipper; even going so far as to exact a royalty from ores, charging for value instead of tonnage. It is not surprising that the concentration of wealth has so rapidly advanced under this abnormal abortive system. The necessary sustenance of life may be in abundance two or three hundred miles from a place where a shortage exists, and the extortionist transportation will not adjust their rates to these conditions, charging sometimes more for this local dis-

tance than for ten times the distance. Just as long as the people are oblivious to this state of affairs and make great declamations for other lines to compete, utterly indifferent that within themselves they have the power to alleviate these conditions, just so long will they be ground down by the emery wheel of prostituted wealth, wrung from the submissive producing taxpayer, whose very bodily vitality is sapped by the cormorants of commerce. Under a different system of economics sinecures would be abolished, \$50,000 a year railroad officials would be relegated to their qualified vocation, and the producers would array themselves before the bar of commercial intercourse as the arbitrators thereof.

A. B. ANDERSON.

WILLIE'S MENU.

The New England small boy generally shows business capabilities at a tender age, if he is ever going to have them. I have heard of a certain small Boston boy who got into the habit of teasing his mother for pennies until at last she said to him: "Now, Willie, I don't like to give you pennies. If you want money, you should go to work and earn it."

The boy remained thoughtful for some time. Then within a few days the mother perceived that Willie had plenty of pennies. She wondered a bit where he got them, but did not question him. But one summer day she noticed that some sort of a hullabaloo was going on in the back yard. Looking out, she saw Willie surrounded by a mob of boys who were yelling with delight. She went down into the yard to see what was going on, and as she passed out she saw stuck up on the back wall of the house this notice, quite neatly "printed" out with a pencil:

WILLIE WILL EAT

1 small green worm for.....	1 cent
1 large green worm for.....	2 cents
1 small fuzzy worm for.....	3 cents
1 large fuzzy worm for.....	5 cents
1 small green toad for.....	25 cents

Willie was apparently doing a thriving business. His mother interrupted it—at any rate in her own back yard. I don't suppose that she had any assurance that he wasn't still carrying it on somewhere else.—Boston Transcript.

"You have undoubtedly learned some valuable lessons from the United States?" queried the American visitor. "Sure," replied the Porto Rican. "Our only trouble now is that we cant' find an island littler than ours to play the same trick upon."—Verdict.

FICTION

AN UNKNOWN PRIMA DONNA.

(London Evening News.)

There is—or there used to be—in a squalid little street in the neighborhood of the British museum, an eating house whose principal recommendation in the eyes of its patrons was a three-course dinner for 12 cents.

It boasted a “first-class room,” and this was interesting on account of the people to be seen in it.

On a certain January afternoon, however, the room contained but two customers. They were a girl and a young man—strangers to each other. Both ordered and ate their dinner furtively, and both seemed to be ashamed of being there.

“Will you be offended if I speak to you? I fancy we are in the same profession.”

“In the same boat, at any rate,” she said, with a little, rueful laugh. “What makes you think so?”

“You look musical. Aren’t you?”

“I sing,” she said. “And you?”

“I imagine I compose.”

“Have you done any good ” inquired the girl, after a slight pause.

“Not yet! I only hope! Have you an engagement anywhere?”

“Not now. I am trying for one.”

“It’s an uphill life!” observed the young man, with a sigh.

“Hateful!” agreed the girl; and there was silence again.

When they paid their 12 cents they left, but stood at the door together.

She held out her hand to him and wished him goodby.

“Goodby,” replied he. “Oh, one moment. Will you tell me your name?”

“Alma Brettan. And yours?”

“Mine is Theo Farr.”

* * * * *

“Any good fortune yet?”

“No. Promises—only promises—and they mean so little!” she replied disconsolately.

They had met at dinner again; they now met there daily. It had become their habit—the custom of these two waifs in professional London—and each found delight in the other’s company.

"I have brought you back the score of 'Francesca,'" she said. "I think I almost know it by heart."

"You like it?"

"It is really a masterpiece!"

"And yet no manager will look at it," he said bitterly.

"Wait! Be patient!"

"I am worn out with waiting. Bah! talk of yourself. No chance of an engagement still, you say?"

"None."

The next afternoon she did not see him at the eating house and she wondered why. It was because he was ill. When he recovered and was able to leave the house, a pale and pitiable object, with his pale face and hollow cheeks, the first thing he did was to wend his way to the shabby table d'hote, and now it was his turn to wonder for his fellow Bohemian was not there.

And winter stole into spring, and spring into summer, but still he did not see her, and at last he grew to realize that they would not meet again.

* * * * *

It was an Easter morning, seven years later, as she came out of one of the great railway stations into the streets of Paris, tired and travel stained.

