



DAN P. MCGINLEY.

The Miners' Magazine

Published by the Western Federation of Miners at 1613 Court
Place, Denver, Colorado; P. O. Box 1615. \$1.00 a Year.

EDWARD BOYCE, Editor.

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

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

Communications not in conformity with this notice will not be published.

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

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

We have a few copies of Volume I. of the Miners' Magazine, which covers the year 1900, handsomely bound in cloth. They will be sold for \$2.50 and shipped, postpaid, to any address for that sum.

We would like to have every reader of our magazine carefully go through our advertisements every month. No house is there represented that we cannot recommend. This is a day of mail orders, and if there is anything advertised that can be ordered by mail that you want we would advise you to communicate with the advertiser at once.

Any one desiring extra copies of the magazine must order them before the 20th of the month for the month following, as we cannot fill any orders for extra copies after the magazine is out.

General Merriam was greatly disappointed when the President sent the appointments of the new major generals to the Senate because his name was missing, and he had every reason to suppose that he would be promoted, and he reaches the retirement age next fall. Well, general, this only goes to show what we have always said, that republics are ungrateful. By the way, general, did you not claim to have the names

of twenty or more men in your desk who were criminals and who you were going to have indicted at the proper time? You had better give these to the proper authorities, and not let your anger against McKinley prevent you from doing justice. Time is passing, and these men might die before you get after them. Hurry up!

LACK OF INTEREST.

It will be observed that few communications are received from our members and unions. When we undertook the publication of the Miners' Magazine we hoped to make it a bureau of information by publishing communications from unions, but with few exceptions our expectations have not been realized.

If each union will send us an article for publication each month a bureau of information can be established that will be interesting for all members of the organization.

INCREASE IN POPULATION.

During the Coeur d'Alene trouble our friends, the enemy, in describing conditions in northern Idaho, always spoke of the reign of terror existing there, and among its dire results, it had kept capital out of the state and had kept laborers from coming in because they dreaded the tyranny of the unions. This argument receives a most crushing blow by the census returns. Of all the states in the Union, Idaho shows the greatest increase, it being an easy first. Idaho's increase is ninety-three per cent., Montana comes second with eighty-four, North Dakota third with seventy-four, and Wyoming fourth with fifty-two.

If the rest of the states had nothing more to keep out population than Idaho, perhaps they, too, could have made as good a showing.

LABOR COMMISSIONER'S REPORT.

We are in receipt of the biennial report of the commissioner of labor and statistics of Colorado for 1899 and 1900.

The report contains 569 pages, well bound, and is the most complete document of the kind we have ever read. In addition to publishing the number of strikes and lockouts and number of labor organizations in the state Commissioner Smith presents information that will be of everlasting benefit to the people of Colorado that could be used to good advantage in disputes between employers and employes.

Commissioner James T. Smith deserves great credit, for his work is without an equal in any state.

The report should be carefully read by the laboring people of the state to understand the interest Mr. Smith has taken in their cause.

NOTICE—IMPORTANT.

Section 3 of article 3 provides as follows:

“Within ten days after election (first meeting in March) the recording secretary of each union shall forward the names of all officers elected to the secretary-treasurer of the Federation, who shall compile a directory of the same and forward a copy of said directory to each union.”

Secretaries are requested to comply with this article not later than March 15th, if they wish the names of the officers of their union to appear in the directory.

Fill out the blank already in your possession and forward it to James Maher, secretary-treasurer, immediately after election and show your interest in the organization and promptness in business.

Secretaries failing to comply with this article cannot have the names of the officers of their union inserted in the directory afterwards.

DEATH OF DAN P. MCGINLEY.

The delegates who attended the last convention of the W. F. of M. will be sorry to know that on January 24th Dan P. McGinley, secretary of Free Coinage Union, died of pneumonia.

Mr. McGinley attended the seventh convention in Salt Lake City in 1899, and was elected a member of the executive board and would have been re-elected at the last convention but declined.

To those who had the good fortune to know this giant, both in soul and body, his death will be a severe shock, for to know him was to idolize him. He was without doubt the most magnificent specimen of man that could be found.

Possessing the courage of a lion, fear to him was a stranger, yet he could be influenced by the smile of an infant. His highest ambition in life was to help the weak to improve their condition in life, to which he devoted many years of his life.

Farewell, noble soul, model husband, kind friend, brave comrade, your virtues were many, your faults few and friends legion; you are gone, but your virtues and the shining exam-

ple you left shall live even after those friends are gone who mourn for your loss.

Farewell, beloved friend; you are gone and those who survive you will, during their short sojourn, feebly try to carry on the work you did so nobly.

LIMITS OF INTERFERENCE.

"A new decision has been made by the United States Circuit Court of Appeals in San Francisco, which affects the liability of persons who seize, delay or hinder railway trains carrying the United States mails. Ten of the Coeur d'Alene strikers in Idaho had been indicted and convicted of committing this offense, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment, with a fine of \$1,000 in each case. The higher court has set them free on the ground that the indictment was insufficient, in that it did not set forth that the accused knew that the train which they held up carried the mails. Every one of those engaged in the act might have known that the train was a mail train, or the evidence may have shown that they knew it; but this did not nullify the fault of the indictment in not setting forth such knowledge. The court held that the seizure of a train on a railway over which United States mails are carried is not in itself such an offense as the law under which conviction was secured contemplates. To make it such, the train must be one actually carrying mail and be known by the conspirators to carry mail. The significance of this decision is that the right of interference by the federal authorities in time of local disorder to prevent and punish obstruction of the mails is upheld, but it must be exercised with great caution."—Boston Herald.

The above appeared as an editorial in the Boston Herald a few days after the boys at San Quentin were released. The gravity and ponderousness of the editorial are fully in keeping with the Bostonese traditions of culture, and we are told punishment must be inflicted with great caution. The whole editorial seeks to convey the idea that the United States Court of Appeals in San Francisco, in handing down its decision, was making new law, and in future the administration of the criminal law in federal cases would be something very different from what it was in the past.

Now, as a matter of fact, in certain indictments it is necessary to set out very carefully and concisely that the defendant had knowledge of what he was doing, and if this is left out the indictment is defective and no conviction can be had. Instead of this being new law, it is so old that it was a bar to conviction in the old common law days in England, when men were hanged for almost anything. But notwith-

standing that this is all ancient history, the Boston Herald, which is also old enough to know better, goes on writing editorials ignoring it. We don't know whether it is ignorance or hypocrisy on its part, but one of the two it must be.

CONGRESSIONAL LEGISLATION.

During the campaign of 1900 the Republicans, with William McKinley as their standard bearer, had a monopoly of all the patriotism that was not shipped to the Philippines, Cuba and Porto Rico to shoot the inhabitants into eternity or into submission; and those who dared to disagree with them were branded as anarchists striving to cause hatred and array labor against capital.

The very intelligent workingman (?) who becomes insulted if you dare to say he is living by permission of some corporation was very much in evidence on election day and voted for four years more of patriotism under William McKinley.

We are delighted to know that they will get what they voted for, as Congress has made a very good beginning. It has increased the army to 100,000 men; to maintain it will cost, according to the provisions of the law, \$114,600,000 per annum. None of this amount the intelligent workingman will have to pay.

Nearly 1,000 commissioned officers will be appointed by McKinley and all of them will be sons of workingmen, as rich men's sons will enlist as privates to do the fighting on a more elaborate plan than that in vogue at West Point.

The ship builders, including Mark Hanna, are to receive a bonus on every ship built for their use, and a new set of officials will be sent to our foreign possessions—all work ingmen—to steal everything in sight.

Every act passed by Congress since William McKinley's election has been for the benefit of the working people and a redemption of campaign pledges. The price of food and clothing is increasing and wages are decreasing and the dividends of corporations and trusts are growing all the time.

Hurrah! I'm a free American workingman equal to a king; give me a chance to show my patriotism, for the right of private property and private monopoly must be upheld and the laboringmen will do it by upholding William McKinley, our savior.

UNDER OBLIGATIONS.

A short time ago President McKinley appointed the son of Justice McKenna a major of volunteers, thus elevating

him above more than one hundred officers who outranked him. In thus elevating or promoting Mr. McKenna to the office of major over his superiors in rank the President offers no reason why this gentleman deserved such recognition, leaving the people entirely in the dark.

In vain we have sought to find some reason for this promotion, and carefully watched all reports concerning the movements of our army at home and abroad, and in no instance do the reports show that Mr. McKenna was superior to the officers that outranked him, nor is there any act of extraordinary bravery entered to his credit above other officers of the army. He has not been as conspicuous as the submarine General Funston, who, by his amphibious nature, has become the terror of the Filipinos.

Another of President McKinley's peculiar acts is the appointment of James S. Harlan, son of Justice Harlan, attorney general of Porto Rico. This appointment is also made without reference to Mr. Harlan's qualifications to fill the lucrative and important office of attorney general of Porto Rico in preference to other gentlemen well versed in law and who rendered valuable service to their country when their service was required.

Both those appointments place Justices McKenna and Harlan in a very unenviable position, for the people will believe—and justly so—that the appointment of their sons is nothing short of bribery upon the part of President McKinley to sway them in their decisions. Without casting undue insinuations upon the President's motives in making those appointments, it is very apparent that the positions their fathers hold were an important factor in their favor.

Had Justices McKenna and Harlan not been members of the Supreme Court we have no hesitation in saying that it is our firm belief that their sons would not be advanced to those position above other men who were more entitled to recognition for past services.

The important constitutional questions concerning our foreign possessions that must be decided by the Supreme Court has not been overlooked by President McKinley, and especially when it is known that a part of the court hold different opinions on these questions from the President. This is particularly true in the case of Justice Harlan.

By those appointments President McKinley has placed Justices McKenna and Harlan in a position where it will require more than ordinary courage to decide against their sons, and had the President entertained as high a respect for the Supreme Court as he prescribes for the average citizen he would never have placed two of its members in a position

where their countrymen might look upon their decisions with suspicion.

Of course this is of little importance to President McKinley, as statesmanship, in his opinion, is inferior to politics, and to be successful he appreciates the wisdom of placing the judiciary under obligations.

HAZING AT WEST POINT.

Many simple folk have pretended to be much shocked by the disclosures made to the congressional committee regarding the hazing of the younger cadets at West Point. Let us look the thing squarely in the face and see if they are justified in feeling so. West Point is a military school maintained by the government to teach the art of war to a certain number of select young men, members of our codfish aristocracy and sons of officers of the army preferred. Although war has existed since the beginning of history, and it is everything brutal, mean and degrading, not only in its immediate effects, but in every way, yet it seems necessary to remind sentimental people of this fact. War means the wholesale killing of men, ravishing and killing of women, sometimes of children, the burning of their homes and crops. Just at present the United States government is doing this on the grandest scale yet attempted, for it may involve the killing of ten millions of people before it is over. To do this frightful work there are needed officers to direct and soldiers to execute. Who will do this work in the future? Will it be the boys who now are afraid to engage in a prize fight? Will it be those who, from kindly feelings, refrain from abusing a younger schoolmate? Assuredly not. To do this work, and a large majority of free Americans decided last November that it should be done, requires a species of half ape, half tiger, to whom the sight of suffering makes happy, and all others are worse than useless. In the more brutal forms of hazing the older cadet acquires that desire to cause suffering which will make him a "good" officer, and the "softy" who cannot drink tobasco sauce, and is afraid of a fight, is weeded out of the academy. He has no business there; he wants to learn a brutal business; he is vicious enough at heart to be willing to engage in it, but he has not "got the sand." so he must be relegated to the rear without sympathy.

The congressional committee who were satisfied that one, perhaps two men, died as the result of hazing, and who pretended to be fearfully horrified thereat, when presented with resolutions from the cadets saying they would do no more

hazing, were delighted, and the "murders" they frothed about were forgotten.

If the indignation which swept over the country when these revelations were made was genuine it would result in abolishing West Point, and congressmen would be asked to vote down all appropriations for that institution, but it was not genuine. One can hardly say with what to be the most disgusted, the West Pointers, the congressmen or the indignant public.

EXPENSE OF MARTIAL LAW IN IDAHO.

Bartlett Sinclair, in his report as state auditor, shows that there are deficiency warrants outstanding to the amount of \$59,849.96 in addition to what Shoshone county and the Mine Owners' Association paid for the reign of terror.

The people of Idaho are expected to pay these illegal warrants contracted by an irresponsible villain in the pay of the Mine Owners' Association. It is quite evident that Sinclair and Steunenberg are much interested in having the Idaho Legislature allow these warrants, so they can get their rake-off, as Sinclair invited Thomas Heney and John Kelly, members of the Legislature from the Coeur d'Alenes, who were imprisoned in the bull pen by Sinclair and Steunenberg, to come to Sinclair's room, as he wanted to pay them for the time they were unjustly incarcerated.

There were 1,400 other men unjustly incarcerated in the bull pen, but Sinclair don't propose to pay them for their time while there because they are not members of the Legislature and cannot raise their voice against him and Steunenberg and expose their thieving methods during their reign in office.

Think of a governor and state auditor imprisoning 1,400 men for terms ranging from one to seven months, without a trial, and during this period supported by the courts and the President of the United States, to bribe and intimidate witnesses to swear them into the penitentiary, and after failing in their dastardly work, go to two of the members who were elected by the people of the county and say: "We want to pay you for the time we imprisoned you."

If Sinclair and Steunenberg had succeeded in sending Heney and Kelly to the penitentiary they would not offer to pay them, but the people sent them to the Legislature and Sinclair tries to bribe them and there is no law to bring this criminal to justice.

Of the \$59,849.96 expended by Sinclair, which the state of Idaho is asked to pay, most of it is for deputy sheriffs, com-

posed of such disreputable characters as Angus Southerland, who selected the jury to convict Paul Corcoran; Dr. France, who ordered the nigger soldiers to shoot Mat Johnson; Gloystein, the man who, in collusion with the Spokesman-Review, went in hiding so that the Review could attack the Silver Federation, an organization of farmers in the state of Washington, which it did, and tried to convict its officers for the murder of Gloystein, who was in hiding, and would have succeeded had he not been found; Adams, the professional scab and murderer, who killed Kildea and Kennedy in the town of Gem three months ago, and Edmiston, the mine owners' permit man, and others following occupations that would disgrace a Bowery hold-up, but through respect for our readers we will not mention them.

The Idaho Legislature should appoint a competent committee to examine the records in the state house, so that people may know the amount of thieving done by those law and order people who have been imprisoning the miners of Shoshone county and now acknowledge their guilt by offering to bribe their representatives if they would consent to allow them another steal of \$59,849.96.

A MEMORIAL FUND FOR A MILLIONAIRE.

About three months ago Marcus Daly, the copper king of Montana, died in New York city leaving a fortune of \$20,000,000 to his wife, and in honor of his memory it is proposed to erect a monument or some other memorial.

Toward this memorial fund every one is expected to contribute—especially the working people—and for what reason remains a mystery to every one except those who originated the scheme.

