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# TRAGIC PAGES

FROM THE HISTORY OF STRIKES  
AMONG THE MINERS

Reprinted from "The People," the official organ of the Socialist Labor Party  
With a manifesto to the miners issued by the General Executive Board  
of the Socialist Trade and Labor Alliance



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# The . . . . SOCIALIST ALMANAC.

The monographs on Italy and Spain are especially instructive. They trace to its origin the long and mortal struggle between **anarchism and socialism**, the latter of which, fathered by the sophist Proudhon and brought forth in agony by a middle class financially and morally bankrupt, had fastened itself to the international proletariat.—Introduction to "Socialist Almanac."

**A BOOK THAT EVERY WORKINGMAN SHOULD READ.**

By **LUCIEN SANIAL**, formerly editor of "The People," the official organ of the Socialist Labor Party. A handbook on the history and economics of Socialism. Prepared under the direction of the National Executive Committee of the Socialist Labor Party.

The Science of Modern Socialism is based upon facts. To present this Science, the Socialist must be equipped with the facts upon which it rests, while he who would attempt to refute the Science must also be equipped with those facts. With the object of making these facts easily accessible to friend and foe alike, the National Convention of the Socialist Labor Party held in 1896 instructed the National Executive Committee to have prepared a book which would contain the data necessary for the successful propaganda of Socialism, and at the same time give the American people a reliable history of International Socialism. Lucien Sanial, of New York City, was directed to proceed with the work. It required two years of labor to collect and arrange the data. Upon the completion of his task the book was issued with the title "The Socialist Almanac," a stout volume of 230 pages.

The first part of "The Almanac" is historical, and gives a detailed history of Socialism in the various countries of Europe from its incipiency down to the present day. The second part consists of instructive theoretical and statistical articles on every subject connected with capitalism and the working class. This second part is truly a mine of information for the workingman. It contains a vast amount of valuable information, which no one could obtain but at an enormous expense of time and labor in tedious research through official and other documents not readily accessible. Every workingman and every student should have a copy of the Socialist Almanac. It is authority in all disputes, and will settle every argument.

**230 Pages. Price, 50 cents.**

**NEW YORK LABOR NEWS COMPANY,**

**2 New Reade Street, New York, N. Y.**

In the cornerpiece of the advertisement of "The Socialist Almanac" on the opposite page, fifth line from the top, for "latter" read "former," so that the sentence will read: "They trace to its origin the long and mortal struggle between anarchism and socialism, the former of which, fathered by the sophist Proudhon," etc.

## CHAPTER I.

### The How and Why of Strikes.

#### The Proletaire Organized for their own Slaughter.

#### The Miners lie Naked in the Storm while the "Labor Fakirs" Revel in Debauch and Riot for the Favor of a Brothel Mistress.

The battle of the ballots for '98 is over. The class-conscious workmen of the nation have taken a long step forward towards their emancipation. The political battle of '99 is in full blast. But there are other battles to be fought between now and then; the battles that take place on the field of the daily class struggle.

In these economic battles the Socialist must take part. Between the pure and simple labor union and the Socialist Trade & Labor Alliance there can be no peace; the flag of truce may as well be placed in the camphor closet. Unceasing war must be waged along Alliance lines in the ensuing year, and every year until the new trades unionism controls the workers' economic battles and the labor fakir lies prostrate in the mire of disgraceful defeat.

If you should like to know why this should be so then listen to this too true tale. It is the story of the Pennsylvanian coal miner fakir. A story as black as is the miner's face with coal dust when he steps from out the pit into the sunlight.

To understand this story well let us get at the basic facts, and understand the coal mining situation from the worker's standpoint.

In a statement of Colonel Rand, given in an interview during the recent strike, the Chicago millionaire coal mine operator tells the whole tale Here it is:

"This coal mining situation is easy to understand. Here it is in a nutshell. There are 400,000 coal miners in this country, there is work for but 200,000. Labor is a commodity sold in the open market according to the law of supply and demand. The

supply is far in excess of the demand. Consequently, their wages are low. There is no help for it. There is no remedy."

There is the coal mining situation. Of course, we Socialists deny his conclusion "There is no help for it. There is no remedy." If that were true then we might beat our swords into plough shares, turn our faces in other directions while watching the dance of death go on. We know the remedy is to take these 400,000 miners, weld them at the ballot box into the army of emancipation that will seize the political power, kick the Rands and Hannas and all their robber class overboard, and pull the coal miner and all the other proletarians out of the category of merchandise by putting them in possession of the land and the tools of production. This is quite a remedy, by the way, when Col. Rand comes to think of it. But the coal mining labor fakir, he agrees with Rand. He says capital (meaning the idle capitalist class) is entitled to its share. He says we must fight "capital with capital." He says "no politics in the union." Then proceeds to stand thigh deep in capitalist political slime. He tried dissensions among the miners by calling (as did Ratchford recently) the Italians, Huns and Poles "a worthless mob," and finally when they can no longer collect dues owing to the poverty of the miner, they call strikes so as to get assistance from the outside public, so they can live on the fat of the land while their dupes starve. Of such a nature was the strike of '97. In this article I speak only of the Pittsburg Soft Coal District which was the storm center of the strike that ended in Hazelton.

Pittsburg is the Sodom and Gomorrah of the labor movement, it is the headquarters of the Coal mine Operators and the United Mine Workers' Officials. It is in the Smoky City on the Allegheny that plans are made, scales of prices fixed and the last ounce of surplus value squeezed from the worker. In no

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other part of the nation is the connection between the capitalist and the fakir so apparent. True, there comes a time now and again when the capitalist class dispense with its ally and kicks him down stairs in royal style as happened with the Angelic Schaffer, president of the Amalgamated Association of iron and steel Workers, some time since. Such a time came for the United Mine Workers officials in January '97. The Boodle secured from the silver mine Barons in '96 had been drunk up. No dues were coming in to pay their salaries. Their future was as black as their hearts.

Their convention was about to be held. Some scheme had to be hit upon quickly or they would have to go to work. So in the convention they decided that a general strike should be called in the near future whenever the Executive Board in their wisdom deemed it advisable. Then ensued a period of great activity. Every delegate to the convention was promised great things when the strike broke out—every poor slave who thought he could climb into labor faking positions was caajoled with promises of the good things that were to come to them when their brothers would strike for bread and the U. M. W. fakirs would strike the gullible public for funds.

Thus matters drifted along until July 3, '97, when at the word of command of the Executive Board more than 50,000 miners in five States laid down their picks with this belief in their hearts. That it is better to starve in the sunshine than starve in the mines' black grime. From this moment some of the blackest chapters in the history of the American labor movement were written.

The men were marched into camps at De Armitt's mines and the mine of the Cannonsbury Coal Company, in which De Armitt was interested. The public was appealed to, to send in their money to the U. M. W. fakirs to support the men. The newspapers started relief funds. Wagons were sent around Pittsburg to collect provisions. Amateur drum corps were organized in the camps to keep up the spirit of the men. Speakers of all sorts, stripes and

conditions from the impecunious minister to the broken-down labor skate was secured for to talk to the men and by the telling of funny stories and bad jokes keep them in good humor. In short, pandemonium reigned along the banks of the Allegheny. While the fakirs prospered, grew fat and got drunk and swore that the strike should not end until the great American public got tired of being humbugged. Meanwhile these campers were suffering. The term "camp" implies tents, but there were no tents for the coal mining strikers. They lay at night on the damp earth. If they were lucky to steal enough coal by day they had a fire. If not, they went without. The Pittsburg Gun Club presented them with their sheds, where they stood like stalled cattle when the thunder storm broke. One of the strikers, in relating his experience to me, said: "We used to lie around the fires at night 10 deep. Sometimes I would wake up to find it raining on me. I would sit up, shake the water out of my ear, then turn on the other side to get the other ear full. Same way with our clothes: when one side would be soaked through we would turn and get the other side drenched." Truly, these miners showed under their pure and simple training all the fortitude and humility of the ancient martyr of whom they used to tell me in my boyhood days that when the pagans put him on the frying pan he said to them: "This side is cooked, please turn me over." The coal mining martyr was able to turn himself.

In the morning they had black coffee and dry bread. Some times, but rarely, they had ditto in the evening. That was all in the way of food. But oh what a difference with the labor fakirs mode of living. The thinner the striker the fatter the fakir. The greater the strikers privations, all the more did the fakir riot in comforts and debauch.

On the south side of Pittsburg lives a reputable physician, one of the best known in the city. To Comrade H. Goff, organizer of the Pittsburg Mixed Alliance, he told the following story: "In August, 1897,

when the strike was at blood heat (which means when the men were suffering the most), I received a telephone call from one of the swellest houses of ill fame on Second Ave.

On my way upstairs to see the patient my attention was attracted to a fisticuff fight in the wine room. The participants were a man whose name I do not know and Wm. Warner, secretary of the United Mine Workers' Union. They were fighting for the favors of the mistress of the house. The men were separated, but Warner has succeeded in winning out. The other fellow is in the lurch." Need more be said? The key to such a woman's heart is a golden one, and Warner possessed the key.

In the light of that story we can understand the full meaning of this passage from Warner's financial report and draw correct conclusions:

Per capita tax and levy . . . . .	\$2,000.00
Income from other sources in 1897 (public donations for the strikers) . . . . .	20,908.78
Spent for camps. . . . .	9,234.34
Office expenses and salaries, . . . . .	13,040.27
Balance on hand. . . . .	\$534.17

Thus we see by Warner's own statement that of the funds turned in by the public for the support of the strikers (\$20,000 of the \$22,000 came from outside sources, only \$2,000 was paid in per capita tax), \$13,000 went to support the fakirs, only \$9,000 went to the support of the hungry men. No wonder Warner "won out" in Second Ave. This financial report is great reading. For instance, in October, 1897, we read the following items:

Oct. 1. P. Dolan on back account, . . . . .	\$50.00
Oct. 7. Ditto, . . . . .	50.00
Oct. 10. Ditto, . . . . .	50.00
Oct. 27. Ditto, . . . . .	50.00
Oct. 30. Ditto, . . . . .	50.00
Total . . . . .	\$250.00

Thus in one month \$250 of the funds turned in by the public for the strikers is handed over to an idle fellow without as much brains as a clam whose only knowledge of the

labor question consists in the parrot-like repetition of a few stock phrases that were mildewed with age 40 years ago. "Fight Capital with Capital, Organize, Organize, Organize," etc. A fellow whose only aim in the labor movement is to secure enough whiskey to fill his stomach and his chief claim to leadership consists in his ability to pull off his undershirt and fight rough and tumble like a bull dog for an hour. Under such leadership is it any wonder that the American pure and simple labor movement is a stench in the nostrils of all decent men.

I have said enough to show the character and methods of these misleaders of labor. More strikes will be called out in the near future too. Salaries must be paid. The miners cannot pay them, so the fakirs turn to the public for assistance. In January, when the Chicago agreement expires, the fakirs will seize upon that Chicago agreement, demand its renewal, and thus force another strike. Once again will the men be marched into camps. Once again will the hillsides of Pennsylvania ring with the curses of the miner, with the sobs of their grief stricken wives. Once again will the hat be passed around, and a too confiding public will generously contribute to the support of the strikers, as they imagine, while really it is for the purpose of paying the fakirs' salaries. At the moment of writing, the salaries of these fakirs are being entered on the books as debts to be paid later on. So we may expect to see in February the old time item in the financial report:

P. Dolan, back account. . . . .	\$50.00
Etc., etc., etc.	

What is our duty under such circumstances? It is to go among these men at all times wherever possible; Show them that they have nothing to hope for from their present misleaders and the old trades union methods. Point out that the only vote that the politician respects is the vote that is cast against him.

Show them that their political power is inseparable from their economic power. Start more S. T. & L. A. coal miners' locals, and thus pave the way for the day when the So-

cialist Trade & Labor Alliance will be in power in the coal mining districts, and then, when strikes will be found necessary, they will not be for the purpose of replenishing the pockets of labor fakirs, and keeping the workers in subjection, but to smite the capitalist mine bosses.

## CHAPTER II.

### **Infamous Partnership Between Mark A. Hanna and the Officials of the United Mine Workers Union.**

**After Robbing the Miners by an Iron-clad Contract, Mark Hanna the Mine Operator and Gold-Standard Republican is Endorsed by the Free-Silver Democrat (Warner) Secretary Treasurer of the United Mine Workers Union.**

"In no other part of the nation is the connection between the capitalist and the fakir so apparent."

A few facts to substantiate the above are in order.

In '96, when the guns of the campaign were booming, the coal miners in the Pittsburg district were suffering. As that is their chronic state, let me say they were suffering a little more than usual. Wages were dropping all around "as thick as fallen leaves in Vallambrossa."

There was one oasis in this desert of misery. That was in the famous Panhandle mine in Painter's Run, Allegheny County, owned by the infamous Mark A. Hanna. Mark was running his mortgaged candidate, McKinley, for the Presidency. To cut wages meant the sending up of a terrific howl from the silver mine barons, whose hands were still wet with the blood of the murdered Leadville miners. So Mark determined to keep the wages in the Panhandle up, till old Sol climbed over the valleys of Allegheny on election day, then—but I am getting ahead of my story.