The company with which she had been touring the French provinces had disbanded and she had arrived in the capital poor and friendless, in search of a new engagement.

She entered an unpretentious restaurant close by, and while her morning meal was being prepared amused herself by glancing at a newspaper.

"M. Theo Farr!" The name leaped out of the page and struck her eyes. Theo Farr is Paris—in print! Another moment showed her that "Francesca," a new opera by an unknown composer was to be produced as a venture three nights hence.

Her capital was considerably under \$25. She would go to him and beg of him, for the old time's sake, the favor of a small part.

She swallowed her meal in ten minutes and made her way excitedly to the stage door.

"M. Theo Farr," the doorkeeper informed her, "was lodging in the Rue Trouchet."

"M. Farr! Is he in?" she asked, excitedly.

He was smoking in an arm chair by the window, and sprang up with an exclamation of amazement.

"You? Is it possible? Oh, how glad I am!"

"Tell me all!" she cried, when she had explained her errand.

"Tell me all! You are a rich man?"

"Oh, no, no—a very poor one! I teach and write songs—

but I've the chance of fame at last. The work is being put on as a stop-gap, so to speak; but if it succeeds—" He caught his breath. If it succeeded he was "made."

Time flew, and while they were discussing the possibility of his securing her a small part at so late a date the door was opened violently and a stout gentleman burst in upon them with a perspiring face.

Theo paled at the sight. Instinctively he knew the manager had brought bad news.

"Your prima donna has the influenza and 'Francesca' cannot be produced. That is all.

The young man stood motionless. At a blow his world had crashed in ruins about him. The next instant Alma spoke: "Will you trust 'Francesca's' music to me?"

Both men started as if they had been shot—Theo with hope, the manager in expostulation.

"You?" echoed the latter. "Who are you?"

"I am nobody," she said calmly; "but, if you are willing, I may be some one yet."

"But—but are you mad? You could not study the score by Thursday night."

The familiar music was lying on a chair. She saw it, snatched at it and thrust it into Theo's hand.

"Play the accompaniment to the 'Invocation,'" she said. "I am going to sing it."

She began quietly. She realized as the first bars left her lips that she was singing for the crown of her ambition; more than all she knew that she was singing for the salvation of the man she loved. He knew it, too, as their eyes met.

The manager's eyebrows lifted and his hand shook a little as he turned the page.

"For him I love—for him whom I adore!" Her voice rose, flooding the room, and when it died with her last chord the manager caught her by both hands.

"Mademoiselle," he said gravely, "I shall have the honor to submit a contract to you this afternoon. Your friend should be grateful to you.

But Theo said nothing. Only his face spoke—and it was eloquent enough.

* * * * *

Everybody knows what happened. When the curtain fell on the last act of "Francesca" the audience rose to their feet and called for the composer with cheers that rang through the house.

He stood bowing amid the deafening plaudits, waiting for the frenzy to subside. But that was not yet to be. The prima donna must be recalled, and Theo led her on once more, and they stood there together, while Paris screamed itself hoarse.

Do you ask the sequel? It is a wedding party at a gay Parisian hotel. The bridegroom rises to return thanks, and says it is an appropriate thing that his wife and he should breakfast in a restaurant to-day, because "it was in a certain restaurant * * * seven years ago. * * * not quite so fashionable a restaurant, perhaps," etc. And the bride laughs merrily, while the people wonder why.

THE STRANGE OCCURRENCES IN CANTERSTONE JAIL.

(By Richard Marsh.)

IV.

"What's the good of a screw, I'd like to know? Did you ever know one that was worth his salt? I never did. Look at that beast, Slater, great fat brute, what'd get a man three days bread-and-water as soon as look at him. A little bread and water'd do him good. Look at old Murray—call a man like that chief warden? I wonder what a chief fat-head's like? As for the governor—as for the governor—as—for—the—governor—"

The chapel was in confusion. The officers rose in their seats. Mr. Paley stood up in his pew, looking whiter than he was wont to do. It seemed as though the chaplain was struggling with an unseen antagonist. He writhed and twisted, contending, as it were, with something—or some one—which appeared to be in front of him. His sentence remained unfinished. All at once he collapsed, and, sinking into a heap, lay upon the steps of the altar—still.

"Take the men out," said the governor's quiet voice.

The men were taken out. The schoolmaster was already at the chaplain's side. With him were two or three of the prisoners who sang in the choir. The governor and the inspector came and looked down at the senseless man:

"Seems to be in a sort of a fit," the schoolmaster said.

"Let some one go and see if the doctor has arrived. Ask him to come up here at once." With that the governor left the chapel, the inspector going with him. "It's no good our staying. He'll be all right. I—I don't feel quite well."