If Marcus Daly ever did anything in his life for the workmen of Nevada, Utah and Montana, where he lived, we have never heard of it.

Many and many an old miner who knew him from the day he came to Gold Hill, Nevada, say that he had no respect for men or organizations of men he could not use to advance his personal aggrandizement, which is a well-known fact in Butte.

Like millions of his countrymen, Marcus Daly was forced to leave the land of his birth on account of an unjust tyrannical system of landlordism and oppression, and no sooner had he accumulated wealth than he became the equal of the worst Irish landlord that ever lived.

He compelled his employes to vote as he dictated, and the individual who dared to exercise his independence was not permitted to continue in his employ, and nowhere did

he allow a union of workingmen to exist if he could not control it. In proof of this we refer to Anaconda, Belt, Diamondville and Hamilton.

When the people of Montana decided to erect a suitable monument to that exile, patriot, soldier and statesman, Thomas Francis Meagher, Marcus Daly, although elected chairman of that memorial committee, never contributed one dollar, and it is safe to say that the men who are advocating the erection of a monument to his memory followed his example.

But Thomas Francis Meagher, who, when his country wanted men to preserve the Union, was one of the first to offer his services, died poor, while Marcus Daly died a millionaire, and therefore we must erect a monument to his memory while the memory of the man who offered his life for his country must live without such honor.

Two miles south of the city of Butte, on the bleak desert, is another city, its numerous mounds and headstones discolored in many instances beyond recognition by the almost perpetual smelter fumes that envelop this dismal city of the dead, lie hundreds of men who sacrificed their lives in Marcus Daly's mines, working like slaves to make him a millionaire. Saunter through this place on a Sunday afternoon, when the weather will permit, and you behold women with tear-stained eyes kneeling at numerous headstones in earnest prayer with their children by their side, and if asked, in almost every instance you will be told that their husbands got killed in some one of Marcus Daly's mines.

It would be well for the promoters of the Marcus Daly memorial fund to visit this cemetery and there see the widow and orphan as we have seen them; perhaps they might conclude that a monument is already erected to his memory that will last forever.

IN THE COEUR D'ALENES AND ROSSLAND.

Elsewhere we publish an article from the Idaho State Tribune, published in the heart of the Coeur d'Alene mining district, which shows the true condition of affairs existing in that district.

We wish our members would read it carefully and remember it.

In the first place the mine owners have an organization known as the Mine Owners' Association, organized for the purpose of destroying the Western Federation of Miners and refusing to give employment to its members, and to accomplish this they pay a scab named Edmiston, who has an office

in Wallace, through which the mines are supplied with men. Edmiston is hired by the Mine Owners' Association because he is a veritable sleuth hound against union men—a second Pinkerton in discovering union men and punishing them. A man seeking employment in the mines of the district must apply to Edmiston, who in return will give him a number, provided he is a scab; then the holder of the number must watch the blackboard that hangs near the scab employer's office.

In the meantime, should any of the mines want men, Scab Edmiston is notified and he repairs to his blackboard and marks No. — wanted.

The holder of this number goes to the scab employer's office and is given a letter and told to go to whatever mine he directs and present the letter to the foreman.

The Hunter mine at Mullan refused to enter into this blacklisting scheme, preferring to hire and discharge their own men, but the smelter trust, at the suggestion of the Mine Owners' Association, refused to handle the Hunter ore and by this method forced it to join in the blacklisting of union men.

Thus it will be seen that the smelter trust has willingly joined with the mine owners to crush the Western Federation of Miners.

In Rossland a similar state of affairs exists. Barney McDonald, a brother of the murderer, Joe McDonald, has inaugurated a blacklisting scheme against the members of the Western Federation of Miners, and assisted by others of his ilk, are attempting to destroy Rossland Union by arraying one nationality against the other.

In Rossland mines the English speaking people are discriminated against, except those who run machines that cannot be supplanted by the imported men. The men running machines are told that they are too intelligent to recognize those ignorant foreigners who shovel and run cars for 50 cents a day less than is paid for similar work in the other mining camps of British Columbia.

The mining companies in Rossland, like the mining companies in the Coeur d'Alenes, are shipping men from the East or wherever they can find them, while hundreds of idle men are denied the right to employment because they belong to a labor organization.

It is remarkable to observe what little protection the governments of the United States and Canada offer to the workingmen against the attacks of these unscrupulous corporations in their attempt to reduce them to a state of peonage.

Surely it is time for the workingmen in both countries to realize that they are inferior to the dollar and must depend

entirely upon themselves to maintain their rights and not upon the old political parties that legislate in favor of foreigners—not foreign workmen—who organize corporations and trusts and blacklist and starve them with the sanction of the law.

MINE BUNK HOUSES.

The accommodations of men employed at mines, where it is compulsory for them to board in a company boarding house and sleep in a company bunk house, is a part of the miner's life that has heretofore received little attention from their organization or from other sources, and it is no exaggeration to say that their lives in this respect is almost a blank.

Few people outside of the men who work in the mines where it is necessary to sleep in a bunk house have even a faint knowledge of the miserable conditions that surround them, and it must be admitted that nearly all of this misery is due to the men, who could easily change their habitation from filthiness to one of cleanliness if they would refuse to work for a company or individual who would not maintain healthful bunk houses.

Let us enter one of those bunk houses, where seventy or one hundred men sleep, and examine it carefully, and the result of the investigation will be unsatisfactory to the average person who understands that the surroundings, even the air we breathe, have a decided influence on men.

Here we find a hundred men sleeping in a double row of bunks, with scarcely any light or ventilation, for the persons who chance to occupy the bunk close to the window cannot allow it to remain open when the weather is cool, consequently the person who occupies the lower bunk close to the heater is in a state of perspiration even when it registers the zero mark on the outside.

Look around and you find each man's working clothes hanging on a nail close to the heater; his socks, gum boots, gum coat and hat, that he has worn all day in a wet mine, hanging on a nail or place close to the heater.

Look into each bunk and you see the occupant's changing clothes hanging on another nail or converted into a pillow.

The floor is covered with candle grease and tobacco juice, and rarely scrubbed unless some man becomes disgusted with his surroundings and tackles the difficult task, which is not an agreeable one, and seldom undertaken.

Such buildings are roughly constructed and in the winter it frequently becomes necessary for the inmates to

retire to their bunks after their day's labor in order to keep warm and thus escape the cold air and snow that blow through the cracks in the walls that shrink during the summer season.

With the exception of some isolated lumber camps, it is difficult to find a more undesirable place for a man to live than the average mine bunk house, or a place where the surrounding conditions are so demoralizing.

Men who live for a number of years in those habitations become careless and their brain becomes clouded and inactive; they continue in the same rut, never realizing that there is anything elevating and grand in life, and when they visit the near-by town the saloon is the only place where they are welcome and naturally they soon fall under the influence of liquor and the result is that within a few days their money is gone and nothing remains for them but to return to the wet mine and filthy bunk house.

Returning under those conditions and brooding over his loss of money, a man is disgusted and easily irritated and he makes life miserable for all who come in contact with him.

"Cleanliness is next to godliness" is an old but true maxim, and its influence upon men, even of a slothful disposition, soon becomes apparent in their character and methods of business.

Considering the enormous dividends that all the mining properties are paying, it is not just that the men who take chances on their lives to insure such dividends should be compelled to live in such unclean dwellings not fit for human habitation.

However, it is visionary to expect such treatment from the average mining company, for they have no regard for the comfort of their employes; on the contrary, they want them to feel that everything they do for them is an act of generosity on their part.

Realizing this, the men who work in the mines where such miserable hovels are a feature of their lives, should have them so improved that they will not be compelled to live like an animal.

By erecting comfortable houses for their employes to live in those mining companies are not suffering any loss, and the employes who submit to the present unclean bunk house system without forcing their employer to improve them are not deserving of sympathy.

It were better to shut down all such mines and keep them so than men to live in such an unclean atmosphere while they are producing millions for their employer who is traveling over the world in search of pleasure.

However, it would be much better if those miners would

stop for one instant and allow their brain to act; they would soon realize that they are entitled to the wealth they extract from those mines.

Yes, unhappy men, situated as you are in your mountain bastiles, away from civilization and all that makes life pleasant, the wealth you produce by your own hands from the rock-bound dungeons of the mountains belongs to you. Nature never intended that men who never saw those mines should have it all.

What are you doing to improve your condition?

SORROW FOR THE DEATH OF ENGLAND'S QUEEN.

Although kings and queens rule their subjects by divine right, for some cause or other they pass away like other people and are no more, notwithstanding this divine power to rule.

As their demise causes such consternation among their subjects, who, upon such great events, don their mourning garb for the royal personage that reluctantly exchanges the throne for a casket, the crown for a shroud, and at the same time work themselves into a state of disorder bordering upon insanity to revere the pampered creature who has graciously condescended to rule them at an income of several million dollars a year, it would be well for their law-making bodies to pass a law conferring upon them, in addition to their divine right to rule, the divine right to live.

Such a law would be a consolation to the swashbucklers in the United States who shed crocodile tears and lower the Stars and Stripes to half mast when some king or queen abdicate their throne.

It is not our intention to act the ghoul and exhume the remains of Queen Victoria from its resting place and portray either her good or bad deeds in life. She is dead and with her has gone all the frailness and virtue of her life where it will rest forever.

Victoria was no worse than her predecessors on the English throne and no better than the average woman. On the contrary it is admitted, even by her admirers, that she did not compare favorably with the average woman intellectually, and if we are to be guided by biblical ethics her sense of justice was inferior to that which is noble in her sex—horror for suffering and persecution.

She died fabulously rich, while millions of her subjects in India were dying from hunger in a land of plenty, and her soldiers engaged in an unjust and cruel war against a poor, inoffensive people, who never did her people an injury, and all for the benefit of a few mine owners.

The injustice of this war stands without a parallel in history, except for the murderous reign of plunder now in existence in the Philippines, prosecuted at the dictation of our sanctimonious emperor on the Potomac.

Had the Dutch house of Hanover not succeeded the extinct house of Stuart, Victoria's name would have been unknown, for indeed she would never have been a Joan of Arc, George Elliot, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Clara Barton or thousands of other illustrious women whose names adorn the pages of history in ancient, mediæval and modern times.

But it is not the death of the woman that American flunkeyism mourns. Did Queen Victoria possess all the virtue, intelligence, modesty and beauty known to womankind, were she poor, it would have no charms for the sycophantic Americans who mourned her death; nor would a prayer be offered for her by well-paid preachers who mock the name of Him who was the friend of the poor and lowly by praying longest for those whose wealth is greatest.

However, it is a consolation to know that the prayers of such men have as little influence in heaven as Mrs. Nation has in abolishing the sale of liquor in the United States by demolishing bar fixtures.

It was the death of the queen, not the woman, that caused the title worshipers in the United States to shed crocodile tears and half mast the Stars and Stripes, the greatest insult ever offered to the silent ashes of the founders of this republic.

It was the cruelty of kings and queens and titled knaves that forced the pilgrim fathers to turn their faces toward the setting sun and follow it till they reached the land that lay beyond the Atlantic, followed by millions of people year after year to escape from the rule of tyrants that made life a burden for them in the land that gave them birth.

It was to abrogate the reign of monarchy upon the fair land of Columbia, that she might become the cradle of liberty where men could live and enjoy all the blessings of life without feeding the vampire of royalty that Washington, Hancock and their co-patriots aroused their countrymen to action and by their deeds of valor succeeded in establishing a republic where the highest honor that could be conferred upon its inhabitants was the title of "citizen."

It was to overthrow the rule of monarchy that Patrick Henry courted death rather than live without liberty.

It was that hatred of monarchy and all its attendant evils against which the founders of this republic fought and brought the great Lafayette from France to fight by the side of Washington, and the incorruptible Thomas Paine, the greatest of all humanitarians, from England to use his pen

and extraordinary intelligence against the demon of monarchy in England that made such an indelible impression upon his mind, in behalf of liberty, not alone for the struggling colonists, but for all mankind.

Had those noble men failed in their gallant fight against the tyranny of monarchy their names would be known in history by the same epithet our Republican friends apply to our former allies, the Filipinos—traitors.

Had they failed the United States of America would be unknown, an American citizen unheard of and no Stars and Stripes to be lowered in sorrow upon the death of a European ruler.

There would be no Congress or state Legislatures in session to pass resolutions of condolence, but that would be no loss if there were no hope of improvement in those assemblages in years to come.

Viewing the situation dispassionately, regardless of the death of Queen Victoria, let her be good or bad, is no concern of ours, the adoration for monarchy that was so manifest in this country upon her death is of a more serious nature than most people imagine, and did an opportunity offer, every one of those people who pretend to mourn through respect for her memory would unhesitatingly use their power and influence to establish a government adorned by a crown.

This is their inward feeling, and although they undoubtedly would protest against such imputations being cast upon them, nevertheless their actions disprove anything they may say to the contrary.

Pause and think of the various state Legislatures in session with a fair sprinkling of laboringmen—and union men, at that—who rant and rave about the tyranny of corporations, capitalists and trusts, passing resolutions of sorrow upon the death of an emperor or empress or some other titled creature.

Great God! What must you laboringmen think who cast your votes for those "brother members" of yours last November with the understanding that if they did not represent you they would, at least, not disgrace you.

But oh! ignorance, ignorance, ignorance, thou art master.

Fearing that we may be misunderstood as making an attack on the departed dead, we wish to state our position briefly.

This country has no royal rulers; its kings consist of true husbands whose highest ambition in life is the comfort of their wives and children; its queens are the faithful wives who make home—though it be but a log cabin in the mountains or on the plains—a paradise where husband and father can ever find happiness and rest.

We have lost neither king nor queen, and have no cause to mourn the death of such people who in all ages have made people their slaves, to make war upon one another at their command, and if they failed to execute their will they usually paid the penalty with their lives.

Such people have been a curse to civilization, and were we to hear of the death of every snob that wears a crown, and their horde of worshipers in this country, at this moment, we would gladly lay aside our pen to say:

"Thank heaven, justice has been done at last."

"SOCIALISM AND THE LABOR PROBLEM."

The above is the title of the little book of Father T. McGrady of Bellevue, Kentucky, which is creating a furore all over the country. Three large editions are already exhausted and the demand steadily increases.

Father McGrady, the author, is a Catholic priest of eminence and has achieved fame not only as a powerful writer but as one of the most eloquent orators on the American platform. He is a class-conscious Socialist and his terrific indictment of capitalism and wage slavery has startled all the circles of conventional thought. Father McGrady has been a close student of social and economic questions for years and now boldly announces himself a Socialist and throws down the gauntlet to the capitalist class. His "Socialism and the Labor Problem" calls to action like a bugle blast. It is clear, telling and unanswerable. Every Socialist should have it and every opponent of Socialism should read it. Tens of thousands should be scattered throughout the land. For propaganda it cannot be excelled. Father McGrady has decided to transfer its publication and control to the Debs Publishing Company and they will fill all orders. Single copies 10 cents; 100 copies, postpaid, \$3.50. Address Debs Publishing Company, Terre Haute, Indiana.—Social Democratic Herald.