Hanna is fortunate in the possession of about as slick an article in the art of bunco as ever came over the hill in the person of Thomas E. Young, general manager of Hanna's Western Pennsylvania coal

mining interests. One September day, in 1896, Young called the haggard slaves of the pick and lamp around him, and softly spoke the following spell:

"Miners of the Panhandle:—We have entered on the greatest political campaign of the century. It is a campaign of national honor. It is a campaign in which the Republican party stands for an honest dollar, a dollar worth one hundred cents in all parts of the world. It is a campaign against repudiation and anarchy. In this campaign our employer, Mr. Hanna, is taking an active part. Mr. Hanna does not wish to see the dollar of his employees cut to 53 cents. His generous heart is touched. His every thought is for you. Can you doubt it? Look around you. See the wages drop in every mine in Allegheny County except here in the old Panhandle. Mr. Hanna is a friend of labor. Vote for Major McKinley, the Advance Agent of prosperity, and your wages will never go down."

Not being able to see through the cause that produced such a sudden flow of love for the workers through the Hanna heart, the miners stupidly marched to the polls on election day and voted for the Advance Agent of Capitalist Prosperity. The next morning they marched to the mine radiant with hope for the golden future, for their employer's candidate had been elected. But their hopes were short lived. A notice that the mine was shut down indefinitely was tacked upon the tiple. Their dreams of prosperity vanished faster than the snow o'er which they tramped was melted by the rising winter sun. Deceived again, buncoed again, they stood before that notice, the death warrant of their hopes, from the cliffs of optimism they were hurled into the canyons of pessimism. With heaving breasts they returned to their homes to break the news to their pale-faced wives, who knew not where to get a meal for the ragged children when another week had passed. The Hannas, the Youngs, the Dolans and the Warners were singing their songs of savage joy at the easy manner in which they had buncoed the

kindly, guileless proletarian. Let us take up the story seven weeks later.

On the 17th. of December, 1896, the news flashed through Painter's Run that the mine would open next day. The men marched to the mine bright and early next morning, not as spry as seven weeks earlier, but yet happy in the thought of good wages.

Once again did they see Mr. Young ready to speak to them. He had an immense roll of bills in his hand. Was he ordered to present them with treasury notes drawn by the Advance Agent of Prosperity? Maybe those wicked, far-seeing Socialists were wrong; maybe the miners were not buncoed after all. Mr. Young soon dispelled their illusions, for this is the gist of the new spell that he spoke:

"Miners of the old Panhandle:—Some time since I told you that your employer, Mr. Hanna, was a friend of labor. You know that was true. For several months he refused to cut your wages. But Mr. Hanna would go bankrupt if he continued to pay above the market price for labor. Consequently, each man who goes to work to-day does so under a reduction of 10 cents per ton, from 70 to 60 cents (15 per cent.);" (groans, curses, and yells of disapproval.) "Wait my friends, be patient. Can't you see? Mr. Hanna must do this." (A voice: "What about prosperity?") "We will have prosperity. You must not expect it all at once. I am further instructed by Mr. Hanna to inform you that he does not want any more strikes in his mine, and as a guarantee that you will not strike for the next 12 months each man, as he enters the mine, will sign an iron-clad contract to this effect: "That in consideration of the sum of one dollar, I promise to abstain from striking in the M. A. Hanna Panhandle mine for a period of 12 months, and as a guarantee of good faith I hereby agree to surrender 10 cents from every ton of coal that I mine during that time. Said money to be returned at expiration of time set forth in contract provided I live up to provisions contained therein. If not, this money shall become the property of

the Panhandle Company."

Mr. Young concluded by requesting each miner to come up and sign the contract and receive the crisp one dollar bill. Here, indeed, was a pretty mess. Not alone was there no prosperity, but their wages were to be cut from 70 cents to 60 cents, 10 cents more reducing it to 50 cents—the lowest wages ever paid in the district. But there was no work elsewhere; they were all heavily in debt; some had not eaten that morning; that crisp dollar bill was tempting; they hesitated, finally one by one, like men marching to the scaffold, with the winter winds whistling the death dirge of their hopes through the Allegheny Valley, they **Signed**,—and marched into the stygian darkness of the mine, a color in harmony with their future.

This was in December, 1896. Let me now drop the curtain over the events of the next seven months.

On Independence Day, 1897, bless the mark (Hanna), the famous coal miners strike of '97 broke out. The storm center was the Pittsburg district. The Hanna miners were in the very center of that district. They were irresistibly thrown into it, just as a drowning man swimming in the St. Lawrence would be thrown into the vortex of Niagara. Whereupon the Hanna Panhandle mine shut down with this result; that every ton of coal mined in the previous 7 months had 10 cents taken off as agreed in the contract and **Every 10 cent Piece Filched From These Men Went Into The Capacious Pocket Of Mark Hanna.**

The strike went on, as such strikes will go. Starved, whipped and shot, the miners returned to work, defeated; with Hazelton in the distance casting a lurid glare on their retreating forms.

The Panhandle mine opened once more. At the end of two weeks the men received their envelopes. Much to their astonishment, they found them short. They appointed a committee to go and see Mr. Young and find out the cause of the shortage. Mr. Young said; "Well, you see, my dear fellows, Mr. Hanna, as you know is a friend of labor. So we sent for Mr. Dolan, president of the

United Mine workers' Union, and arranged for the **Check-Off System** in this mine. You are all union men now, good evening."

One of our comrades, the organizer of Section Bridgeville, when he learned the report of the committee, went into Young's office and said; "Sir, I don't want to belong to this union. I don't look on it as a union. Dolan and Warner are a pair of labor skates and ignoramuses for whom I have no use. Give me back my money."

Young answered; "All right; you can have your money, but you must get out of the mine. We will have none but union men here." He went.

The **Check-Off System** works this way. Arrangements are made between the bosses and the union officials whereby the dues are taken out of the men's wages by the former: the union officials call on pay day and receive the dues from the boss. Ye Gods: how low has pure and simpledom fallen. This **Check-Off System** is in general operation through the Pittsburg district. So true is this **That If Hanna and His Friends, Withdrew Their Support The Union Could Not Last 24 Hours.** Is this a union? Yes; a union of vampires, sucking the life blood of the proletariat.

Let me draw the curtain once more and raise it again in January of the present year.

The scene is laid in Ohio. Hanna is up against the fight of his crime-stained life in his attempt to retain his seat in the United States Senate. His election depends on the votes of the Assemblymen from the coal mining districts of Ohio. A workingman in that locality only speaks of Hanna to curse him, a woman to shed a tear for a wrong that he has done to a loved one. It would be as much as their seats, not to say their lives would be worth, to vote for the fat rascal. In despair he turns to the Pittsburg district. Won't Mr. Warner of the U. M. W. Union return the favor he has recently done for him by the adoption and enforcement of the **Check-Off System**? It would be worth Mr. Warners while. Of course Mr Warner would. He threw himself

into the fight for Hanna with intense energy. He wrote to the miners in Ohio telling them to see that the "friend of labor" was elected.

In signed articles and interviews he praised Hanna with the result that the Assemblymen from the coal mining regions voted for Hanna saying to the men: "Why, look here, you can't blame us; your own leader says he is the "best man in the Pittsburg district to work for."

They cast their votes for this infamous representative of the labor-fleeing capitalist class whose hands are red with the blood of the miners, whose clothes are wet with the tears of their wives and daughters.

These votes sent him to the U, S, Senate. Here follows one of the letters sent to Ohio during Hannas campaign. It was printed by the thousands and spread broadcast through the state. ( A copy can be seen at THE PEOPLE office.);

#### "A TRUE FRIEND OF LABOR.

"Testimony of Secretary Warner of the United Mine Workers.

"Mr, William Warner, Secretary of the United Mine Workers of the Pittsburg district, on the 30th. of June last, in an authorized interview entered a vigorous protest against the manner in which the names of himself and President Dolan, of the United Miners, were being used in statements concerning alleged treatment of miners by Senator Hanna. Mr. Warner is a free silver man, and was an ardent supporter of Bryan for President, so that political motive cannot be charged against him. In his statement on that occasion he said:

"All these stories published about the attitude of Mark A. Hanna on labor are false. Every time you see the names of myself or Patrick Dolan, President of the district, coupled with these stories, it is done without our knowledge. I have denied them repeatedly, but what can I do to stop their circulation?

"The true story of Mr. Hanna's attitude to his workmen and toward union labor, as far as his mining interests in Western Pennsylvania are concerned, is that he is the best

man in the whole district to work for.

"I do not know Senator Hanna, never saw him in my life. Mr. Dolan and myself voted the free silver ticket last fall, and will do so again if we can get a chance. We have no interest in Mr. Hanna's candidacy for United States Senator in Ohio, but the fact that we are opposed to him in politics seems to have given some writers the idea that they are licensed to use our names to tell absolute falsehoods about him. His General Manager, Thomas E. Young, has done more than any one man to bring about a better condition of the miners. He has worked night and day in conferences, committees, pleading with operators, walked over the entire district, spent his own money and has been a veritable slave trying to do some good, neglecting his own business, and now his employer is rewarded with abuse and lies after having lost thousands of dollars in seeking to maintain the mining price.

"I have written the miners in Ohio that such proceedings are disgraceful. I have advised them to defeat Mr. Hanna on a straight silver issue if possible, but, if they want a friend to miners, every miner in the United States should be for him.

"The work done by Mr. Young and the Panhandle Coal Company, in which Mr. Hanna is a stockholder, and Daniel Hanna, his son, is manager, does not date from the time Mr. Hanna entered actively into politics. Long before he was thought of in this connection he took the stand to pay the highest wages in the district.

"To-day he is paying the highest price paid in the Pittsburg district. Not only that, he is fairer in his dealings with his workmen than nine tenths of the operators, and this is one of the greatest boons to suffering miners, who are invariably robbed of most of their earnings.

"While I can not conscientiously support Mr. Hanna in his political views, yet nothing would give me greater pleasure than to disabuse the minds of the people of Ohio that Senator Mark Hanna is tyrannical, mean or pays his workmen less

than his competitors. If there were a greater number of Mark Hannas there would be less destitution and complaint among the coal miners."

After reading the above letter who can deny that the statement is correct: "That in no part of the nation is the connection between the capitalist and the fakir so apparent as in the Pittsburg district." It is also true that in no part of the nation is the capitalist crown of thorns pressed heavier on labor's brow.

He goes the whole hog to earn his blood money, does this labor Judas.

"I have advised the Ohio miner to defeat Mr. Hanna on a straight silver issue if possible." Yes, nail the proletariat to a silver cross. Give them into the clutches of the silver mine barons who have written the history of the Western silver mining camps in a sea of proletarian blood. Let them vote for the coinage of the silver mine barons' silver for the benefit of their middle class exploiter. Don't teach them to vote for the free coinage of their labor power at the mints of the United States, for that would be Socialism. There would be no Hanna boodle in that, and the Second Ave. harlot would give you the cold shoulder Mr. Warner! Labor faking would cease to pay.

So that they will be crucified anyhow, you say: "If they want a friend to miners every miner in the United States should vote for him (Hanna.)" The audacity of the last statement takes one's breath away. The iron-clad contract afore-mentioned makes Hanna a friend of labor in this fakirs eye. Causing the "Cleveland vestibule car law" to be declared unconstitutional, thus saving a few dollars at the expense of the lives of the motormen of Cleveland also stamps him as labors' friend.

Smashing the seamen's union by organizing a band of thugs and prize-fighters to club and beat the unfortunate striking seamen into submission is another reason he should be supported in Mr. Warner's estimation. In short, this typical capitalist bully possessing all the vices of his robber class is endorsed by this labor fakir for acts that under a decent state of society would send him

to the death chair. This letter shows as clear as the lightning flash at midnight the labor fakirs position. A position taken by all the breed from Gompers down, viz:

"The working class is a kindly class. It is a guileless class. Owing to the make-up of their unions it is an ignorant class. Let us play them for all they are worth before the Socialists enlighten them. Let us make hay while the sun shines, for our time is becoming short."

This is the fakirs position. This is why they are so impudent in their endorsement of capitalist politicians of the Hanna and Cantor type. Let us lend every energy towards enlightening our class. Let us fan the spark of class interest smoldering in their breasts into a flame of class-consciousness in which the fakir will be consumed. Let the bellows that will fan that flame be coal miners' locals of the Socialist Trade & Labor Alliances. Up with the new trade unionism. Organize them on all sides. Stamp out the treacherous fakir that fattens off the misery of our br

Up, boys, and at them!

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### CHAPTER III.

**"Labor Legislation" Exemplified by "Laws in Favor of the Miners."**

**All Legislation Is Class Legislation And Always for the Class in Control of the Political Power.**

"Legislation in the interest of labor" is a cry we are continuously hearing from the labor skates of large and small degree. The A. F. of Hell is continuously calling on its members to petition their Congressmen to be kind enough to "vote for house bill 813,452—or some other number—as it is a measure destined to benefit the working class." Committees from various unions in all the States are continuously appearing before legislative committees, begging the passage of certain bills in the interest of organized labor.

The "Federationist" devotes columns each month to graphic recitals of Mr. Gompers' speeches before house committees. In short, the

trades unionists rainbow-chasers close their eyes to all the experience of the past, and fondly cherish the oft exploded delusion that something can be done for the workers **Now**, by capitalist legislatures.

The Socialist workingman with his footsteps lighted by the lamps of science turns his back on legislatures run by his master's political lackeys and in the mighty searchlight of the class struggle reads these words:

"All legislation is class legislation. No legislation that will hurt the class in control of the political power will be passed by that class, or, if passed, will be enforced. Hence, if you want legislation in the interest of the working class the working class must pass and enforce it themselves, by voting into power men who stand on a platform of their class interest."