Major Hardinge looked at him shrewdly out of the corner of his eyes. "Does he drink?"

"Not that I am aware of. I have never heard of it before. I should say certainly not."

"Is he mad?"

"No-o—he has his peculiarities—but he certainly is not mad."

"Is he subject to fits?"

"I have not known of his having one before."

When they reached the office the major began to pace about.

"That chaplain of yours must be stark mad."

"Did you hear what he said?"

"Very well indeed."

"Never heard such a thing in my life! Is he in the habit of using such language?"

"Hardly. Perhaps we had better leave it till we hear what the doctor says. Possibly there is some simple explanation. I am afraid the chaplain is unwell."

"If he isn't unwell, I don't know what he is. Upon my word, Paley, I can't congratulate you upon the figure. Canterbury jail has cut during the last few days. I don't know what sort of report I shall have to make."

The governor winced. When, a few minutes afterwards, the doctor entered, he began upon the subject at once.

"How is the chaplain, doctor?"

Dr. Livermore gave a curious glance about him. Then he shook hands with the inspector. Then he sat down. Taking off his hat he wiped his brow.

"Well? Anything wrong?"

"The chaplain says he is bewitched."

The governor looked at the inspector and the inspector looked at him.

"Bewitched?" said Mr. Paley.

"I told you the man was mad," the inspector muttered.

"Hush!" the doctor whispered. "Here he comes."

Even as he spoke, the chaplain entered, leaning on the chief warder's arm. He advanced to the table at which the governor sat, looking Mr. Paley steadily in the face.

"Mr. Paley, I have to report to you that I have been bewitched."

"I am sorry to hear that, Mr. Hewett." He could not resist a smile. "Though I am afraid I do not understand exactly what you mean."

"It is no laughing matter." The chaplain's tone was cool and collected—more impressive than it was used to be. "The man whose name I believe is Oliver Mankell has bewitched me. He was the second man in the third row on my right-hand side in chapel. I could make out that his number was B 27. He cast on me a spell."

There was silence. Even the inspector felt that it was a delicate matter to accuse the chaplain outright of lunacy. An interruption came from an unexpected quarter—from the chief warder.

"It's my belief that man Mankell's been up to his games about those cells."

The interruption was the more remarkable, because there

was generally war—not always passive—between the chief warden and the chaplain. Every one looked at Mr. Murray.

“What is this I hear about the cells?” asked Dr. Livermore.

The governor answered:

“Yesterday the men were all locked in their night cells. This morning they were all locked out—that is, we found them all seemingly fast asleep, each man in front of his cell door.”

“They were all locked in except one man, and that man was Mankell—and he was the only man who was not locked out.” Thus the chief warden.

“And do you suggest,” said the doctor, “that he had a finger in the pie?”

“It’s my belief he did it all. Directly I set eyes upon the man I knew there was something about him I couldn’t quite make out. He did it all! Have you heard, sir, how he came to the gate?”

Mr. Murray was, in general, a reticent man. It was not his way to express decided opinions in the presence of authorities, or indeed of any one else. Mr. Paley, who knew his man, eyed him with curiosity.

“What was there odd about that?”

“Why, instead of the constable bringing him, it was him who brought the constable. When they opened the gate there was him with the policeman over his shoulder.”

“In spite of Mr. Murray’s evident earnestness, there were some of his hearers who were unable to repress a smile.

“Do you mean that the constable was drunk?”

“That’s the queer part of it. It was John Mitchell. I’ve known him for two-and-twenty years. I never knew him have a glass too much before. I saw him soon afterwards—he was all right then. He said he had only had three half pints. He was quite himself till he got near the gate, when all of a sudden he went queer all over.”

“Possibly the ale was drugged,” suggested the doctor.

“I don’t know nothing about that, but I do know that the same hand that played that trick was the same hand that played the tricks with the cells.”

“Consider a moment what you are saying, Murray. How are three hundred locks to be tampered with in the middle of the night by a man who is himself a prisoner? One moment—but even that is nothing compared to the fact of carrying three hundred men fast asleep in bed—bed and all—through three hundred closed doors, under the very noses of the officers on guard—think of doing all that single handed!”

“It was witchcraft.”

When the chief warden said this, Major Harding exploded.

“Witchcraft! The idea of the chief warden of an English

prison talking about witchcraft at this time of day! It's quite time you were superannuated, sir."

"The man, Mankell, certainly bewitched me."

"Bewitched you?" As the major faced the chaplain he seemed to find it difficult to restrain his feelings. "May I ask what sort of idea you mean to convey by saying he bewitched you?"