The Western Federation of Miners has been extremely unfortunate in the loss of three of its most active and valuable men in Colorado in the past few months. Jack Lewis, Billy Phelps and Dan McGinley—a trio which did much for the miners, as well as all labor in Colorado—have been removed from their labors by the hand of death. Sometimes we stop to wonder why it is that men most needed to carry on the battle for the brotherhood of men are claimed so early by death. Then, indeed, do we understand that the mysteries of death are unfathomable.—Pueblo Courier.

WHAT OTHERS SAY

WHY SHOULD WE IDLY WASTE OUR PRIME?

I.

Why should we idly waste our prime,
Repeating our oppressions?
Come, rouse to arms! 'Tis now the time
To punish past transgressions.
'Tis said that kings can do no wrong—
Their murderous deeds deny it—
And, since from us their power is sprung,
We have a right to try it.
Now each true patriot's song shall be:
"Welcome death or libertie."

II.

Proud priests and bishops we'll translate
And canonize as martyrs;
And guillotine on peers shall wait,
And knights shall hang in garters.
Those despots long have trod us down,
And judges are their engines;
Such wretched minions of a crown
Demand the people's vengeance!
To-day 'tis theirs; to-morrow we
Shall don the cap of libertie!

III.

The golden age we'll then revive—
Each man will be a brother—
In harmony we all shall live
And share the earth together;
In virtue train'd, enlightened youth
Will love each fellow creature,
And future years shall prove the truth
That man is good by nature.
Then let us toast with three times three
The reign of peace and libertie!

NEARER, OH GOLD, TO THEE.

Nearer, oh gold, to thee,
Nearer to thee;
E'en though it be a crime
That bringeth me—
Nearer, my golden god,
Nearer to the thee.

What, though the wanderer,
Homeless and lone,
Pillows his aching head
Upon a stone—
His woes shall bring to me
Still more of thee.

Thus all my soul shall be
Lapped in luxury,
Wrung from chill penury,
Oh gold, by thee—
Nearer, oh gold, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

So all my thoughts shall be
Bright with thy praise,
As from men's lack of thee
More cash I raise—
Still nearer bringing me
Nearer to thee!

With life and work all done,
Ready to die,
Into the night of death
Downward I'll fly—
Till all my soul shall be
Merged into thee.

This mortal life must be
Fettered and sold;
Measured in terms of thee,
Divinest gold—
That it may ever be
At one with thee.

FOLEY'S APPOINTMENT.

We are pleased to note that Chris Foley of Rossland, British Columbia, has been appointed as a member of the Chinese commission. Mr. Foley has won the esteem and admiration of the citizens of British Columbia by his honest, sincere and unceasing efforts to better the conditions of the laboring classes. He is one of the ablest and best informed men in the labor movement of Canada, and will no doubt be of great assistance to the commission in solving the Oriental labor questions.—Freeman's Labor Journal.

Dan McGinley is dead. There were many eyes teardimmed in the ranks of organized labor with the announcement. We know little of the early history of Dan—where he was born, how old he was, how long he was a member of labor unions—and it matters little about these things. All Colorado has known of his activity and great work in labor's cause, during the past few years, and we all realize what a great loss his taking away is. As a member of the executive board of the Western Federation of Miners, and financial secretary of Free Coinage Miners' Union at Altman, by his conscientious devotion to duty and his fearless action he developed into one of the most valuable men in organized labor's ranks. Many a battle almost lost has been turned to victory by the undaunted courage and prompt action of Daniel, and much of the progress of the cause in the Cripple Creek district—the best organized labor spot in the United States—has been due to his tireless work. Better conditions have come to men, and many homes have been made happier because of him. Is it then any wonder that he will be missed? No. His congenial nature and his ever-readiness to do that which would bring comfort and blessing to his fellow men will be missed. Aye, sadly missed. He will be missed at all the gatherings of labor, and there will be a vacancy hard to be filled. The world is better because of his having lived. Farewell, my friend; the friend of us all. Peace to thy ashes; aye, may there be found that peace which could not be enjoyed here on earth, and may thy deeds be a beacon light to urge men on to greater work in the cause of humanity, which was so dear to thy heart! Farewell!—Pueblo Courier.

A MISTAKE.

In our last issue appeared an article from the pen of Clarence Smith, general secretary of the Western Labor Union. Through a mistake of the printer several lines were trans-

posed in the last three paragraphs, thus destroying their meaning. We reprint these paragraphs below:

The Western Labor Union is the one organization that can satisfy the Western people. A halting, non-political and non-progressive policy can never excite their interest or arouse their enthusiasm. These people are deeply just in nature, but they understand their rights and are determined to assert the best means of securing them. For that reason they demand an industrial, educational and political organization, uncompromising in policy. The Western Labor Union, in the course of its development, will meet these requirements. It is not simply a political party, nor is it merely a pure and simple trades organization. It is more, for with the benefits of compact labor organization it combines broad educational principles and practical and effective political methods. Our organization is broad enough in principle and sufficiently humane in character to embrace every class of toil, from the farmer to the skilled mechanic, in one great brotherhood. Let us work for such a result.

Considering the numerous difficulties (financial not the least) which beset a new organization, the progress has been material and gratifying. But when we look into the great field for development and see the hosts of unorganized working people of this great western country, we must feel indeed small in comparison with our possibilities.

Thus far the work of organizing, and, in fact, the very maintenance of the union and the conduct of its necessary business, has been hampered and interfered with for want of funds. Under these discouraging conditions the work done and the present state of the organization is a matter of congratulation. But there is a brighter future if each of us will but do our duty. Let us get into the harness in real earnest during the next few months. Build up your locals, bring in new members and send your delegates to the next convention imbued with enthusiasm and courage. With such a spirit of determination at Denver next May, the future will be certain. We will no longer be compelled to falter and hesitate, but can press ahead and assume that position to which we are entitled—the recognized representative and embodiment of that which is good, helpful and beneficial for the toiling masses of the West.

AN UNDESIRABLE ELEMENT.

Editor Miner—In making a settlement of the labor trouble in Rossland last summer it was distinctly specified in the agreement that union men should not be discriminated against by the managers. Now, it is a well established fact, well

known to the people of this community, that the ink was no sooner dry upon that agreement than the managers began systematically weeding out all the old hands and replacing them with a certainly more undesirable element, viewed from any standpoint. The excuse cannot be made that this is done in the interests of peace or law and order, because the course being pursued and the character of labor employed is identically that adopted by the coal barons of Pennsylvania twenty years ago which has transformed that country into a foreign colony, the home of the "Molly MaGuire," the "Mafia" and the "Anarchist."

Britons! think of it, here in your own native land it has become a crime punishable with refusal of employment or dismissal from service to have the stamp of the Anglo-Saxon race imprinted upon your brow or the language of a Gladstone upon your tongue. Think of it! the descendants of followers of Wellington, of Wolfe and of Brock are being denied the opportunity of gaining a livelihood in the land that gave them birth, simply because they have committed the heinous crime of evolving sufficient intelligence to organize for the purpose of insisting upon a fair remuneration for their services.

Think of it! Our city, our streets, our unions, are to-day infested by that Judas Iscariot parasite, too lazy to work and too ignorant to realize their own degradation, known as the "spotter," imported here from Idaho and elsewhere to the south of us in the companies' employ, eagerly grasping every word that may be dropped by the thoughtless miner, distorting its meaning and exaggerating its importance, in order to earn their money and hold their job.

Citizen of Rossland, members of organized labor! surely the time has arrived when it has become your duty to call the attention of the authorities at Ottawa and Victoria, who were largely instrumental in bringing about this settlement, to this cold blooded boycotting of Canadian labor. I do not blame these unfortunate people for trying to better their condition. They are only obeying a natural law. But if something be not done and done immediately to check this thing, if this character of competition is to continue, then good-by forever to all hope of bettering our condition, for the yoke of industrial slavery will soon decorate the broad, open countenance and sturdy frame of the Canadian peasantry into a race of ignorant, crying serfs, a by-word of reproach to the land that gave them birth.

I have no doubt there are those of your readers who will look upon this ebullition as the bombastic utterance of some thoughtless agitator, but, my friend, a careful study of the situation should, I feel, bring conviction to the most obtuse mind that there is a deep laid plot which will be sprung upon

this community in the near future having for its object a general reduction of wages all along the line by the Pennsylvania system. Hoping that the suggestion here thrown out in my own humble way may induce other and abler pens to enter into discussion of this question, I am, yours truly.—Thinker, in Rossland Miner.

ANENT ALIEN LABOR.

Editor Miner—Sunday's issue of the Miner contained an article signed "Thinker" that, I feel, voices a sentiment that has been shaping expression in the minds of Rossland's most intelligent citizens for some time.

We have been watching with a feeling of anxiety, mingled with indignation, the development of what appears to be a diabolical plot, having for its object the transformation of this camp into a foreign colony. I have nothing against these poor victims of European injustice, greed and oppression, but I have a decided and bitter feeling towards any individual or combination of individuals who, in order to satisfy their greed or petty spite, introduce a system here which has wrought ruin, financially and morally, to both the laborer and business man in every community in which it has ever been introduced.

Slowly, almost imperceptibly, for months the descendants of the province of Prince Edward's Island, Nova Scotia, Quebec and Ontario are being crowded out of our mines here and replaced by an alien race. Now, don't tell me that this is imagination. I know whereof I speak, and am prepared to prove it.

A certain hotelkeeper on First avenue seems to be the agency through which this unnatural plot against Canadian citizenship is being worked out. Many circumstances point to the fact that the alien labor contract labor laws are being broken, but so close is the secret guarded that it would take a special detective to get at the bottom of it.

That several of the most important mines here are deliberately discriminating against English speaking laborers no one conversant with the facts will for a moment doubt, with the evident object of reducing the standard of intelligence and creating a Babelish conflict of tongues that will make unity of action for self-protection almost impossible.

These people will no doubt resist with indignation my puny effort to criticise their methods of employing labor and will insist that they have a right to manage their own affairs as they see fit. Let us see if this is so. The alien contract labor law has created a precedent showing that the people

reserve the right to interfere in these matters, and who shall say where the line shall be drawn?

Labor is a marketable commodity upon the value and plenty or scarcity of which the material well being of a greater number of our people depends than that of any other commodity offered for sale in our markets. Admitting this proposition, then there is surely no other marketable commodity upon which protection could be justly applied.

We have to-day a tariff applying to nearly every article of consumption, and why? Simply to encourage home industry and give employment to Canadian labor. Now, sir, does it not necessarily follow that if you apply a tariff to the products and at the same time throw our ports open to the unlimited importation of European cheap labor you are enriching the manufacturer at the public expense by persuading him to increase the value of his goods and at the same time employ the very labor against whom the tariff laws were largely intended to apply?

Surely, then, if we are justified in protecting against foreign competition that which the manufacturers, constituting but a fraction of the people, offer for sale in the home market, we cannot consistently refuse to grant the laborers, constituting a majority of the people, the same protection against foreign competition in the only commodity he has to offer for sale—the labor of his hands.

Again, if you levy a tariff in the interest of the public good which prevents me from purchasing any commodity I may require in the cheapest market and at the same time permit my employer to purchase his labor in the cheapest market, then you are applying class legislation in its most repulsive form.

Surely, we are entitled to certain privileges in excess of that granted promiscuously to every alien. We are the descendants of the people who fought, bled, sacrificed and died in defense of this country and its institutions. We have assumed all the responsibilities of citizenship, implying a right on the part of the government to demand our services and even our lives in defense of our country and its institutions. We have moved here with our families, built up our little homes. We have invested our money in the country, and if we are not entitled to some better consideration, more than that accorded to aliens, in many cases our country's enemies; if the government of this country is going to permit us to be driven from our homes and replaced by an alien race in order to gratify the greed or the spite of a few individuals, then let us forever cease to boast of the deeds of our forefathers, for they have been in vain. We hold, then, that if a preference is to be given that it shall be in favoring our own people.

The class of labor being introduced here is objectionable for a number of reasons. First, they are of a non-assimilating character; second, they do not become permanent residents; third, they, like the Chinese, send all their earnings out of the country; fourth, they are an inferior and dangerous class, and are so considered even in the land from whence they come.

They have constituted to a great extent the weapon used in the East in the years gone by by trusts and combines for the purpose of bringing American and Canadian laborers to their terms. Does any one doubt that is the object here?

I have nothing against these people. I look upon them with pity, rather than with scorn, as the victims of a false economic condition, the legitimate product of land monopoly competition and legalized greed, and gladly would I offer to them the hand of friendship to assist in lifting them to a higher plane of existence, but in this practical age and in a land cursed with competition, the nobler instincts of man must be crushed beneath the iron heel of necessity and that devil in human nature, selfishness, must be promoted to dominate the situation if we are to survive, no matter how repulsive it may be to the nobler attributes of our manhood, in this struggle between enthroned greed and enforced poverty the latter cannot afford to practice benevolence and charity when by so doing he would be placing a weapon in the hands of the enemy that would be wielded to his own destruction.

It is indeed very disagreeable to me to have to rub up these old sores, but I cannot stand peaceably by and witness this unjust being done my fellow workers without entering a protest. And now, my friends, if there be no law to prevent a few individuals from working the ruin of the many by these methods, then it is indeed high time that a pressure was brought to bear upon the government to enact legislation dealing with such cases.

As to the statement made by "Thinker" in connection with that human monstrosity known as the spotter, I am prepared to testify that the statement is correct, and when I realize that men occupying the exalted position of mine managers, constituting large industrial concerns, stoop to the employment of such miserable, unprincipled practices for such a purpose, I feel ashamed of the race to which I belong.—Observer in Rossland Miner.

When it is a question of making laws to protect workmen from outrageous exploitation, Republican senators and congressmen "do not approve of class legislation." When it is a question of giving a bounty to millionaire ship owners—well, that's a horse of another color.—People.

LABOR HISTORY LESSONS—LABOR IN EARLIEST TIMES.

(By Henry Cohen.)

II.

LABOR UNDER TRIBAL COMMUNISM.

The earliest acquisitions of property seems to have been held in common. Property in the communistic form and labor enslaved, would indicate that the tribe or community was supreme. Labor owned neither itself nor its products. The chief, whether regarded as the patriarchal head of a large family, or as the military head of the army (and everyone belonged to the army who could fight), ruled with absolute power; tradition or might, or both, assuring him this unqualified rulership, which, of necessity, included the right to appropriate their property, and dictate to them how, when and how much they should be employed. He always exercised this, of course, for the "general good." The dear public of that early period, like that of the present, would not likely have countenanced any other measures.

REASONS WHY COMMUNISM WAS NECESSARY.