That the mirage-hunting leaders of pure and simpledom can not or will not see this because their material interests prevent them is only too true. So that their misled dupes may have the scales torn off their eyes this tale of how capitalism can get around labor measures, even after they are passed by a capitalist legislature, is written. After reading it he must indeed be a dull clown who will be deceived by the mouthings of the Gomperian legislative gang.

In the flash of the guns at Hazelton, (August 1897), the working class of Pennsylvania scanned the faces of their representatives at Harrisburg. Knowing that the 103,000 coal miners of Pennsylvania were liable to revolt and swing into the Socialist Labor party that was then carrying on a strong propaganda among these men, the Republican legislature in a fit of panic determined to pass some legislation in the interest of the miners. They passed two bills.

The first was known as the **Run Of Mines Bill**. To briefly explain: When a miner in Penna loads his car in the mine and sends it to the surface to be weighed the coal is dumped on a screen across which it passes to the scales. The bars in this screen are from  $1\frac{1}{4}$  to  $1\frac{3}{4}$  inches in

width. The result is that all the slack and the nut coal passes through the bars. So that nothing save the large boulders of coal are weighed. Consequently, when a miner mines 2,000 pounds of coal he receives pay for 1,200 pounds. Hence the Run of Mines bill, which meant that every pound of coal that was run through the mine should be paid for.

Of course, Mr. Warner's friend, Mr. Hanna, did not like this bill for a cent. His broad heart might expand for labor's just cause. He might feel terribly indignant at what some other capitalist did to the poor worker, but when his own pocket was touched that was truly another story. So "the best man in all the district to work for," as the United Mine Workers' fakirs call Hanna, with the assistance of Quay, Steve Elkins, and others, appealed to the Supreme Court with the result that the bill was thrown in the waste paper basket with "**Unconstitutional**" stamped on its face.

Thus we see that, according to the ruling of the Supreme Court of the second greatest State in the Union, when a coal mining wage-slave goes into the bowels of the earth to wrest with Mother Nature for her wealth, at the risk of his life—as may be judged from the loss of life from fire damp explosions, cave-ins, etc., and succeeds in bringing 2,000 pounds of coal to the scales, the aforesaid Supreme Court declares that it is absolutely unconstitutional to pay him for 2,000 pounds of coal!

What a monstrous decision this is! Bare-faced robbery of the poorest of the proletariat sticks out all over it. It will surely be one of the counts in the indictment that the Socialist workingman is drawing against the capitalist class, its judicial lackeys and its labor misleaders.

The second bill, whose fate revises the robber class in even a worse light. This bill was called the "Checkweighman bill." Again an explanation is in order: The Pennsylvania coal miners, like all other miners, are robbed from the cradle to the grave. They are robbed by the screen, they are robbed in the "pluck me store," they are robbed

by exorbitant rents for the hovels they call homes, knowing this, they know they will be robbed at the scales if their "law and order" loving, "thrifty" "religious" bosses are not watched. So they put their hands in their pockets and assess themselves from 3 to 5 cents a week for the purpose of paying one of their own men to watch that the coal is weighed correctly. Now the afore-mentioned "law abiding," "thrifty," "religious" operators objected in many cases to being watched; they fired the checkweighman off the mine and robbed at the scales with impunity. This condition was grappled with in the checkweighman bill. It provided that whenever the men saw fit to pay one of their own men to act as checkweighman they should not be interfered with.

In Allegheny County there is a mine known as the Idlewild. It is run by a millionaire Republican politician named T. D. Steen. The checkweighman at this mine caught Steen robbing the men in a bare-faced way. Whereupon he had him indicted before the Allegheny County Grand Jury. The case came up in the Allegheny County Court before Judge Ewing. After a lengthy trial Steen was found guilty and sentenced to three months imprisonment and \$500 fine. This caused the pure and simplers to go off into hysterics with delight. Here was justice indeed. In fancy they could see the millionaire Republican politician having his broadcloth suit taken off; his head-light diamond and spotless linen removed: his head shaved and marching in the lock-step in the prison yard every morning. They were indeed pure and simple geezers to imagine any such thing. For once again Hanna, Quay, Elkins contingent appealed to the Supreme Court and the Court **Discharged** T. D. Steen on the ground that the **Checkweighman Law Was Unconstitutional**, while the unfortunate checkweighman who had secured his conviction was thrown out of the mine by Steen and is now a hungry tramp!

Could a blacker story be written? Here we see that when a capitalist

## CHAPTER IV.

Churchianity Working Hand in  
Hand With the Oppressors  
of the Miners.

robber is tried by twelve of his peers, found guilty of robbing men of their miserable wages earned in blood and sweat, the dignified Solons of the Keystone State Supreme Court throw their ermine over his cowering form and save him even if they have to smirch that ermine in the mire of crime. This is an exhibition of capitalist class-consciousness worthy of the study of the class-unconscious workingman.

What did the organization of coal miners do in this case? may be asked. Nothing of course. The Officials of the United Mine Workers' Union tacitly consent to all the crimes of the capitalist class. Of course a bluff had to be made. Dolan utilized the opportunity to levy revenue on the miners and the public; he put a levy of 5 cents on the men, for the purpose of appealing the case to a higher court, then a few months later still another levy. That was over twelve months ago, and nothing of appeal or otherwise has been heard of since.

What a different story should be told, what a different ending might be written, if, instead of pure and simplicity ruling the roost, the miners had organized on the lines of the S. T. & L. A. Then when the Supreme Court would declare measures like the **Run of Mines** and the **Checkweighman Bill** unconstitutional the representatives of the miners would rise in their seats in the Harrisburg Legislature and move the impeachment of the rascals.

The logic of events will eventually drive the miners to take this step when having burst the bands of an organization that organizes them for their own slaughter, they will organize as the miners of Carmaux, France, organized. Politically as well as economically.

Until they do so they may expect "unconstitutional" to be written on their laws: "defeat" to be stamped on their every move.

In the previous chapters I dealt exclusively with conditions in the bituminous or soft coal district of western Pennsylvania. In this chapter I shall treat on affairs in the anthracite or hard coal district in the east, that pyramid of poverty that has Hazelton for its base.

In the historic Wyoming Valley the stranger gazes on a scene of such surpassing pastoral beauty that the famous Killarney seems but a scene-painters' daub in comparison. He can not help thinking how strange it is that this beautiful valley should be the amphitheater for some of the bloodiest scenes of the class struggle: for as we measure time now-a-days it seems as if the echoes of the death groans of the Wyoming Indians only died away to be renewed by the death gurgles of the Molly Maguires, to be again renewed by the shrieks of the murdered Hazelton miners, the latest victims of the struggle between the classes.

The Wyoming Valley runs through Luzerne County. It is the principle part of the anthracite coal district. The first thing that attracts the strangers attention, is the immense breakers, gigantic wooden buildings, 68 feet high, with as many windows, angles and eaves as a castle in old Madrid. In these breakers the coal is smashed into usable sizes by machinery tended by little tots of from 10 to 14 years of age, whose average earnings are \$4 per month. The fine coal dust from these breakers is reared into immense heaps called clum heaps, the two combined form such an unsightly blotch on the landscape that there seems to be a battle royal between Mother Nature and Capitalism as to who shall triumph, one in majestic beauty, the other in colossal ugliness. I climbed to the top of one of these clum heaps (200 feet high) in the town of Luzerne to sketch the ravages made by Capitalism much as Macaulay's fabled New Zealander will stand on a broken



arch of London Bridge and sketch the ruins of St. Paul's. This is what I saw: 1,000 wooden shanties, all looking as if they were run through the same mold, so miserable in construction, so filthy in appearance, so wretched withal that, without much stretch of the imagination, I could fancy myself on the Galtees in Ireland gazing on the cabins of the Irish peasant and expecting the pig to run from out the door.

In almost every door stood a slatternly appearing woman barefooted, unkempt, and hungry, most of them with babies at their breasts, trying to drink in the air but succeeding in inhaling but the sulphur fumes from the clum heap, for Capitalism poisons even the pure air of the Wyoming Valley.

Up and down the dust covered streets run the older tots, trying to enjoy themselves in their infantile way while they can, before they are driven to work in the breaker at 10 years old before they have had an opportunity to learn their letters. But what matters that, their few cents are needed to help pay the bill at the "pluck me store."

It was Saturday night, and all the gaiety in the town was on tap. True, there was not much. In the corner saloon a broken down miner, after considerable tuning of his fiddle, was perspiring at an alarming rate over "The Rocky Roads to Dublin." A dozen men and boys were looking with apathetic interest at a struggle between two dogs for a bone that some improvident house-wife had thrown out after boiling it three times. A good natured looking German, who had not been long enough over from the Fatherland to have all the spirit crushed out of him in the mine, was merrily whistling the "Wacht am Rhein," while another group, standing in the roadway, was discussing "the fellow from New York who was goin' to talk Socialism." I got down from my conning tower in time to hear one old grey-beard sagely declare, Socialism is all right, but it won't come in our time." As if conditions were not more than ripe with the shot in the back, blood spattered bodies of his fellows sleeping their long sleep

within pistol range of him, done to death by the system he thinks can last, and knowing not that each of these corpses is a ghastly sign-post pointing to the Social Revolution.

I organized a Section with 17 charter members in Luzerne town, then went over to Duryea where we elected two officers last spring. I found one of them had to leave to seek work elsewhere. As he did not succeed in securing it he kept on tramping. So the first Socialist elected to office in Penna is now a tramp through no fault of his own and is, consequently, unable to fill the position his fellows elected him to. What a delightful commentary on our theory of political freedom with economic slavery.

All through the hard coal district the black flag of famine is flying. The business men are at their wits' end to know how the red flag of the sheriff is to be kept from their doors. Duryea, Maltby, Luzerne, Dupont, Georgetown, Hazelton, in short, all the principle towns in the anthracite district through which the palaces of the Advance Agent of Prosperity were to run, are traveling on the hog train of adversity instead.

The following clipping, taken from the Philadelphia "Inquirer" of July 12, relative to conditions in Hazelton tells the tale too well:

"To keep the wolf from the door has been a hard problem for family heads during the past year in this locality, but their perseverance and exertion are being over-taxed, and there seems to be no alternative but to throw themselves upon the generosity of the public. During the past few weeks some shocking cases of poverty have been exposed by the persons who were induced to act in response to the appeal for charity. A number of families were found living upon refuse gathered from the garbage dumps. Black bread and the burnt crusts, from which a substitute for coffee was made, formed the substance upon which others were found to be depending upon. The children of some of these poor people had not worn shoes for a whole year, and during the coldest days of winter were

obliged to run about bare-footed.

That there is suffering among these people is not surprising when the working time at the mines is considered. The heads of some families have not averaged more than \$8 per month for two years. Out of this from three to five children had to be fed and rent and fuel taken care of. Indeed, it is more surprising to note that the appeal is not sent out more frequently and with all the emphasis that the labor organizations are capable of commanding. When the miners of Honey Brook district struck last September many of the men did not have food in their dinner pails to sustain them while at work. It was more in desperation than the alleged dissatisfaction with the bosses that the men marched from mine to mine and over the mountain roads. Lest another uprising of that sort occurs the labor organizations are now taking another tack and are endeavoring to attract attention in a general way and excite sympathy for the miners by petitioning Congress for aid.

After reading the above clipping from a conservative capitalist newspaper, the reader may say: Surely, these people must be on the verge of revolution; they can't have forgotten the murder of last fall; their present condition must fan the flame of revolt to the highest pitch." But no. Never were slaves more docile. Denied happiness on this earth, their eyes are turned to the "Golden shore." They listen to the priest on Sunday with rapture as he tells them: "No cross no crown." When, as frequently happens, the Socialist workingman tries to show them the way out of their misery, the portly form of the priest or Minister looms up before them, and they are warned to "beware of the wicked Socialist who wants to tear down the altar of their God." The power of the church over the class-unconscious slave almost passes belief. Instead of having a feeling of resentment against their exploiters they have a feeling of pity. Just as the Irish peasant, listening to the **Soggart Arroon**, tightens the belt around his hungry belly, and as he watches the landlord passing by, soliloquizes:

"Well, me'gay fellow, you may have your horses and lands and broad-cloth, with silks and satin for your wife, but you are going to burn in a lake of fire, while I shall be marching up and down the golden streets of eternity." So, feeling this way, the exploited, degraded wage-slave pitties the man who robs him, kisses the foot that kicks him, and waits for revenge in the sweet bye and bye, when they meet on that beautiful shore. (Aber nit.)

The Polish priests are particularly active in their crusade against the Socialist, so much so that some of our Polish comrades, in a feeling of resentment, fly off at a tangent and fall into the hands of the professional Atheist. This occurred at Scranton, where some of our comrades made up a purse of \$50 to pay the expenses of one Dr. Foote, an English professional Atheist, to lecture before them. I pointed out the error they had fallen into and quoted Liebknecht's famous statements when in fighting against Bismark's anti-Jesuit law he said; "We hate all priests. But, we hate all the more the anti-priest whose only business is to curse the priests in order to get an excuse to all the more effectively exploit the proletariat.

These interesting gentlemen, who worship at the altar of capitalism while tearing down the shrine of Jehova, will be given the go-by from our comrades in Penna in the future.

Two Sections and a local of the Socialist Trade & Labor Alliance was organized before I left the hard coal district.