"I will explain as far as I am able." The chaplain paused to collect his thoughts. All eyes were fixed upon him. "I intended to say something to the men touching the events of yesterday and this morning. As I came down to the altar rail I was conscious of a curious sensation—as though I was being fascinated by a terrible gaze which was burning into my brain. I managed to pronounce the first few words. Involuntarily looking round, I met the eyes of the man Mankell. The instant I did so I was conscious that something had passed from him to me, something that made my tongue his slave. Against my will my tongue uttered the words you heard. Struggling with all my might I momentarily regained the exercise of my own will. It was only for a moment, for in an instant he had mastered me again. Although I continued to struggle, my tongue uttered the words he bade it utter, until I suppose my efforts to repel his dominion brought on a kind of fit. That he laid on me a spell I am assured."

There was a pause when the chaplain ceased. That he had made what he supposed to be a plain and simple statement of facts was evident. But then the facts were remarkable ones. It was the doctor who broke the silence.

"Suppose we have the man in here, so we can put him through his facings?"

The governor stroked his beard.

"What are you going to say to him? You can hardly charge him with witchcraft. He is here because he has been pretending to magic powers."

The doctor started.

"No! Is that so? Then I fancy we have the case in a nutshell. The man is what old-fashioned people used to call a mesmerist—hypnotism they call it nowadays, and all sorts of things."

"But mesmerism won't explain the cells!"

"I'm not so sure of that. At any rate it would explain the policeman who was suddenly taken queer. Let's have the man in here."

"The whole thing is balderdash," said the major with solemnity. "I am surprised, as a man of sane and healthy mind, to hear such stuff talked in an English prison of to-day."

"At least there will be no harm in our interviewing Mr. Mankell. Murray, see that they send him here." The chief

warder departed to do the governor's bidding. Mr. Paley turned to the chaplain. "According to you, Mr. Hewett, we are subjecting ourselves to some personal risk by bringing him here. Is that so?"

"You may smile, Mr. Paley, but you may find it no laughing matter, after all. There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in man's philosophy."

"You don't mean to say," burst out the major, "that you, a man of education, a clergyman, chaplain of an English prison, believe in witchcraft?"

"It is not a question of belief—it is a question of fact. That the man cast on me a spell, I am well assured. Take care that he does not do the same to you."

The governor smiled. The doctor laughed. The enormity of the suggestion kept the major tongue-tied till Mankell appeared.

Although Mankell was ushered in by the chief warder, he was in actual charge of Warder Slater. The apartment into which he was shown was not that in which prisoners ordinarily interviewed the governor. There a cord, stretched from wall to wall, divided the room nearly in half. On one side stood the prisoner, with the officer in charge of him; on the other sat the governor. Here there was no cord. The room—which was a small one, contained a single table. At one end sat Mr. Paley, on his right sat Major Hardinge, the chaplain stood at his left, and just behind the major sat Dr. Livermore. Mankell was told to stand at the end which faced the governor. A momentary pause followed his entrance—all four pairs of eyes were examining his countenance. He for his part bore himself quite easily, his eyes being fixed upon the governor, and about the corners of his lips hovered what was certainly more than the suspicion of a smile.

"I have sent for you," Mr. Paley began, "because I wish to ask you a question. You understand that I make no charge against you, but—do you know who has been tampering with the locks of the cells?"

The smile was unmistakable now. It lighted up his saturnine visage, suggested that here was a man who had an eye—possibly almost too keen an eye—for the ridiculous. But he gave no answer.

"Do you hear my question, Mankell? Do you know who has been tampering with the locks of the cells?"

Mankell extended his hands with a little graceful gesture which smacked of more southern climes.

"How shall I tell you?"

"Tell the truth, sir, and don't treat us to any of your high faluting."

This remark came from the major—not in too amiable a tone of voice.

“But in this land it would seem that truth is a thing that wise men shun. It is for telling the truth that I am here.”

“We don’t want any of your insolence, my man! Answer the governor’s question if you don’t want to be severely punished. Do you know who has been playing hanky-punky with the cells?”

“Spirits of the air.”

As he said this Mankell inclined his head and looked at the major with laughter in his eyes.

“Spirits of the air! What the devil do you mean by spirits of the air?”

“Ah! what do I mean: To tell you that,” laying a stress upon the pronoun, “would take a year.”

“The fellow’s an insolent scoundrel,” spluttered the major.

“Come, Mankell, that don’t do,” struck in Mr. Paley. “Do I understand you to say that you do know something about the matter?”

“Know.” The man drew himself up, laying the index finger of his right hand upon the table with a curiously impressive air. “What is there that I do not know?”

“I see. You still pretend, then, to the possession of magic powers?”

“Pretend.” Mankell laughed. He stretched out his hands in front of him with what seemed to be his favorite gesture, and laughed—in the face of the authorities.