Besides, the continued warfare in which almost all tribes were engaged, caused the common sharing of food by those whose duty it was to fight, and the full exertion of those left at home was brought into play to provide food for the fighters and for themselves. Under such circumstances tribes must have often had their capacity to produce food crowded to the utmost. There was therefore no room for individual accumulation. Everything went into the common fund. War among the smaller tribes kept them fairly busy, but not so busy as when they increased to fair sized groups. Then it was, as we have already hinted, that all able-bodied males were pressed into military service, and productive labor was entirely done by women and boys too young, or men too old, or otherwise unable to fight.

AGRICULTURE AND SLAVERY.

The wandering tribes sought new pastures from time to time for their herds and flocks, but with the beginning of agriculture the necessity for remaining in one place became stronger, and now, if there had been any tendency to lessen war through the peaceful effects of pastoral life on the former hunters, it was reversed. There was now a new reason for fighting—to get prisoners of war and make slaves of them. Hunting had been a form of labor largely in the nature of amusement. Tending cattle was much the same, but tilling the

soil with the first crude instruments was very hard work and not one in which races who had never worked were anxious to engage.

OPPORTUNITY FOR COMMUNAL WEALTH.

Here was a possibility of tribal aggrandizement which did not exist before. The spoils of hunting could not maintain very large tribes, and the growth of flocks and herds quickly necessitated more room as our modern experience on the Western prairies shows. With agriculture all this changed. An area of territory comparatively small, sufficed. The land was not limited as game had been, nor was it necessary to wait for the natural increase of herds. The soil was ready to return 200 for one of grain. Prisoners of war who would have been a detriment when food had to be captured for them, could now be put to work to produce their own food and their masters' as well. This does not mean making prisoners as in modern war, but the capturing of whole tribes, the men of which were enslaved and the women distributed among the conquerors as wives. Thus would the successful fighters increase in wealth and population and the losers would entirely cease to exist as a tribe. Thus was begun the institution of slavery, the almost universal condition of all ancient laborers.

PROGRESS THROUGH SUFFERING.

Bad as this institution was at the beginning, it grew much worse, and notwithstanding the unmeasured suffering it caused, it taught man the art of persistent labor, one which probably could not have been learned in any other way. Many thousands of years had to pass before men learned to work continuously, and by the hardest taskmasters was this bitter lesson taught.

INDIVIDUAL SACRIFICE FOR THE COMMUNITY.

But whether a member of the tribe or an alien, no one was free. The tribe or community was everything, and the individual nothing. If the laborer worked for the community, the warrior fought for it. The warrior may achieve fame, the laborer never. The common good was placed above the individual good, and thus associate existence grew and solidified.

Some writers contend that without this willingness to sacrifice all for the tribe, the tribe itself could not have held together, and would have been destroyed, and this would include all the individuals who composed it, so the struggle for tribal existence was only another way of maintaining individual existence. Whether this theory can be maintained in general or not, it is certainly true when applied to the times when prisoners of war were either eaten or rapidly worked to death as slaves, which happened when they were easily captured.

Tribal feeling was the strongest feeling of those days; necessarily so because existence would have been impossible without it. The important part it played we shall show from time to time.

QUESTIONS.

- How was property originally held?
- What was the condition of labor at that time?
- What power did the chief of a tribe possess?
- How did common property begin?
- Why could not the individual acquire property?
- By what means was warfare encouraged?
- How did tribes increase in strength?
- How did slavery begin?
- What did slavery teach?
- How did the warrior differ from the laborer?
- Why was the doctrine of sacrifice important?
- What was the strongest feeling in those days?

THE COAL MINERS OF COLORADO.

As has been stated in the Courier, the present investigation into the affairs and conditions of the coal mining industry in this state is the most thorough and sweeping yet undertaken. The legislative investigation committee is open, fair and impartial. All kinds of miners and bosses have come before the committee voluntarily and have been allowed to make any statement that would lead to a complete understanding of the situation. The Courier has taken pains to place before the people a correct and comprehensive statement of this testimony, and has been impartial in giving the words of both sides, to the end that all may inform themselves as to the true situation. We have not failed to convey the impression that we are in entire accord and sympathy with the coal diggers in this matter. We have gone on the theory that the miners are right, and that the more evidence there was brought to light the more it would be shown that these men needed the statutory protection which the law only can give. We shall this week again go extensively into detail in behalf of the coal miners for the reason that our paper is usually filed away and kept for reference by those interested in reforms of various kinds, and we want these facts to be handy for future use.

On last Wednesday J. C. Osgood, president of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, a concern that has grown to be the most important industry under one management in the state of Colorado, testified before the legislative investigating committee. As a preface he submitted a written statement on the relations of his company with the miners and with the

unions. Later he was cross-questioned and made some replies which we will use in another place.

STATEMENT OF PRESIDENT OSGOOD.

"I do not question the right of laboring men to unite for their own protection or the advancement of their interests. I have never had any dealings with labor unions except among coal miners. I have never known of a union among coal miners that was not a curse to the men as well as to the employers.

"The labor organization that is attempting to control the coal miners and mine laborers of Colorado, the United Mine Workers of America, is the most objectionable organization of the kind I have ever known. Its president, John Mitchell, is a greater tyrant and autocrat than the Czar of Russia. No selfish and cold-blooded employer ever exacted the blind obedience, absolute surrender of independence, or contribution of hard-won earnings that he and his organization exacts from his dupes.

"No slavery can be worse than the slavery which his organization imposes on its members. No tyranny can be greater than the tyranny with which he attempts to force all mine workers, willing or not, to join and contribute to his organization, or more cruel than the treatment his organization metes out to men who refuse to join and be robbed by it.

"I have been interested in coal mining in Iowa and Illinois for the past thirty years. For ten years past I have had no active connection with the operation of the mines I am interested in. During that period the United Mine Workers has fastened itself on the miners and laborers of those states, and has forced into its ranks all those who have not joined voluntarily, or has forced into poverty or banishment all the independent men who would not join.

"The United Mine Workers has accomplished the reduction of all miners to the level of the poorest; has taken from the sober, skillful and hard-working miner all opportunity to improve his condition; has reduced the average wages of all the miners; reduced the profit of the operators, and increased the cost of coal to the consumer. It levied on the miners of Illinois alone, last year, a tax of over \$400,000 for its support and to carry on the ambitions of its leaders. It set an arbitrary limit of \$2.35 a day in Illinois as the maximum earnings of a miner. If he earns more the union takes the excess.

"The initiation fees, dues and assessments average from three to five per cent. of the miner's earnings, and are at times as high as ten per cent.

"This organization has had its paid emissaries in Colorado for months past. These organizers, drawing salaries they could

not earn as workmen, are also given a bonus of \$1 for each man they can enroll in their union. They are doing their best to create dissatisfaction and appealing to the minority of turbulent spirits which can be found in every mining camp, afterwards attempting to coerce the sober, industrious and satisfied men into their ranks.

"They are authorized by their president, John Mitchell, to promise a strike for higher wages, not because such a strike is just, but because he sees it necessary to offer some mercenary motive.

"We are unalterably opposed to this organization. We will not knowingly employ any body of men belonging to it, and if we cannot get men outside of its ranks to operate our mines, we will close them down.

"It is a menace to every industry and laborer in Colorado, to all those engaged in mining, smelting, transportation and manufacturing. If it can succeed in organizing the state, every industry is at its mercy. At the whim of its president or managers, every coal mine can be closed and untold suffering be entailed, not only on the coal miners and workers, but on every workingman in Colorado.

"If the miners of Colorado have grievances which cannot be redressed otherwise, let them organize their own union, and not enslave themselves to John Mitchell and his advisers.

"Without the aid of any union or organization the miners of Colorado are receiving the highest wages paid to any miners in the United States. Their wages were not reduced during the panic, and are practically the same that were established twenty years ago, when the cost of living was nearly double, and the selling price of coal was in proportion. They have not been called on to bear any of the burden of the hard times, or reduction in price of coal brought about by competition. They have no grievances that cannot be adjusted peaceably, and have no grounds for combining to coerce their employers."

STATEMENT OF JOHN GEHR, MINER.

Almost immediately after the investigation of Mr. Osgood, Mr. John L. Gehr, miner, president of the Fifteenth District Union of the United Mine Workers of America, who has been attempting some organization for the past three months, appeared before the committee and gave the following statement:

Mr. Gehr stated that he is the district president of No. 15, of the United Mine Workers' Union, comprising the states of Colorado, Wyoming and Utah and the territory of New Mexico. He made a general statement concerning his trip through the southern part of the state. He went first to Hastings and

applied for work, but found, when he tried to get board, the company had forestalled him, and he went off.

He said that last fall the men at Gray Creek organized, when the operators shut down and put them out of their rooms. Men were told that if they joined the United Mine Workers of America they would be discharged. The local president and secretary were discharged and men at Engle-ville, Pictou, Pryor and Aguilar were picked out and discharged. He said the men in Fremont county had grievances of their own, though they came out largely as a matter of sympathy for the northern workers. The men in the southern part of the state are so intimidated by the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, he says, that it is almost impossible to go among them or get an expression of opinion, much less an organization.

He then read the declaration of principles of the members of the union and their demands and the objects of their organization, which are as follows:

"First—To secure the earnings fully compatible with the dangers of our calling and the labor performed.

"Second—To establish, as speedily as possible, our right to receive pay for labor performed in legal money.

"Third—To secure the introduction of any and all well-defined appliances for the preservation of life, health and limbs of all mine employes.

"Fourth—To reduce to a minimum the horrible catastrophes that have swept our fellow workmen to their graves by to enact and enforce them, calling for a plentiful supply of suitable timber to support the roof, to have all working places rendered as free from water, impure air and poisonous gases as possible.

"Sixth—To uncompromisingly demand that eight hours shall constitute a day's work, and not more than eight hours shall be worked in any one day by any mine worker.

"Seventh—To provide for the education of our children, by law prohibiting their employment until they have obtained a reasonable and satisfactory education, and in every case until they have attained fourteen years of age.

"Eighth—To abrogate all laws which enable coal operators to cheat the miners and to substitute laws which enable the miner to have his coal properly weighed, or measured, as the case may be.

"Ninth—To secure by legislation lawful payments in lawful money.

"Tenth—To render it impossible, by legislative enactment, as is now the case in Ohio, for coal operators or corporations to employ Pinkerton detectives or other force, or the ordinary

forces of the state, to take armed possession of the mine in case of strikes or lockouts.

"Eleventh—To use all honorable means to maintain peace between ourselves and our employers, adjusting all differences, as far as possible, by arbitration."

"You will see," he said, as he concluded reading, "that we wish to carry on our labors in an open and honorable manner.

"Now, to continue, when I was at work in the south I thought the miners were coming my way. I arranged for three open air meetings, one at Starkville, one at Eaglefield and one between Santa Clara and Pryor. At the first place the superintendents go on horses and drove the men back; about the same thing happened at Eaglefield. In Huerfano county the boys were told that there were fifty deputy sheriffs waiting to break up the meeting. Jeff Farr, the sheriff, and his deputies attacked the men in an arroya and beat them over the leads with revolvers. He laid open the head of William Martin, an employe, and arrested two other men."

"What conditions did you find at Hastings?"

"They are making small wages, and are cursing, not loud, but deep. They have no meeting place—it is impossible to find a hall, and if they meet in the open it is on company property and there is trouble. Hastings is about the worst place down there. If you had come to Trinidad I had a number of men who were going to testify, but they said they would have to leave the country immediately afterward. There are a lot of deputies living at Hastings ready to break up any meeting."

"Did you find any complaints as to ventilation?"

"No, I can't say that I have."

"Have you anything to say about the situation in the northern field?"

"The only statement that I have to make as to the northern field is that I think things are well under way for a settlement of the independent mines."

"What nationalities did you find in the south?"

"Mexicans and Italians and darkies."

"What did you find in the northern field?"

"There is about an even division between English speaking people and foreigners, but they all speak some English. My conclusion is that the miners in the central and northern districts are better off than those in the south."

"They compel the miners in many of the southern camps to pay 25 and 50 cents a month for the schools. In some parts of our district—No. 15—the company owns the school and the men are taxed to support them—that is so in New Mexico; I don't know that it is so in Colorado."

"Did you find this system of intimidation general?"

"I found that in Huerfano, in the extreme south, they have

the spy system, by superintendents and pit bosses, and they discharge the men who are suspected of belonging to the union.

"In the northern field, at our meeting yesterday, it was decided that nothing should be given out about our plans until after the mass meeting held to-day. If the operators of the independent mines are as fair as they say they are disposed to be, the mines will be running by day after to-morrow."

STATEMENT OF CHARLES DUNCAN.

Mr. Charles Duncan, who is at the present time in Colorado as the personal representative of President Mitchell of the United Mine Workers of America, appeared before the committee after having read the statement of Mr. Osgood, and desired to make a statement himself, largely in answer to the strictures placed upon union organizations by Mr. Osgood. Here is the evidence of Mr. Duncan:

Mr. Duncan said his attention had been called to Mr. Osgood's statements in the News, and, as Mr. Mitchell's representative, he wished to refute them, not that he wished to say that Mr. Osgood had willfully misstated the truth, but to prove by actual figures from the states quoted that he was, to say the least, mistaken.

"Mr. Osgood takes this position," said Mr. Duncan, "that on account of the strength of the union, especially in Iowa and Illinois, they have ruled with the hand of a czar and driven some of the operators out of business.

"Mr. A. L. Sweet of the Chicago, Wilmington and Vermillion Coal Company; C. G. Chapman of Ohio, who has very large interests in coal; Mr. Garrison, largely interested in the southern Illinois coal field, and Mr. Robbins of the central Pennsylvania coal field, asked the representatives of the union to meet with them and assist them to establish interstate agreements. On account of the demoralized condition of the coal business at that time, and at the invitation of these operators, this organization was made, and grew rapidly.

"To-day the twelfth annual interstate meeting convenes in Ohio to make an agreement on price for the year we have now entered upon."

He then quoted from Osgood's statement, and read an agreement covering the entire competitive field of Pennsylvania, Illinois, Ohio and Iowa, and went on to say of the operators in those states:

"They have not at any time been averse to meeting the miners for the purpose of formulating scales of prices, and they do it because it has made better prices for miner and operator. In Streeter, Clark county, and associated mines,

during the year ending March 1, 1901, the price has been 58 cents per ton, mine run.

"From May 1st until February 3rd, inclusive, 1897, the Streeter vein was being mined on a lump coal basis at the rate of 52 cents a ton; to-day the miners are getting 58 cents a ton, mine run, 2,000 pounds to the ton.

"In the Danville district during the same period the prices had averaged about 33½ cents per ton; during this last year 49 cents was paid.

"Springfield and associated mines were about the same as Danville, with a corresponding advance over all the thick or slanting veins in the state of Illinois.

"Mr. Osgood left the impression that on account of our tyrannical method of doing business we had forced capital out of the field. If that were true the production of these states would be lessened. In spite of the improved conditions Illinois increased its production last year 2,500,000 tons more than ever before. To a large extent prices and conditions have improved relatively with Illinois."

