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OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE WESTERN FEDERATION
OF MINERS.

Publication Office, 1613 Court Place, Denver, Colorado.

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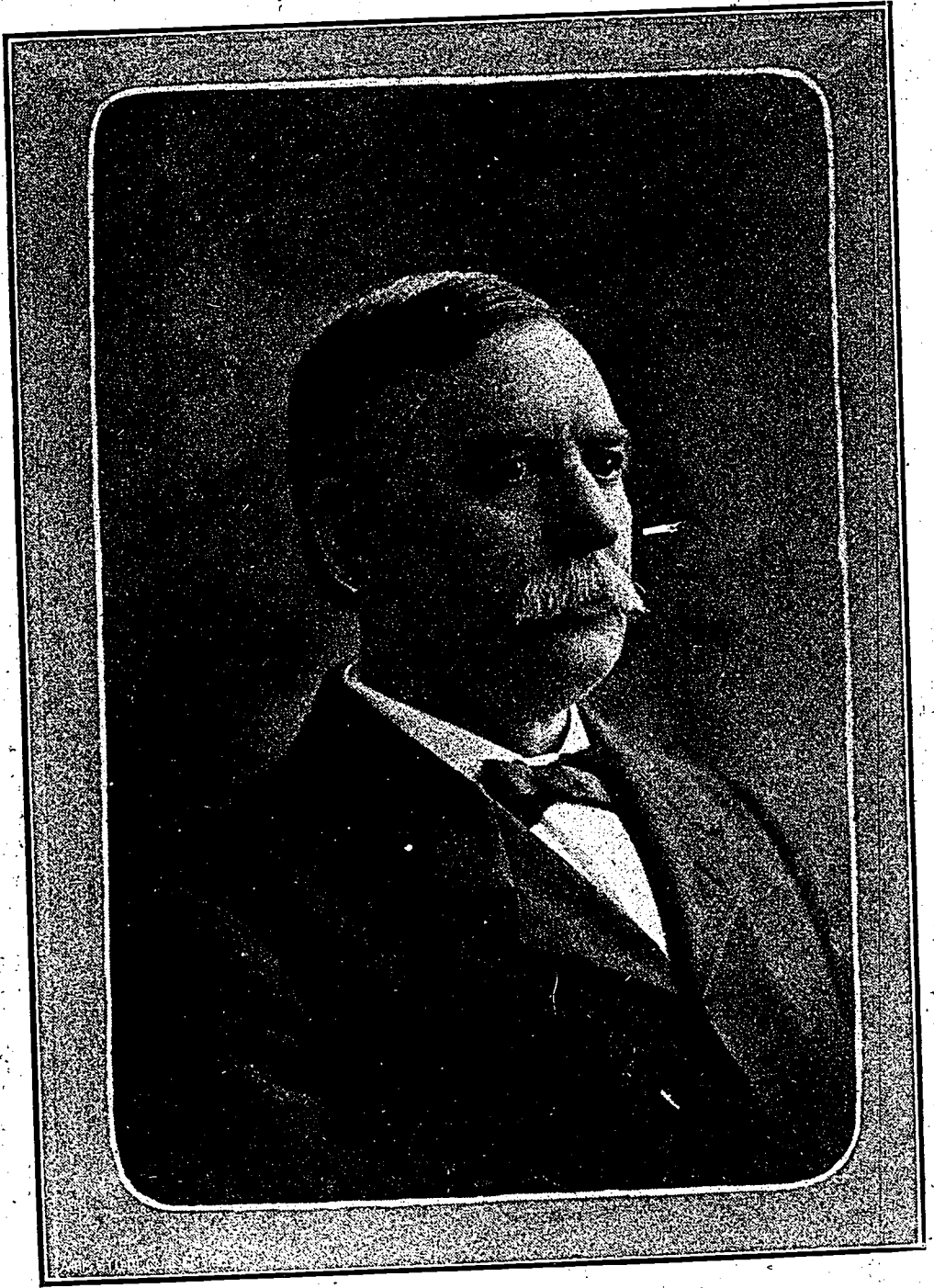
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EDWARD BOYCE, Editor.

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COMPANY STORE CLOSED.

After a struggle lasting over six months the clerk's union of Butte forces the Amalgamated Copper Company to adopt the 6 o'clock closing, as practiced by all the other stores in Butte.

The credit for this splendid victory is due to the independent people of Silver Bow county, who refused to patronize this concern, for had this store received the patronage of the independent people it would never have recognized the Clerks' union.

Success to the Clerks' union of Butte, and long live its members. They have fought and won a battle of which they may well feel proud.

did not hesitate to raise his voice in protestation against those outrages and for this the miners of the Black Hills voted against him, and in favor of the men that never sympathize with them.

We wonder what explanation the miners of the Black Hills can offer for their action on election day in voting against the man who fought their battles.

It has been truly said that all any man receives from the laboring people he tries to help is ingratitude; in no instance has this been so thoroughly demonstrated as in the Black Hills.

The miners there showed their ingratitude to their best friend.

THOMAS M. PATTERSON.

Came to Colorado in 1872 from Crawfordsville, Indiana, where he had been admitted to the bar and gained a large and lucrative practice. He had attended what is now De Pauw University and Wabash College, and received from the latter the degree A. M. When he entered upon the practice of law he formed a partnership with Judge J. R. Cowan, which lasted until his removal to Denver.

In April, 1873, he was elected city attorney and was re-elected in the following year. In the year 1874 he was elected delegate to represent the territory of Colorado in Congress, being the first Democrat chosen for that office. Colorado was then making her fight for admission into the Union, and it was largely due to Mr. Patterson's efforts that this was accomplished some two years later when Colorado entered the Union as the Centennial state. Mr. Patterson was the first congressman after Colorado became a state.

The Republicans returning to power in 1878, Mr. Patterson resumed his practice of law, and while still a young man he became the acknowledged head of the Colorado bar.

For the first twenty years that Mr. Patterson was in Colorado politics he supported the Democratic party, and none were more active in upholding its principles. When, in 1892, under Cleveland's rule, the Democratic party declined to declare for free coinage and became practically an annex to the Republican party, Mr. Patterson left its ranks, taking with him, of course, his newly acquired paper, "The Rocky Mountain News," which was then rapidly becoming the great power it now is.

In leaving the Democratic party for the People's party Mr. Patterson explicitly declared that only by such a course could the Democratic party be forced back to its original moorings, and that when it returned he would again be found battling in its ranks. When, in 1896, the Democratic convention took its position for free coinage and against plutocracy and nominated

Bryan, Mr. Patterson immediately espoused its cause, or it would be more proper to say, when the Democrats followed where he had led four years before, and overtook him, he became the trusted leader of the united silver forces and did more to strengthen and build up the Democratic party than any other single force in the mountain states.

As a friend of the common people Mr. Patterson stands pre-eminent, defending their rights at the bar, on the rostrum and with his pen. He is therefore the candidate who the labor people will indorse for the United States senatorship in the contest which the next legislature will decide, and the labor unions of this state will express in no uncertain terms the necessity of electing him to that office. In fact, his election to that office is, from a union standpoint, more necessary than any if not all the labor measures which the legislature will pass.

THE PECULIAR WORK OF THE LAW AND ORDER OFFICIALS AT GEM.

The story can be briefly told. William Kennedy and Dan Killee were killed at Gem at an early hour—3 o'clock—Tuesday morning by Dick Adams, an alleged deputy in the employ of the public knows not whom. The two victims of the strange and unexplained design of some half mysterious authority were instantly killed, two bullets fired from a revolver in the hands of Adams blotting out two lives in less time than it would take to orally announce the fact. While it is true that Kennedy and Killee were killed in a saloon, that they had been drinking freely and had some minor dispute with Deputy Findlay, it does not necessarily follow that the part Adams played in the tragedy was justified from either a legal or moral point of view; rather would the contrary argument hold good. Nor does a broad interpretation of the criminal code of Idaho support the contention of those eager to clear Adams, who was hastily acquitted by the coroner's jury. But many citizens believe that Adams was not primarily responsible for the awful tragedy—that he was but the daring agent of nerveless designers—men occupying high positions. That the slayer of Kennedy and Killee had some feeling of revenge in his heart there can be little doubt, for the reason that he was one of the guards at the Frisco mill when it was blown up in 1892, receiving slight injuries. Adams will be tried for murder.—Idaho State Tribune.

The rebuff that the Law and Order assassins of Idaho received in the Shoshone county elections has resulted in the killing of two men for no other reason than that they belong to a miners' union.

It seems there is no limit to the game Steunenbergs, the mine owners and their band of hired cut throats are playing.

That these murders are a part of their program is clear. This Adams was imported into the Coeur d'Alene district as a fighting man in 1892. He was the leader of the gang of murderers that fired upon the miners on July 11, 1892. After that trouble was over he had to leave the county because his presence in a decent community would not be tolerated, and so we find that when martial law was declared in 1899 he was recalled to accept his old position as bully and murderer.

The mine owners are sowing the wind, let them beware of the whirlwind.

THREE GRAND VICTORIES.

While the election in the East was against us, McKinley being re-elected and Pettigrew and Lentz retired, in the West we have been more successful.

The good people of the Coeur d'Alenes, Butte and Leadville won a magnificent victory in the election, in spite of martial law, coercion and the intimidation of the mining corporations to elect their candidates. After eighteen months of martial law, murder and robbery by the hired assassins of Governor Steunenberg, organized labor won a complete victory in Shoshone county and elected an entire ticket opposed to the Standard Oil ring except the sheriff. The lackey, Sutherland, who was appointed by Steunenberg to select a jury to convict Paul Corcoran, was elected sheriff. Mose Simmons, the deposed county commissioner who served in the bull pen, was elected by a large majority. Thomas Heney, ex-sheriff of the county, who served six months in the bull pen, and John Kelly, who was put in jail for defending the miners' union hall in Burke against hired thugs, were elected to the legislature to examine the rotten transactions of corrupt Steunenberg.

This splendid victory in the face of overwhelming difficulties was largely due to the noble women of Shoshone county, who have always been true to the principles of honor and justice.

In Butte the victory for organized labor was complete; all but five candidates elected are members of organized labor, and those were not eligible.

Beginning with the indomitable old war horse, Judge Clancy, the cohorts of organized labor swept the field, driving the enemy before them until not a vestige of the Standard Oil Company's wavering banners could be found in Silver Bow county with a microscope.

Peter Breen, prosecuting attorney, ex-member of the W. F. of M.; James B. Furey, member of the executive board, W. F. of M., elected sheriff; James Maher, secretary-treasurer W. F. M., elected treasurer; Sam Roberts, ex-president W. F. M.,

who will preside over the Senate for four years—presumably, judging the future by the past—in a suit of buckskin with a Colt's navy six shooter for a gavel and a Bowie knife behind his ear? The men who elected those men approve of all they have done in the past, and are willing to uphold what they shall do during the next four years.

Slaughter the Filipinos, fighting for liberty; rob the Porto Ricans, plunder Cuba for the benefit of worthless sons of unscrupulous politicians, combine with European powers to destroy weaker nations and small republics, increase the standing army to guard more bull pens and kneel before the shrine of mammon and in an attitude that would shame Judas Iscariot when he betrayed Christ with a kiss, pretend that the salvation of this republic is their highest ambition.

Who are the men that elected McKinley and Roosevelt?

It was the sovereign workingmen, who possess no higher conception of life than a fifteen-cent lunch in a tin pail, and work for a corporation twelve and fourteen hours each day and raise children to become the slaves of these combinations of organized capitalists that have less regard for them than they have for a mangy dog.

We trust that these people will get what they voted for during the next four years, and when they are enduring the scourges of oppression which they will, we trust that the intelligent people of this nation will not squander their money foolishly upon them, for they will not be objects of charity; let them live on what they voted for.

This election teaches us another lesson which we cannot ignore. It shows plainly and conclusively that the Democratic party is dead and buried, never to be resurrected.

It nominated the strongest man within its ranks and it made as energetic a campaign as possible, nevertheless it was defeated, which proves beyond all doubt that it can never hope to again rally as many voters to its support, for the people have lost confidence in it, and when confidence is gone there is little hope for any political party.