“Suppose you give us an example of your powers?”

The suggestion came from the doctor. The major exploded.

“Don’t talk stuff and nonsense! Give the man three days’ bread and water. That is what he wants.”

“You do not believe in magic, then?” Mankell turned to the major with his laughing eyes.

“What’s it matter to you what I believe? You may take my word for it that I don’t believe in impudent mountebanks like you.”

The only reply Mankell gave was to raise his hand—if that might be called a reply—in the way we sometimes do when we call for silence, and there was silence in the room. All eyes were fixed upon the prisoner. Then, still serenely smiling, he gently murmured: “if you please.”

There was still silence, but only for a moment. It was broken by Warder Slater. That usually decorous officer tilted his cap to the back of his head, and thrust his hands into his breeches pockets—hardly the regulation attitude in the presence of his superiors.

“I should blooming well like to know what this means! ‘Ere have I been in this ‘ere jail eleven years, and I’ve never

been accused before of letting men out of their night cells, let alone their beds and bedding, and I don't like it, so I tell you straight.

The chief warden turned with automatic suddenness towards the unexpectedly and unusually plain-spoken officer.

"Slater, you're a fool!"

"I'm not the only one in the place! There's more fools here besides me, and some of them bigger ones as well!"

While these compliments were being exchanged, the higher officers sat mutely looking on. When the chief warden seemed at a loss for an answer, the chaplain volunteered a remark. He addressed himself to Warden Slater.

"It's my opinion that the governor's a bigger fool than you are, and that the inspector's a still bigger fool than he is."

"And it's my belief, Mr. Hewett," observed the doctor, "that you're the biggest fool of all."

"It would serve him right," remarked the governor, quietly, "if somebody were to knock him down."

"Knock him down! I should think it would—and kick him too!"

As he said this the major glared at the chaplain with threatening eyes.

There was silence again, broken by Warden Slater taking off his cap and then his tunic, which he folded up carefully and placed upon the floor, and then turning his shirt sleeves up above his elbows, revealing as he did so a pair of really gigantic arms.

"If any man says I let them men out of the cells, I'm ready to fight that man, either for a gallon of beer or nothing. I don't care if it's the inspector, or who it is."

"I suspect," declared the chaplain, "that the inspector's too great coward to take you on, but if he does I'm willing to back Slater for half a crown. I am even prepared to second him."

(To be continued.)

CHRONOLOGY OF THE MONTH.

August 20—The Chinese troops are completely surrounded by the allies in Peking, and the allies are now firmly entrenched in China. When they will let go is another matter.

21—The emperor and dowager empress of China and Boxer Prince Tuan have escaped from Peking. It is thought they have gone to the old capital, Hsian Fu.

22—In an attempt to lynch a prisoner who had been spirited away at Akron, Ohio, three people were killed, a large number wounded and the city building was destroyed by fire.

23—William J. Bryan received the official notification of his nomination by the Populist party in Topeka. The notification speech was made by T. M. Patterson of Colorado. The speech and response were most brilliant.

25—The Japanese have been landing marines at Amoy for three days. An accidental fire in the temple was the alleged excuse given for the landing.

25—Charles A. Boutelle of Maine has been nominated for Congress, although he is now in an insane asylum. The argument of his constituents is that he is poor and needs it. His followers could give him 25 cents apiece and thus make up his salary, but while they like him very much they don't go so far as all that. Besides it's more in keeping with Yankee thrift to have him paid out of the public treasury even if they have to go without a representative.

26—Race riots in New York were again resumed by the shooting of a white boy by a negro. The boy, who was one of a crowd, was taunting the negro. The cowardly mob attacked inoffensive negroes who were going to work.

27—The Boers have been beaten back by Bruce Hamilton at Winburg and General Olivier has been captured. Lord Roberts says that General Olivier was the moving spirit among the Boers in the southeast portion of the Orange colony during the war.

31—At the regular Friday cabinet meeting to-day in Washington the condition of several hundred or thousand destitute miners at Cape Nome, and of a large number of Indian tribes in Alaska was considered. It was decided that the War Department should send a transport to Cape Nome to bring back such of the miners as are penniless and liable to endanger the public welfare there this winter by reason of their destitute condition. It is believed that a large proportion of those who flocked to Nome early in the spring hoping to "strike it rich" are stranded. Provisions and clothing will be sent to the Indians, who are said to be destitute.

31—It is rumored in Wall street that President M. E. Ingalls of the Big Four road, who is a Vanderbilt ally, would be offered the presidency of the Southern Pacific. Such a move would be in furtherance of the plan to weave all the railroads into one big system and under the control of one syndicate.

September 1—The United States and Russia have ordered their troops from Peking. This action embarrasses England and Germany, who want to remain, but are not strong enough to do so.