Our comrades can see from the facts herein set forth that the condition of the miners in the anthracite district is as bad as in the bituminous district. The whole situation in Pennsylvania calls for increased and more intense work along our lines. Here are 103,000 men, with their wives and children making an army of misery half a million strong, without the faintest chance of a betterment of their condition, as things go. More Hazeltons, more hunger, more hardships—these are the signposts that mark the roadways of their lives. Let us erect some others that will read: "More class-con-

scious education, more class-conscious organization, more class-conscious votes for the Social Revolution.

## CHAPTER V.

**Tenth Annual Convention of the United Mine Workers Composed of Saloon-keepers, Pimps, Lawyers, Lobbyist, Political Office Holders and Some Honest Men to Give It a Coloring of Respectability.**

**Turbulent Scenes.**

**Hanna in Control.**

**Politics Inseparable From The Union, If Not Working Class Politics Capitalist Politics.**

This is the story of the 10th. Annual Convention of the United Mine Worker's Union, held in Pittsburg January '98. It is a story clamped with crime and copper-riveted with corruption, as might be expected from a "pure and simple" arrangement like it, that was conceived in the womb of ignorance, fathered by fraud, and delivered by midwives, slimy with sins of treachery to their class, and now in its old age is owned body and soul by the man who hates it,—Mark A. Hanna.

Before describing the scenes of disorder that attended every working moment of the convention, the charges and counter charges, innuendos and insinuations of treachery that were hurled by both sets of fakirs at one another's head, let's take a glimpse at the chief moguls who stormed, swore and raved at each other.

First and foremost was a sleek, well-fed gentleman on whose fair-round belly, with capon lined, there lay a gold chain that would moor a tug boat. He was the President, Hanna's protegee, James D. Ratchford, of Massillon, Ohio. He is on the Industrial Commission; salary, \$3,600 a year and expenses. He puts one portion of the miners at the others' throat by his ignorant abuse of foreigners despite the fact that 50 per cent. of the miners were born in other climes, himself an Englishman. He is Hanna's agent as will be shown later.

Let us leave him temporarily and look at the next beauty-spot—Patrick MacBryde. Pat is another bediamonded swell; he is a wealthy saloon-keeper in Columbus, O. He is better acquainted with schooners than shovels, with pints than picks. Not having any more use for labor faking and the prestige it gives him as a politician, he did not take much part in the convention.

The next "representative" of the slaves of the pluck-me-store is another howling swell, John McBride no less, who knows more about labor faking than Gompers. He is the individual who was white-washed in 1894, when charged with selling out the strikers in that famous struggle. This gentleman has charge of the agents of a large publishing house.

Then we have Lewis, of Ohio, a lawyer practising at the Ohio bar.

Then Keenan, of Illinois, tug boat captain. Next Fahy, of Schuylkill County, Pa., old party politician; Harrisburg lobbyist, all 'round fakir, and Dame Rumour has it that he never entered a shaft in his life.

Dolan—All 'round plug ugly; would sooner fight than eat—unless he meets a stronger man, would rather drink whiskey than lie, a coarse, stupid, illiterate Scotch-Irishman with all the vices of both countries and none of their virtues.

Next, Warner, of brothel fame. Comrade Goff gives this pen picture of him: He has broad cloth, and diamonds, with tooth pick shoes and silk hose, and dines in the swellest restaurants in Pittsburg, where it costs \$1.50 to smell the cook's breath, and is so economical with all that he can do it on his salary of \$75 per month.

To this collection of fakirs add the delegates of lesser lights who were there paid by the operators, for looking after the interests of the operators, as witness the charge of one of the "pure and simplers" from Illinois who said (I quote from the Pittsburg press) "Mr. Chairman, there are three scabs on this floor, whose expenses are paid by the operators." J. L. Lewis, of Ohio, rose to a point of order. And the dele-

gate was prevailed upon to take his seat. He was an honest "pure and simpler" probably, who, when howled at by the fakirs did not have the nerve to go on. Then add a number of men who came there honestly expecting to do "good along pure and simple lines," ignorant of the fact that wages and politics are inseparable questions. To these add half a dozen Socialists who through stress of circumstances had to take the "Volkszeitung's" advice and as a result had a sultry time "boring from within," and our readers can have a good idea of the personnel of the 10th. Annual Convention of the United Mine Workers with Mark Hanna's man Friday presiding.

This story is not written for the purpose of abusing the fakirs in a spirit of petty spite. It is written so that the miners of America, who need organization worse than any other body of workers, can see as clear as they can see God's sun when they walk from the pit's mouth, that in the United Mine Workers' Union they are organized for their own slaughter, and, further more, that they are led by as black-hearted, corrupt and ignorant a set of crooks as ever sold out for gold since the day that Judas sold Christ for silver.

#### **Proofs? Here:**

When Ratchford called the convention to order he was in possession of the following facts:

1st. During the 10 years the United Mine Workers' was organized, the condition of the miner became steadily worse. The miners marched amidst the shadows of the willow trees of defeat. Every law that was passed in their interest was declared unconstitutional, as witness;

The Run of Mines bill;

The Checkweighman bill;

The Fortnightly Pay bill;

The bill ordering timber to be carried to the men in the mine;

And finally, the foulest and most crime stained decision of all, the bill abolishing the pluck-me-store where the miners are bled of their pittance as the bull is bled in the shambles, was declared unconstitutional by the Courts.

Ratchford and every fakir who supported him knew that the reason why these bills were killed was because **All Legislation Is Class Legislation**; hence, with Hanna and Rand and all the other operators crouching behind the ermine of the Judges on the bench, death was the watch-word for each measure passed in the miners interest. Knowing this, when Ratchford, stands knee deep in the slime of Republican politics, the politics of the class that the miners organize to fight, he is doing the job of the immense steer in the Chicago stock yards that rushes down the yards enticing the timid cattle after him, then when the gate opens and leaves him in safety the poor blind cattle rush on to the shambles, to their death.

The gate has opened for Ratchford with his \$3,600 job. His followers have run on to the shambles at Hazelton, at Pana, at Virden? etc., etc. **The Pure and Simple Fakirs Are Bunco Steerers.**

Fact No. 2.—Ratchford and his crew know that under the capitalist system—the continuance of which the Republican party, that he is an office-holder in, stands for—Labor is a commodity and is sold as such in the labor market, just as is the coal that the miners mine. He and his fellow fakirs know the condition of that labor market. Colonel Rand, of Illinois, says: "There are 400,000 coal miners and but 200,000 jobs." Ratchford himself, under his own signature, says in his boycott circular: "Production, aided by mining machinery and other modern devices, is rapidly increasing, and is now far in excess of the market requirements, in fact the annual productive capacity of our mines is three times as great as our annual consumption."

Thus Ratchford, the labor leader, and Rand, the operator, both agree with the Socialists when we contend that there are far more miners than there are jobs, hence wages must go down. Absolute agreement on that fundamental point, mark you. But the remedy—ah, there is the rub.

Rand is silent.

Ratchford is silent.

The Socialist says; "This condi-

tion breeds Hazeltons as dirt breeds lice. "Vote the miner on the right side of the guns." This condition causes storms of opposition to arise from the miners. Under pure and simple tutorage the echoes of these storms are the dirges of defeat; the effect is an increase in the misery of our class. Whilst with our footsteps lighted by the lamps of science, the echoes of the storms of our battles would be the songs of the victories of our class, and the effects, the carrying out of our historic mission, the mission of emancipating our class. Ratchford & Co. having no remedy, or at least mentioning none, let us come to their assistance, and take up the arguments of the party to which he is such a faithful henchman. "The law of supply and demand will settle it. When there are too many miners they will seek other fields." The devil they will. Where? On the wind-swept farms of the West? Poppy cock! The harvester and kindred machines are displacing the farm laborers so rapidly that **Instead Of The Miners Going To The Farmers, The Farm Laborers Are Going To The Mines.**

Will they go to the great cities, then? Seems to me, Mr. Fakir, that the cities are as bad as the farms. It is a choice between bad eggs. Thus the miner is bound to his patch, surrounded by a wall of circumstances, more difficult to climb than the walls of ancient Troy. In closing on this point, let me recommend, Mr. Ratchford, that you get a piece of card board and on it write:

"Coal miners' jobs—200,000.

"Coal miners—400,000."

Stick this card over the bed post of yourself and the rest of the fakir family so that it will be the last thing you will read when you retire; the first when you awake, and after thoroughly digesting it, you will know the truth, that if you don't understand it you should leave the labor movement for the labor movement's good, for you and your pure and simple tribe **Are Ignoramuses.**

If you do understand it and continue in your Republican capitalist party, **You Are A Traitor And Will Be Treated As Such.**

Ratchford & Co. you are traitors to the miners.

Having photographed the rascals, we will proceed with a review of the convention.

From the bang of the gavel, pandemonium reigned. The forces lined up as follows: Hanna Republican, anti Hanna Republican, and Free Silverites, the latter of whom could more correctly be called, because of the geographical situation, "any-old-thing-ites."

Ratchford led the Hannaites.

Lewis, also of Ohio, the anti Hannaites;

Dolan, the Silverites, who formed a coalition with the anti-Hannaites.

The fight started over the personnel of the Credential Committee.

The Committee had been appointed by the President. The antis wanted one from each district. This row lasted for several days. Illinois controlled the convention. Mitchell, a comparatively unknown man, although within the past year he had sprung suddenly forward, was to be the new President. This was the administration slate. Lewis and Dolan were also aspirants for the office. Ratchford, although from Ohio and elected President last time by Ohio vote, marched to the assistance of Mitchell, of Illinois, and thereby hangs a black tale with a moral all wool and a yard wide. A moral that all workers should understand, viz, that you might as well seek to separate the youth from his bride on the nuptial night as politics from the union. The capitalist class needs politics in their business; the pure and simple union, unlike the Socialist union, ignores the politics of their class and as a result has the politics of their masters injected into their unions through the labor fakir whom the bosses control. Hence this United Mine Worker row for the Presidency of that organization. Requesting the reader to hold on to that point as the ship holds to the sheet anchor in a gale we will move on and see who and what capitalist injected politics into the U. M. W. and the reasons therefor.

"Mark A. Hanna, of Cleveland, O., is the biggest thing in National Capitalist Politics to-day. As Gul-

liver was in Lilliput—so is Mark in Washington. As a vote-getter on a gigantic scale. Hanna chastises the orchestra.

When his beady eyes scan the political chess board he notes one spot with the red lights of danger stuck all around. That spot is the coal mining towns and patches,—the Pan-as, the Virdens and Hazeltons of the Nation. Hanna in his cowardly heart fears these slaves of the mine. They have shown such a magnificent front in the face of repeated failure. Their flag of defiance has always been run up again after being tramped on in the mire of defeat. If it were indomitable spirit alone that Hanna had to deal with, he would be happy, but the danger is deeper. It lies in this fact that the coal miner is an industrial proletariat in his occupation and is agrarian in his environments. Hence he is not susceptible to the influence of the old party machinery as is the city proletariat, therefore Mark sees he must control the organization of the coal miner or have the flag of capitalism torn from its door and the flag of labor hoisted in its stead.

Hanna knew this as the tiger knows its prey, and he knew that every fakir in the land would do his bidding in the twinkling of an eye.

His first move was to have the Phillips bill, that that less astute politician, Cleveland had refused to sign, brought up again immediately Congress convened in 1898. The representatives from the cities, who depended on their political machines for keeping the workers in line for capitalism, did not bother about the Phillips bill. But, on the contrary, fought it. Then occurred that historic scene in Congress, when Senator Perkins, of California, arose and with intense dramatic earnestness read the declaration of principles of the Socialist Trade & Labor Alliance as follows:

#### Declaration of Principles.

WHEREAS, In the natural development of capitalism, the class struggle between the privileged few and the disinherited masses, which is the inevitable and irrepressible outcome of the wage system, has reached a point where the old forms, methods and spirit of labor organizations are ab-

solutely impotent to resist the aggressions of concentrated capital, sustained by all the agencies of government, and to effect any permanent improvement in the condition of the wage earners, or even to arrest for any length of time their steady and general degradation; and

WHEREAS, The economic power of the capitalist class, used by that class for the oppression of labor, rests upon institutions essentially political, which in the nature of things cannot be radically changed, or even slightly amended for the benefit of the working people, except through the direct action of the working people themselves, economically and politically united as a class;

THEREFORE, It is as a class, conscious of its strength, aware of its rights, determined to resist wrong at every step and sworn to achieve its own emancipation, that the wage workers are hereby called upon to unite in a solid body, held together by an uncoquerable spirit of solidarity under the most trying conditions of the present class struggle. As members of the Socialist Trade & Labor Alliance of the United States and Canada, we shall constantly keep in view its great object, namely: The summary ending of that barbarous struggle at the earliest possible time by the abolition of classes, the restoration of the land and of all the means of production, transportation and distribution to the people as a collective body, and the substitution of the Co-operative Commonwealth for the present state of planless production industrial war and social disorder; a commonwealth in which every worker shall have the free exercise and full benefit, of his faculties, multiplied by all the modern factors of civilization.

The Phillips bill passed both houses with an amendment making the majority of the members of the Industrial Commission members of Congress: then, to the astonishment of the uninitiated, Michael D. Ratchford, President of the United Mine Workers Union, was appointed a member of the Commission, and Greasy Sam Gompers ceased boycotting \$100 cash registers long enough to shed an oily tear for the job that he had hoped for. The one labor fakir who had acted wisely was Hayes, of the K. of L. He came to Pittsburg after receiving the tip as to Hanna's desire to control the coal miners; made a great splurge about the number of men he would organize; but Ratchford had the inside track and got there one month after Hayes' move on the coal miners, to be exact, on August 25, 1898.