There never was a time in the history of the United States when honest men should be so ready to come together and agree upon a plan of action in opposition to the money changers as the beginning of the twentieth century, and if the opportunity is neglected we shall yet mourn the loss of what liberty we yet enjoy.

However, we firmly believe that it is the height of folly to attempt to unite the people under the Democratic banner if we desire a victory.

Socialist principles and ideas are fast taking possession of the people and it is nothing short of insanity to attempt to lead the people away from them.

ORGANIZATION IN OREGON.

Organizations of workingmen have not flourished in Oregon until recently, and this is especially true in the mining sections of the state where organization among the miners and others laborers was decidedly backward. However, a change has occurred and at this time the workingmen in those camps are becoming active and thoroughly awake to the importance of uniting for their welfare and co-operation with their fellow-workmen in other states. We had long contemplated to visit the mining districts of Oregon, but business in other states prevented our plans and not until October 26th did we arrive in Baker City, which is the most convenient point on the O. R. & N. railroad for passengers and freight going to the different mining camps in the mountain range within twenty miles of the city, and no mining is done within thirty miles, the mines at Bourne and Granite being the nearest ones.

Saturday morning we boarded the stage for Cornucopia at 5:30 a. m., expecting to travel the seventy-two miles in thirteen hours and thus arrive in time for the regular meeting of the union, but owing to the condition of the road the time consumed was twenty hours.

Leaving Baker City on the stage, passing over a sagebrush desert in a snow storm is far from pleasant, and especially when the conveyance has the appearance of having passed through a Kansas cyclone and in order to keep from committing suicide by freezing you vainly attempt to break the champion sprinter's record every hill you come to, the experience, like Banquo's ghost, will "haunt you still."

Thirty miles from Baker City Eagle valley nestles at the foot of a high range of mountains upon one side and surrounded by high table land upon the others which gives it a picturesque appearance.

Standing upon the high table land 400 feet above the valley and surveying the beautiful fields covered with herds of cattle, your eye rests upon an Eden whose equal is hard to discover.

Fifteen miles from Eagle valley, across a steep range, is Pine valley, which is more extensive in area and well adapted for cattle raising, as can be seen by the large herds so numerous throughout the valley.

Arriving at the town of Pine, fourteen miles from Cornucopia, an old time friend, Tim Shea, to whom the honor is due for organizing the first two miners' unions in the state of Oregon and the first president of Cornucopia Miners' Union, met us with a private conveyance.

It is only just to say that no more faithful worker in the cause of labor than Mr. Shea ever held membership in any union, for he has always advocated unity of action among

WHAT OTHERS SAY

THE TREE OF LIBERTY.

I.

Heard ye o' the tree of France,
And wat ye what's the name o't?
Around it a' the patriots dance—
Weel Europe kens the fame o't!
It stands where ance the Bastile stood—
A prison built by kings, man,
Where Superstition's hellish brood
Kept France in leading strings, man.

II.

Upo' this tree there grows sic fruit,
Its virtues a' can tell, man:
It raises man aboon the brute,
It mak's him ken himsel', man!
Gif ance the peasant taste a bit,
He's greater than a lord, man,
And wi' the beggar shares a mite
O' a' he can afford, man.

III.

This fruit is worth a' Afric's wealth:
To comfort us 't was sent, man,
To gie the sweetest blish o' health,
And mak' us a' content, man!
It clears the een, it cheers the heart,
Mak's high and low guid friends, man,
And he wha acts the traitor's part,
It to-perdition sends, man:

IV.

My blessings ay attend the chiel,
Wha pitied Gallia's slaves, man,
And straw a branch, spite o' the Diel,
Frae 'yont the western waves, man!
Fair Virtue watered it wi' care,
And now she sees wi' pride, man,
How weel it buds and blossoms there,
Its branches spreading wide, man.

V.

But vicious folk ay hate to see
 The works o' Virtue thrive, man:
 The courtly vermin's bann'd the tree;
 And grat to see it thrive, man!
 King Louis thought to cut it down,
 When it was unco' sma', man;
 For this the watchman cracked his crown,
 Cut aff his head and a', man.

VI.

A wicked crew syne, on a time,
 Dik tak' a solemn aith, man,
 It ne'er should flourish to its prime—
 I wat they pledged their faith, man!
 Awa they gaed wi' mock parade,
 Like beagles hunting game, man,
 But soon grew weary o' the trade,
 And wish'd they'd been at hame, man.

VII.

Fair Freedom standing by the tree,
 Her sons did loudly ca', man.
 She sang a sang o' Liberty,
 Which pleased them ane and a', man.
 By her inspired, the new-born race
 Soon drew the avenging steel, man.
 The hirelings ran—her foes gied chase,
 And bang'd the despot weel, man.

VIII.

Let Britain boast her hardy oak,
 Her poplar, and her pine, man!
 Auld Britain could ance crack her joke,
 And o'er her neighbors shine, man!
 But seek the forest round and round,
 And soon 't will be agreed, man,
 That sic a tree cannot be found
 'Twixt London and the Tweed, man.

IX.

Without this tree alake this life
 Is but a valè o' woe, man,
 A scene o' sorrow mix'd wi' strife,
 Nae real joys we know, man;

May He who guides the helm on high,
 And rolls the planets in their spheres,
 Bless Butte by prosperous winds that sigh
 Adown the silent flight of years.

—John F. McDonell, Vice President W. F. of M. Sage Brush
 Poet of Nevada.
 Butte, Montana, October 29. 1900.

AFTER THE HOGS ARE SERVED.

"Hello, Mr. Farmer! What are you doing?"

"Digging potatoes."

"Have you any to sell?"

"No."

"What are you going to do with them?"

"I sort them in four piles."

"What do you do with them?"

"The big piles of potatoes you see over there I give to the landlord as rent for the privilege of working on the earth; next to the biggest pile I give to the money lord as interest for the privilege of using the tools that some other workingman made; the third I give to the politicians as tax, and the little ones I give to the hogs, and what the hogs don't eat I eat myself. So you see, between the landlord, the money lord, the politicians and the other hogs I get my living."

"But what do you do with the hogs?"

"I give them to the railroad company for hauling the big potatoes to the land and money lords."—Toronto Citizen and Country.

RIGHTS OF UNIONS.

Recently the appellate division of the New York Supreme Court, consisting of five judges, rendered a unanimous opinion that will prove to be of the greatest importance to labor unions. The question presented to the court was this: Has an association of workingmen organized for self-protection and self-help the right to obtain the discharge of one man or any number of men by threat, intimidation, strikes or otherwise? In other words, is it lawful for a union to go to an employer and warn him that if he engages certain men or retains men already in his employ a strike will be ordered by a combination of other men in his employ? Overruling an inferior tribunal, the appellate division of the Supreme Court has answered this vital question in the affirmative. Two opinions are written—one by Justice McLaughlin, the other by Justice Ingraham. Justice McLaughlin reasons as follows: It cannot be seriously doubted

that every workingman has the right, in the first place, to say for whom and with whom he is going to work, and an employer, of course, has the correlative right of saying whom he will employ or prefer among two or more rivals. Once this reciprocal right is destroyed, liberty is destroyed, giving place to industrial despotism. Now, if one has the right alleged, when acting in his individual capacity, he does not lose it when acting with others clothed with equal right. Consequently, laborers may combine and say they will not work for an employer who engage any but members of labor organizations, and the employers may combine and say they will not employ persons who are members of such organizations. It is true that as a result of combination of laborers, certain men may lose employment, but that is an incident of industrial liberty and competition. The fact that organizations cause injury to certain persons does not make their purpose or action illegal." In the words of the supplementary opinion of Justice Ingraham, "it is the illegality of the purpose to be accomplished, or of the means used to accomplish that purpose, that makes combination illegal." The purpose of trade unions are admittedly lawful, and such methods as strikes and threats of striking are not in themselves unlawful, since every man has the right to quit work for any reason and at any time, and this right is not lost when he enters into a combination to exercise it. Hence it is not unlawful for a union to demand and procure exclusive employment or the discharge of obnoxious workmen.—Coast Seamen's Journal.

TRIUMPH OF JUDGE OWERS.

Friends of an honest and independent judiciary will rejoice to learn of the triumph of that matchless fighter, Judge Frank W. Owers, in his race for district judge in Leadville. Mr. Owers was elected to the place six years ago, and in every instance he has stood by the laboring man when a case came before him where the man needed the protection of the court. No man ever asked Judge Owers for protection against the injustices of the corporations but what he went away satisfied. So uniformly has Judge Owers stood for the man as against the dollar that every corporation in the great silver camp was against him. They hired other judges to insult him. His decisions were reversed by the Supreme court, and he was utterly despised by all gamblers of every kind because he enforced the statutes in relation to gambling and prostitution. In their efforts to defeat his reelection, scheming corporation tools took control of the Democratic party in Lake county and defeated his candidacy for a renomination at the hands of the Democrats. Then Owers and his friends filed under the name of "Bryan" a ticket and the

Supreme court knocked that ticket off the ballot. This left Judge Owers with the nomination of the People's party alone, and he went bravely to work to win out against all the odds that seemed to be organized against him. Once the Democrats became frightened and proposed to the Republicans that they unite their forces against Owers by pulling the Republican off the ticket, and this was almost consummated and would have been accomplished had it not been for the interference of Senator Wolcott, who insisted on a straight ticket from top to bottom everywhere in the state. Well, we have the result before us now. To the gratification of all of Owers' friends all over the state, and to the chagrin of the Wolcottites and Democrats the valiant judge won out by a handsome majority. And how did it happen? Well, the truth must be told, and we may as well tell it first as last.

Judge Frank Owers was re-elected because the men whom he protected by the power of the court at a time when they needed help mighty bad stood by him and voted for him and worked hard at the polls for him all day. It is so common for the laboring men to stand around and see the capitalists defeat any man for office that has stood up for the people as against the corporations, that nearly everybody expected to see Judge Owers go down in ignominious defeat. However, we find that the boys in Leadville did the square thing by the judge, and we expect to see that their example will be followed in other parts of the state when opportunity offers. It will be a safe thing to do to elect any man whom the corporations try so hard to defeat. Remember that the boys in Leadville saved their man—you can do the same in any other part of the state.—Pueblo Courier.

MITCHELL ON THE STRIKE.

General President John Mitchell of the United Mine Workers of America reports in the American Federationist:

“When we decided to make an aggressive movement to remove some of the abuses from which the mine workers had long suffered in the anthracite regions of Pennsylvania, we found that of the total number of 142,000 mine workers employed there, less than 8,000 were members of our organization. We found that the population was composed of a great number of the nationalities of the earth; thousands of them are not familiar with the English tongue. Never had there been harmonious action of these conglomerate elements, and the task of bringing them into united action seemed impossible; but, failing to obtain any mitigation of the hard conditions of life from the operators and coal mining railroads, and despairing of any change through peaceable means, we resolved to give battle.

We concluded that we might just as well starve striking as starve working. The roads and operators said when we proposed arbitration and the peaceful way out, that there was nothing to arbitrate; that their workmen were satisfied, and they said, respecting a strike, that not more than ten per cent. of the mine workers would go out at the call. When, however, on the first day of the strike (September 22) 112,000 men responded to our call and remained away from work, we knew that the success of the strike was assured. Each day thereafter saw some progress until one month later to a day, when the railroads and operators began to post what we may call the second notice of surrender, 140,000 men were out. So well have the Pennsylvania miners come to understand the principle of united action that whereas just preceding the strike there were but 8,000 paid up members on the union books, there are now 100,000 members, and it will not be long before we have practically every mine worker in the anthracite regions. While the miners, by the victory now achieved, after a struggle of thirty days' duration, have not received all they originally demanded they have increased their earnings ten per cent. They have also abolished the sliding scale method of determining wages—a system in vogue for thirty years, and which the miners looked upon as a great injury to them. These conditions of employment will continue for a fixed period. Formerly there was no contract, no understanding. The operators and coal carrying and mining companies paid whatever they chose without consulting their employes. We expect upon the termination of the agreement on April 1st the miners throughout the anthracite regions will be so well organized that the railroad companies and independent operators will find it worth while to meet their men in convention and make a new agreement for one year. The bituminous railroads and operators meet their mine workers in convention annually, and this is the humane and civilized way for men to meet. Perhaps the greatest benefit of the victory now won is not to be measured by the dollars and cents which the strikers will earn in excess of the earnings before the strike took place. This conflict has brought men together. It has made them think. It has awakened hope, ambition, lofty aspirations; created a desire for knowledge, and, as a consequence, the standard of manhood has been raised to a higher plane."