2—Thirteen persons killed and over thirty injured is the appalling record of a rear-end collision on the Philadelphia & Reading railway near Philadelphia.

3—Bryan and Roosevelt were the guests of the Chicago labor unions. They viewed the Labor Day parade and in the afternoon delivered addresses.

4—One thousand members of the Amalgamated Woodworkers' Union refused to return to work to-day because of the determination of the manufacturers to return to the nine hour working day. Thirty-seven shops out of a total of forty-nine were idle to-day.

4—Five hundred men will be put to work on the Camp Bird mine at Ouray by November 1st, thus doubling the output of that famous mine.

7—The executive board of the United Mine Workers must decide upon the application of the miners in the anthracite region for permission to strike.

9—A hurricane blowing at the rate of 120 miles an hour struck the Texas coast and submerged the island of Galveston. Over 5,000 lives have been lost in that city and twenty millions of property destroyed. It is the greatest calamity that has ever visited an English speaking people.

10—President McKinley has sent his letter of acceptance to the Republican notification committee. He says silver is the immediate issue of the campaign.

11—In one day the governor of Texas received \$100,000 by telegraph from all over the world to aid the stricken people of Galveston.

11—A letter from Manila gives an account of the fiasco which resulted from the attempt to celebrate the amnesty of June 21st. The whole festivities were a fizzle, and the world is saved the degrading spectacle of a people celebrating the downfall of their freedom.

12—President Kruger has left the Transvaal and reached Lourenzo Marques. He has obtained leave of absence for six months.

12—Over fifty men were shot at Galveston for robbing the dead. Notwithstanding the knowledge that they will be immediately killed, yet it is impossible to stop the looting of corpses.

13—The rumor is again revived that the Camp Bird mine of Ouray, Colorado, will be sold to Werner, Beit & Co., the South African millionaires.

15—France and Russia have agreed to demand the complete disarmament of China, including the razing of the Taku forts and the fortifications and arsenals elsewhere.

15—The subscriptions of money for Galveston are reaching a handsome figure. Nothing could better show the advantage of spontaneous sympathy in matters of this kind.

17—The great strike in the Pennsylvania anthracite region is now on, 142,000 men having quit work.

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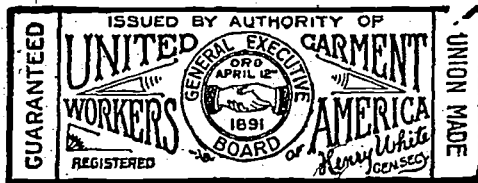
DIRECTORY OF LOCAL UNIONS AND OFFICERS.