Mr. Duncan quoted Mr. Osgood's strictures on Mr. Mitchell and then said:

"I don't believe it is necessary for me to defend Mr. Mitchell. His acts in the past speak volumes to the public, and as for the members being the blind, obedient dupes and servants of Mr. Mitchell, he is their servant. He has not, and never has had, authority to call a strike. There are distinct and proper channels through which strikes can be called. He is elected by the popular vote of the membership. In other words, nomination blanks are sent to the local unions and returned to the general office. Then the ballot is taken by the Australian system in the local unions and their delegates report the vote to the general convention for the choice of a local union."

"Then it would be a very hard matter to get rid of him?"

"No, we have means to get rid of him in ten days, if we wished to do so. There is a provision in the by-laws for impeachment proceedings.

"Mr. Osgood says initiation fees, fines, dues, etc., are held out by the company at the order of the union, and amount to five per cent. of their wages. All I will say is that he has been misinformed. Our dues and assessments last year in the state of Illinois averaged one and one-half per cent. of our net earnings, and out of that we have accumulated quite a little nest egg, so if we are compelled to lie idle, we can keep up the union without assessments.

"The worst statement made by Mr. Osgood, and I give him credit for being honest in making it, is that this organization has had its paid organizers in the field for four or five months

—in this field—and that they receive a bonus of \$1 for each member. The organizers receive a stipulated salary per month and no bonus has ever been given to anyone in the past few years.”

Mr. Duncan produced and left with the committee a little pamphlet written by Herman Justi, the duly accredited commissioner of the Illinois Coal Operators' Association, showing the benefits to the companies from the organization of labor and arbitration.

“In conclusion,” he said, “I will say that during my work in the field I have yet to meet a coal operator who would go back to the old cut-throat method after tasting the fruits of organization. They say publicly the system now obtaining is the best that has ever existed since they have been in business. Mr. Sweet told me he would think no more of going back to the old ways than of going out of business.”

Senator Moore—“Does your organization restrict wages?”

“There is no such thing in Illinois to my knowledge. At the last convention that came up and was discussed and voted down.”

“Do they restrict the number of cars?”

“Nowhere in Illinois that I know of.”

Representative Martin—“What are your views on compulsory arbitration?”

“I am opposed to it, because it cannot be made effective without a penalty, and the penalty is always hardest on the under dog. Conciliation is a better method than compulsion.”

Senator Tanquary—“Do you believe a two weeks' pay day would be detrimental to the miners?”

“No, sir; I believe a weekly pay day will be beneficial.”

Senator Moore—“Have you the eight-hour system throughout the state of Illinois?”

“Absolutely—in Illinois, Pennsylvania, Kansas, Iowa and Missouri.”

“Does it give satisfaction?”

“Yes; the large mines hoist more coal than they ever did under the ten-hour system.”

Representative Martin—“What is the outlook in Colorado for the thorough organization of the miners?”

“Where men are allowed the rights and privileges of American citizenship it is very flattering. The northern field is solidly organized. The southern would be but for the conditions set forth by Mr. Gehr in the papers.”

Senator Moore—“Are the mining bosses compelled to carry a certificate in Illinois?”

“Yes, sir; and under bosses and hoisting engineers.”

“How is the coal weighed?”

"In the bottom of the shaft very largely. It is gross weight run of mine."

"Did you secure this by statute?"

"We secured this by statute, but the Supreme Court drove their judicial oxen through it, and we enacted it ourselves."

"Then, practically, all laws regulating mine labor in Illinois have been declared unconstitutional?"

"All of them. Anti-truck store, screen bill, eight-hour law and everything of that character has been declared unconstitutional."

"Have you a check weighman?"

"Yes, sir; at all the mines. He is paid by the holding out of his dues by the operators."

"How are your mine inspectors appointed?"

"They have to pass an examination by a board appointed by the state labor commissioners. The names of those who pass a seventy-five per cent. examination are sent to the governor and he appoints one for each of the seven districts. If he fails to perform his duty we have recourse to the labor commissioners."

Mr. Bartels—"Has a local union power to call or terminate a strike without the consent of the national?"

"No, sir."

"If a miner earns an excess on a certain sum, must it be paid to the union?"

"No, sir, under no circumstances, except in case of a miner who loads impure coal. There is a provision that the fines imposed therefor shall be paid to the union."

Judge Beaman—"Will you say, as the representative of Mr. Mitchell and the United Mine Workers, that if that organization is perfected in Colorado there will be no strike?"

"The history of the organization in the states I have mentioned has reduced the possibility of strikes to such an extent that they have been practically unknown for a year and a half. If the United Mine Workers of America enter into an agreement with the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company and the other coal operators in Colorado you may rely on them for the honest fulfillment of any agreement that they may enter into with you, and unless you violate it there will be no strike."

"Suppose you fail to make an agreement?"

"We have no such case on record."

"You will make no promise?"

"If we make no agreement we are not partners and cannot do business with you."

"What will you do—strike?"

"We will sit still. The last thing we want to do is to strike."—The Pueblo Courier.

COMMUNICATIONS

Altman, Colo., Jan. 29, 1901.

At a regular meeting of Free Coinage Miners' Union No. 19, held January 25th, the following resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, It has pleased the Supreme Ruler of the Universe to remove from our midst Brother D. P. McGinley, a co-worker in the cause of humanity and bettering the conditions of mankind;

Resolved, By Free Coinage Miners' Union No. 19 that while we bow gracefully to the divine decree, we deeply feel the untimely taking away of our faithful and beloved brother, friend and citizen.

Resolved, That he, in common with all humanity, so lived

For the cause that lacked assistance,
For the wrongs that need resistance,
For the future in the distance
And the good that he could do.

Resolved, That we tender to the bereaved wife and other relatives of our deceased brother our profound sympathy in their and our loss; and be it

Resolved, That our charter be draped in mourning for a period of thirty days and that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved wife and also published in the daily press, Pueblo Courier and Miners' Magazine and put upon our minute book.

W. B. EASTERLY,
ED BOYLE,
R. J. LYONS,
J. R. DOYLE,
SHERMAN PARKER,
Committee.

Victor, Colo., Jan. 26, 1900.

Whereas, That in the death of Brother Dan P. McGinley organized labor has lost an earnest and zealous worker, his wisdom and counsel will be sadly missed in the councils of organized labor, where his energy, uprightness and sincerity greatly aided in building up and promoting organization and maintaining it through trying circumstances; by their works we shall know them,

Whether on life's peaceful plain
Or in the battle van,
The only fight that's not in vain
Is when we fight for man.

This can be well said of Brother Dan P. McGinley. His labor is worthy of emulation. Be it

Resolved, That we extend to his wife and relatives our heartfelt sympathy in this their sad bereavement and great loss, and we bow our heads in grief with them; yet, while the scythe of time cuts swaths in our ranks which we can ill afford to spare, we bow to the wisdom of Him who doeth all things well. Be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to his wife and relatives, a copy inserted in the Miners' Magazine, a copy sent to the daily press and spread on our minutes.

HENRY KING,
THOMAS M'MANUS,
A. BERNIER,

Committee.

RESOLUTIONS BY NO. 21.

At a regular meeting of Anaconda Miners' Union No. 21, held Tuesday night, January 29, 1901, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, The Supreme Ruler of the Universe has seen fit in His wisdom to remove from the scene of his labors our worthy brother, Dan P. McGinley, and

Whereas, Organized labor everywhere has lost a worthy brother and ardent worker, his wife a loving husband, and his aged mother and father a filial and dutiful son, therefore be it

Resolved, That we extend to his wife, mother and father our heartfelt sympathy in this their sad bereavement and great loss, and we bow our heads in grief with them. Yet while the scythe of time cuts swaths in our ranks which we can ill afford to lose, we bow to the wisdom of Him who doeth all things well. Be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the bereaved wife, mother and father, a copy published in the Miners' Magazine and the Daily Press, and a copy spread on the minutes of our union.

D. M'DONALD,
J. J. MANGAN,
C. W. RORKE,

Committee.

RESOLUTIONS FROM THE A. O. O. P.

Resolution upon the death of Dan McGinley, past commander of Independence Harbor No. 36 of A. O. O. P.

At a regular meeting of Independence Harbor No. 36. A.

O. O. P., held February 5, 1901, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, It has pleased the Supreme Ruler of the Universe to remove from our midst our late brother and past commander, Dan McGinley; and,

Whereas, The intimate relations long held by our deceased brother with the members of this harbor render it proper that we should place on record our appreciation of his services as member and officer, and merits as a man; therefore be it

Resolved, By Independence harbor No. 36, A. O. O. P., that while we bow in humble submission to the will of the Most High, we do not the less mourn for our brother who has been called from his labor to rest, and that in the death of Dan McGinley this harbor loses a brother who was active and zealous in advancing the interests of this order, ready to succor the needy and distressed of the fraternity, devoted to our welfare and prosperity, wise in council and fearless in action, an honest and upright man, whose virtues endeared him not only to his brethren of the order, but to all his fellow-citizens.

Resolved, That this harbor tenders its heartfelt sympathy to the family and relatives of our deceased brother in their sad affliction.

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered upon the minutes of the harbor and that a copy of them be sent the family of our deceased brother.

RESOLUTIONS PASSED BY EXECUTIVE BOARD.

At a regular monthly meeting of the Cripple Creek district executive board of the Western Federation of Miners the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, The Divine Ruler of the Universe has seen fit, in His wisdom, to remove from the sphere of his usefulness our beloved and worthy brother, Dan P. McGinley, and

Whereas, The Western Federation of Miners and organized labor everywhere has lost an earnest and zealous worker and worthy brother, his wife a loving and devoted husband and his aged mother and father a dutiful and affectionate son, therefore be it

Resolved, That this executive board tender to the bereaved wife, mother and father their deepest sympathy and bow our heads in grief with them; and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved wife, mother and father, a copy published in the

Daily Press and the Miners' Magazine and a copy spread on the minutes of this body.

S. J. RYAN,
R. A. SMITH,
C. W. RORKE,
Committee.

Editor Miners' Magazine:

Whereas, It has pleased the Almighty God to remove from our midst our beloved brother, Edward F. Higgins; and, Whereas, By his death the Mojave Miners' Union, No. 51, W. F. of M., has lost an old, tried and faithful member, and all organized labor a devoted and ardent supporter, and the community in which he lived an honored citizen; therefore, be it

Resolved, That our charter be draped in mourning for a period of thirty days and that a letter be written extending condolence to his bereaved wife and family and that a copy of these resolutions be enclosed in said letter; also a copy of above resolutions be forwarded to Miner's Magazine for publication.

C. E. BOYD,
T. F. DELANEY,
J. H. UNDERHILL,
THOMAS CONNEFF,
Committee.

Dated Jan. 19, A. D. 1901.

RESOLUTIONS FROM PHOENIX, B. C., UNION.

Whereas, It has pleased the Ruler of the Universe to remove from our midst our worthy and respected brother, Ole Oleson; therefore, be it

Resolved, That in the death of Brother Oleson the Miners' Union has lost a worthy and faithful friend and respected citizen. Be it further

Resolved, That we extend our heartfelt sympathy to the brother's family in this hour of their bereavement; that these resolutions be spread on the minutes of our union and a copy be published in the Miners' Magazine and Industrial World.

JOHN RIORDAN, Secretary.

Telluride, Colo., Jan. 25, 1901.

Whereas, It has pleased the Supreme Ruler of the Universe to remove from our midst Brothers Willam Temaat on the 10th, Dennis McGuire on the 20th and Alex Covi on the 22nd of January, 1901, that while we, their fellow workers and brother members of 16 to 1 Miners' Union No. 63, W. F. of M., feel the loss of our fellow members and bow our heads in hum-

ble submission to the divine will of our Creator, we desire to extend to the bereaved relatives and friends our heartfelt sympathy in this their hour of sorrow. Be it further

Resolved, That our charter be draped in mourning for a period of thirty days, that these resolutions be published in the Miners' Magazine and spread on the minutes of this order.

JOHN RYAN,
JOHN BURNS,
JOHN PINKNEY,
Committee.

Rossland, B. C., Jan. 29, 1901.

Editor Miners' Magazine:

Dear Sir—Please find enclosed clippings from the Rossland Miner, which will pretty accurately convey to the liberty-loving people of America an idea of the devilish methods had recourse to by corporation greed to bring the miners of Rossland to their terms. Ignorance alone is responsible for all this. When will that lumbering mass of withering humanity awaken to a realization of the fact that so long as unlimited emigration to this country is permitted their condition must eventually grow worse until the economic conditions, so far as labor is concerned, has reached the European level?

Legislation is the only remedy. Yet union men tell us we must not discuss politics in our unions because we might get mad at each other. We might bar all other discussion on the same grounds.

What would be thought of a military man who would refuse to discuss, or permit others to discuss, military matters, while realizing that by military and military methods alone victory can be won?

Slowly but surely the methods adopted in Pennsylvania years ago are wending their way westward, and if labor does not soon turn its attention to a study of the economic condition that is gradually drawing him down to the European level don't blame capital. You have the remedy in your own hands; if you do not use it, then you deserve your fate.

WORKER.

THE FLORENCE STRIKE.

In justice to Mill and Smeltermen's Union No. 110, W. F. of M., and in hope our brothers of the Western Federation of Miners may find some interest in this account, we have decided to publish this account of our late strike in Florence.

About the first of last December the mill and smeltermen of Florence decided the New Year should usher in the eight-hour day, and a reasonable wage, in all mills of this vicinity.

We caused to be published in all papers of Florence that "after January 1, 1901, eight hours should constitute a day in all mills, smelters and reduction works in the Florence district. Thus the managers of the different plants had nearly thirty days' notice of our intentions and had no grounds for the claim of insufficient notice.

On the 28th of December, Joseph Lloyd, president of the union, was discharged from the employ of the Metallic Extraction Company, and after due consideration the union asked Mr. Garman, president of the State Federation of Labor, to use his good offices to secure the reinstatement of Brother Lloyd. Upon Brother Garman's arrival, a committee consisting of President Garman, President Lloyd, Hon. Frank A. Moore, Paul Casey and William Christians was appointed and given full power to make a settlement with all mills. The committee acted promptly and at a special meeting held January 30th submitted a scale which the managers of the different companies were willing to pay. These propositions were considered to be totally inadequate, and were rejected in toto after some debate. Mr. Garman was compelled to return to Denver by urgent business, and word was sent to the different companies that all differences would be adjusted on January 15th. All negotiations were declared off until that date and union No. 1 began work on a uniform scale to take force in all mills so far as the differences in processes would permit. We considered that we had made an agreement with the managers that wages and hours were to be unchanged until January 15th. We were acting in good faith and expected to be treated with the same fairness.