HOW FOREIGN CAPITAL IS INVESTED.

It is no easy matter to explain how the people of this nation have become so heavily indebted to foreign capitalists. That we are so indebted, there is no dispute, just the amount of which is estimated by various authorities from six to fifteen

billion dollars. It is also a matter of history that at the beginning of the war of 1861 there was no foreign "investment" or capital in this country. It is also a matter of official record by the Treasury Department that between 1860 and 1896—thirty-five years—the gold that went out more than came back was \$635,580,385; the silver that went out more than came back was \$503,548,370; the merchandise that went out more than came back was \$935,726,069—a total of the three and only forms of commercial or title wealth of \$2,074,854,824 that our people have parted with for which they have received no possible equivalent. These are the factors in the case, and the basis of all deductions. You will say, if you fail to grasp the subject in all its magnitude, that the foreigners paid for this by returning our bonds and stocks. But then you will have to explain how they got our bonds and stocks if they did not pay for them in either gold, silver or merchandise, for we never use foreign money here, and we sent away more gold, silver and merchandise than they sent us, so they could have no balance due them to be paid in bonds and stocks. Before the war we owed foreigners nothing, either individually or collectively. It has all been done in the last thirty-five years. Not only have the foreigners got the best of us by more than this two billions of exchange, but also hold us in their debt by ten billions besides! It has been done by bribing our representatives and courts. No one unacquainted with the working of our national banking system can comprehend the specific methods, but that was the primal law. It was of English origin, as was also the public grants to railroads. A few Americans were used and of course were made wealthy, but the cream of the whole went to the foreign manipulators. With the profits of the first scoop of several hundred millions, they went on getting one franchise after another, one subsidy after another, until all that is of value belongs to these foreigners. To put it in a proper phrase, the foreigners have loaned the American people the credit of the American people and charged the American people compound interest on their own credit until it has absorbed the wealth of the nation. A more villainous, open knavery was never practiced on a nation of fools and the fool American public are not even yet aware of the deception. They ought to be pauperized because they refuse to use their brain cells. Poverty will cause them to think, and nothing else will agitate and liven up their deadened brain; thinking will produce activity, activity will produce a better developed mental capacity and that will produce new ability to see things clearly. It is a slow, laborious and painful process, but no other has ever been effective in rousing a nation to action that must precede all changes. The voters have permitted themselves to be as mere children in the hands of sodden and knavish politicians and are suffering by

the exploitation. That is all. The harder the times, the sooner the change. Shall these fraudulent, bribed and venal titles be recognized? Well, study the matter up and the decision will be just about what your conclusion will be. Slaves of foreigners, wake up and agitate your brain.—“Appeal to Reason.”

FROM THE EXECUTIVE BOARD.

To the Officers and Members of the W. F. M.:

Per agreement of your executive board at the adjournment of the last convention it was decided to meet six months after that date, and in accordance with that decision the president set the date for November 9th.

On that date we assembled in the headquarters at noon and took up matters pertaining to grievances. These being of little importance, we proceeded to investigate the progress made during the past six months, and comparing it with the same period in other years we found that the increase in membership was over sixty per cent.

This should give encouragement to our members and instill new life into them to redouble their efforts to make the same showing between now and the next convention.

We realize that the success of the organization greatly depends upon the success of our official organ, the Miners' Magazine, and knowing this we are astonished to learn that some unions give it little support, while others deserve great credit for the interest they have taken in it.

It is our sincere hope that every union will go to work immediately and appoint solicitors who will canvass for the magazine and appoint a press committee that will furnish news from each mining camp and thus establish a system of communication between the members that will prove interesting and instructive.

We found that some unions did not allow their share of the miners' home fund to remain in the treasury, therefore we considered it unfair to accept it from other unions that acted so generously and we decided to return the respective amount that each union contributed towards this fund and in doing so we desire to convey our thanks to all the unions that complied with the action of the convention.

We examined the books of your secretary-treasurer for the first half of the fiscal year ending September 30th, and found them correct in every detail. While we rejoice at the election of your secretary-treasurer to a more lucrative position (treasurer of Silver Bow county), we regret the loss of such a faithful and efficient officer who has done so much to build up our organization and give so much satisfaction to all true members.

carpenters of Lead City will see the advantage of organization and will soon be members of this union.

The barbers of Lead City are also organized under the Western Labor Union, and Lead Labor Union No. 105 is one of the most permanent and rapidly growing unions of workmen in the W. L. U.

Spokane, Washington, is one of the strongholds of organized labor in the Northwest, and on August 14th contributed another local to the Western Labor Union, in the name of Lathers' and Shinglers' Union No. 111.

Silverton Federal Labor Union No. 112, of Silverton, Colorado, was organized in September. There is a good field for a large and permanent federal labor union in Silverton.

The bootblacks and cooks and waiters of Portland, Oregon, were granted charters on the same day, September 18th. Portland Bakers' and Confectioners' Union No. 88 is also a strong union, which has already succeeded in benefiting the craft there. The Western Labor Union has five young unions in Portland, and there is an excellent field for future organization.

Denver Barbers' Union No. 115 was the next local to be granted a charter. This is a very prosperous and business-like organization, which recognizes in the Western Labor Union the protection it cannot secure elsewhere. This union was organized under the Western Labor Union through the efforts of Mr. P. N. McPhee, member of the executive board of the W. L. U.

A mixed local of laborers and miners was formed at Renton, Washington, September 19th, with a charter membership of forty-nine.

Mr. Charles W. Wilson, an energetic union worker of Greenwood, British Columbia, organized the cooks and waiters of that place September 22nd. Through the efforts of Mr. Wilson and Mr. John Riordan of Phoenix, British Columbia, the White Cooks' and Waiters' Union of Phoenix has also been formed. Unionism is spreading rapidly in British Columbia, and we look for a steady increase in the number of locals in that district.

Among the unions recently organized by Charles Eulitz of Seattle, Washington, may be mentioned: Tacoma Cooks' and Waiters' Union No. 118, Tacoma, Washington; Seattle Cooks' Union No. 119, Seattle, Washington; Leary Union No. 120, Leary, Washington; Tacoma Mill and Smeltermen's Union No. 121, Tacoma, Washington.

Teamsters' and Expressmen's Union No. 123 was granted a charter September 25th. This union is located at Canon City, Colorado.

Great Falls, Montana, contributed two locals to the organization during October. Organizer H. W. Stanley instituted a

strong union of bakers October 9th, and Wood, Wire and Metal Lathers' Union No. 128 was granted a charter on the 16th. Great Falls Federal Union No. 18 is one of the oldest and best locals we have. Several other crafts in Great Falls are about to be brought into the fold of the Western Labor Union, and it will not be long ere every workingman in Great Falls will be a member of some labor organization.

The hotel and restaurant employes of Helena, Montana, were organized October 7th by Mr. F. W. Cronin of Butte Cooks' and Waiters' Union No. 2. This local is "all right" in all that goes to make a progressive and effective labor union. The members have already succeeded in securing a general advance in wages, and it is our privilege to congratulate the officers and members upon the benefits they have achieved through organization.

The workingmen of Lo Lo, Montana, were organized October 16th. This union is made up of the right sort of material, and we believe it has a good future.

Mr. S. B. Lawrence, member of the executive board of the Western Labor Union, organized Hod Carriers' and Building Laborers' Union No. 130, at Victor, Colorado, October 25th. This should, and no doubt will, grow to be a large union.

Butte Bartenders' Union No. 127 is the name of an organization instituted in Butte recently by President Daniel McDonald. This union started off with an enthusiastic charter membership of nearly sixty, and there is no reason why it should not grow to several hundred within a few months.

This brings the work down to the date of writing. With regard to the organization in general, would say it is progressing as well as could be expected. While local difficulties have in some few instances tended to decrease the membership, yet in a greater number of cases there has been a steady growth.

As chairman of the Labor party in Montana during the recent campaign, President McDonald has been unable to give that part of the jurisdiction outside of Montana much attention in the way of organization, but now that the campaign has closed he intends to engage actively and earnestly in the work of building up the organization throughout the entire West.

Too much credit cannot be given the Western Federation of Miners for its helpful interest in the success of the Western Labor Union. In the inter-mountain states particularly has this aid been essential to our progress. With a continuance of these harmonious relations and friendly co-operation between the Western Federation of Miners and the Western Labor Union comes the assurance of better conditions and a brighter future for the working people of the Great West.

CLARENCE SMITH,

Secretary-Treasurer Western Labor Union.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN THE WORLD.

If I were asked to name the spots of the earth where my eyes had the privilege of beholding the most beautiful specimens of womanhood, I think I would name the streets of Budapest and the drawing rooms of Ireland. If, on the other hand, I were asked to say whether there is not, perchance, a spot of the earth where no woman is absolutely, helplessly plain, where she always has a redeeming feature to speak in her favor, I would unhesitatingly answer: Yes, the United States of America, for in that country let a woman have as unpleasant a face as possible, as bad a figure as "they make them," there is an air of independence, a deliberate gait, a pair of intelligent eyes that will go a long way toward making you forget, or overlook, the shortcomings of the body.

On the whole, I think the Hungarian women are the most beautiful in the world. They have the face of Madonnas and the figures of Greek statues; both Raphael and Phidias would have chosen them for models. They are not languishing, diaphanous creatures; they are the embodiment of health and strength. They stand erect and straight, are hearty and vigorous to the core, perfect pictures of abounding vitality. Yet their limbs and features are full of delicacy. They have large eyes and small feet, full arms, plump hands with small, tapering fingers and delicious ankles. The inclination of the shoulders is perfect, and the bosom absolutely classical. No curve is exaggerated, but every one is there, the right size in the right place. The sun has spread a reddish golden tint, like the color of a beautiful ripe peach, over her complexion. Her gait is easy, her bearing natural and full of dignity.

She seldom presents a riddle to the psychologist, and effeminate ethereal poets do not sing of her. She is the vigorous embodiment of sensible womanhood. As her exterior, so her whole character, enchantingly fresh and matter of fact. She eats well and heartily, and is an athlete. She swims, dances, rides, walks. In England you find very pretty faces among the lowest class of people; in France you seldom do. In Hungary grace and beauty know no difference between high and low, and often bestow upon a poor, barefooted, shortskirted peasant girl (with her beautiful oval face framed in a kerchief tied under her chin) the same ravishing form, the same graceful carriage, the same magically attractive glance as upon her more favored sister.

But who can touch, even approach, the Irish woman, with her dark hair, her blue, sometimes light purple, large eyes, her glorious complexion, her soft, velvety skin, her beautiful, graceful form? Sometimes the lower portion of the face is a little too long, but her brow is beyond competition. The Irish wo-

man is a symphony in white satin. Add to these physical attractions the brightness of her complexion, the amiability of her smile, and you will come to the conclusion that her charm is unapproachable.

There is so much patriotism in the world, or, I should rather say, so much provincialism that men, all over the earth, give the palm for beauty to the women of their own country. Now, dear American friends, you know this is true. Would any of you deny that the American women are the most beautiful women in the world? I am sorry to say that the beauty of French women is praised by my compatriots only.

I am such a cosmopolitan that I have no biased mind. I have been a traveler for thirty years. In 1870 I shed a pint of blood and lost the use of my right arm (for military purposes at any rate), so that France and myself are quits, and I feel I have a right to express myself on French topics quite as freely and independently as on any other country. I thoroughly believe that the French women are the most charming and certainly the most sensible women (where would France be now but for the women?), but they are far from being beautiful. They have not the eyes of the Spanish women, nor the complexion and shapely figures of the English, nor the brilliant faces of the American women; but what makes them charming is that they have a little bit of everything of which they know how to make the best. The French woman is an ensemble.