Here we now see the first steps taken in capitalist politics that led up to the disgraceful scenes at the

10th annual convention.

Having secured his man in the right job, Hanna owned Ratchford body and soul. Every drop of blood that coursed through his black heart belonged to Hanna. It did not take him long to see danger for his master arising from two places, Ohio and Pennsylvania: Lewis in one, Dolan in the other. Lewis is Hanna's implacable foe in Ohio politics. Dolan is a free silver man, an upholder of the silver mine barons who shoot down their men. Both had to be downed.

Lewis' fight with Hanna occurred this way. Lewis is a Republican politician in Ohio. He had the inside track for the nomination for State Senator to the House that was to elect a United States Senator. He threw in his lot with the anti-Hannaites, thinking that his influence with the coal miners, who hated Hanna, would elect him. But he reckoned without his host. Hanna's grip on the State machine was too strong, so down went Lewis without the nomination. The miners were won over by an adroit move of Ratchford, who advised the sending of an agent to secure Warner in the Pittsburg District as an ally for Hanna, as shown in chapter 2 of this pamphlet. Warner would sell his mother's heart for money, so of course he, as expected, jumped into the fight for Hanna, Dolan refusing, having other things in view. This is the secret of the split between Dolan and Warner. Dolan lined up with Lewis of Ohio, and Warner with Mitchel of Illinois.

The Pittsburg District is in a tumult; in consequence, the district convention that will be held next month will see a repetition of the scenes at the national convention. Thus does the Hanna spirit stalk through the United Mine Workers, locally as well as nationally.

So much for Lewis. Now for Dolan. Dolan is a "free silverite," and as such is a danger to Hanna. True it is that Dolan knows no more about bi-metalism than a pig does of calisthenics; but were he elected President of the U. M. W. U. he would be of invaluable assistance to the silver mine barons when the

guns of the 1900 campaign commence to boom. Hence the forces of the United Mine Workers were thrown into Illinois, so as to elect Mitchell of the Hanna camp. Unions sprang up like mushrooms in the night, and matters were manipulated so that, although—as Lewis claimed—Ohio paid three-eighths of all the per capita tax received from the 13 States represented in the convention, Illinois had 100 more votes, dominated the convention and elected Mitchell, Gold Standard Hanna Republican, President of the United Mine Workers' Union for the ensuing year.

These are the reasons, condensed in the briefest possible space, for the wild, turbulent scenes that have added still further disgrace to the already disgraceful record of the British pure and simple unionism in America. After reading this story one of the conclusions that may be drawn from it by the revolutionary proletariat is this: that when the Socialist Labor party in its national convention, held in New York City in 1896, endorsed the Socialist Trade & Labor Alliance it placed one of the mightiest gems in the crown of Socialist achievements; a gem that will shine with equal lustre beside the achievement of our German Comrades who, realizing that the economic organizations of the working class must be controlled by the political organizations of the working class, went into the Schultze-Delitch unions with clubs under their coats and broke them up physically.

And while more pacific measures may and can be adopted in this country, in this generation, willy-nilly by one way or another the impure and simple union must go, to be supplanted by the S. T. & L. A. The miners must be rescued from the vampires who bleed them. Mark Hanna and the silver mine barons must be given notice to quit. If Hanna collects the dues for the fakirs in his Panhandle mine, it is only another proof of his connection with them. Before the spirit of the miners is broken we must organize them. They must be taught that it is better to pay 1 cent per month per capita into a class conscious Social-

ist organization than 18 cents to fakirs; they must be taught the power of the Socialist ballot; they must be taught that in the Socialist Trade & Labor Alliance they can organize as well as in the old trade union only so much better, because they will be led by men who burn the midnight-oil in study, instead of in the wine room of a brothel; they will be led by men to whom the working of the capitalist system is as an open book.

Again must the miner learn that we can boycott in the S. T. & L. A. as well as in the old trade unions, only so much better because we have a powerful growing political party behind us knit together with bonds of the purest and closest solidarity—the solidarity of an oppressed class. Similarly can we strike.

Then, finally, these care-worn, toil-stained slaves of the mines must learn that while organizing, striking and boycotting for 364 days in the year we will be drilling, teaching, and uplifting them for another strike, a strike not for a nickle or two more in their pay, or an hour less work in the day, but a strike worthy of the great century at whose gateway we are standing.

A strike for the honor of our women, a strike for the chivalry of our men, a strike at the ballot box for the land, the mines, the tools of production. Finally, they must learn that in that form of organization alone lies the hope of permanently benefiting their condition. It is only when under the beneficent influence of New Trades Unionism they march to the conquest of the public powers, that the sunlight of success will shine on their banners. Then can the miners take their care-worn wives by the hand, march to the mouth of the mine, take possession of the mine and have at their back the National Guard of their State.

The United Mine Workers' Union planted the miners to front the guns at Pana, Virden and Hazelton. The Socialist Trade & Labor Alliance will plant them behind the guns—with the Hannas in the front.

Miners, build up the Alliance and speed the day of your emancipation.

## P A N A.

### CHAPTER VI.

**Uniformity Smashed.**

**The Men Strike.**

**Arbitration A Failure.**

**The Black Worker Pitted**

**Against the White.**

**Riot Planned by Operators.**

**Blood and Carnage. Martial Law.**

**S. D. P. A Delusion and Snare.**

**Victory Of The S. L. P.**

Pana, Ill. April 17.—This place has again been lighted by the flash of guns. The rifles have whistled their songs of death, and eight ghastly corpses line the way. A dozen men and women are lying at death's door; four companies of State Militia are patrolling the streets with their steel bayonets glistening in the April sun, while the old gattling gun is being polished on the side.

The union miners and the imported negroes are exchanging glances of hate. The cockroach business men are pacing their empty stores like lone sentries in a sepulchre. The town is posted all over with the red notices of martial law. Nobody knows what the future has in store, save that another blood-spattered tragic page has been written in the book of the coal miners lives.

I know the coal miner as the young mother knows her first born. I have been in Pana while the bullets were still hot in the flesh. So, from personal observation, not hear-say, I write this Tragic Page.

The man who would understand a subject must understand the terms employed therein, so with this story. There is a term we must understand that is the key-stone on which this Tragic Page is built. That term is **Uniformity**. Having grasped what "Uniformity" means, we can lift the drop-curtain and gaze understandingly on the Tragedy of Pana.

"Uniformity" is an effort made by some operators and miners in a State, and again in the different coal producing States to fix an equitable scale to suit the various conditions under which coal is mined. For instance, a mine that has a 5-foot vein

can produce coal cheaper than one with a 2- or 3-foot vein; a 7 or 9-foot vein is better than a 5-foot vein. Again, a mine with a 7-foot vein may be 200 miles from the seaboard, while the 3-foot vein mine may only be 40 miles. These various conditions lead to all kinds of confusion in production and in the miner's scale. Hence this attempt for uniformity. The slickest of the operators uses this condition to beat down the men's wages. For instance, One of the wealthiest of operators, as he is the shrewdest, is Col. Rand of Illinois, the infamous "Jimmy" Rand. He used this difference in the cost of producing coal to the queens taste in beating down his men's wages. Owning mines in Ohio, Illinois and Pennsylvania, he would reduce the wages in Pennsylvania: if his men struck, he would work his Ohio mines overtime to fill his contracts. If, as was usually the case, the men submitted, he would go to his Ohio miners and say: "see, in the Pittsburg district they are mining coal at 56 cents; you must come down in your wages or I must shut down my mine." If they did not consent: down went the mine, and his Pennsylvania mine did the work. Again, he would bring his Illinois mines into play, and the same old skin game would be repeated. So he played both ends against the middle,—down went wages tumbling.

But this lack of uniformity had a check, and Rand's, and the other operators, game was blocked. It was checked in Illinois. Within the past 18 months, the miners of Illinois have organized. True, it was along pure and simple's stupid lines; true, again, they were led and organized by labor skates and political crooks, who, as they organized each union, informed the men that "the operator is entitled to a fair profit on his investment," and that on no account were they to have politics in their union, thus depriving the men of their best weapon, and traitorously leading them to believe that the capitalist was their brother. Nevertheless, they organized the whole State almost to a man and established "uniformity"

between State and State.

Understanding "Uniformity," the rest of the story is plain.

The operators did not like this move of the miners for a cent. True, the miners' union would not hurt them in a political sense. Ratchford, Mitchell and the other bunco-steerers for capitalism would see that the men did the voting cattle act alright. Hence along that line the operators were safe. But they wanted more profits, and to get these profits the organization had to be broken. The coal operators are thoroughly organized. At one of their meetings in March, 1898, they decided that the mines in Pana were the ones that should cut prices and smash the union. This for several reasons. First, the Pana mines were immense ones. Over 600 men were employed. Second, **Penwell, The Operator, Was The Mayor of the Town**, and, consequently, could get all the assistance from the powers that be without trouble. Third, the move of organization that was spreading over the State had to be checked, and Penwell was the man to check it. The operators could point to Pana and say: "I can't compete with Pana, so your wages must come down," thus breaking through "Uniformity" within the State.

On the 31st day of March 1898, when thoroughly organized, the men presented a demand for the Springfield scale of 40 cents a ton run of mine. Penwell refused, the men struck, and acting as men will act who do not read the signs of the Labor Movement in the sunlight of class-consciousness, they called on the State Board of Arbitration. Needless to say these modern King Canutes could not order back the waves of the class struggle. They called business men, operators and miners before them, The operators refused to appear. After a lengthy pow-wow, they decided to cut the men's demands from 40 to 35 cents per ton. This the men consented to, although 7 cents below the scale, but to their surprise, the Penwells & Co. refused to give in, although every other mine in the district was paying 40 cents. They were out to

smash the union, and swore they would stick 'till hell froze over. This was a safe play, seeing they knew they were backed by the political power.

From that time (April 15, 1898), up to September, 1898, scarce a ton of coal was mined. The men were getting liberal support from outside; they said they could stay out all summer and winter, too. Purgatory might freeze as well as hell before they would go back. In September, the Pana operators played their trump card. They sent agents to the South and brought in over 500 negroes to run the mines. Rioting ensued; lives were lost: but still they got in, and, after a fashion, ran the mines. Now, indeed, there was trouble for poor Pana. The negroes that came on had a number of roughs and thugs amongst them. on each pay night these worthies fought like demons among themselves. To vary the monotony of their dull lives, they went out and fought the whites, always led by a desperado named Stephens, a 200-pound six-footer, who would sooner fight than eat.

In the meantime, the strikers were busy. They were working amongst the more timid of the colored men, advising them to get out of town. If they consented, tickets were bought to all points from Alabama to New York. By paying them in some cases, by entreaty in others, and by using moral suasion with a shot gun and a club, the miners succeeded in thinning the ranks of the imported scabs considerably; so much so that on Saturday, April 8, it looked as if there was about to be a stampede. Penwell & Co. were at their wits' end. Something had to be done, and done quickly. A conference of interested parties was called. Among those present was a Colonel Hickman of Peoria, Ill., who is attached to the Naval Arsenal. He is heavily interested in Illinois mines. At this conference it was decided that what was needed was the State troops; the "niggers" feared the deputies as much as they feared the strikers; nothing but the State troops would save the day. There and then these "law abiding," "thrifty," "religious" capitalist form-

ed a plan to turn the town up side down by starting a riot, get the State militia in, and thus stop the stampede of the negroes.

Their plan was simple, and as follows; On the following day, Monday, send big Stephens out in the town loaded with whiskey and a gun, and trust him to start a riot. Out went Stephens; he visited the jail, in which a number of his friends were located for fighting amongst themselves: there he met the Sheriff, and deliberately shot at him, the Sheriff shot back; Stephens rushed out, firing all the while; one of his shots striking Xavier Leocq, a French union miner, in the forehead, killing him instantly. Stephens was chased into Penwell's store, shot down, disarmed, and locked up at once. This shooting was the signal for the desperadoes in the mine to begin their bloody work; then followed the most blood-thirsty massacre of an innocent people that has ever disgraced the crime-stained record of capitalism in America. From out of the towers over the shafts of the mine a deadly stream of lead was rained onto the innocent people of the town. Frank Cobum, a beer bottler, was shot dead; Carrie Felix, a waitress in the St. Charles Hotel, was shot in the spine in the dining room of the hotel; Sandsworth, a laundryman, shot in the head. These, with six other inoffensive citizens, were in a moment wallowing in their own blood. The deputies shot back; down went "nigger" after "nigger." A woman, one half mile away, had her arm shot off. Bang, bang, bang, went the shots at the rate of 100 a minute. It was as if Inferno had broken loose. The siege of Paris was duplicated on a small scale. In these towers, armed with Krag-Jorgensen rifles, the guard could shoot with safety. It was almost impossible to hit back. They were led by Bud Overholt, of the Overholt mine, **Who Was Elected Treasurer Of Pana by the Miners in 1897.**

Colonel Hickman rushed to the telegraph office and telegraphed news of the riot to Governor Tanner. After him rushed, the Mayor of the town, G. V. Penwell. So we see

the operator Penwell as Mayor telegraphing for assistance for the operator Penwell as a business man. Verily, the Japanese Pooh-Bah was not in it with his Pana prototype. Whether Tanner owns stock in Illinois coal mines I don't know: but I do know that this "friend of labor," whom the fakirs in the last National Convention of the United Mine Workers thanked for his "stand for organized labor," ordered the State Militia—rifles, bayonets, gattling guns and all—to Pana inside of 45 minutes from the receipt of the Mayor-operator's telegram, and this despite the strong protest of Sheriff Downey that no State Militia were needed, that he could and would maintain order. But Downey's protest was unheeded; the operators needed the State troops in their business: and what is a capitalist Governor in office for if not to supply such demands? The town is now absolutely dominated by the military, even the policemen had their clubs taken away; every deputy was disarmed; and the Sheriff informed that if he returns to Pana he will be disarmed, too.