But, on January 6th, the Union Gold Extraction Company, considering our silence as a symptom of weakness or fear, began to make reductions in the wages of sweepers, oilers, coal-wheelers, barrel-helpers and sampler help, without giving notice, and dating the cut in pay from January 1st. Twenty or twenty-two men suffered a reduction of 25 cents per day, and, be it said to their credit, nearly every man quit. The union believed that the company had broken faith with us; we knew Mr. Milliken, the manager, had been an enemy of organized labor for years, and we knew that to delay meant defeat, wherefore a walk-out (not a strike) was ordered, to take effect at the Union Gold Extraction Company at 11 p. m. January 9th. Pickets were stationed at all approaches to the works, and both union and non-union men came out willingly. Four hours after the call was made the plant was closed down, and although the bosses, superintendents and a few other scabs did their best to keep up the fires and make an appearance, we knew we had won. A boycott was put on Zang's beer, and although the company claimed A. J. Zang had re-

tired from the stockholders of the Union Gold Extraction Company, this boycott seemed to have a salutary effect.

About 3 p. m., January 10th, the manager signified his willingness to receive a committee, and Brothers Markham, Weaver and Stilwell were appointed to treat with General Manager Milliken. At 11 p. m. the conference broke up, having agreed upon all issues but one. The manager refused to reinstate one man, but offered to give him an inferior position, with the promise of the first vacancy at his old position. The committee withdrew to consult the union, with the understanding negotiations would be continued next morning. However, we were surprised to hear the following morning that Mr. Milliken would receive no embassies and did not recognize the union. Of course our susceptible feelings were deeply wounded, but we made no effort to force ourselves upon Mr. Milliken and put the screws a little tighter.

In the evening of January 12th Mr. J. T. Milliken, president of the U. G. E. Co., asked to be allowed to speak to the union, and was admitted to our hall. He made a speech that would have classed a poor man as a socialist and made a friend of nearly every man in the hall. A committee of seven, Brothers Kiser, Dean, Stilwell, Wair, Shea, Christians and President Gates of the Florence Trades Assembly, waited on the president, secretary and manager, and at 11 p. m. an agreement was made, the boycott removed from Mr. Zang's invigorating beverage and the strike declared off.

On January 15th Mr. Asgall, manager of the Metallic Extraction Company, resigned, and Mr. Frank A. Gillespie succeeded him. This change was favorable to the union, as Mr. Gillespie is well liked by his men and has an enviable reputation for fairness. He asked a few days' time to consider our propositions and about the 20th of January a settlement was reached.

January 15th, at 8 a. m., a committee waited on J. Q. MacDonald, general manager of the National Gold Extraction Company, and informed him a strike would be called at noon unless he made the same terms as the Union Extraction Company. He replied that all men who quit work at noon would find their pay ready for them, and at noon the National Gold Company closed down with great eclat.

The El Paso Reduction Company was declared unfair on the same date and closed.

President Garman of the State Federation of Labor was visiting the coal camps, and was again invited to use his good offices to bring about a settlement. In company with a committee from each mill he acted vigorously and in a short time an agreement was reached with both companies. However, the smelter trust had created a scarcity of ore and the coal

mines had reduced the supply of coal to such an extent that the two companies remained closed and took advantage of the stoppage to clean up and make repairs. It is rumored that the El Paso Reduction Company will be in operation by the first of March, while the National may be closed for some time.

We have gained an eight-hour day in all departments except the sampler of each mill, and have not suffered any reduction of wages, but in the majority of cases have gained an increase. We have secured recognition for the union and have bound each mill by a contract until January 1, 1902.

In three strikes our organization was so firm that only two "scabs" were found in the union. One was a man who had been severely afflicted in the last two years, and who was too easily influenced. The other was notoriously a tool of the management, and we merely took him into the union to watch him. All affiliated unions will receive official information concerning both cases.

Mill and Smeltermen's Union No. 110, W. F. of M., and No. 1, S. F. of L., thank President Boyce of the Western Federation of Miners for his kind offers and prompt action in our troubles. We are very grateful to President Garman of the State Federation of Labor for his energetic action and hard work in our behalf.

Joseph Gadden has been expelled from this union for "scabbing" during the strike at the Union Gold Extraction Company. Developments are expected which will make it essential for him to leave this camp, and we expect all affiliated unions to receive him in a manner befitting his rank.

CHAS. N. STILWELL, Fin. Sec.
E. C. AIKEMS.

Governor Hunt has abolished Steunenbergs permit system, and dispensed with Edminston's services as a state deputy. This is remarkable. The mine owners abolished the permit law of their own accord about forty days before Mr. Hunt did. The governor addressed his proclamation abolishing what had already been abolished to Hon. (?) Hugh France, state representative at Wardner, and evidently Mr. Hunt intends to continue this novel state office, for in the proclamation he instructs the not altogether honorable Hugh that "no state deputies will hereafter be employed at state expense in Shoshone county until I am notified by you of their necessity." Wonder what Governor Hunt means?—Idaho State Tribune.

The railroad mileage of the United States to December 31, 1900, is placed by the Railway Age at 195,155 miles. For the year 4,322 miles were built.

FICTION

IN THE CANVAS WAGON'S SHADOW.

Dorson went to the circus alone. Mrs. Dorson—poor little woman—had a headache and a prejudice, and remained at home.

It was a scorching day. Before the distance to the show ground was half traversed Dorson was minded to turn about and spend the holiday with his wife. But he did not pause, physically. One observing him would not have been aware that he was so minded. He was very fond of circuses, and he had not seen one for a long time. He could hear the band playing in the big tent. He mopped his sweating brow with his handkerchief, and involuntarily quickened his pace. A smile came upon his face, and he plunged his hand into his pocket to assure himself that his money was safe. There was plenty of money in the pocket. The contact of his hand with the dollars destroyed the illusion under which he had been for a moment laboring. The smile faded from his face. He thought again of his wife. She was a good wife, but she was hardly up to his ideal. She tired him somewhat. He sighed, and wished he was little and ragged and barefooted and happy once more.

He went on past the flaming banners of the sideshow to the entrance of the big tent. A crowd pushed and jostled there. It was quite unnecessary, he told himself, and stepped aside until the congestion should be lessened.

A great wagon, such as is used for the transportation of canvas, stood at a short distance. In its shade a man was lying, to all appearance asleep. He looked very comfortable, and Dorson walked to the shaded spot and sat down. Something in the sleeper's face was familiar to him. He had known some one in his life to whom the man bore a striking resemblance, but he could not remember whom. He did not strive to remember. It was not really worth an effort.

But the sleeper had a better memory than Dorson. He awoke presently, and looked at Dorson blinkingly, as if unconvinced that he was still not dreaming. Then he raised himself on his elbow and spoke Dorson's name. Dorson, nonchalantly watching the people crowd into the tent, started and looked at the other wonderingly.

"Don't know me, eh?" said the other, smiling. "It's only twenty years since we last met. I'm Hobby Garner."

Dorson remembered that there had been a dirty boy in the old village school named Hobby Garner. He had not been intimate with him, because they had not been sympathetic.

Hobby's tastes had run to snakes. He had carried snakes in his pockets habitually. Dorson abhorred snakes. He had not thought of Hobby once in twenty years, but now he extended his hand.

"Hello, Hobby," he said.

"Hello," said Hobby, to get relations upon a proper basis. "I didn't expect to see you here."

"Nor I you," said Dorson. "Are you with the show?"

"Yes," replied Hobby. "I own the museum privilege. Won't you come over"—indicating by a wave of the hand the tent where the lurid banners were—"and see what I've got? I can show you the finest specimen of snakes on the continent."

Dorson shuddered. "I've been in there," he said, lying glibly. "They are magnificent beyond doubt. Have you been in the show line ever since you left home?"

"Pretty much," said Hobby. "I began as a roustabout, and worked up. I got some hard knocks in the doing of it, too. But nowadays I work only sixteen hours out of the twenty-four. I used to work eighteen. I'm getting lazy, and taking on flesh."

"And money?"

"Some."

"Married?"

"Yes."

Hobby glanced towards the end of the museum tent, where a shapely lady in a short red dress was standing upon a platform, gradually winding a huge, sleepy serpent about her body.

"That's her," he said.

Dorson looked at the lady intently.

"It seems to me," he said, slowly, after a time, "that I've seen her before."

Hobby laughed. "Well, I guess you have," said he. "She sat behind you in school."

"Not Maud Briggs?"

"The same."

Dorson's backbone seemed to lose its vitality, and his mouth dropped open. He gazed in bewilderment, first at the lady with the snake, then at the grinning Hobby. He was bereft of the power of speech. His memory, half dormant until then, suddenly aroused itself to strenuous action, and involuntarily he reviewed the past. As a boy, he had loved Maud Briggs, and as a man he had not entirely ceased to love her. Maud Briggs, daughter of Erastus Briggs, the village Croesus—gayest of the gay—wittiest of the witty—unattainable as the north star! Once he had falteringly asked Maud to marry him, and Maud had turned him away, broken hearted but not surprised.

Hobby's voice recalled him to himself. The band in the big tent was playing "I'll Leave My Happy Home for You."

"Sort of took the gimp out of you, didn't it?" said Hobby. There was a suggestion of triumph in his tone, and he rubbed his hands together gleefully. He was enjoying this meeting with an old friend. He was not of a high order. He remembered the petty snubs of twenty years before, and was unforgetting. "It never occurred to you that I would marry her, did it?" he said, emphasizing the pronouns.

"No," replied Dorson frankly, "it didn't."

Hobby chuckled. "Some people are not so much superior to some other people as they thought," he said.

Dorson humbly bowed his head. "No," said he, "they are not. I wish you would tell me, Hobby, how it all came about."

"Well," said Hobby, "I will. I never saw or heard of any one from the old town for fifteen years after I left it. The shows I was with never went there, and I was too busy to inquire for information. But one night at Omaha, 1,000 miles from home, when we were taking down the seats, I found a gray glove."

"She always wore gray," said Dorson softly.

"And in one of its fingers was a gold ring with her name engraved upon it. I preserved them carefully. It occurred to me that maybe chance would put me in the way of returning them some day. And chance did. It was a sort of a romantic, storybook thing. Three seasons later we were at Omaha again. I kept my eyes peeled, but I did not see her in the afternoon crowd. I concluded that she had been visiting in the place the year before. Perhaps it was another Maud Briggs altogether. But in the evening one of the ring elephants—you read of the circumstance in the papers, I suppose—got ugly, and bolted, slam bang, through a section of the seats. A few people were hurt, and a lot were frightened nearly to death. Some of them were lying in the dark twenty or thirty feet outside the tent, thrown there from the high seats when the big beast crashed through. I picked up the first one I came to—a woman—and ran with her to the museum tent. I left her there with the fat woman holding a camphor bottle to her nostrils, and started out to get a doctor. When I got back with the doctor she was sitting up and I recognized her. She didn't look much as the daughter of old 'Ras Briggs might have been expected to look, but I knew her. She knew me, too. She knocked me all of a heap by calling me Hobby, just as if we were kids. And I called her Maud, and gave her the glove and ring. Funny thing, wasn't it?"

"Yes," said Dorson. "What happened next?"

"It struck me as a bit peculiar that no one was making any inquiries for her, and after we'd sat there by the fat wo-

man for a few moments, with the living skeleton and midgets nudging one another and giggling, I asked her if I shouldn't get her a carriage. She smiled a trifle bitter, and said no. Then I offered to escort her home, and she said she had no home. She was working in a cheap restaurant. She was what they call a biscuit shooter out there. The whole story came out shortly on a flood of tears. Her mother was dead. She had had trouble with her father. Wouldn't marry somebody or other. Skipped out. Independent as if she was the only one of its kind. Went to Omaha because she had a girl friend there. Girl friend turned her down when she learned what she had done, and she had been struggling against fate ever since. Honor clear. Backbone stiff as a center pole."

"Thank heaven!" Dorson drew a long breath. For some reason he felt vastly relieved. A weight in his bosom seemed to have been lifted. "Go on", he said.

"It happened that my Circassian beauty had left me a few days before, and as I sat there listening to Maud's story, an idea popped into my head. Why couldn't she take the place? We could fake up a wig for her and the salary was ten times what she was getting at the hashery. I made the offer and she snapped it up. We were married six months later. We've got two of the cutest kids on the continent, bar none, down at St. Louis. She's happy. I'm happy."

"You'll come in for something when the old gentleman dies, won't you?" asked Dorson.

"The old gentleman's dead," said Hobby. "Not a cent did we get. He was a bankrupt clean to the bottom. Maud wouldn't take any of his money, anyway. She's got queer notions. She went to the funeral and came back to the show two days afterwards. Would you care to walk over and meet her? She'd be glad to see an old schoolmate."

"No," said Dorson, "I—I believe I'd rather not."

He leaned back against the wheel of the canvas wagon and closed his eyes wearily. The band was playing "She May Have Seen Better Days," in accompaniment to the strident voice of the clown. An elephant trumpeted and a lion whined dolefully. Across the grounds, in the shimmering heat, the great banners of the sideshow moved gently in the light breeze. One, portraying a woman with a serpent about her neck, caught Dorson's eyes when he opened them, and he closed them again, shivering as if he were cold. He arose to his feet, with his eyes still closed, and turned his back to the banners.

"Goodby, Hobby," said he.

"Goodby," said Hobby. "Sorry you won't go over and see Maud. She'd be tickled to death to meet an old-flame. 'Twouldn't hurt you any to come down from your perch for a minute."

"Tisn't that," said Dorson. "'Tis something—oh, confound it! I can't tell you what it is."

He turned abruptly and walked away. At his home he passed softly through the darkened hall to his own room and opened his desk. From a drawer he drew a small tissue paper parcel and opened it. A gray glove dropped out. He lifted the glove between his thumb and finger, and walked swiftly to the grate, striking a match as he went. As the last vestige of the glove dropped into the ashes his wife entered the room.

"Why, dear," said she, "didn't you go to the circus?"

"Wh—what circus?" asked Dorson.

And then, without waiting for her reply, he folded her in his arms and a light such as had not shone there for months before came into the little woman's eyes.—David H. Talmadge in Munsey's.

THE QUEEN OF THE COUNTY

II

There was one law never infringed in our nursery—the eldest gave place to the youngest.

There was another rule, born, we know not how, among us, that after a quarrel the offended one besought pardon of the offender.

Among us there were passionate ones, heedless ones, peevish ones, sulky ones, but we were so hedged about with the confiding love of our father and mother, that trusted our words as they did those of each other, our pleasures were so simple, yet so sufficient, our pains were so few and so evanescent, that it may truly be said there was no loophole for larger sins to creep in.

We hated the taws and feared the mice. But out of this hatred grew the desire to be good, and from this fear arose the necessity to brave it. Politics in those days ruled every household. Our mother was a red-hot tory.

Thus we often heard discussions regarding the government of our country; and various public characters were judged with a freedom and severity that even startled our innocent minds.