It must be admitted that, after praising the women of their own country, most men award to Spanish women the palm for beauty. The conclusion must naturally be that Spanish women are very beautiful; but to my mind it is a kind of beauty that does not appeal to the heart or the soul as it does to the senses. Her large eyes, veiled by thick lashes, her delicate nose and well-formed, ever-moving nostrils, her undulating form, the suppleness, almost boneless, beautifully moulded limbs and figures, her vigor, her languor—every fiber of the Spanish woman's body, I say, appeals to the senses. She does not make you dream of sentimental walks by moonlight, much less still of a quiet happy, life in a cottage covered with jasmine, honeysuckle and roses. In her company you would never dream of being mayor of your city and father of a numerous family. No, the Spanish woman strikes you as a bewitchingly beautiful creature, jealous, sensitive, proud, a sort of mixture of lioness and tigress that would suggest to you the idea of spending your life sailing on a stormy sea. On looking at her you would almost like to start an acquaintance with a quarrel. If I were married to a fair woman of Andalusia, I would feel that the best moments of my life would be "making it up" with her.

If the law of my country made polygamy compulsory, I

would make love to an English woman or fair daughter of Virginia; I would have my house kept by a German wife; my artistic inclinations I would trust to a French woman; my intellectual ones to an American one. Then, when life got a bit dull (but would it, with so many wives?) and I wanted my blood stirred up, I would call on my Spanish wife. I would get it.—Max O'Rell in Chicago American.

M'GINLEY PLEADS GUILTY.

Ed Boyce, Editor Miners' Magazine:

In No. 11 of the Miner's Magazine you called the attention of the delegates to the last convention to the fact that you were in company of a cool, conservative personage, none other than myself, and in reply will say that I will acknowledge the charge to a certain degree and plead guilty, as in my humble opinion the poor wage slave ought to be not only cool and conservative, but should at any and all times be submissive and bow in reverence to their masters.

The only question that troubles me now is: What will my cool-headed comrades do when they see ship load after ship load of the natives of the Philippine islands landed in our country? Will the cry be then a full dinner pail or a tin cup? I see that the wave of McKinley prosperity has struck a small hamlet known as a great gold refining center—Florence, Colorado—struck it so hard that they have increased the hours from eight per day to ten and twelve hours per day, and to show the working people that they are in sympathy with them they cut their wages 20 cents per day. Will some of my colleagues answer in a good, cool, conservative way the remedies for these evils? Yours fraternally,

D. P. M'GINLEY,
Fin. Secy. M. U. No. 19.

The campaign is over and the people who have been hearing and reading of nothing but politics for several months, are taking a well-earned rest. We, ourselves, made our last issue entirely political. To make up for this we give our readers two short stories and two poems this issue, and a longer instalment of the continued story. Next month we shall begin the publication of a series of lessons on the "History of Labor in Ancient Times," by Henry Cohen. These lessons are written in a simple, readable style, and cannot fail to be interesting as well as instructive to all students of the labor question. In the present issue we begin an essay on the "Single Tax," written by the same gentleman three years ago for a prize offered by the Rocky Mountain News. The four propositions criticised were submitted by the Denver Single Tax Club.

relatives, a copy be inserted in the local press, in the Miners' Magazine and the Pueblo Courier, and spread on our minutes.

(Signed)

O. M. CARPENTER,
MOSE FARAGHER,
V. ST. JOHN.

GILMAN HEARD FROM.

Gilman, Oct. 19, 1900.

Editor Miners' Magazine:

Dear Sir—As there has been no communication from this neck of the woods, I beg leave to submit the following:

We are very much alive here, and despite the fact that our town has been swept off the face of the earth by fire our union has remained staunch and firm and is building up more rapidly than the town. We are taking in new members every night and a feeling of good fellowship exists between our union and the mine mangers. We have an eight-hour work day and everything is going along harmoniously. We are holding our meetings in the school house and at the rate new members are coming in it will soon be too small to accommodate the crowd, but a hall is under construction and as soon as completed we will hold our meetings there. We have some very earnest workers in our ranks who never tire in their efforts for the upbuilding of humanity, and while we have had some difficulties to contend with in the past they have never faltered in their noble work and are rewarded for their labors by seeing as staunch a union established on Battle mountain as there is within the jurisdiction of the W. F. of M.

We have noted with joy the release of our brothers from San Quentin and it is our earnest wish that the release of Paul Corcoran will soon follow.

Wishing you every success, I remain yours in unity and
fraternity.

ROBT. T. STINSON.

SANDON MINERS' UNION NO. 81, W. F. M.

By the end of this month Sandon Miners' Union will have their own building, which will be the handsomest in the "Silver" city and an ornament to organized labor. For the benefit of many of our members who are scattered all over the various mining camps I will give a few details of our structure:

The building is eighty feet deep, with a frontage of thirty-eight feet. The hall, which will be used for concerts, dances, etc., will be 45x37 feet and the stage fifteen feet. The height is eighteen feet six inches. We will also have two stores in front of the hall 20x14 feet each. On the second floor we will have a fraternity hall for the use of the secret societies in Sandon.

The dimensions of this hall are 50x26 feet and thirteen feet high. There are also a reception and two paraphernalia rooms in connection with this hall for the use of the various orders. This floor has also two offices in front, one 16x14 feet, the other 20x14 feet.

In the basement below the stage there are two dressing rooms and a lavatory and in the front basement a furnace and lavatory. The whole building will be heated by hot air and lighted by electricity. This will give our friends an idea of our handsome building, of which we are justly proud.

I may mention that Chris Foley and James Wilks were the first to address a public meeting in our (unfinished) hall.

The estimated cost of the building, including furnishings, etc., will be in the neighborhood of \$9,000.

The union also made great improvements on their hospital, which is a credit to British Columbia.

The architect of the union building was J. W. Balmain, C. E. Many new members are being added to the federation and everything seems to be going on smoothly at this time of writing.

PRESS COMMITTEE.

RANDBURG PROSPEROUS.

Randsburg, November 12, 1900.

As the winter season approaches Randsburg Union No. 44 is entering upon a season of unparalleled prosperity. No local in the federation enjoys in a larger degree the blessings of zeal, rectitude and intelligence in its official family. Its increase in membership is very satisfactory and embraces much good timber that will prove strong and serviceable in the future defense of the rights of labor.

Several of our most valued members are now at work in the unorganized camp of Bisbee, A. T., where they report wages and conditions fair, but, like Randsburg, the town is flooded with unemployed men during the cool months of winter.

The cold chill and creepy feeling experienced by a large majority here when the plutocratic landslide became known the night of election has given way in spots, as the first glad news from the mountain states received confirmation.

Though the outposts of organized labor in the West have been overrun, its citadels are preserved unscathed, thanks to the fidelity and intelligence of the noble workingmen in Colorado, Montana and Nevada, who defended their principles with their ballots. In California we are defeated, but not conquered. Our fraternal pride is stirred and our drooping spirits revived by their magnificent example.

Let the work of organization be pushed as never before. Through that medium, and that only, can the rank and file of

labor be qualified to defend its interests against the constant encroachments of the exploiting class.

Local No. 44 feels pardonable pride in its affiliation with those stalwart labor organizations which have kept alight the torch of industrial freedom in the Rocky Mountains. It can confidently be relied upon to do its part and to loyally uphold the officers of the W. F. of M. in the great work of promoting the welfare and protecting the interests of the working man throughout their jurisdiction.

PRESS COMMITTEE.

PROTECTION AND BENEFITS OF UNIONISM.

Unionism, from a miner's standpoint, is something that at the present time requires the earnest attention of all laboring miners. In California special consideration is absolutely necessary, and unless well looked into and intelligently acted upon it may be soon too late. California is to-day the poorest organized state in the West and we are suffering from more different scales of wages and have more poorly paid men than any other Western state—any wage from \$1.25 to \$4 and any time from eight to twelve hours—and no protection. We hear on all sides the various facts, and the only protection to be found is thorough organization and protection will follow. We can then demand our just rights and our demands will be considered.

California practically offers no protection to the miner—no mining inspector, no specified hours of labor, and in most places a forced collection of one dollar per month doctor's fee and the mining company chooses the doctor.

We contend that the only protection the working man will ever have is organization and united action. We have voted election after election to protect every industry of this great nation and as a result we have more trusts and greater concentration of capital than any other nation. But no vote has been cast to protect labor, the actual producer of all wealth. We may vote to protect the industries, but we must organize to protect labor.

By being fully organized into unions the miner protects: First, himself by close and fraternal association, keeps in touch with passing events and prevents undue competition; thereby keeps labor at a higher standard and raises the laborer morally and socially. It protects (and should be advocated by) the mine owner, by producing better workers, by understanding thoroughly the conditions surrounding both workers and owners and by a system of education, make better men generally of the working class. It is a well known fact that the better men hired at any place the more protection it affords the owners. It also assists and protects the laboring man, inasmuch as it

There is also a final Court of Arbitration for the entire colony, composed of three members, appointed by the governor. One is appointed from the names suggested by labor organizations; one from the names suggested by the employers or their organizations, and the third is one of the supreme judges of the colony. The decision of this board is final and binds employer and employer alike, for a term of two years, during which time failure on the part of either party to abide by the decision subjects them to a penalty not greater than £500.

Are the miners of the West going to demand of their representatives some remedial legislation in their favor, or will they show the same indifference to legislation as heretofore?

E. G. SWIFT.

A CRITICISM OF THE SINGLE TAX THEORY.

(By Henry Cohen.)

First Proposition—"The reason why, in spite of the increase of productive power, wages constantly tend to a minimum which will give but a bare living, is that, with increase of productive power rent tends to even greater increase, thus producing a constant tendency to the forcing down of wages."

Rent cannot be the prime factor in forcing down wages because land is not. This does not involve the question of dispensability, because without land production is impossible, but it means that under the present system of production and exchange land is not of primary importance as the price paid for its use is a smaller drain on industry than the sum paid for the use of the other factor of production.

The Ricardian law of rent applied to land according to its variations in productivity, meant the difference in its natural wealth. Thus fruitful soil, rich mineral land or fine forests were the examples of land on which rent was high. The Single Taxer of to-day does not lay much stress on this kind of rent because to do so is to open the door to the enemy, the Malthusians. It was the Malthusian contention that there was not enough good land to go around and the increase of laborers forced them to work poorer and poorer lands. To admit this is to say that there is not enough good land and brings us back to the "dismal science" of political economy for which Malthus was responsible. The Single Taxers therefore repudiate the Malthusian doctrine, and claim there is enough good land and that the economic rent arising from degrees of natural productivity is of very little importance when compared with the economic rent which arises in another way, and that is by growth of great industrial centers—large cities. The Ricardian rent idea represented the natural differences in op-

portunities. The Single Taxer's idea of rent represents the artificial differences of opportunities.

The growth of cities like London, New York and Chicago are therefore their examples of the increase of rent. Everybody uses land and from the direct use of the soil by the farmer to the use made of it by building a factory or store upon it, less land is used as regards the actual surface, yet land of greater value is used. This is the Single Taxer's contention. But the growth of cities is a result of a high development of the arts of civilization, and in that development must be included all the advancement in science and art, all the improvements in the means and methods of production, and these have developed more rapidly than the increase of land values. The production of most wealth, beginning with the taking of it out of the earth in its raw state and going through the various stages of production is carried on where rent is low. That is in general, production is not carried on in the heart of the largest cities, and it is only when products are ready for exchange and are sent to the market that the place is reached where rent is high. It is not in New York, Boston, Philadelphia or Chicago that most of the mills, factories and foundries are located. In the main, goods only reach these places when ready for the consumer. It is true that some forms of production are carried on in these cities, but it is most often where the manufacturer himself sells without the intervention of middlemen, and combines in himself both the functions of producer and distributor.

To illustrate with the largest concerns, such as the Pullman Car Works or the Carnegie Steel Works, one is a certain number of miles from Chicago, the other a certain number from Pittsburg. There is no special reason why they are located in the particular spots where we find them. The land they occupy represents a very small part of their wealth, and around them there is plenty of land equally good for the purpose they put it to, which can be had for a small sum. In fact when a new industry is established the land is of the least importance. Should a company come to Denver to-morrow and announce their willingness to start a factory here and invest a million dollars on condition that a site would be furnished them free, the citizens of Denver would donate the required land. Thus this factor becomes so unimportant as to be had for the asking, as far as production is concerned.