Thus we see how well the bloody plan of these scoundrelly operators worked. The stampede was averted. The mines are running again. Temporarily the laurels rest on the operators brow; but at what an awful price! Innocent men and women murdered; the vile passions of race hatred stirred up as never before, homes destroyed, wives made widows, children orphans; and—all to beat down the poor devils of slaves of the mine to the starvation point, so that their exploiters can live in luxury. Yes, they have won temporarily, but the streaks of the dawn of our day is in the skies.

Now I will take Pana from the political side. I have shown how the men, misled by pure and simple frauds of the Ratchford-Mitchell stripe, had voted for their operators Penwell and Overholt, one of whom orders them to be shot, the other deliberately shooting them. This taught them a lesson. They dimly realized that they needed the political power if they were to succeed in their strike. Unfortunately for

them they were roped into the "Social Debauchery." A fellow from St. Louis named Hoehn, with a mouth and chin like a mackerel, came to Pana and organized a branch of the Armory-building, millionaire applauding, colonization, farmers' demands, Jewish "American" movement. They had some 90 charter members. A Mrs. Smith was sent to them to instruct them on Socialism as taught by these queers. She stayed a week speaking every night. The "Volks-Anwalt," a German, and the English organ of the "American" movement was poured into the town by the thousands. Oh yes, they were learning Socialism at a great rate; so well did these poor dupes of Debsomania learn it that, at a meeting held a month ago—although 100 strong and knowing the miners' vote could carry the town for the revolution and thus send fear into the capitalist's heart by attacking him in his weakest and most vulnerable spot,—the **Social Democratic Party Of Pana Voted Not To Put A Ticket In The Field!** This too by an almost unanimous vote. What a lesson this incident teaches! What a slap in the face to the weak-kneed who object to our "violence"! Fed on milk and water mush, they acted in a milk and water way. Taught not to rely upon themselves, they leaned on a Democratic capitalist worth \$100,000 who is (oh, mamma!) a friend of labor! In an attempt to hide the death of the A. R. U. the "Social Democracy," so called, was born. In deceit it came into the world, it was brought up by nurses who knew nothing but to hate and envy, and showered all that hate and envy on a movement that, true to its revolutionary impulses, demanded discipline in its ranks and hence would not tolerate the "Americans" of anarchistic temperment who first saw the light in Southern Russia. Fed by queers that are attracted by all revolutionary movements, fake or otherwise, its food was mush and water. With its praying Porter in Massachusetts and its crying Debs elsewhere: its fool Chase applauded by millionaires in Boston and its equally fool Debs doing ditto in

New York; with its Haverhill skates voting for armories, and its labor fakir all around it,—need anyone wonder that this abortion “teaches the proletariat but to destroy it? As well employ a courtesan to teach the ethics of purity in a seminary of virgins, or an artful dodger to teach the young idea how to shoot in a kindergarten. Compare Pana with New Bedford where under more trying circumstances we organized the proletariat on revolutionary lines and came within 5 spots of carrying the city!

Away with the sham! The Pana incident stamps failure and disgrace on its brow.

With Comrade Von Behrin, of Springfield, we held a meeting in the afternoon of the riot. We took up the action of the “Social Democracy” branch in refusing to put a ticket in the field; showed them what an error they had made; showed up the rottenness of the “Social Democracy of America and Patagonia,” colonization swindle and all. It did not take these miners long to see what fools they had made of themselves. Off come their white flag of truce party buttons, they asked for our red badge of honor, some 50 of which had been sent them. The Social Debauchery has gone down and out in Pana, the S. L. P. has come to stay.

\* \* \*

Let me recapitulate:

1. Pana is selected by the operators as the point where they can smash uniformity;
2. The men failing in their demands, strike;
3. The Board of Arbitration fails to settle the strike;
4. Colored miners are imported from the South with accompanying riot;
5. The men ship a number of them away (about 200) and arrange for a stampede;
6. Mayor Penwell and the other

operators plan a riot so as to bring in the State troops:

7. The riot takes place; eight killed, including two women, and a dozen wounded;

8. Governor Tanner, despite protests of the deputies who have been maintaining order right along, orders into Pana State troops;

9. “Social Democratic” party put to the test fails disgracefully;

10. The S. L. P. steps in, organizes a Section; smashes the “S. D.” and breaks ground for the revolution.

There is the story of Pana written in the blood of her proletariat and read in the rifle flash. It is a story that teaches many lessons.

The crimes of capitalism; the failure of pure and simpledom; the necessity for class-conscious action at the ballot box; the correctness of S. L. P. tactics, and the consequent failure of any movement of the working class carried on on any other than revolutionary lines in all that that term implies.

These lessons will be heeded.

They will sink deep in the miners’ minds and will speed the day when the S. T. & L. A. will control the coal miners’ union. Then Panas of the future will be as different from this as is the tender sapling from the sturdy oak; for we shall smite our murderous exploiter’s hip and thigh, our economic power, backed by our ballot, both fortified by a correct appreciation of the dignity of our class and a consciousness of its ability to emancipate itself.

Then, instead of race hatred there will be a coming together of both white and black, when on our banners we shall carry this motto:

“In this murderous struggle we can know no North or South; we can know no East or West; no race questions or sex questions; but the one question:

**“The Proletariat of all Nations  
Against Their Exploiters’.”**  
**Speed the day!**



## Closing Chapter of the Mine Workers Drama.

**Exploited by Big and Small Capitalists, Deceived by their Labor Leaders, Left in the Lurch by a Hireling Parson's Class, the Mine Workers Have About Reached a Degree of Degradation from Which Nothing but the Revolutionary Inspiration of Socialism can Raise them—Tell-tale Dialogue with an Un-suspecting Operator.**

When the Socialist Workingman asserts that the capitalist class is the meanest class that ever ruled a nation he has abundant evidence at hand to prove his case. The Lord of the Manor under feudalism put himself at the head of his men, took his life and his sword in his hand and marched erect to fight in bloody conquest for his lands. The capitalist however never fights, he buys his fighting men. Not on the field of honor but in the marts of chicanery has he come by his possessions. Our eminent sausage dealers and distinguished soap makers have come into their wealth by all kinds of cheating, lying, fraud, deceit and legal subterfuges.

It must be an interesting study, therefore, to find out what particular set of our ruling class best holds the mirror up to nature. Which wing of our ruling class is a composite picture of them all. Without a doubt, it is the Pennsylvania coal mine operator, whether he be of the cockroach or full developed type, the minnow or the shark.

If a doubting Thomas should read the above, let him scan the following tale.

While walking over a mountain road in the soft coal district of Pennsylvania, last summer, I met one of the cockroach type of coal operators. He took me for a Drummer; that I was a Socialist organizer never entered his philosophy.

I took him for a fraud from general appearance and on general principles and found later that I was correct. After the usual greetings

had been exchanged, the following conversation took place.

I—"How is the coal mining business at present?"

Operator—"Oh; can't complain, poor prices for coal, but I am making out all right.

I—"What do you get per ton?"

Operator—"55 cents at the tippie." (The tippie is that portion of the mouth of the mine from which the coal is dumped into the railroad cars.)

I—"How much do you pay your men?"

Operator—"45 cents, run of mine."

I—"And your other expenses are?"

Operator—"Royalty,  $7\frac{1}{2}$  cents per ton, mules and their stabling, mule drivers' wages, cars, power, wear and tear, etc., bring each ton of coal up to 63 cents."

I—"63 cents! Why, man alive, you have just told me that you only receive 55 cents per ton. Do you mean to tell me you are in business for your health? How can you afford to loose 8 cents on each ton you mine?"

Operator—"Very easy to explain, my young friend, very easy. You see, I have a company store; 60 men work in my mine; every last mother's son of them has to deal in my store; I charge all the way from 25 to 35 per cent. and sometimes 50 per cent. over the store-keeper's prices in the city. It is the store that makes the money, not the mine."

I—"Suppose the men go to the village so as to buy things cheaper, what then?"

Operator—"What then? Why, I fire them, of course. What do you take me for? If they don't deal in my store, they don't work in my mine."

I—"Suppose you fire them, what then?"

Operator—"Does them no good. All mines look alike to them, in this locality. All have stores, They've got to work in our mines, buy in our stores, live in our houses or starve. As they are mostly married, they work for us. They have simply got to."

I—"Is there not a law on the statute books of Pennsylvania prohibiting these stores?"

Operator—"Yes: but what the hell does it amount to? They don't enforce it, and that settles it."

I—"How much cash do your men get each month after the store bill is paid?"

Here the operator stopped, put his hands on his fat sides and laughed so immoderately that I thought he would burst a blood vessel; then he said: "How much cash" did you say? Why, no cash, or hardly any; you see, it is like this; say a man makes \$30 in a month. His bill in the store is \$24. This entitles him to \$6. Does he get it? Yes and no. This is what we do: we give him a coupon on our store for \$5, then give him a one-dollar bill to go and blow himself. One dollar cash out of thirty, why, that's alright aint it?" —Here our thrifty capitalist went off in another fit of laughter at the clever way in which the slaves of his mine were robbed.

I again resumed my questioning: —"You say the law is not enforced?"

Operator—"No, nary an enforce."

I—"Does the church interfere?"

Operator—"No." (This with much pity for my ignorance.) "They mind their own business, stand in with us, or they get no salary."

I—"Does the union kick?"

Operator—"No. The fellows that officer the Union are all right.

Some of us run the **Check-Off** for them. Then, again, when their Union is in trouble, we loan them money." (If any of my readers doubt this last statement I will, upon request, supply names and amounts loaned by operators to the United Mine Worker's officers.) "Then, again, the Union is bucking De Armitt, they leave us alone; in fact, they are on our side."

Having pumped the loquacious operator dry, I parted from him, confident of the fact that our ruling class is the meanest that ever ruled in the world's history, and, furthermore, that the coal mining portion of them for colossal meanness is the worst that ever occurred.

The above dialogue must suggest some very interesting questions.

For instance, the coal is mined, placed in the cars at a net cost of 65 cents per ton. In the mixed ale flats

in South Brooklyn the hod-carrier's wife buys her coal by the pail. The pail weighs 20 pounds. The price is 10 cents, or 1/2 cent a pound, or \$11.20 per ton of 2,240 pounds.

**Query I.**—Who gets the difference?

**Query II.**—If mother nature supplies the coal free, if the miner mines it for about 20 cents per ton (for with the pluck-me-store robbery, that is what it amounts to), how comes it that the famished proletarians of New York pay \$11.20 per ton, i. e., 56 times the original cost? As it can't be transportation, can it be the "wages of abstinence?"

Mr. Dolan says: "You must have capital to fight capital with," hence

**Query III.**—Where in hades does the proletarian's capital come in starting with the pluck-me-store basis?

\* \* \*

Another interesting point comes up towards the end of the dialogue:

"The Union is bucking De Armitt. They leave us alone; in fact, they are on our side," says Mr. Operator.

• Why the Union should fight De Armitt to the exclusion of the other operators is the big interrogation point that sticks out all over the Penna coal mining situation.

Does De Armitt rob his men in the company store worse than the other operators? No. On the contrary, he is one of the very few operators who **Has No Store.**

Then he charges rack rents for his houses. No. **He Has No Houses.**

Then he has unfair screens. No. He has the **Fairest Screens in the District.**

What is there against him then? **He Pays His Men 10 cents Per Ton Less Than The Others Do.** But this is more than made up for by the fact that he pays **Cash.** The other miners only receive more nominally, the pluck-me-store and the house taking more than the difference;

As a matter of fact, the soft coal miner would sooner work for De Armitt than any other man in the district. Then, why should the Union center the fight on him. There are several reasons.

1.—True to their pure and simple middle class tendencies, they help the little parisitical capitalist, be-

lieving that there is a bond of friendship between them; not knowing that just because of his position he is the most relentless exploiter.

2.—Just as De Armitt despises the picayune methods of the pluck-me-store, so does he despise the Dolan Warner gang; and, consequently, refuses to be an ally of the fakirs by collecting dues on the check-off plan.

3.—De Armitt has the largest coal mines and best contracts in the Pittsburg district. The other operators use the Union as a means to fight De Armitt.

I discuss this question for the purpose of showing the rotten reed the miners have to lean on in their pure and simple Union, and to point out that it is not by fighting De Armitt alone that any good can come to the miners but by fighting De Armitt and his whole class, large and small exploiters, not alone on the economic field, where the miners are weak, but on the political field, where De Armitt and his crowd are weak and where the miners are almighty strong.

\* \* \*

With this chapter I bid the coal miners good-bye for a short time. I shall return to the subject later on with more facts for the benefit of the slaves of the pick and lamp in particular, and for the class conscious workers of the nation in general.

These facts withal will be but in the nature of cumulative evidence of the rascality of the capitalist class and their allies, the pure and simple labor fakirs, and the utter hopelessness of the miner's striving to improve his condition by any of the methods he has pursued in the past.