Our mother was one of that sort of feminine creatures who seem, on the surface, wholly made up of yielding and beneficent virtues. She was the fondest wife possible, the tenderest mother. She was very largely gifted with personal advantages, and her mind was singularly acute and intelligent. In addition to these desirable qualities for a companion for life, she was utterly unselfish. It was rare to see a woman so pretty, so vivacious, so entertaining, so amiable, and yet so ut-

terly unconscious of her gifts. This, of course, added to her charms. It was impossible to be dull in her company. She was fond of theories of all kinds, no matter whether they were for the good of the country or to have no further scope than her own household; she pursued them with that enthusiasm that is seldom bestowed upon facts. We were now and then aware of this little feature in her character, by a theory being carried out in the nursery. But she was rabid on politics. Almost all the enthusiasm she possessed was thrown without reserve into her political feelings. "My dear," would our father say, mildly, after she had credited the whigs with a few crimes, born solely from her own vivacious mind, "surely you mistake. I did not read to-day that the whigs intended to dethrone the king, do away with the lords and establish a democracy."

"No, you did not read it, but they are going to do it."

"They have told you so, perhaps?"

"My dear husband, no, but cannot you see what they are driving at? Church and state—all will go. They mean to upset everything."

"Then, little girls," says papa to us, "come and eat up this dish of apples before the wicked whigs arrive and take it away."

"Ah," sighed mamma, unheeding this, "I don't know how to be civil to Mr. Foster—he dines here to-morrow."

"You asked him yourself, my dear, and I concluded that you made 'civility' into a virtue for the nonce. I thought it rather a good idea."

"I know I shall be very unhappy all the evening."

"That is a pity; but as contentment and tranquillity are the best things for this world, don't think of happiness. I regard it as too fine a feeling for earth."

"Papa," I whispered over my last bit of apple, "why do people care for politics?"

"You were reading a definition of the word 'Ethics' this morning. I told you it was to teach you to be a good Christian. The study of politics will make you a good neighbor and citizen."

"Cannot God make good politics?" asked Marblette, who was evidently disturbed at mamma's fears for the future welfare of England.

"Good politicians! Well, Marblette, God can do everything. He not only gives us more than we desire or deserve, but what we ask for in our wildest wishes is not worth what he gives without. If he thinks fit, England will not be without good politicians to govern her."

After some of these conversations, it was not unusual for me to take a favorable opportunity of haranguing the nursery

on the subject of politics. But, to the infinite horror and indignation of my audience, I advocated whig principles.

It was not until after repeated trials that I obtained a hearing in the excited nursery on this announcement. But being very arbitrary, I banged one, scolded another, put a third into a sort of prison-house between the two chests of drawers, and blocked her up with nurse's round table.

Compelling silence, or in fact obtaining a hearing, through the knowledge that I would have my own way, I explained that my motives for taking up whig principles arose entirely from philanthropy, or, as I expressed it, from charity. "There was no one down stairs to speak a good word for them. Everybody, that ever we heard, abused them, excepting papa; and he seemed, without advocating their cause, at least to allow they were patriotic. Patriot was a very fine word,—it was only applied to magnanimous people,—ergo, there must be some good in whigs, if they were patriots. Moreover, I appealed to their natural kindness of heart. They only heard the tory side down stairs. To be perfectly fair and just, they ought to hear both sides. I would make it my business to read the newspapers, and let them know, from time to time, whether the whigs were getting better or worse. There appeared to be a great many of them in the world. We should not like to hate such a number of people.

This was allowed. "But," says Em (a thing about six, rather like me, arbitrary and opinionative), "mamma says they are wicked; so they must be wicked."

"Pooh!" I exclaimed. "Don't you know that Minerva had no mother, and that is the reason wisdom belongs only to men, and not women."

"O, O, O!" This reflection cast upon mamma's judgment overwhelmed me for a time, the more especially as I fell myself, because of my sex, into the horrid category wherein I had placed her.

A WALK IN CHILDHOOD.

I can remember that once we had a governess. Whether our number alarmed her, or that the race of governesses was not so numerous then as now, she soon left us, and we went to a daily school.

At eight o'clock in the morning we breakfasted. While we did so, seven little cloaks of gray were put upon the backs of our chairs by Bell; seven little black bonnets, with rosettes of black satin ribbon to ornament them; seven pairs of mittens; seven pairs of thick shoes laid upon the window seats. Bell then went into the recess, and discussed her breakfast in the uncomfortable manner before described.

Suddenly she would rush out, rattle up all our mugs and

plates, fling them recklessly into the cupboard, make a sort of pretence of tidying the room (nurse usually took the babies at this time to see mamma), and bid the elder ones dress the younger ones. A needless order on her part, as we usually did it without. Seeing us all ready, the clock on the stroke of half-past eight, she would rush into her own room, rush back again with bonnet and shawl in hand, and proceed to upbraid us for being late.

As we emerged out of the nursery door, my mind brings back to me that well-remembered scene.

I see things I never saw anywhere else: A large passage, or what we called landing-place, with doors opening every where. The three nursery doors, the two doors of the maid-servants' rooms; a great curious door, leading up to vast garrets, which we always heartily wished nailed up, though we sometimes ventured up the stairs, in broad daylight, nurse parading up and down the passage, giving baby what she called the air. There were twenty-two steps in all, up to those garrets. Once I ventured all the way, and peeped round. But I don't know that any other amongst us achieved this feat.

There was still another door of comfortable appearance, being covered with red baize, and handsomely decorated with brass nails. This was a swing door, and divided the old part of the house from the new. We had outgrown the rectory, and papa had added almost a whole house to the old one.

The nursery staircase was a curious one, going down through the wall, ending in a long passage, crossed by another, which took us out into the garden. From thence, by the front door, which was fastened in no other fashion that ever I saw. To the uninitiated, it appeared impenetrably closed. But to us, a little friendly knob permitted us, with some labor, to screw it round, and open flew the great door, letting us into the street. The very first house in it presented at once an attraction rarely resisted. It was Thomson's, the taffee shop, or, as North country folks called it, "claggum;" and never was any substance so appropriately named. Here the possessor of papa's good money spent half of it, and with impartial justice divided, whatever the portion might be, into eight parts—one for each of the seven, and one for Bell. Though not always impartially; if, by some accident, owing to the peculiar nature of "claggum," it would not permit itself to be divided fairly, the owner of the "claggum" always took the smallest piece. Thomson's was a corner shop, and we therefore immediately turned down into a little narrow street, with the wall of the churchyard on one side and little smoky houses on the other. But the street had more interest in our eyes than having Thomson's shop at the corner of it. Ducrow was born in one of the little houses. We were apt to boast, at our school, that we lived close to Du-

crow. If none of the present generation can recall anything remarkable connected with the name of Ducrow, let them go to Kensal Green Cemetery, and they will behold the last abode of Ducrow, and will not wonder that we thought much of living near him when they see the difference between his first and last home.

Another interest in the street was, that Bell's mother lived in the oldest and dirtiest of all the houses. Once or twice when rich in pennies, we had gravely discussed the propriety of ordering Bell's mother to go into one of the best houses, and we would pay the rent of it. The idea never went farther than discussion, partly from an absolute want of funds, partly from the perceptible fact that, wherever Bell's mother lived her house was likely to be very dirty and untidy, judging by her own appearance.

Invariably, as we neared her objectionable abode, Bell said,—

“Miss Dudu, I heard mither was but poorly last night; step on a bit, while I rin and ax her how she do, but for yer life dinna gang out o' sight.”

But a few steps took us out of the narrow street into a broad, steep-pitched road, where the churchyard wall rose sixteen feet high, and the opposite side had great stone buildings of various kinds—warehouses, inns, what was called the county chamber, and an iron-faced bank.

Here, like a little flock of stray sheep, we were at once lost in the huge traffic that labored and toiled up and down the steep pitch. To ease it as much as possible, the roadway was formed like an S. Near the uppermost turn was the little, dark, close gully, not ten feet wide, with houses on each side six stories high, down which the Duke of Cumberland refused to go. Red-hot as he might be to squash the Scottish rebellion, he had no desire to go down “a coal pit,” he said, to get to Newcastle; and so on to Scotland. He preferred a twenty mile gallop up South Tyne, and crossed the river in a gentlemanly manner, by Kesham bridge. History saith he feared being shot from out of the close-packed windows. But this supposed coal pit was, in those days, and for many days after, the only road from Gateshead to Newcastle, and went abruptly down, as was the fashion then, straight on to the bridge. A watchman was kept to give notice when the way was clear, as two vehicles meeting had no chance of passing each other, and the warning bell was heard tinkling every minute. This inconvenience was remedied by making the roadway on which we now found ourselves. Superior as it was to the other, being thirty yards across, yet so great was the incline that all the horses drawing heavy loads were shod in a peculiar manner. They had a species of clasp on the fore-

part of each shoe that gave them a hold on the pitching, while strong wedges or hooks were on the back part of the shoe, enabling them to resist the weight going down hill. Our mother never went up and down that hill in a carriage the twenty-four years she lived so near it.

We proceeded with slow steps down the pavement, looking anxiously back for Bell, and hugging the great churchyard wall as part of our home. The people are kind to us and say pleasant things to us.

"Ay, there gang the rector's likely bairns—bonny lasses all. I mind hearing he aye has as mony more at hame. Dinna be feared, hinnies; I'll joost kep twixt ye and the street."

The only fear we had was when droves of cattle came by; then I, and Marblette, also in charge, lost a great deal of our presence of mind, and with that our command over the juniors. We two instinctively clutched a little one, while the three intermediate ones fled as best they could.

But this did not often happen, and by the time we were at the bottom of the hill, and close verging upon the vortex of the bridge, Bell might be seen scurrying after us, like a naughty coal dog that had left his charge while he went on a little excursion of his own.

Bell knew we could not venture on the bridge by ourselves. First, there was the incessant traffic; secondly, the bridge was lined on either side with women, selling every conceivable thing and calling out their goods and the prices of them with shrill, but not unmusical cries, that so many together almost deafened one.

As for a southerner knowing what they sold out of these great baskets, from what they said, the cries might have been in Greek.

"Foin Borgundy peers! harpenny piece—Foin Borgundy peers!"

"Foin haddies! finny haddies! twa a penny! calen haddies!"

"Awpoools! awpoools! fower a penny—Foin reed awpoools!"

"Candeas, sweeties, mints, and sookies!—Foin mints and sookies!"

On the entrance to the bridge, in a quiet corner, sat day by day a little white-faced girl, making cotton nightcaps, with a crooked bone. Nowadays what she was doing is called crochet. No matter how small the sum for "claggum," half was always reserved for this little girl, and the fortunate owner of this vast sum clutched it carefully in her little hot hand, notwithstanding the perils of even meeting a drove of cattle. We did many things for the sole purpose of deserving the little mite we daily gave this child. And she was even the means of influencing our actions towards each other, for it was

not an uncommon thing in our nursery for one to say to the other: "If you will be good, and do this, you shall give my halfpenny to our nightcap girl." So high did we consider the privilege of benefiting her. We never spoke to her or she to us, but her little colorless cheek had a blush on it the moment she saw us, and the languid eye sparkled with a warmth of love and gratitude that spoke to us much more than words. What was really the matter with her we were too delicate to ask. We knew she never walked, and had never walked; and there was something strange rising up behind, under her little tippet. She had not a straight back as we had. Her little white face rose out of the middle of her chest, it seemed to us, though we carefully avoided even a gaze of curiosity.

Threading our way over the bridge, under the arms of most of the crowd, Bell angrily jostling against any one, we staid not to accept the kindly offers of "awpools," or "Borgundy peers," or "mints and sookies," lavishly made us; neither were we seduced into stopping at the bulging balustrades occurring here and there in the bridge, through which we could see the wonderful river flowing on with such resistless power, bearing on its surface ships of all sizes and shapes: round-bodied Dutchmen, low in the water; ugly, black-looking whale ships; brown, business-looking Danes, with a fleet of coal keels, some going with the tide, others heaving up against it, impelled by two keelmen running from end to end, with long poles, and singing, "Weel may the keel row, the keel row, the keel row; Weel may the keel row, that my lad's in,"—a tune that inspirits a Newcastle man as the "Ranz des Vaches" enraptures the exiled Swiss.

Most seducing was the river to us, but not to be indulged with only Bell for an escort. Young as we were, we knew the hopeless state to which she would be reduced if there was any lingering or hesitation on the part of her little flock. Besides, a crisis was impending in our walk. We were about to undergo its greatest trial. There was a narrow street on the Newcastle side of the bridge, as well as the Gateshead one. But inasmuch as two carts could meet and pass, the necessity for any improvement in the thoroughfare did not present itself as absolute. It remained as in the days of the Duke of Cumberland's imaginary coal-pit the other side. We had to cross the street; considering that we never approached it without seeing a string of vehicles—wagons, carts, carriages, the mayor's fine coach, the glass vans, the drays loaded with clanging iron bars all waiting their turn to pass slowly through the neck of this street—it may be imagined that the peril of crossing it weighed upon our minds until the feat was accomplished.

EFFECT OF THE SMELTER TRUST.

The American Smelting and Refining Company is to absorb the Guggenheim silver smelting plants and, it is said, "the consolidation of these two companies gives the new organization the control of practically all the large silver smelters in the United States and many in Mexico, and with the alliance with the selling corporations this forms one of the strongest and completest monopolies of business in the United States." This consolidation will have the usual effect upon the small seller, who will be completely wiped out. It is estimated that profits will be surer and the uncertainty that has hitherto prevailed in this industry will be considerably lessened.

But the most interesting phase of this new trust is found in the following words, taken from a dispatch in the New York Commercial Advertiser:

"The effect of the new smelter combination upon the labor situation is more important, however, for should the unions and the smelter management come into conflict again every smelter of any size in the United States could be closed down for an indefinite period without serious loss to the owners, but bringing widespread disaster and distress to thousands of wage earners."

The thousands of wage earners in question will be glad to hear this good news. The organization of the trust gives the stockholder an almost certain guarantee that their employes will not strike, and the dictation of wages will be indisputable.

The Socialists are accused of stirring up "class hatred," but what does the cold-blooded calculation of the smelter trust organizers of using their power to "bring widespread disaster and distress to thousands of wage earners" imply? Does it testify to the love and brotherliness of the trust owners for their fellow creatures, the poor worms who gladly toil that their masters may gather profits and wine and dine in peace?

But in commenting upon this matter we are touching the danger line of inciting distrust of the rich among the poor. What the smelter workers should do is to continue to vote for the Democratic party, because it is the party of free silver, and the silver smelters believe in free silver because it will bring prosperity to their employes.

Oh, no; the smelter workers are not wage slaves. They are free men. And they vote for the trust system at every election and they would consider it impracticable to have a system that would destroy their freedom.—New York People.

THE KNOCKER.