As industries become more complex the quantity of capital engaged in production grows larger and larger and the payment for the use of that capital becomes a much more powerful factor in forcing down wages than rent, and when by the introduction of greater improvements in machinery the same number of workmen have their productive power increased many

fold without even increasing the size of the building in which they work, to say nothing of needing more land, we see how these improvements tend toward the use of relatively less and less land, making rent a proportionally smaller burden. In other words, the buildings, machinery and raw materials cost many times more than the site.

This process is not limited to production. In exchange the same thing occurs. It used to be that hardly any business could be conducted unless on the ground floor and close to the street; the corner was of particular value. A few lines of business were possible on the second floor, and above that no one thought of going. The department store has changed this. A whole square is taken and the space 100 feet back from the street is as fully used as any other part. The second story, which used to be the exception, is as fully in use as the first, and so is the third, which no one ever thought of using, and the fourth, which was simply out of the question, to say nothing of the others. The land on which this store is located is no more valuable than that across the street on which such a store can be duplicated. Here is a saving of land, of labor and a quicker turning over of capital, which is also a saving. If the department store is to keep on growing, the seven and eight stories they now have can be and no doubt would be extended until sixteen, eighteen and twenty stories are reached, as in office buildings.

Cities like Chicago, where population has quintupled in twenty-eight years, and therefore the large buildings have not lessened the demand for store or office room, are not fair illustrations. All the progress in civilization and industry cannot minimize the amount of land needed when such a formidable increase in population takes place, but no Single Taxer will contend for a moment that such increase is ordinary phenomena, if it were all their arguments against Malthus would fall, and neither the Single Taxer nor any other plan of reform would help matters in the face of such terrific increase of population, greater in ratio than the wildest dream of Malthusian. Greater in ratio than the wildest dream of any Malthusian.

new wants come into existence, says the Single Taxer. This is true. But are these wants of such a nature that more land is required? The material wants of men are few. Are not the raw materials from which the various products are made ample as a quantity? Their improvement in quality is the direction that new wants manifest themselves. This involves more labor and a higher order of skill, more capital, more exchanges. Possibly this new production will require more land, but not land of great value. The distribution of the new product does not require more. A dealer in fine paintings does not need any

more space to sell masterpieces of art than a dealer in dollar chromos needs to sell his wares. A jeweler can sell diamonds in the same sized store (aye, a smaller store,) than another can dispose of potatoes.

The total production of wealth in 1890 amounted to 13,600 million dollars in round numbers. This was the value of the finished products when sold to the consumer. The value given to these products by the different processes are as follows: The extractive industries, those that furnish the raw materials (so-called), contributed 4,100 million dollars to this value, manufacturing gave an additional 5,100 million dollars, transportation added 1,800 million dollars, and finally trade increased it by 2,500 million dollars.

Out of this 2,500 million dollars of value labor received 1,100 million dollars in wages, leaving 1,400 million dollars as the gross profits of trade. Out of this sum the interest on the capital invested, risk, wages of superintendence and rent were paid, so the rent must have been only a fraction of this 1,400 million dollars, which in its entirety is but little over one-tenth of the total wealth produced during that year. And this is in the last process of production, which we can see is conducted where land is high and which must therefore yield up more rent than the other processes; in fact, pays nearly all the rent. Here we can see how small the rent factor is when compared with the others.

Second Proposition—"Rent belongs to the community and not to the individual."

To say that rent belongs to the community and not to the individual implies that the community is something outside of the sum total of individuals. Now what is the community if not this totality? They live and move and have their being as individuals. When we speak of rights it must be the rights of persons and when all these persons have their rights there are none left for what is called the community. Are these individuals entitled to equal shares of rent? How does rent arise? Land values, like all other values, are created by labor. The mere living together, associate life, creates nothing. It can and does give greater efficiency to labor performed under such conditions, over isolated labor. But since the laborer himself cooperates with this end in view he is entitled to this benefit.

If rent results from labor performed under these conditions and it does not belong to those who get it, and of whom it is said they did not create it, no more does it belong to all the people; if it is to be divided at all it should go to the useful workers in the exact measure that each one has contributed to it and no other, and what that measure is no one can tell. While one individual may pocket more rent than another at present, if all share in it, whether they had a part in creating some of it

or not, or if they only contributed very little toward it, inequality still prevails.

Does the rent in the city limits of Chicago belong to the people within those limits, or to the people of Illinois? If a Kansas farmer sends a thousand bushels of wheat to Chicago each year does he not contribute more to the business of that city, and thus increase its rent, than some of its own citizens? Is this farmer to share in the distribution of Chicago's rent? If he is, will not some of it go to his neighbor, who sends no wheat to Chicago, but sends it to Liverpool?

That rent belongs to the community involves us in a peculiar method of procedure, for it means that a man occupying a piece of farm land and raising certain products not necessarily for local consumption, and therefore not making his living off his neighbors, may have people settle around his land and in time a city begins to grow up. These new settlers come without his invitation; after they come his land becomes more valuable for other uses than the present, that they, and not he, wish to put it; unwilling to change it to those new uses, he must get out. In other words, the community says: "We increase the value of your land and as less land has now the same value, we will simply push back your fence each year and confiscate the increase to the community." So the fence moves back until the farm is reduced to the size of a market garden and in time to the size of a lot. The man who applies his labor to land must have the right to dispose of his product, whatever it may be, without having it measured, weighed and inspected by a public official and finally cut off by him, even as the monkey in the fable, who equalized the two pieces of cheese brought him by the disputing cats by taking a bite off the larger piece.

The desire for equality springs from the idea that inequality is the cause of present evils, it is only its effect. It is not the difference in opportunities which makes one man's labor more productive than another, that has brought about present inequalities; rather is it that those who have the most wealth made it through privileges and did not work at all, using the word work to mean productive labor.

The law of equal freedom, which says that all men should be free so long as they do not interfere with the equal freedom of others, is the best guide in questions of this kind. It is not a deduction from the law of equal freedom that the uncertain quantity rent should go to the abstraction called the community, but that the laborer should be free to apply his labor to land. And when in possession of land to continue free in the use of it, not only from landlords, but from tax gatherers as well, whether they want to collect directly or indirectly.

By limiting the possession of land to the personal occu-

erty, showed how a valuable painting owned by him was assessed at a very much lower figure than an inferior one belonging to his neighbor, simply because it was smaller in size. Other Single Taxers quote similar difficulties in the assessment of the different forms of wealth outside of land. Under a Single Tax system the full annual value of land would be taxed, thus destroying its selling price. There would be no way to value a holding except by demand and supply, so it would be necessary to throw open all holdings to the highest bidder every year. The bids would only be for the site, not for the improvements. The latter would be appraised by a committee selected for that purpose. This committee would fix the compensation which the owner would receive for his improvements, upon the receipt of which he would have to make way for the man who bid more than he did for the land. Now, if it is such a difficult thing to assess a painting, will not this same difficulty come up when a large business must be appraised?

This right to appraise and sell all improvements when the incumbent's bid is not the highest gives the state a more arbitrary and dangerous power than it has had for many a day. And if difficulties stand in the way of equitable assessment of improvements, and if, as Henry George has said, so much corruption exists among officials because improvements are taxed, will not all these be multiplied when, instead of putting a two per cent. assessment on property, the selling of it outright is involved every year? Is not the temptation to be corrupt in proportion to the amount involved?

Even if such a committee of appraisers were honest and intelligent, and correctly valued a man's store, having placed their valuation on the building and permanent fixtures, how can they tell how much he should get for his enterprise in building up a trade, and how much he should be paid for advertising it? How can he be compensated for efforts put forth which could not bear fruit for several years? Or are we to understand that no such efforts should be put forth, and everything is to be from hand to mouth, with a possible breakup every first of January? To realize such a system is impossible, because such uncertainty would be the ruination of all the industries carried on where rent is high, and indirectly affect all business.

If experience has taught us anything, it is that there can be no progress and no improvement unless there is security of tenure. Over a hundred years ago Arthur Young said: "Give a man a rock with a peasant proprietorship and he will make a garden of it; give him a garden under a system of rack-rent and he will let it become as barren as a rock." If this is true of agricultural lands how much more is it true of the vast enterprises where it is not simply a matter of waiting a season for a crop, but waiting many seasons for returns. Is it not the

Population was shown to be increasing at a rate which would not leave standing room on the planet in a few generations. It frightened a large number of people at the time and nothing seemed more plausible. The census showed the rate of increase and a school boy could calculate it. It is just 100 years since it was broached and to-day there "are none so poor to do it reverence." To-day the theory of rent frightens people in the same way. The price of city lots are shown to have increased and the ratio of increase is calculated which will soon make billionaires of the present millionaires. As the Malthusians failed to consider other factors, so the Single Taxers of to-day fail to grasp them, and the forces that even now make for the reduction of rent are ignored, to say nothing of the possibilities of progress and invention, which will go further in this direction. Henry George, on page 316 of "Progress and Poverty," speaks of the great reduction of economic rent which would result from forcing vacant land into use by the Single Tax. Such a reduction can be accomplished by any system which will force idle land into use, and how much could be done in that direction without taxation is not fully appreciated.

When Oklahoma territory was first thrown open people rushed there by the thousand. In southern Kansas the exodus was so great that whole towns were depopulated. Here was an opportunity to get land in a distant and half wild place, and people flocked to it from all parts of the country. If instead of this, land were thrown open everywhere, an abundance of land for all purposes could be obtained. Such diffusion of population would greatly decrease rent. Even if new cities were formed the whole amount of rent would be less, because the more population is scattered the more rent falls. If all people were agriculturists, and were living on farms of equal size and value, economic rent would disappear. With free land rent would diminish and the transportation monopoly would fall. Monopoly of land which crowds people together in cities, as in New York, makes the question of transportation in such a city a difficult one, and gives the franchise of the Manhattan Elevated road such great value.

Land monopoly in the country has the contrary effect, and scatters population there as badly as it crowds it in cities and makes a railroad monopoly possible. In the city the lack of a place to build new roads is the difficulty; in the country the great distance between places makes the building of railroads so gigantic a task. When a farmer must send his crop a thousand miles to a market, which in the absence of land monopoly could be grown within a hundred miles of such a market, we see how land monopoly bolsters up that of transportation and makes rent possible in the shape of the valuable franchises held by railroad and other companies.

If no other titles were recognized than those of occupancy and use in landholding it would thin out the cities and bring the farmers closer together in the country until the evils of overcrowding in the one and spreading out in the other would be entirely overcome. This double movement would have a tremendous effect in decreasing rent, and if a better organization of credit were added, labor being no longer dependent on the few crumbs it may pick up in a large city, would seek "green fields and pastures new" in the most literal sense. This system would not need methods of assessment, committees to value improvements, but would accomplish all these ends by the simpler and surer method of asking government to take its hands off, a much better way than the complicated and uncertain method of having it further interfere with land. Only when a dispute arose would interference be necessary, and the disputes in new communities where possessory titles are the only ones, are fewer than the many interminable lawsuits under our present system, or those that would follow the annual farming out of holdings under the Single Tax.

We have already touched upon the part capital plays in production, found it more important than land and therefore the means of drawing to itself a larger sum in payment for its use. By this was meant the present active capital engaged in production. In addition to this, interest is paid to-day for dead capital, long since borrowed and used up and which is now a legal claim on industry.

Interest is what causes involuntary idleness and poverty. How completely the owner of money is the master of the situation is best shown when a panic strikes us. What are the principal phenomena of a panic? Failures multiply, business is paralyzed and prices shrink. This means that the value of money has increased, or that the value of everything else has decreased. And in this decrease land is the most affected. Here we have additional proof that increased land values are not the principal cause of poverty; were it so, the decrease in land values after a panic would make land cheaper to labor and thus better the times, but the times do not get better with this cheapening of land, but worse. The improvement in business does not come for the longest time, in fact, when it does improve the price of land is rising and the greater the improvement the more rapid the rise. This high price of land is continuous and only begins falling again with the next depression. Could there be a more complete refutation of the importance of land reform than this?