His pure and simple Union can't assist him.

The church can't and won't assist him.

The laws framed by capitalists can't assist him.

The class-conscious economic organization, backed by a class-conscious political organization whereby to capture the political power by his class as the only thing that can

give him positive assistance.

In the meantime strikes will occur. More labor-saving machinery will be introduced in the mines.

More misery must continue to dog the miners foot-steps.

It behooves us then to raise the banner of revolt on every hill and dale and valley of the Keystone State, despite church, capitalist fakir opposition, push the revolutionary propaganda of the S. L. P. and the S. T. & L. A. and hasten the day when the miners of Pennsylvania through their close class-conscious alliance of solidarity with their whole class the land over, will own the soil and the means to work it; and thus; becoming their own masters; hold what they produce, owe their living to none but themselves, and be free men in this land now of capitalist slavery.

The attention of all workingmen is called to the DAILY PEOPLE, a daily newspaper established on July 1, 1900, by the Socialist Labor Party. Since then it has been doing valiant battle for the working class and the Socialist Republic. THE

## DAILY PEOPLE

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It is the property of the Socialist Labor Party, and is the organ of the militant working class of America. It is

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The mission of the Daily People is to educate the working class in the principles of Socialism to that point where they will march to the ballot-box as a class, annihilate the capitalist system of production, with its idle capitalists on the one hand, and its starving workers on the other, and proclaim the

### SOCIALIST REPUBLIC.

a republic in which those who wish to live by their own labor shall have abundant opportunity to live, while those who wish to live on the labor of others, as the capitalists and their parasites live to-day, shall be given the same option the capitalists now give the working class—the option to go to

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**The Daily People,**  
2-6 New Reade St., New York, N. Y

# TO THE COAL MINERS OF AMERICA.

Comrades:—For the past forty years the cry has gone up repeatedly from the coal mining towns and patches of the nation: "Organize, organize, organize;" Nobly have you responded to each succeeding cry, only to find that the echoes of that cry were the dirges of defeat.

Knowing this full well, the Socialist Trade & Labor Alliance would not dare to come before you with that same stirring cry if its members were not supremely conscious of the fact that in the carrying out of its principles alone can the miners and all other workers secure the sweets of victory instead of the bitters of defeat. Believing this, for reasons that we will now set forth, the Socialist Trade & Labor Alliance hoists again the banner of revolt, determined to continue its agitation until every coal miner in the land from Pennsylvania to Oregon is marshalled beneath its folds, and every ignoble Labor Fakir who has fattened on the miners' misery is driven from Labor's Camp into the capitalist camp where they belong.

For the better understanding of the principles, methods and tactics of the S. T. & L. A. or new Trades Unionism, let us briefly review the conditions our organization must grapple with in the coal mining districts.

1st. Each time the miners have ran up the standard of defiance for a fight with the operators, their standard has been trampled in the mire of defeat;

2nd. Each succeeding year has found the condition of the miner growing steadily worse, until at present they stagger under a burden of misery far heavier than is borne by any other branch of the working class;

3rd. Every act of legislation, without exception, passed "in the interest of the coal miner"; has—if it hurt the operators—been declared unconstitutional by the Courts that the Hannas and Rands and other large operators control;

4th. In the pluck-me-store the miners are cheated, their wives insulted, and red handed robbery stalks supreme;

5th. The pure and simple British trades union form of organization that the miners have looked to for assistance is organized on principles that were alright 100 years ago, but are all wrong now, hence, organized on false principles, the miners were unknowingly organized for their own slaughter; and are led, wherever so organized, by a band of Labor Skates who are either ignoramuses or knaves; this applies with particular strength to Ratchford, Dolan, Warner, McKay, Mitchell, McBride, and Lewis, etc., the men in control of the miners' organizations to-day. Let us say right here that we Socialists are often charged with being "abusive," whereas we but call things by their right names. He who reads this call will find evidence set forth to brand each United Mine Workers' leader as a Judas to the miner; a wretch, who grows fat as the miner grows lean; who sings to an accompaniment of the miner's tears;

6th. Last, and most important of all, the condition that the S. T. & L. A. has to grapple with is the merchandise character of the miners' labor power. That is to say, the miner sells his labor power in the market the same as all other merchandise is sold—i. e., according to the law of supply and demand. The supply of coal miners is to-day enormous (400,000), the demand is small; (200,000). Hence the price of the coal miners' labor power, which is his wages, is small, and is growing smaller all the time. The organization that can grapple with that last condition is the one that can put hope in the hearts, fire in the breasts, and light in the eyes of the miner.

And of such is the S. T. & L. A.

The tiny smoky lamp on the front of the miner's cap is all sufficient to show him the cracks in the coal, the clay veins, the dead work, and the danger spots of his "place." There

is another tiny lamp burning with a still smaller flame beneath the miner's cap, that is the lamp of reason, lit with the oil of intelligence, and the wick of study. Set this lamp to work in the various dark places in your life, Brother miner, until you reach that spot marked **Labor Market**. There you will see two miners looking for one job, with this result; **Starvation Wages**. Keep your lamp turned on that spot and inquire when or how can the day dawn that will show one miner looking for one job, for then we shall have full and plenty. With two men looking for one job he has starvation. Turn then that lamp of reason on the bloated faces of your capitalist politicians and labor Skates and say: "Official figures show me that there are two miners for one job, the Sullivan puncher and the link belt machines are displacing miners so rapidly that there will soon be three men to one job. This will drive my wages still lower, with greater misery for me and my loved ones. Tell me, then, how we can have that condition of affairs where there will be one man for one job with plenty for every miner in the land." He, the labor fakir or politician, can make but one reply, if he desires to continue to earn his blood money, and that reply is this; "The law of supply and demand will settle matters. When the miners' Labor Market becomes glutted the surplus miners will seek other fields. They will go to the cities and the farms; thus the supply of miners will come down, the demand will go up. Things will so right themselves."

The Politician and Labor Fakir Ratchford, who has climbed into his \$3,600 position on the quivering backs of his tortured class, and whose duty it was to educate them, but who received his job for keeping them ignorant. He, Ratchford, Dolan, Warner, McKay, Lewis, Mitchell or any other fakir, when he makes that answer—the only answer upholders of the capitalist system can make, mark you, Brother miner—you can reply to him, in the words of Horace Greeley: "You lie, you villain, you lie, and you

know it."

To prove they lie point out the printers in the cities made tramps of by the Mergenthaler Linotype setting machine. Point to New England and the South, where the textile operatives are driven out of their jobs by the Riany pome and the Northrop loom. Then gaze on the wind-swept prairies of the West and listen to the tramp, tramp, tramp of the thousands of tramps made so by the introduction of the Marsh harvester and self-binding reaper on the great bonanza farms; and so on with a thousand other labor displacing machines. Tell these labor skates next that the day is lost when a new trust is not born, a trust that shuts down factories, fires workers, drummers, and advertising agents, thus glutting the labor market still more. Then point out that into every factory is being introduced the specialization or subdivision of labor that displaces thousands more. Then tell them the conclusion to be drawn from the state of affairs is, **That Instead of the Miners Going to the Cities and Farms, the City and Farm Workers are Going to the Mines**. Then ask yourself what this means. It means that when you go to the mine at the break of day and find no cars and no work, and are thus compelled to tramp home disconsolate to a hovel with an empty cupboard, and crying children, that such will be your future.

It means that strikes with all their horrors, hunger, Hazelton camps, company houses, pluck-me-stores, unfair screens, etc.. etc., are wedged into your daily life to stay. It means more tears for your wife, more rags for your children, more crusts and less meat. All this while that condition of the labor market lasts, as it is bound to last so long as the capitalist system continues.

Vote it down and out. Throw down your Fakirs that stand for it.

Turn the lamp anew, you poor wage slave of the mine, and if your eyes are not blinded through the stygian darkness of pure and simplicity, what do you read in the great white light of Socialism?

This: that man once lived in his for-

est cave, in a state of cannibalism, and killed his brother with a stone or club. That he marched from the cave to the patriarchal family, thence to the Grecian and Roman Republics, thence to Feudalism, thence to capitalism, that each of these stages of society carried within it the germs of its own destruction, and hence had to pass away to be succeeded by another. That capitalism is ready to pass away, but will not go until the class that will alone benefit by its death shall arise in all the grandeur of its strength and bid it go. That class is our class. Our kindly, guileless, long suffering class, that has lived in all these different societies and will continue to live, because it is the foundation of society, in as much as it is the producer of **All Wealth**, and as such has that fact forever stamped upon its brow.

Understanding this, you impoverished miner, understand this greater truth: All classes who have secured freedom and power, those classes themselves had to strike the blow; had themselves to capture the public power, and then, and not until then, could they march bright-eyed through the laurel groves of success with the songs of victory ringing in their ears, with the fruits of that victory in their hands, raidant with the promises of the golden future. So it was when under Cromwell the growing capitalist class seized the political power in the Commons; so, again, was it with the capitalist class in France when they captured the political power in the National Assembly: so, again, in America when our own revolutionary forefathers captured the political power in the Continental Congress. Even so will it be in our own time, when, realizing that just as one pound of tough meat, sanded sugar, or a pair of proper shoes could not be sold in the pluck-me-store were it not for the political power that the coal mine operator possesses; realizing that not one rifle could be loaded and fired at Pana, Virden or Hazelton were it not that the workers stupidly put the capitalists behind the guns with themselves and their little ones in

front of the muzzles; realizing, in short, that just as the capitalist's economic and political power are inseparable, so is the miner's economic and political power inseparable. Trim that lamp again, Mr. Miner, and read this message until it burns into your heart and brain; **Wages and Politics Are Inseparable Questions.**

This great truth once grasped, you will see that you must organize with politics in your union, but that politics must be the politics that will send your representatives to Harrisburg in Pennsylvania, Springfield in Illinois, Columbus in Ohio, and above all, to Washington, to demand that, inasmuch as the conditions of the labor market keeps you bound to your coal mining village or patch as firmly as was the gally slave to the oar, with the company store tied round your neck, to lead lives of misery without one ray of hope while the system or capitalism lasts; that, inasmuch as nothing short of the overthrow of capitalism will right this condition of affairs, therefore you demand the unconditional surrender of the capitalist class and the substitution of the Socialist Commonwealth, in which the miners shall receive the full value of all they produce instead of one-fifth as at present; a Commonwealth in which he who works can live like a civilized man, and he who won't work can rot under ground. Politics with these demands you must have in your union.

Let not the bogey of politics scare you; your unions are slimy with politics to-day; but it is capitalist politics. Every begging committee you send to the Legislature of your various States is politics; and so is every move of your leaders, witness your last convention of the United Mine Worker's Union in Pittsburg, where Hanna, through his man Ratchford, absolutely dominated the, what should have been your, convention. (For proof of that statement read **THE PEOPLE** of Jan. 29, '99 in which is given a four-column report of that convention.)  
McBryde, a wealthy saloon-keeper of Columbus, Ohio, why is he in your union, being that he will never

see the inside of a shaft or a drift again, if it is not for the prestige and influence that your union can give him as he does his Judas work in capitalist politics?

John McBride, who gave \$600 to Mark Wild, of Columbus, Ohio, as a Present; where did he get it?

Wild claims it was part of a \$5,000 bribe that McBride received while he was playing Democratic politics and "leading labor" at the same time. Wild, who received that bribe, will swear to the truth of that to-day.

Lewis, of Ohio, (W. T.), a lawyer, why is he in your union? Does he intend to give up his kid-glove position of lawyer and with pick on shoulder and lamp in cap march in to the mine? **No! It Is Politics,** Republican politics. He belongs to Foraker, Anti-Hanna Republican machine. •

-Ratchford, \$3,600 a year officeholder, appointed by Hanna—more politics.

Dolan—silver mine baron Democratic politics.

Fahey—Harrisburg lobbyist.

Warner—brothel-keeping politics.

Mitchell—Republican politics; and so on and so on all down the line.

Every one of the miners' leaders are striving to keep the politics of the working class out of the unions and are continually injecting capitalist politics into them with the effect of putting one set of miners at the others' throat on election day, thus causing that ballot which cost rivers of blood to secure, that ballot properly applied could free the working class, to be worth less than the paper on which it is written. Aye more, they, the political Labor Fakirs, cause the workers to positively injure themselves by using the ballot to put into power the very class that they organize to fight, and that then, possessing the political power, shoot them down at Pana, Virden, and Hazelton.

To close on this point. As you must have politics in your union see that it is the politics of your own class. To get this, throw down your Fakir traitors; join the S. T. & L. A. •

When we say that "No politics in

the union was all right 100 years ago," we mean that the workers in England had no vote 100 years ago, therefore "No politics" was all very well because it was inevitable; but, to-day, with the ballot in the worker's hand, and he in the majority, the man who says "No politics" and then proceeds to play capitalist politics himself, that fellow is a traitor and should be treated as such.

It is a truth capable of official verification that every law passed in the interest of the coal miner has been declared unconstitutional. Witness: A bill was passed demanding that the company store be abolished; the capitalist operators, whom the miners had stupidly put into political power and control of the ermine of the Judge on the bench, whispered in said Judge's ears; result: "unconstitutional" was written across the face of the law, and the miners continued to be fleeced in the same old way.

Same with the Run of Mines bill.

Ditto the Checkweighman bill.

• Ditto the the Fortnightly pay bill.