The men who fight the battles for labor, who make enemies of capitalists and corporations by what they do and say, have trials enough to encounter without feeling that they must also be on their guard against enemies in the very ranks of labor who ought to be their friends and supporters. But, while it is discouraging to know that there are creatures so despicable as to seek to blight the good work of loyal men (and it would be difficult to imagine anything so utterly contemptible), it must never be forgotten that the sound sense and good judgment of the great majority of the laboring people can be relied upon to scorn the work of the gossips and render futile the efforts of the falsifier who would willingly wreck every hope of labor's future, that in the ruins they might find some petty hate or malice gratified.—Labor News.

CHRONOLOGY OF THE MONTH.

January 21—It is understood that Queen Victoria has suffered a shock of paralysis, but none of the English papers say anything in regard to it.

Jan. 22—Queen Victoria died at the age of eighty-two, and after reigning nearly sixty-four years.

Jan. 24—Montreal has a three million dollar fire. It began with the Board of Trade building and then went through the wholesale district.

Jan. 26—Verdia, the great Italian composer, is dead.

Jan. 27—A trainload of troops and military stores were captured by the Boers yesterday near Fourteen Streams.

Jan. 29—It is thought that the militia will be asked to protect the coal mines of southern Colorado. It is not often that the employe appeals to it for protection.

Jan. 30—The Indian uprising which threatened has fizzled out, and another chance for war for our brave soldiers has been lost.

Jan. 31—It is reported that Lord Kitchener wishes to send 10,000 Boer prisoners to India.

February 1—The army bill has passed. We are now fairly on the road to militancy.

Feb. 2—Six independent coal mines in the northern Colorado district will open in a day or two. This will be a great gain for the strikers.

Feb. 2—Justice Harlan of the Supreme Court of the United States, in a speech, gave his ideas of the colonial question, and it does not give much comfort to the administration.

Rocky Mountain News

Denver, Colorado.

DAILY AND WEEKLY.

The great representative Newspaper of the Rocky Mountain States and Territories.

"At the present time a majority of the members of the organization read nothing but the metropolitan dailies—the avowed and everlasting enemies of labor; there is not a daily of any note from the Atlantic to the Pacific (the Rocky Mountain News excepted) that is friendly to labor; it is your duty not to patronize them, nor the men who advertise in them." From President Edward Boyce's address to the Miners' convention at Salt Lake, May 12, 1897.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

Daily, by mail.....	75 cents per month
Daily.....	\$9.00 a year
Weekly.....	\$1.00 a year

Address

ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS,
Denver, Colorado.

W. W. KIRBY & CO., BROKERS.

357 East Bennett Ave., Cripple Creek, Colo. Box 683. Telephone 8.
Stocks bought, sold and carried on margin.

BADGES, Flags and Banners

JOHN O'CALLAHAN & SONS.

Eighth and Sansom Sts., Philadelphia, Penn.

Designs for Every Organization.

ALL WE ASK IS AN OPPORTUNITY TO SUBMIT SAMPLES AND PRICES. DROP US A POSTAL.

MONEY LOANED AT SMALL COST.

One-half of One Per Cent. a Year. No Commission.

READ... **MUTUAL BANKING** By WM. B. GREENE

SEE HOW IT IS DONE.

Price 10c. Mailed postpaid from this office.

The Western Federation of Miners.

EDWARD BOYCE, President.

JOHN F. McDONELL, Vice President, Virginia City, Nevada.

JAMES MAHER, Secretary-Treasurer, Box 307, Butte, Mont.

EXECUTIVE BOARD.

- John C. Williams.....Grass Valley, California
- W. D. Haywood.....Silver City, Idaho
- James B. Furey.....Butte, Montana
- W. N. Burns.....Ouray, Colorado
- Charles H. Moyer.....Lead City, South Dakota
- Chris Foley.....Rossland, British Columbia

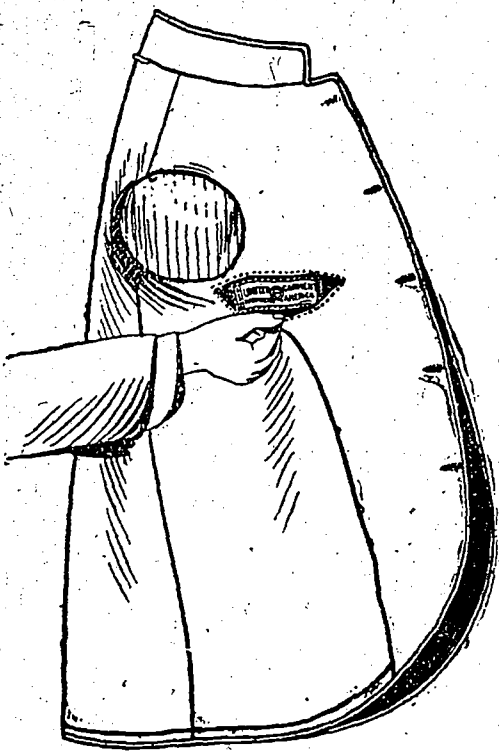


DIRECTORY OF LOCAL UNIONS AND OFFICERS.

No.....	Name.....	Meeting Night.....	President	Secretary	P.O.Box..	Address...
ARIZONA.						
77	Chloride.....	Wed.	Thomas Roe....	Wesley Frazer..	...	Chloride.....
60	Globe.....	Tue..	Sam Leeds.....	R. L. Williams..	120	Globe.....
17	Helvetia.....	Thur	Frank Briggs...	A. C. Lamb.....	...	Helvetia.....
101	Jerome.....	Thur	T. F. Casey....	P. J. Keohane...	120	Jerome.....
102	Ray.....	Thur	J. G. Henning..	W. A. Weeks...	...	Ray.....
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..	...	Camp M'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...
9	Phoenix.....	Tue..	James Marshall	John Riordan...	...	Phoenix.....
84	Rossland Mech't	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..	...	Grass Valley...
51	Mojave.....	Thur	T. F. Delaney..	O. W. Marten...	...	Mojave.....
48	Pinion Blanco..	George E. Hope	Ed Padberry...	...	Coulterville...
44	Randsburg.....	Sat..	Jos. W. Green..	T. H. Reed.....	...	Randsburg.....
73	Tuolumne.....	James Ople....	Geo. W. Jenkins.	63	Stent.....
87	Summerville....	F. M. Grant....	F. I. Kelley....	35	Carters P.O....
39	Sierra Gorda...	J. B. Baker....	Jas. M. Quinn...	...	Big Oak Flat..
COLORADO.						
75	Altman St. Eng'	Tue..	E. J. Rice.....	D. C. Copley....	106	Independence..
21	Anaconda.....	Sat..	C. W. Rorke...	R. S. Mitchell..	296	Anaconda.....
13	Baldwin.....	Sat..	Henry Dahl...	W. A. Triplett..	...	Baldwin.....
89	Battle Mountain	Sun..	Chas. Baldauf..	E. E. Mooberry..	27	Gilman.....
64	Bryan.....	Sat..	James Ferguson	John C. Prinn...	134	Ophir.....
36	Banner M. & S.	Tue..	W. D. Sighman..	L. L. Riblett...	365	Victor.....
33	Cloud City.....	Sat..	John McGillis..	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.....	...	3915 Wynkoop st
58	Durango M. & S	Thu..	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.						
110	Florence M. & S.	Sat..	Joseph Lloyd...	E. C. Alkins....	...	Florence.....
19	Free Coinage....	Fri..	W. B. Easterly..	D. P. McGinley..	91	Altman.....
92	Gillett M. & S..	Sat..	N. E. Boggs....	E. S. Timmons..	...	Gillett.....
50	Henson.....	Thur	W.C.Bredenstain	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.....
20	Rocky Bar....	Sat..	Myron Lester..	W. J. Edworthy..	...	Rocky Bar....
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..	Jos. Gulde.....	Alix Hynd.....	...	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....	Tue..	Wm. Walsh....	Joseph Harvey..	...	Marysville....
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 Lamar....
49	Silver City....	Tue..	S. Armstrong... 76	T. C. Wogan....	...	Silver City....
31	Tuscarora....	Wed.	W. J. Plumb.... 12	S. S. Turner....	...	Tuscarora....
46	Virginia.....	Fri..	W. A. Burns....	J. F. McDonell..	I	Virginia City..
N. W. TERR.						
76	Gladstone....	Sat..	John Hescott... 76	W. Goddard....	...	Fernie.....
59	Lethbridge....	Sat..	Henry Noble... 76	K. McDonald....	...	Lethbridge....
OREGON.						
42	Bourne.....	Mon.	Al Johnson....	John T. Rusk... 76	...	Bourne.....
91	Cornucopia... 76	Sat..	F. W. Sharp... 76	N. L. Skiff.....	...	Cornucopia... 76
S. DAKOTA.						
56	Custer.....	Geo. Knowles... 23	...	Custer.....
3	Central.....	Sat..	A. Erickson....	W. G. Friggins..	23	Central City... 23
14	Deadwood L. U.	Thur	A. Forester....	J. E. Evans....	950	Deadwood.... 950
2	Lead.....	Mon.	Thos. P. Nichols	J. C. McLemore..	290	Lead..... 290
30	Keystone....	Wed.	John Lynch....	Wm. Bacon....	...	Keystone....
5	Terry Peak....	Wed.	Geo. Hendy....	C. H. Schaad... 174	...	Terry..... 174
68	Two-Bit.....	Sat..	Seth Galvin....	H.J. VanAlstine..	...	Galena.....
WASHINGTON.						
28	Republic....	Tue..	Mich'l Callahan	Jas. B. Duggan..	157	Republic..... 157
24	Sheridan....	Sat..	Abe Hanson....	C. M. Wilson....	...	Toroda.....
WYOMING.						
98	Rattle Creek... 98	Thur	E. E. Lind.....	F. L. Miller....	...	Osceola..... 98
UTAH.						
93	Valley S. U....	Tue..	Wm. Bogart....	H. T. Hofeling..	...	Murray..... 93
34	Sandie S. U....	Sat..	C. B. Brown....	Wm. Halstead... 93	...	Sandie..... 93

UNION MINERS ATTENTION



Show your loyalty to the cause by insisting upon the emblem of fair union labor being attached to the clothing you buy.

Costs you no more for a well made garment. Insures you against Chinese and diseased sweat shop product.

For list of manufacturers, (Clothing, Overalls and Shirts) using label write to Henry White, Gen. Secretary, Bible House, New York.

2

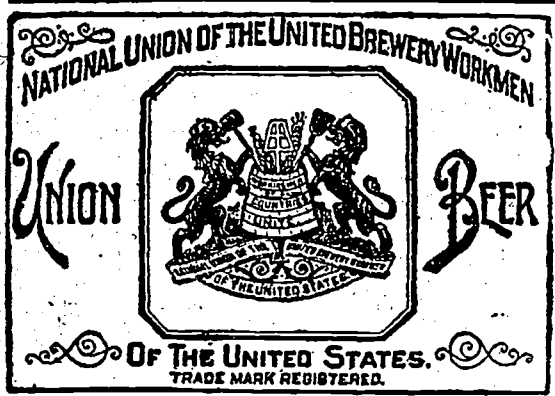
Strictly Western Institutions, The Western Federation of Miners and The Underhill Factory.

2

Reasons why the Underhill Factory should be patronized by the Western Miners. Their GARMENTS are Union Made, Best Made,

Underhills

Factory in Denver, Colo. Makes Shirts, Corduroy Pants, Duck Clothing, Miners' Coats, Overalls and things



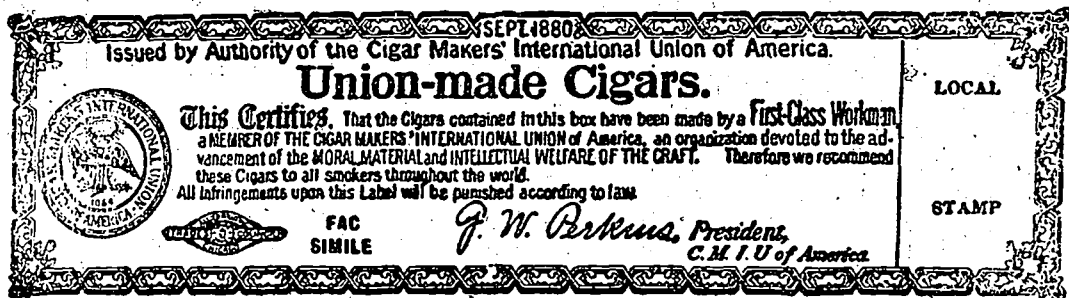
This label should be pasted on every package containing

Beer, Ale or Porter,

As the only guarantee that said package contains Beverages produced by Union Labor.

If You Are Opposed to Tenement House Sweat Shop or Child Labor

SMOKE ONLY UNION LABEL CIGARS.



Don't forget to see that this label is on every box, when buying cigars.

GLAUBER'S, CRIPPLE CREEK.

Retailers of the very best

READY TO WEAR CLOTHES

Made in this Country.

AGENTS FOR

Dunlap Hats and Rogers, Peet & Co's Clothing.

A thoroughly union, up-to-date and wide awake house. Hustlers from away back and up-to-date in everything. The people's patronage is liberally bestowed upon us and we might add deservedly so. Yours Truly,

GLAUBER'S on the Corner.

Cripple Creek, Colorado.

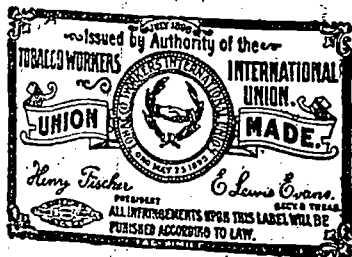
The People

One Year, 50c. 6 Months, 25c

The Biggest and Best Socialist paper in America. x x x x

The only Eastern paper that investigated and fully exposed the Bull Pen Outrage. x x x x x

184 Williams St. New York City,



When Purchasing Tobacco...

Chewing or Smoking, Plug, Twist or in Package See that THIS LABEL is on it. No Matter what your dealer may tell you, there are

None Strictly Union Without the Blue Label BUY NO OTHER.

UNITED HATTERS OF NORTH AMERICA.



This is the Union Label

OF THE

UNITED HATTERS OF NORTH AMERICA.

When you are buying a FUR HAT, either soft or stiff, see to it that the genuine Union Label is sewed in it. If a retailer has loose labels in his possession and offers to put one in a hat for you, do not patronize him. He has not any right to have loose labels. Loose labels in retail stores are counterfeit. Do not listen to any explanation as to why the hat has no label. The Genuine Union Label is perforated on the four edges exactly the same as a postage stamp. Counterfeits are sometimes perforated on three of the edges, and sometimes only on two. Keep a sharp lookout for the counterfeit. Unprincipled manufacturers are using them in order to get rid of their scab-made hats. The John B. Stetson Co. and Henry H. Roelofs & Co., both of Philadelphia, Pa., are non-union concerns.

JOHN A. MOFFITT, President, Orange, N. J.
JOHN PHILLIPS, Sec'y, 797 Bedford Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Miners' Magazine

VOLUME I.

Handsomely Bound in Cloth,

Price \$2.50

For which it will be sent post-
paid to anywhere.

ADDRESS

Box 1615,

DENVER, - - COLORADO.