Our money and credit system is to blame. In good times the largest part of our business is done on credit, and when this credit collapses and we are reduced to a cash basis the money is called upon to do the work is formerly did as medium

of exchange and to replace the vanished credit besides. This double use enhances its value. When confidence returns, that is, when people are sufficiently over their fear, they begin to expand credit.

Then it is that the times improve and the value of land, labor and capital increase. It is strange that the value of three such tangible factors in the production of wealth have their price fixed and should be so dependent on such an intangible a thing as credit, yet it is true. That land, labor and capital all collapse in value at the same time and increase simultaneously proves that their concurrent rise and fall is caused by something outside of themselves. That something is the limitation on credit which keeps us between the devil of usury and the deep sea of bankruptcy.

The Glasgow Weekly Mail publishes the following verbatim report of the chairman's speech in giving the toast of "The Queen" at a recent agricultural show dinner in Scotland: "Noo, gentlemen, will ye a' fill your glasses, for I'm about to bring forrit 'The Queen.' Oor queen, gentlemen, is really a wonderfu' woman, if I may say it; she's ane o' the guid auld sort. Nae Whigmaleeries or falderals about her, but a douce daecent lady. She's respectable beyond a' doot. She has brocht up a grand family o' weel-faured lads and lasses—her auldest son being a credit an ony mither—and they're a' weel married. Ane daughter is nae less than married to the Duke o' Argyll's son and heir. Gentlemen, ye'll may be no' believe it, but I ance saw the queen. I did. It was when I took my auld broon coo to Perth Show. I remember her weel—such color, such hair!" (Interruption, and cries of "Is it the coo or the queen ye're proposing?") "The queen, gentlemen. I beg your pardon, but I was talking about the coo. However, as to the queen, somebody pointed her oot to me at Perth Station, and there she was, smart and tidy-like; and says I to mysel': 'Gin my auld woman at hame slips awa', ye needna remain a widower anither hour langer.' Noo, gentlemen, the whusky's guid, the night is lang, the weather is wet, and the roads are saft, and will harm naebody that comes to grief. So aff wi' yet drink to the bottom! 'The Queen!'"

"Give me some of those buns," said a boarding-house keeper to her baker. "Them ain't buns, they're loaves of bread," said the baker, in surprise, as he watched the quotations on flour move upward.—Indianapolis News.

from his work as a newspaper man he gave much time to the sick as a labor of love.

"That poor fellow, Barclay, has just gone," he replied, in answer to Towne's query, "and the worst of it is there was no need of his dying, but he didn't care to live; he just let go his grip and went. Just before he died he gave me these," pulling a packet from his breast pocket. "It's some woman who has made all the trouble in his life. The poor devil had taken a great liking to you, Towne, and so he wanted you to write her. Thought you'd make it sound easier."

"As he spoke he unrolled the paper around the package rather distastefully, and Jack, with an almost reverential look on his face, drew near the table. There was a great number of letters from the same place and person, for they all looked alike, and one he had evidently tried to write her before his strength failed. Davis glanced at one or two, then silently burned the lot. The last one was very thin, a single sheet with no name or address. It had been the one that had broken his heart. I can remember word for word the few words he read: 'I am a very miserable and wicked girl!—but, oh! I never meant to do you such harm. For a little while—a very little while—I was so happy and contented, for the first time, the first time in years—or ever. But now either I am not capable of loving any man as I should or else—there is some one else I could love better. Oh, my wicked ambition! Forgive and set me free.' Said Towne, sharply: 'You've no business to read that.' There was a disgusted look on his handsome face.

"I was young and a cynic in those days and though not being particularly amused, laughed scornfully: 'So much for woman's constancy; they're all alike.'

"They are not, thank God," said Jack, softly.

"The woman who wrote that letter is neither bad nor heartless," said Davis, slowly. "Probably one of those clever women who have too much brains for their own happiness."

"Yes, there are two types of women who are well off, those who are all brains and no heart, and those who are all heart and no brains; the former get along best, but the latter must have some deliciously happy moments," I replied.

"Again Towne looked indignant.

"Well, we took the letter poor Barclay had begun, the most tender and pitiful thing—or rather the lines were, for we had no desire to pry into the matter unnecessarily—and Jack, at our urging and with our help, wrote one that would give her a bad hour. Yes, no matter what she was, she wouldn't feel very happy after reading it. Not that it was cruel. Jack couldn't have penned a cruel letter to any woman, whatever the provocation. When it was finished we suddenly remembered that we had no address and didn't even know the girl's

name. 'It may be on the photo,' said Davis. We had not looked at that. Jack laid a detaining hand on his arm. 'Dont, old man,' he said, softly. 'It seems like desecration. The poor fellow who's gone wouldn't want anyone else to see that face. He loved her. Let's let it go. She will learn of his death through the papers, anyway. The letter we have written wouldn't comfort her any.'

"But Davis unwrapped the picture and laid it on the table before us.

"I have seen many beautiful faces, but never one that held you as that one did. It wasn't mere beauty, but the dark eyes looked at you so eagerly and wistfully that the mouth seemed ready to speak. It was so alive it fairly startled me. The head was thrown proudly back on a long, slender neck, and crowned with hair as dark as the eyes. It was a young face and yet the face of a woman who had suffered and was pressing on to meet some great tragedy.

"'Good heavens!' cried Davis. Jack's head had fallen forward on the table, his lips, even, were gray. From a vision of joyous youth he had changed to a pillar as changeless and expressionless as Lot's wife.

"'Jack, for God's sake—'

"He reeled to his feet and drew from his breast pocket a picture and laid it beside the other. The two were precisely alike.

"Leaving it there, without a word he went out of the room."

"O, did you send the letter?" asked the girl across the table, "and what became of Jack?"

"No, we never sent the letter. We burned it and the pictures, too. Your other question I can't answer."

"Ah!" said the girl, breathlessly, "maybe he married her after all. He might have forgiven in time. After all, every girl you meet has a broken engagement behind her."

But McAllister merely shook his head.

THE BRIDE WHO CHANGED HER MIND.

"You say you don't believe in fate, you fellows," said young Fred Julian, as he entertained a party of boon companions in his bachelor rooms. "Well, that's because, at present, you haven't had an opportunity of judging from personal experience."

"Well, and have you?" asked a chorus of voices.

"Rather! It was a little incident that occurred about six months ago, interesting—to me, at least—and if you like I'll tell you all about it."

"'Oh, well, I shouldn't let that worry me, if I were you,' I said soothingly. 'It's disappointing, but they will be able to fix it up all right without you.'

"The blushes deepened and the girl hung her head.

"'I'm afraid they—I mean, I—'

"She broke off in confusion and the old lady bent toward her.

"'I quite understand, my dear,' she said. 'It wouldn't be a wedding without the bride. I'm sorry for you, but you mustn't fret. It can't be helped now, and you must send a wire directly we get to York.'

"This seemed to raise the girl's spirits, and she began to laugh, a little hysterically perhaps at first. Then she thanked me prettily for doing nothing and begged me to smoke, and declared she really didn't mind the smell at all, but rather liked it. When the train rushed through Petersborough she laughed more merrily still, and was so charming and unaffected that long before we reached York we were chatting together like old friends. We found out then that we had mutual acquaintances; that our respective homes were situated but a few miles from each other, and many other interesting facts.

"When the train drew up I proposed to assist her in finding out the telegraph office, and thither, therefore, we went.

"'I don't think I'll send a wire, after all,' she said hesitatingly, as we found the place.

"'Why not?' I said, in some surprise.

"'Because—because I think I'll go straight home.'

"'But think of the anxiety of the poor chap,' I said feelingly. 'Why, he may be thinking all kinds of dreadful things have happened to you.'

"She stood irresolute for a moment; then picked up a form and wrote, and, for the life of me, I couldn't resist looking over. All that she said was:

"'I have changed my mind.—Phyllis.'

"'Of all the cool cheek, that is the coolest!' I thought.

"But I stepped back and pretended to be much interested in the company's timetable.

"'Now we must find out the next train back,' I said, as she turned again to me; 'and then we will have some tea. You must want some badly.'

"'But your train—you will surely lose it,' she murmured.

"'York is my destination,' I said untruthfully.

"After that I found out there was no train for an hour, and we took our way to the tea room, where my pretty companion made me her willing and sympathetic confidant. She was unhappy, very unhappy, at home, and in an ill-guarded moment had agreed to a runaway match without the knowledge of her parents. Now she was thankful, very thankful, that she had

been prevented. It seemed like fate. That was the summary of her remarks.

"There, now, you fellows," broke off the narrator abruptly. "I needn't tell you much more; only that we exchanged cards, agreed to see one another in London, and that we parted cheerfully at York."

"And did you fulfill those promises?" said one of the listeners, with interest.

"Oh, yes; we have seen some little of each other since then."

"And her name?"

"Will soon be Julian," said the young man promptly.—
Penny Pictorial Magazine.

THE STRANGE OCCURRENCES IN CANTERSTONE JAIL.

(By Richard Marsh.)

V.

Then the chaplain disappeared. His disappearance was followed by what might be described as an abject silence. The governor eyed his colleagues furtively. At last he stammered out a question.

"Well, Major, what do you think of this?"

The Major sank into a chair, expressing his thoughts by a gasp. Mr. Paley turned his attention to the doctor.

"What do you say, Doctor?"

"I say?—I say nothing."

"I suppose," murmured the Major, in what seemed to be the ghost of his natural voice, "that I did knock him down?"

"The doctor seemed to have something to say on that point, at any rate."

"Knock him down!—I should think you did! Like a log of wood!"

The Major glanced at the governor. Mr. Paley shook his head. The Major groaned. The governor began to be a little agitated.

"Something must be done. It is out of the question that such a scandal should be allowed to go out into the world. I would not hesitate to say that if the chaplain sends in to the commissioners the report which he threatens to send, the situation will be to the last degree unpleasant for all of us."

"The point is," observed the doctor—"are we, collectively and individually, subject to periodical attacks of temporary insanity?"

"Speaking for myself, I should say certainly not."

Dr. Livermore turned on the governor.

"Then perhaps you will suggest a hypothesis which will reasonably account for what has just occurred." The govern-

or was silent. "Unless you are prepared to seek for a cause in the regions of phenomena."

"Supposing," murmured the Major, "there is such a thing as witchcraft after all?"

"We should have the Psychological Research Society down on us, if we had nobody else, if we appended our names to a confession of faith." The doctor thrust his thumbs into his waistcoat armholes. "And I should lose every patient I have."

There was a tapping at the door. In response to the governor's invitation, the chief warder entered. In general there was in Mr. Murray's bearing a not distant suggestion of an inflated bantam-cock or pouter-pigeon. It was curious to observe how anything in the shape of inflation was absent now. He touched his hat as he addressed the governor—his honest, rubicund, somewhat pugnacious face, eloquent of the weight that was on his mind.

"Excuse me, sir. I said he was a witch."

"Your saying that he was a witch—or wizard," remarked the governor, dryly, "will not, I fear, be sufficient excuse, in the eyes of the commissioners, for your throwing a pail of water over the chaplain."

"But a man's not answerable for what he does when he's bewitched," persisted the chief warder, with characteristic sturdiness.

They looked up. There was the chaplain standing in the door—still with his handkerchief to his nose.

"Mr. Murray, you threw a pail of water over me. If you assert that you did it under the influence of witchcraft, I, who have myself been under a spell, am willing to excuse you."

"Mr. Hewett, sir, you yourself know I was bewitched."

"I do; as I believe it of myself. Murray, give me your hand." The chaplain and the chief warder solemnly shook hands. "There is an end of the matter as it concerns us two. Major Hardinge, do I understand you to assert that you too were under the influence of witchcraft?"

This was rather a delicate inquiry to address to the major. Apparently the major seemed to find it so.

"I don't know about witchcraft," he growled; "but I am prepared to take my oath in any court in England that I had no more intention of striking you than I had of striking the moon."

"That is sufficient, Major Hardinge. I forgive you from my heart. Perhaps you too will take my hand."

The major took it—rather awkwardly—much more awkwardly than the chief warder had done. When the chaplain relinquished it, he turned aside, and picking up his coat, began to put it on—scarcely with that air of dignity which is proper to a prison inspector.