No.....	Name.....	Meeting Night.....	President	Secretary	P. O. Box..	Address...
ARIZONA.						
77	Chloride.....	Wed.	Thomas Roe....	Wesley Frazer..	...	Chloride.....
60	Globe.....	Tue..	Simon Kinsman	O. H. Bru.....	120	Globe.....
17	Helvetia.....	Thur	A. E. Paff.....	H. L. Roper....	...	Helvetia.....
101	Jerome.....	Sat..	S. H. Sampson..	Wm. McRath....	...	Jerome.....
102	Wray.....	John Henning..	Wm. Weeks.....	...	Wray.....
BRIT. COL'BIA.						
76	Gladstone.....	Sat..	John Hescott...	Wm. Goddard...	...	Fernie.....
22	Greenwood.....	Sat..	Walter Long....	M. H. Kane.....	134	Greenwood....
69	Kaslo.....	Fri..	Robert Pollock..	D. McPhall.....	...	Kaslo.....
100	Kimberly.....	Harvey White..	...	Kimberly.....
43	McKinney.....	Sat..	Walter Hunter..	Allan F. Lusk..	...	Camp McKinney
71	Moyie.....	Tue..	D. J. Elmer....	W. R. Hocking..	...	Moyie.....
96	Nelson.....	Sat..	M. R. Mowatt...	James Wilks....	106	Nelson.....
97	New Denver.....	Sat..	D. J. Weir.....	C. M. Nesbitt..	...	New Denver...
8	Phoenix.....	Tue..	Frank Huckleb;	John Riordan..	...	Phoenix.....
94	Rossland Mech'ic	Fri..	E. Hartell.....	J. R. Connell..	764	Rossland.....
38	Rossland.....	Wed	H. E. Abell.....	Wm. Willan....	421	Rossland.....
81	Sandon.....	Sat..	George Smith...	W. L. Hagler...	S	Sandon.....
195	Silverton.....	Sat..	W. S. Horton...	J. H. Elliott...	...	Silverton.....
62	Slocan.....	Wed.	J. A. Baker.....	A. E. Teeter....	...	Slocan City...
79	Whitewater.....	Sat..	Joseph McDonal	B. F. McIsaac..	...	Whitewater...
85	Ymir.....	Wed.	A. J. Hughes....	Alfred Parr....	...	Ymir.....
CALIFORNIA.						
61	Bodie.....	Tue..	A. N. Dodd.....	J. A. English...	6	Bodie.....
47	Confidence.....	Thur	B. Gibbs.....	W. T. Gurney...	...	Confidence....
70	Gold Cross.....	Tue..	C. M. O'Brien...	J. A. Vaughn...	...	Hedges.....
90	Grass Valley.....	Fri..	B. Gibbs.....	W. T. Gurney...	...	Grass Valley...
51	Mojave.....	Thur	H. K. Steavens..	T. F. Delaney..	...	Mojave.....
48	Pinion Blanco....	Walter Shilling.	...	Coulterville...
44	Randsburg.....	Sat..	E. W. Mellarky	Ed Moran.....	...	Randsburg.....
73	Tuolumne.....	Sat..	Jas. Opie.....	W. G. Herman..	...	Stent.....
87	Summerville.....	C. K. Smith.....	T. McMahon....	35	Carter.....
39	Sierra Gorda.....	D. W. Winters..	...	Big Oak Flat..
COLORADO.						
75	Altman St. Eng'r.	Tue..	W. H. Leonard	D. C. Copley....	106	Independence..
21	Anaconda.....	Tue..	C. W. Rorke....	R. Mitchell....	296	Anaconda.....
13	Baldwin.....	Sat..	Henry Dahl....	W. A. Triplett..	...	Baldwin.....
89	Battle Mountain.	Sat..	C. L. Gilmer....	R. F. Stinson...	...	Gilman.....
64	Bryan.....	Sat..	James Ferguson	John C. Prinn..	134	Ophir.....
33	Cloud City.....	Sat..	T. J. Sullivan..	Chas. R. Burr..	132	Leadville....
40	Cripple Creek....	Sat..	Charles Outcalt.	Ed Campbell....	1148	Cripple Creek..
82	C. C. St. Eng'rs..	Wed.	Thomas Davis..	E. L. Whitney..	771	Cripple Creek..
33	Denver S. M.....	B. P. Smith....	...	3915 Wynkoopst
58	Durango M. & S.	Thur	Moses Shields...	Frank Wride....	1273	Durango.....
45	Eldora.....	Thur	D. H. Weaver..	W. J. Livingsto	...	Eldora.....

DIRECTORY OF LOCAL UNIONS AND OFFICERS.