"I presume," continued Mr. Hewett, "that we all allow that what has occurred here has been owing to the malign influence of the man Oliver Mankell?"

There was silence. Apparently they did not all allow it even yet; it was a pill to swallow.

"Hypnotism," muttered the doctor, half aside.

"Hypnotism! I believe that the word simply expresses some sort of mesmeric power—hardly a sufficient explanation in the present case."

"I would suggest, Major Hardinge," interposed the governor, "all theorizing aside, that the man be transferred to another prison at the earliest possible moment."

"He shall be transferred to-morrow," affirmed the Major. "If there is anything in Mr. Hewett's suggestion, the fellow shall have a chance to prove it—in some other jail. Oh, good Lord! Don't! He's killing me! Help—p!"

There seemed to be something the matter. The Major had been delivering himself in his most pompously official manner. Suddenly he put his hands to the pit of his stomach, and began to cry out as if in an ecstasy of pain, his official manner altogether gone.

"He'll murder me! I know he will!"

"Murder you? Who?"

"Mankell."

"Oddly enough, I too was conscious of a very curious sensation."

As he said this the governor wiped the cold dew of perspiration from his brow. He seemed unnaturally white. As he adjusted his spectacles, there was an odd, tremulous appearance about his eyes.

"It was because you spoke of transferring him to some other jail." The chaplain's tone was solemn. "He dislikes the idea of being trifled with."

The Major resented the suggestion.

"Trifled with? He seems uncommonly fond of trifling with other people. Confound the man! Oh—h!"

The Major sprang from the floor with an exclamation which amounted to a positive yell. They looked each other in the face. Each man seemed a little paler than his wont.

"Something must be done," the governor gasped.

The chaplain made a proposition.

"I propose that we summon him into our presence, and inquire of him what he wishes us to do."

The proposition was not received with acclamation. They probably felt that a certain amount of complication might be expected to ensue if such inquiries began to be addressed to prisoners.

"I think I'll go my rounds," observed the doctor. "This

matter scarcely concerns me. I wish you gentlemen well out of it."

He reached out his hand to take his hat, which he had placed upon a chair. As he did so, the hat disappeared, and a small brown terrier dog appeared in its place. The dog barked viciously at the outstretched hand. The doctor started back just in time to escape its teeth. The dog disappeared—there was the hat again. The appearance was but momentary, but it was none the less suggestive on that account. The doctor seemed particularly affected.

"We must have all been drinking if we are taking to seeing things," he cried.

"I think," suggested the chaplain, almost in a whisper, "that we had better inquire what it is he wishes us to do." There was silence. "We—we have all clear consciences. There—there is no reason why we should be afraid."

"We're—we're not afraid," gasped the governor. "I—I don't think you are entitled to infer such a thing."

The Major stammeringly supported him.

"Of—of course we—we're not afraid. The—idea is preposterously absurd."

"Still," said the doctor, "a man doesn't care to have hanky-panky tricks played with a man's top hat."

There was a pause—of considerable duration. It was again broken by the chaplain.

"Don't you think, Mr. Paley, that we had better send for this man?" Apparently Mr. Paley did.

"Murray," he said, "go and see that he is sent here."

Mr. Murray went, not too willingly—still he went.

Oliver Mankell was again in the charge of Warder Slater. Warder Slater looked very queer indeed—he actually seemed to have lost in bulk. The same phenomenon was observable in the chief warder, who followed close upon the prisoner's heels.

Mankell seemed, as ever, completely at his ease. There was again a suspicion of a smile in his eyes and about the corners of his lips. His bearing was in striking contrast to that of the officials. His self-possession in the presence of their evident uneasiness gave him the appearance, in a sense, of being a giant among pigmies; yet the major, at least, was in every way a bigger man than he was. There was silence as he entered, a continuation of that silence which had prevailed until he came. The governor fumbled with a paper knife which was in front of him. The inspector, leaning forward in his chair, seemed engrossed by his boots. The doctor kept glancing, perhaps unconsciously, at his hat. The chaplain, though conspicuously uneasy, seemed to have his wits about him most. It was he who, temporarily usurping the governor's functions, addressed the prisoner.

"Your name is Oliver Mankell?" The prisoner merely smiled. "You are sentenced to three months' hard labor?" The prisoner smiled again. "For—for pretending to tell fortunes?" The smile became pronounced. The chaplain cleared his throat. "Oliver Mankell, I am a clergyman. I know that there are such things as good and evil. I know that, for causes which are hidden from me, the Almighty may permit evil to take visible shape and walk abroad upon the earth; but I also know that, though evil may destroy my body, it cannot destroy my soul."

The chaplain pulled up. His words and manner, though evidently sincere, were not particularly impressive. While they evidently had the effect of increasing his colleagues' uneasiness, they only had the effect of enlarging the prisoner's smile. When he was about to continue, the governor interposed.

"I think, Mr. Hewett, if you will permit me. Mankell, I am not a clergyman." The prisoner's smile almost degenerated into a grin. "I have sent for you, for the second time this morning, to ask you frankly if you have any reason to complain of your treatment here?" The prisoner stretched out his hands with his familiar gesture. "Have you any complaint to make? Is there anything, within the range of the prison rules, you would wish me to do for you?" Again the hands went out. "Then tell me, quite candidly, what is the cause of your behavior."

When the governor ceased, the prisoner seemed to be resolving in his mind what answer he should make. Then, inclining his head with that almost saturnine grace, if one may coin a phrase, which seemed to accompany every movement he made—

"Sir, what have I done?" he asked.

"Eh—eh—we—we won't dwell upon that. The—the question is: What did you do it for?"

"It is perhaps within your recollection, sir, that I have my reputation to redeem, my character to reinstate."

"Your character? What do you mean?"

"In the first interview with which you favored me, I ventured to observe that it would be my endeavor, during my sojourn within these walls, to act upon the advice the magistrate tendered me."

"What?"—the governor rather faltered—"what advice was that?"

"He said I claimed to be a magician. He advised me, for my character's sake, to prove it during my sojourn here."

"I see. And—and you're trying to prove it—for your character's sake?"

"For my character's sake! But I am but beginning, you perceive."

"Oh, you're but beginning! You call this but beginning, do you? May I ask if you have any intention of going on?"

"Oh, sir, I have still nearly the whole three months in front of me! Until my term expires I shall go on, with gathering strength, unto the end."

As he said this Mankell drew himself up in such a way that it almost seemed as though some inches were added to his stature.

"You will, will you? Well, you seem to be a pleasant kind of man!" The criticism seemed to have been extracted from the governor almost against his will. He looked round upon his colleagues with what could only be described as a ghastly grin. "Have you any objection, Mankell, to being transferred to another prison?"

"Sir!" the prisoner's voice rang out, and his hearers started—perceptibly. Perhaps that was because their nerves were already so disorganized. "It is here I was sent, it is here I must remain—until the end."

The governor took out his handkerchief and wiped his brow.

"I am bound to tell you, Mankell, judging from the experiences of the last two days, if this sort of thing is to continue—with gathering strength—the end will not be long."

The prisoner seemed lost in reflection. The officials seemed lost in reflection too; but their reflections were probably of a different kind.

"There is one suggestion I might offer."

"Let's have it by all means. We have reached a point at which we shall be glad to receive any suggestion—from you."

"You might give me a testimonial."

"Give you what?"

"You might give me a testimonial."

(To be Continued.)

CHRONOLOGY OF THE MONTH.

Oct. 11—France and America are now furthering negotiations with a settlement of the Chinese question in view.

Oct. 13—At Ouray, Colorado, a strike was declared to-day among the laborers at the new smelter. This is the second strike at these works within the past month. How it will terminate it is difficult to say. The strike is for \$3 per day instead of \$2.50.

Oct. 14—It is reported that the great coal strike will come to an end in a few days.

Oct. 15—The coal strike is not settled yet; negotiations are still pending.

Oct. 16—A strike of the 700 employes of the Denver Tramway Company is imminent. The men never had a union, but seem to be in favor of striking, nevertheless.

Oct. 17—The American share of the loot at Tien Tsin is larger than at first reported. It had been understood that all the Americans took after the capture of Tien Tsin was gold amounting in value to \$278,000. This report arose from the fact that Li Hung Chang asked General Chaffee to restore that sum to the Chinese government. It now appears that this \$278,000 was only the value of gold coins and gold bars taken from the Chinese treasury at Tien Tsin, and apparently it was only the money taken from the treasury which concerned Earl Li is a government official.

Oct. 18—The Order of Railway Telegraphers have elected M. M. Dolphin of Kansas City as president. He has been vice president and general counsel of the order.

Oct. 19—The settlement of the coal strike may be prolonged for some time.

Oct. 21—Henry Youtsey was convicted of being a principal in the Goebel assassination and was sentenced to penitentiary for life.

Oct. 21—Thomas F. Walsh of Ouray left Paris. He spent a half million dollars in six months entertaining his friends who visited the exposition.

Oct. 24—Charles Alvord, note teller at the First National bank of New York is a fugitive from justice and defaulter to the extent of \$700,000.

Oct. 25—The coal strike is at an end. President Mitchell will give orders to call it off to-day if the negotiations are completed.

Oct. 26—The Structural Iron Workers adopted a universal wage scale fixing the rate of wages at 50 cents an hour and eight hours for a day's work.

Oct. 29—An explosion in a New York building in which chemicals were kept set fire to two blocks of buildings. The loss of life is estimated at seventy-five.

Oct. 29—The stripping order difficulty in the Independence mine, which was supposed to be settled last September, caused another strike. Conferences are being held and an early settlement is hoped for.

Oct. 31—The United States transport Meade arrived at San Francisco from Manila. The Meade brought 254 sick soldiers, five insane and eighteen dead. Such are the fruits of expansion.

November 1—The strike at the Independence mine was settled at 3 p. m. The arrangement is that any man suspected of ore stealing may be searched by his fellow workers.

Nov. 4—There is no news of any kind. Every one is guessing at the result of the coming election.

Nov. 6—Election day began in Denver with a shooting affray, the result of which will be three dead and several wounded.

Nov. 7—The election resulted in the re-election of McKinley by a larger majority than before. Senator Pettigrew is defeated in South Dakota.

Nov. 8—Congressman Lentz of Ohio, who fought so valiantly for the Coeur d'Alene miners, was defeated by eight votes. The administration and its friends spared neither time nor money to defeat him. He will contest the election of his opponent as being notoriously fraudulent.

Nov. 10—A storm has done great damage along the Atlantic coast, many ships being wrecked. One steamer was lost with twenty-seven people.

Nov. 10—Preparations are being made to continue the war in the Philippine islands with increased energy. The total force there is nearly 80,000 men.

Nov. 12—Marcus Daly died at the Hotel Nederland in New York. It is a coincidence that his death should take place immediately after the triumph of his life-long rival, W. A. Clark.

Nov. 14—Sam Strong was arrested for blowing up the Strong mine in 1894 during the Bull Hill strike. The miners who were unjustly convicted and sent to the penitentiary are suing him for \$150,000.

Nov. 15—The Industrial Commission in Washington is investigating the sweat shops and the usual number of horrors connected with them are being disclosed.

Nov. 15—The Telegraphers' Union have won a strike on the Santa Fe system. The gain will be \$20,000 a year to the men and eight hours' rest a day. Formerly some of them were on duty the whole twenty-four hours.

Nov. 16—The Czar of Russia is sick and all Europe is apprehensive. It was rumored that his sickness was caused by poisoning, but this has been denied.

Nov. 17—The game wardens in several Western states seem to fear that the day is not far distant when hunting will be a lost art. Hunting parties in the Bitter Root range are slaughtering bear at a rate which will soon make them as scarce as the buffalo.

Rocky Mountain News

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DAILY AND WEEKLY.