No.	Name	Meets	President	Secretary	P. O. Box	Address
COLORADO.						
80	Excelsior Eng.	Tue.	W. A. Morgan.	T. F. Callahan.	522	Victor
19	Free Coinage	Fri.	W. B. Easterly.	C. F. Dillon.	31	Altman
92	Gillett M. & S.	Sat.	C. D. Baldwin.	E. S. Timmons.		Gillett
50	Henson		W. C. Bridestone.	Pat McCarthy.		Lake City
55	Lawson	Wed	H. Cadwalader.	M. O'Hagan.		Lawson
15	Ourray	Sat.	A. M. Prior.	Arthur Parker.	449	Opray
6	Pitkin County	Tue.	Theo. Saurer.	R. K. Sprinkle.	237	Aspen
36	Rico	Wed.	Charles Kelly.	Thos. C. Young.	427	Rico
26	Silverton	Sat.	W. J. Pearce.	E. U. Fletcher.	23	Silverton
27	Sky City	Tue.	Paul Walker.	Logan Summers		Red Mountain
42	Superior			Fred Bockhouse.	25	Superior
63	16 to 1	Sat.	A. W. March.	Ed Oleson.	638	Telluride
41	Ten Mile	Tue.	B. T. Holder.	W. P. Swallow.	212	Kokomo
32	Victor	Thur	W. R. Phelps.	Jerry Kelly.	124	Victor
84	Vulcan	Sat.	Joe Smith.	J. W. Smith.		Vulcan
IDAHO.						
10	Burke	Tue.	B. Smith.	John Kelley.	207	Burke
52	Custer	Sat.	Wm. J. Bowen.	John Danielson.		Custer
53	De Lamar	Mon.	Jos. P. Langford.	Wm. Honey.		De Lamar
11	Gem	Wed	Frank Monty.	J. L. Kane.	107	Gem
37	Gibbonsville	Wed.	John Riley.	R. R. Dodge.	19	Gibbonsville
9	Mullan	Sat.	R. Wheatley.	Jno. Hendrickson	30	Mullan
66	Silver City	Sat.	W. D. Heywood	Wm. Williams.		Silver City
18	Wardner	Sat.	S. C. Stratton.	Victor Price.	162	Wardner
65	Wood River			William Batey.		Hailey
MISSOURI.						
88	Joplin	Wed.	Ben Housley.	S. P. Cress.		Joplin
MONTANA.						
57	Aldridge	Sat.	James Lenigan.	Joseph Guide.		Aldridge
12	Barker	Thur	P. Franklin.	Joseph Boland.	5	Barker
23	Basin	Wed	Geo. Prince.	Henry Lidgate.	1	Basin
7	Belt Mont.	Sat.	William Check	C. H. Conner.		Neihart
45	Bridger			S. C. Keath.		Bridger
1	Butte	Tue.	M. McCormick.	Patrick Peoples.	498	Butte
74	Butte M. & S.	Wed.	Luke Williams.	S. P. Johnson.	841	Butte
83	Butte Engineers	Wed.	C. A. Lyford.	Joseph Corby.	2	Butte
67	Carbonado	Tue.	John Bergen.	J. K. Miller.		Carbonado
78	Gebo			D. B. Spears.		Gebo
86	Geo. Dewey	Fri.	C. C. Mitchell.	A. H. Marsh.	284	Granite
4	Granite	Tue.	Henry Lowney.	John Neumeyer.	D	Granite
16	G. Falls M. & S.	Sat.	Jos. Shuler.	James Finley.	790	G. Falls
35	Hassell	Sat.	J. Galvin.	James Duncan.	71	Hassell
103	Marysville		Wm. Walsh.	Joseph Harvey.		Marysville
26	Martina	Sun.	M. L. Cook.	Eug. Wessinger.		Martina
105	May Flower	Tue.	Jerry O'Rourke.	H. J. Foster.		Whitehall
104	Norris	Sat.	Hugh Elliott.	B. G. Crawford.		Red Bluff
29	Red Lodge	Mon.	Alex'r Fairgrave	Thomas Conway	207	Red Lodge
25	Winston	Sat.	R. D. Myles.	R. F. Whyte.		Winston
NEVADA.						
72	Lincoln	Wed.	George A. Cole.	L. E. Edmunds.		De Lamar
49	Silver City	Tue.	S. Armstrong.	T. C. Wogan.	76	Silver City
31	Tuscarora	Wed	I. W. Plumb.	S. H. Turner.	12	Tuscarora
46	Virginia	Fri.	W. A. Burns.	J. F. McDonell.	I	Virginia City
N. W. TERR.						
76	Gladstone	Sat.	John Hescott.	W. Goddard.		Ferne
59	Lethbridge	Sat.	Henry Noble.	K. McDonald.		Lethbridge
OREGON.						
91	Cornucopia	Sat.	Tim Shea.	G. H. Berger.		Cornucopia
S. DAKOTA.						
56	Custer			Geo. Knowles.		Custer
3	Central	Sat.	A. Erickson.	W. G. Friggins.	23	Central City
14	Deadwood L. U.	Thur	Marion Camma	John Evans.	950	Deadwood
2	Lead	Mon.	Thos. P. Nichols.	J. C. McLemore.	290	Lead
30	Keystone	Wed	John Lynch.	Wm. Bacon.		Keystone
5	Terry Peak	Wed.	Jas. Richards.	C. H. Schaad.	174	Terry
68	Two Bit	Sat.	Seth Galvin.	H. J. Vanerlstein		Galena
WASHINGTON.						
28	Republic	Tue.	Jerry O'Donnell	James B. Dugan.	157	Republic
24	Sheridan	Sat.	Abe Hanson.	C. M. Wilson.		Toroda
WYOMING.						
98	Battle Creek	Thur	E. E. Lind.	F. L. Miller.		Osceola
UTAH.						
99	Valley S. U.	Tue.	Wm. Bogart.	H. T. Hofeling.		Murray
34	Sandle S. U.	Sat.	C. B. Brown.	Wm. Halstead.		Sandle

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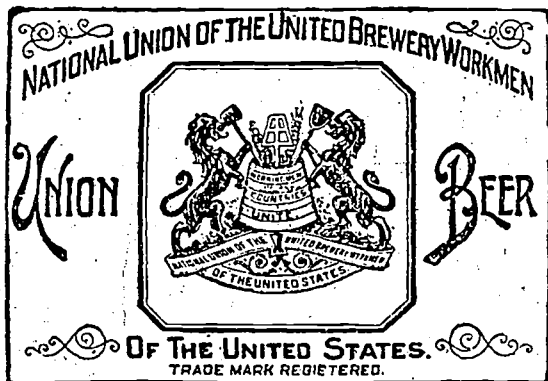
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