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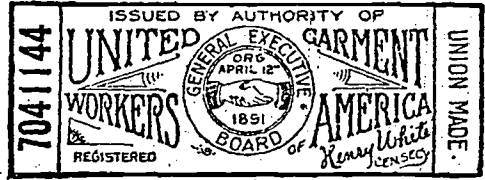
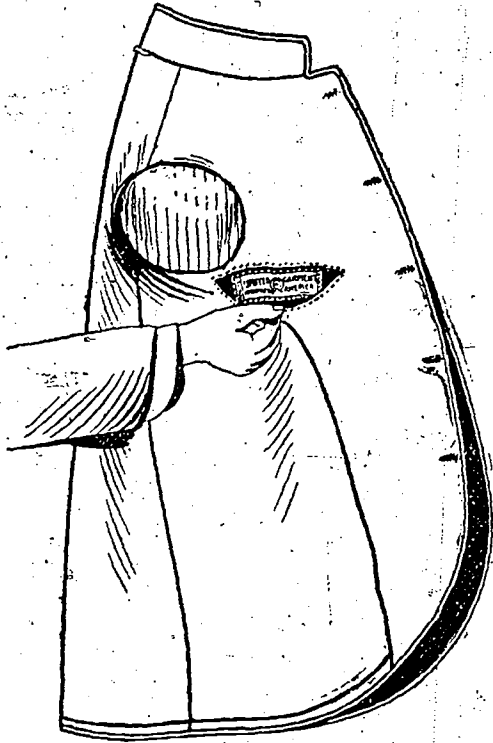


DIRECTORY OF LOCAL UNIONS AND OFFICERS.

No.....	Name.....	Meetings Night.....	President	Secretary	P. O. Box..	Address...
ARIZONA.						
77	Chloride.....	Wed.	Thomas Roe....	Wesley Frazer..	...	Chloride.....
60	Globe.....	Tue.	Sam Leeds.....	R. L. Williams..	120	Globe.....
17	Helvetia.....	Thur	Albert Gorman.	A. C. Lamb.....	...	Helvetia.....
101	Jerome.....	Thur	T. F. Casey....	P. J. Keohane..	120	Jerome.....
102	Wray.....	Thur	J. G. Henning..	W. A. 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.	Edward Welsh..	Allan F. Lusk..	...	campM'Kinney
71	Moyle.....	Tue.	H. H. Dimock..	P. T. Smyth....	...	Moyle.....
96	Nelson.....	Sat.	Ed F. Blewitt..	James Wilks....	106	Nelson.....
97	New Denver....	Sat.	D. J. Weir.....	C. M. Nesbitt..	...	New Denver....
8	Phoenix.....	Tue.	James Marshall	John Riordan..	...	Phoenix.....
94	Rossland Mech'k	Fri..	D. C. Coakley..	W. W. Dotey...	164	Rossland.....
38	Rossland.....	Wed.	W. O'Brine.....	F. E. Woodside	421	Rossland.....
81	Sandon.....	Sat.	Wm. Davidson..	Wm. L. Hagler.	S	Sandon.....
95	Silverton.....	Sat.	John R. Roberts.	John C. Tyre...	...	Silverton.....
62	Slocan.....	Wed.	J. A. Baker....	A. E. Teeter....	...	Slocan City...
79	Whitewater....	Sat.	J. J. McDonald..	B. F. McIsaac..	...	Whitewater....
85	Ymir.....	Wed.	Dennis Shea...	Alfred Parr.....	...	Ymir.....
CALIFORNIA.						
61	Bodie.....	Tue.	H.H.Carpenter..	Jas. Kavanaugh	6	Bodie.....
47	Confidence.....	Thur	Bert Gibbs.....	A. Somers.....	...	Confidence....
70	Gold Cross.....	Tue.	Tom West.....	J. A. Vaughn...	...	Hedges.....
90	Grass Valley....	Fri..	E. G. Swift.....	M. M. Mitchell..	...	GrassValley...
51	Mojave.....	Thur	T. F. Delaney..	O. W. Marten...	...	Mojave.....
48	Pinion Blanco..	...	George E. Hope	Ed Padberg.....	...	Coulterville...
44	Randsburg.....	Tue.	Jos. W. Green..	T. H. Reed.....	...	Randsburg.....
73	Tuolumne.....	Thur	James Opie....	Geo. W. Jenkins.	63	Stent.....
87	Summerville....	...	F. M. Grant....	F. I. Kelley....	35	Carters P.O....
39	Sierra Gorda...	D. W. Winters..	...	Big Oak Flat..
COLORADO.						
75	Altman St. Eng'	Tue.	E. J. Rice.....	D. C. Copley....	106	Independence..
21	Anaconda.....	Tue.	C. W. Rorke...	R. S. 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.....
106	Banner M. & S.	Tue.	W. D. Sighman.	L. L. Riblett...	365	Victor.....
33	Cloud City.....	Sat.	J. R. McDonald	Chas. R. Burr..	132	Leadville....
40	Cripple Creek..	Sat.	Chas.E.Phillips.	E. J. Campbell..	1148	Cripple Creek..
82	C. C. St. Eng'rs.	Wed.	Thomas Davis..	E. L. Whitney..	771	Cripple Creek..
93	Denver S. M....	B. P. Smith....	...	3915Wynkoopst
58	Durango M. & S	Thur	Moses Shields..	Frank Wride....	1273	Durango.....
45	Eldora.....	Thur	D. H. Weaver...	W.J.Livingston..	...	Eldora.....
80	Excelsior Eng...	Mon.	Joseph Norris..	W. A. Morgan..	522	Victor.....

No.....	Name.....	Meeting Night.....	President	Secretary	P. O. Box..	Address..
COLO.—Cont'd.						
19	Free Coinage.....	Fri..	W. B. Easterly.	D. P. McGinley..	91	Altman.....
32	Gillett M. & S.....	Sat..	Chas. Baggs....	E. S. Timmons..	...	Gillett.....
59	Henson.....	Thur	W.C.Bredenstein	W. E. Laird....	...	Henson.....
55	Lawson.....	Wed.	H. Cadwalader..	M. O'Hagan....	...	Lawson.....
15	Ouray.....	Sat..	W. J. Beard....	Jno. M. Hogue..	571	Ouray.....
6	Pitkin County.....	Tue..	Theo. Saurer....	R. K. Sprinkle..	397	Aspen.....
36	Rico.....	Wed.	Chase Kelly....	Thos: C. Young.	662	Rico.....
26	Silverton.....	Sat..	E. U. Fletcher..	E. L. Riggs....	23	Silverton.....
27	Sky City.....	Tue..	T. B. Walker....	A. J. Horne....	...	Ironton.....
63	16 to 1.....	Sat..	V. St. John....	O. M. Carpenter	638	Telluride.....
41	Ten Mile.....	Tue..	B. T. Holder....	W. P. Swallow..	212	Kokomo.....
32	Victor.....	Thur	John Currey....	Jerry Kelly....	134	Victor.....
84	Vulcan.....	Sat..	James Cassidy..	J. H. Thomas....	...	Vulcan.....
108	Whitepine.....	B. F. Killey....	...	Whitepine.....
IDAHO.						
10	Burke.....	Tue..	Chas. Tilford..	John Kelly.....	207	Burke.....
52	Custer.....	Sat..	Wm. J. Bowen..	Thos. H. Steven	...	Custer.....
53	DeLamar.....	Sat..	Jos. G. Wilson..	Wm. Mitchell....	...	De Lamar.....
11	Gem.....	Wed.	Frank Monty..	A. S. Bolch....	107	Gem.....
37	Gibbonsville.....	Wed.	Thos. Barber....	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..	...	Halley.....
MISSOURI.						
88	Joplin.....	Wed.	Ben Housley....	S. P. Cress.....	...	Joplin.....
MONTANA.						
57	Aldridge.....	Sat..	James Lenigan.	Joseph Gulde....	...	Aldridge.....
12	Barker.....	Thur	P. Franklin....	Joseph Boland..	5	Barker.....
23	Basin.....	Wed.	John Mulcahey.	R. H. Pierce....	1	Basin.....
7	Belt.....	Sat..	C. H. Conner....	Wm. Cheek.....	...	Neihart.....
45	Bridger.....	S. C. Keath.....	...	Bridger.....
1	Butte.....	Tue..	W. H. Eddy....	Jerry Hanley....	498	Butte.....
74	Butte M. & S.....	Wed.	Luke Williams..	S. P. Johnson... 841	...	Butte.....
83	Butte Eng.....	Wed.	Bernard Lindsay	Jos. Creighton..	2	Butte.....
67	Carbonado.....	Tue..	Jas. Dougherty.	J. R. Miller....	...	Carbonado.....
78	Gebo.....	D. B. Spears....	...	Gebo.....
86	Geo. Dewey.....	Fri..	W. S. VanEtten	H. Bussey.....	284	Granite.....
4	Granite.....	Tue..	Harry Lewney..	Wm. Enderlien..	D	Granite.....
16	G. Falls M. & S.	Sat..	Chas. Wilson... 790	James Finley... 790	...	G. Falls.....
35	Hassell.....	Sat..	V. T. Patterson	J. W. Galvin... 71	...	Hassell.....
107	Judith Mt.....	Sat..	Robt. McMullan	Otto Anderson..	...	Malden.....
103	Marysville.....	Wed.	Wm. Walsh....	Joseph Harvey..	...	Marysville.....
20	Martina.....	Sun..	M. L. Cook....	Eug. Wessinger..	...	Martina.....
29	Red Lodge.....	Mon.	Alex. Fairgrave	Thos. Conway... 207	...	Red Lodge.....
104	Red Bluff.....	Sat..	Hugh Elliott... 207	B. G. Crawford..	...	Red Bluff.....
105	White Hall.....	Tue..	Jerry O'Rourke	Whitehall.....
25	Winston.....	Sat..	A.E.Wenstrom..	R. F. Whyte....	...	Winston.....
NEVADA.						
72	Lincoln.....	Wed	A. Burke.....	W. D. Geck....	...	De Lantar.....
49	Silver City.....	Tue..	S. Armstrong... 76	T. C. Wogan... 76	...	Silver City.....
31	Tuscarora.....	Wed.	W. J. Plumb... 12	S. S. Turner... 12	...	Tuscarora.....
46	Virginia.....	Fri..	W. A. Burns... 1	J. F. McDonell.. 1	...	Virginia City..
N. W. TERR.						
76	Gladstone.....	Sat..	John Hescott... 76	W. Goddard.... 76	...	Fernie.....
59	Lethbridge.....	Sat..	Henry Noble... 76	K. McDonald... 76	...	Lethbridge.....
OREGON.						
42	Bourne.....	Mon.	Al Johnson.....	John T. Rusk... 42	...	Bourne.....
91	Cornucopia.....	Sat..	F. W. Sharp....	N. L. Skiff.....	...	Cornucopia.....
S. DAKOTA.						
56	Custer.....	Geo. Knowles... 56	...	Custer.....
3	Central.....	Sat..	A. Erickson....	W. G. Friggins.. 23	...	Central City...
14	Deadwood E. U.	Thur	C. C. Bennett..	J. E. 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.	Geo. Hendy....	C. H. Schaad... 174	...	Terry.....
68	Two-Bit.....	Sat..	Seth Galvin....	H.J.VanAlstine..	...	Galena.....
WASHINGTON.						
28	Republic.....	Tue..	Mich'l Callahan	Jas. B. Duggan.. 157	...	Republic.....
24	Sheridan.....	Sat..	Abe Hanson....	C. M. Wilson... 24	...	Toroda.....
WYOMING.						
98	Battle Creek....	Thur	E. E. Lind....	F. L. Miller....	...	Osceola.....
UTAH.						
99	Valley S. U.....	Tue..	Wm: Bogart....	H. T. Hofelling..	...	Murray.....
34	Sandie S. U.....	Sat..	C. B. Brown....	Wm. Halstead... 34	...	Sandie.....

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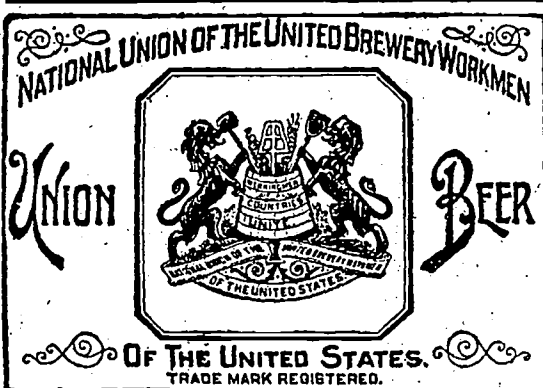
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