Ditto every other bill passed in the interest of the miner; and so it will continue until the miners learn this truth that sticks out all over the coal mining situation. viz., that **All Legislation Is Class Legislation.** Hence, when the miners want legislation in the interest of their class, they must get it as a class, with representatives of their class. In no other way can they secure that needed legislation. •

But it may be said: Is it not better to at least try and get something: **Now** through the old parties?

No, for two reasons: First the capitalist class will give up none of its privileges except through fear of power or numbers, and they surely can have no fear of an organization that has the power of numbers and of right, and will still be mean spirited enough **To Beg** for what it **Could Demand or Take.**

Years of dearly-bought experience show us the fallacy of getting something **Now** through capitalist sources. We must get it by sending men of our own class on platforms of our class to the Legislatures and Executives; then when a bill in the

interest of the miners is past and declared unconstitutional, our representative will rise in his seat and move the impeachment of the Judge who does so. Knowing this, our cowardly criminal ruling class will not dare to kill our laws. In that way alone can we get something **NOW.**

The pluck-me-store robbery will continue. The miners wives will be insulted by the smirking clerks of the store who in many cases refuse tender portions of steak for sick husbands because the mine boss or operator needs them for his well-fed families. Until the miners arise to a consciousness of the dignity of their class and organize accordingly, he will continue to be treated as he is to-day. The organization of the Socialist Trade & Labor Alliance is the organization.

"The first two conditions are well known to the miners. Each time they have run up the standard of defiance it has been trampled on in the mire of defeat." "Each succeeding year has seen conditions grow worse." And the pity, the shame, the horror of it all is that such will continue to be your lot, organized on your present lines. But, fortunately, there are other ways of organizing. There is that form of organization that has already sent a thrill of apprehension through the whole capitalist class. As was seen when Senator Perkins, of California, in the debate on the Phillips bill rose from his seat in the Senate, and, with his eye on the 400,000 coal miners who had so repeatedly and with such superb spirit organized again and again despite the most crushing defeats, and said; "Here is the way workingmen are commencing to organize"; and then proceeded to read the following declaration of principles of the Socialist Trade & Labor Alliance to the assembled representatives of the capitalist class in Congress:

For Declaration of Principles as read by Senator Perkins see page 16.

The Phillips bill was passed and Michael D. Ratchford was put on the Industrial Commission to keep the miners in their pure and simple

unions, so that when the next Haz- elton throws its rudy glare across the coal mining situation Senator Perkins, Hanna, and the rest of their robber class will be on the right side of the guns while you, miners with your wives and little ones, will be on the wrong side.

Reverse the position.

You get on the right side.

We will help you.

For of such is the S. T. & L. A.

Coal miners of America, after reading the foregoing pages, after thinking over the experience gained in your past attempts at organizing, can you not conclude that you must organize politically as well as economically if you are to gain any lasting benefit. After each of your past defeats hope crushed to earth has risen again triumphant only to be crushed once more, your aspirations and ambitions have withered like dead sea fruit in your hands.

Before it is too late, before that spark of hope in your breast is extinguished organize once more, this time politically as well as economically. In doing so you will be taking no risks, because organize you must, the lash of the capitalist will force you to do so. In organizing in the Socialist Trade & Labor Alliance you will have better organizers than in the U. M. W. U., because the Socialist with his footsteps lighted by the lamp of science knows the inner workings of the capitalist system and can save you many a fall.

The per capita tax is merely nominal, 1 cent per month, while you must pay 18 times as much to the ignoramuses who control your organizations to-day. We can do this because the S. T. & L. A. is backed by the Socialist Labor party, a powerful growing political party that at the last election gained 28,000 votes, is to-day 83,000 strong and is already organized in 28 States.

Therefore we can organize better than the pure and simplers.

Similarly can we boycott.

Then in the event of a strike that bond of solidarity that knits the class-conscious workers of all the world together would manifest itself so that you would receive far more assistance than you possibly can

from the old unions.

Furthermore, as your organization would be growing in economic strength until village after village and town after town would fall into your hand through the political party of your class—The Socialist Labor party. Seeing this, Hazeltons would be at an end for the capitalist would not dare to shoot you, knowing that the rest of your class would only be goaded into a quicker revolt and hurl them from power. Remembering always that the only vote the politician respects is the vote that is cast against the capitalist class, you must vote accordingly. Hundreds of towns in the coal producing States can be carried by the miners' vote. Capture them and look on each capture as the capturing of an outpost on your way to Washington, the seat of capitalist power.

Believing that you will do this, the Socialist Trade & Labor Alliance throws open its doors and bids you welcome. We admire you for your struggles in the past. We shall be glad to march shoulder to shoulder with you in the future.

Know that, unlike portions of the working class in the great cities, you have been impoverished, but never degraded. When the slum proletariat has been driven to drink by their misfortunes you have sought solace in music. There are more musical instruments in the coal mining towns than there are "schooners" on the Bowery; you have wooed Orpheus instead of

Bacchus. And just because of that agrarian environment that has enabled you to do this the capitalist class fear you. Let his fear be well grounded. Take the Alpenstock of Socialist knowledge in hand, climb on to the mountain top and gaze over the world. See the miners of Carmaux win trades union victories because they captured the political power in the cities. See your brothers in Belgium march from the coal mines to the Parliament until to-day the Belgium throne is tottering under their onslaught and they are preparing to strike the final blow that will free them. Go you, then, slave of the pick and lamp, organize on the same lines. Set the beacon fires of revolutionary Socialism burning on every hilltop in each of the coal producing States. It will serve as a light of hope to your brothers in the cities; then all can join hands in the Socialist Trade & Labor Alliance, assisted by its twin sister the Socialist Labor party. The fires will be kept alight until the day when the working class will have captured the political power; instituted the Socialist Republic; freed our class from slavery. Then these fires, kindled by the Alliance may die out and their ashes cast as in a benediction over the happy workers in a happy land.

Speed the day!

Issued by order of the  
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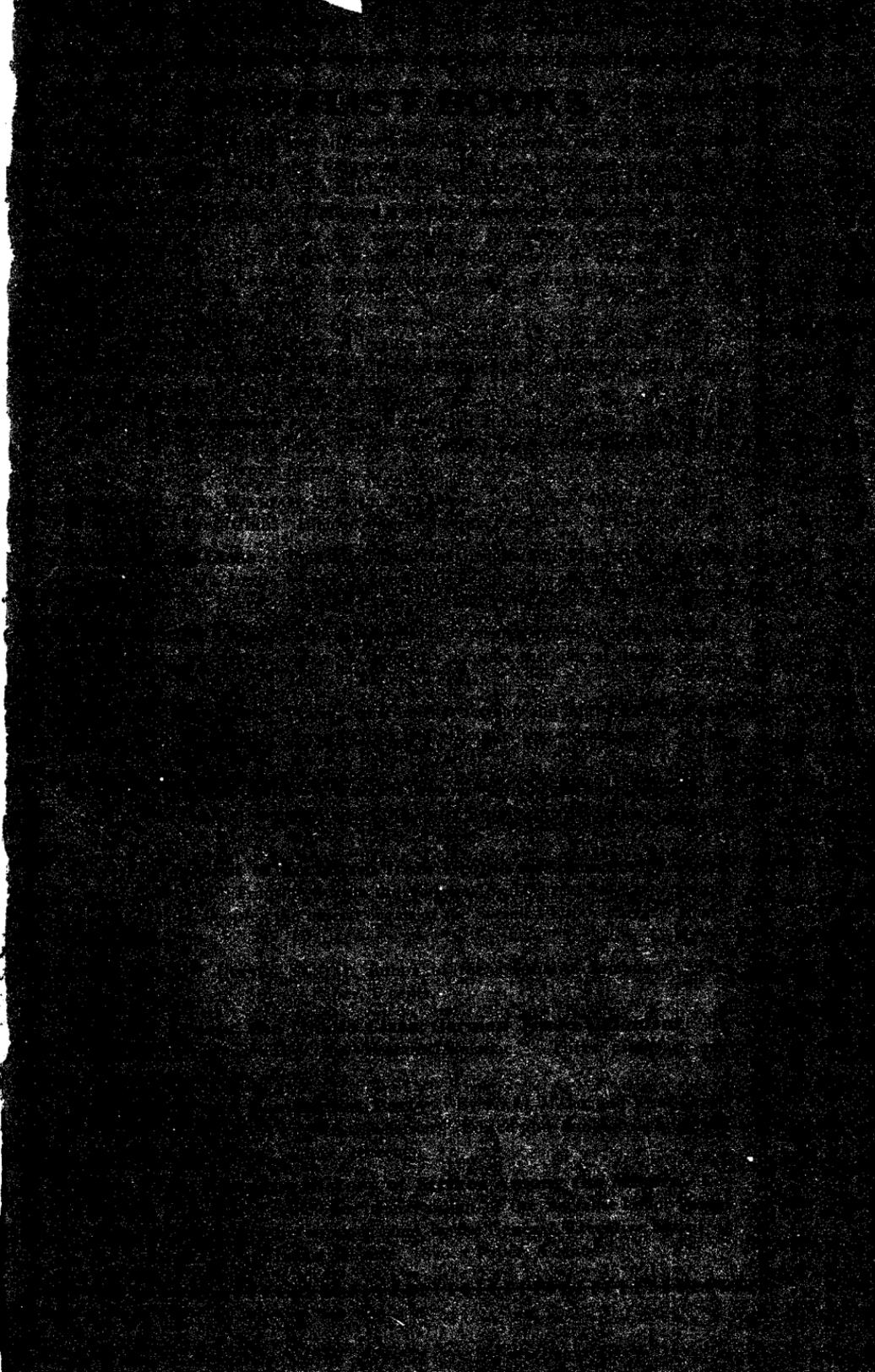
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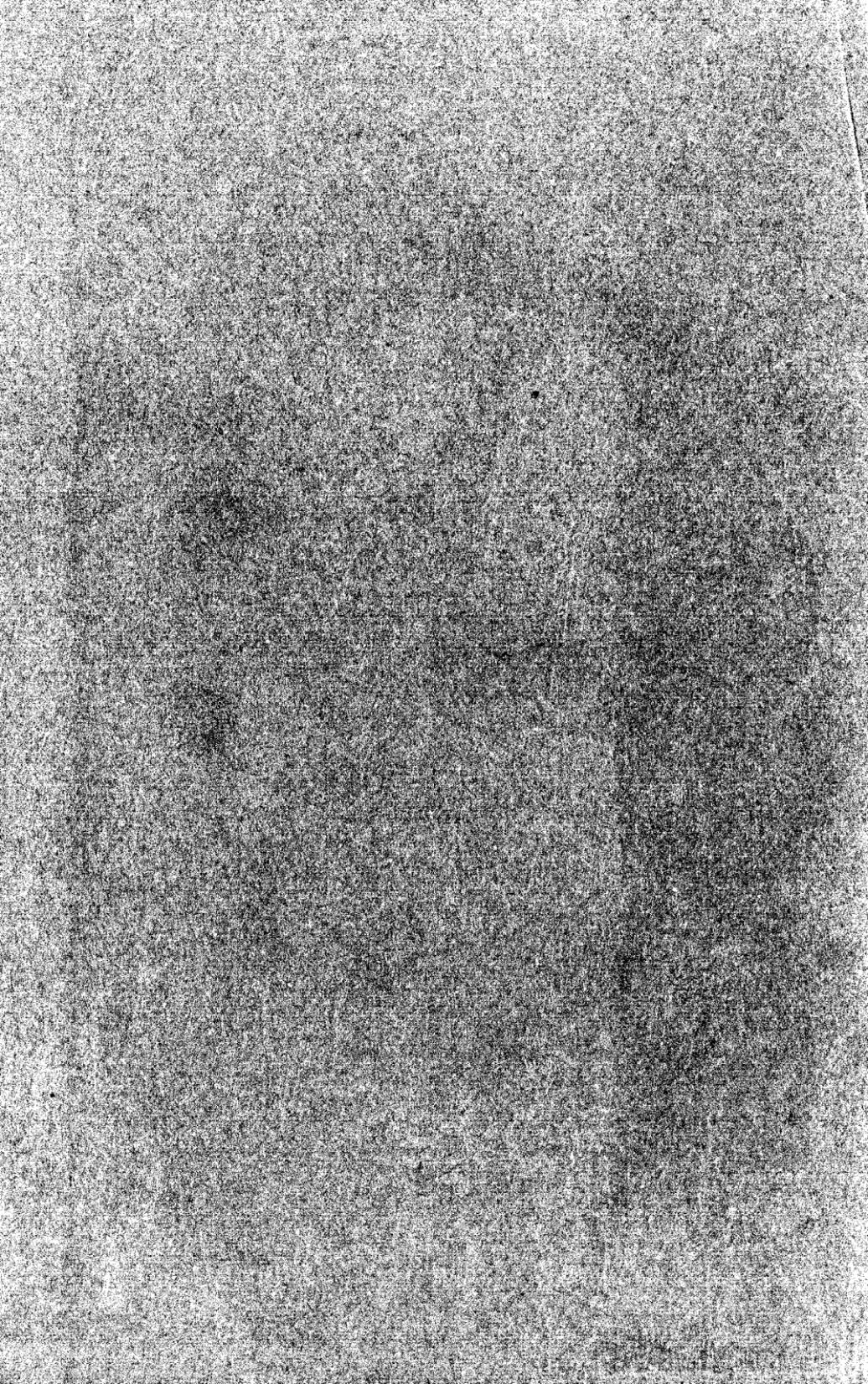
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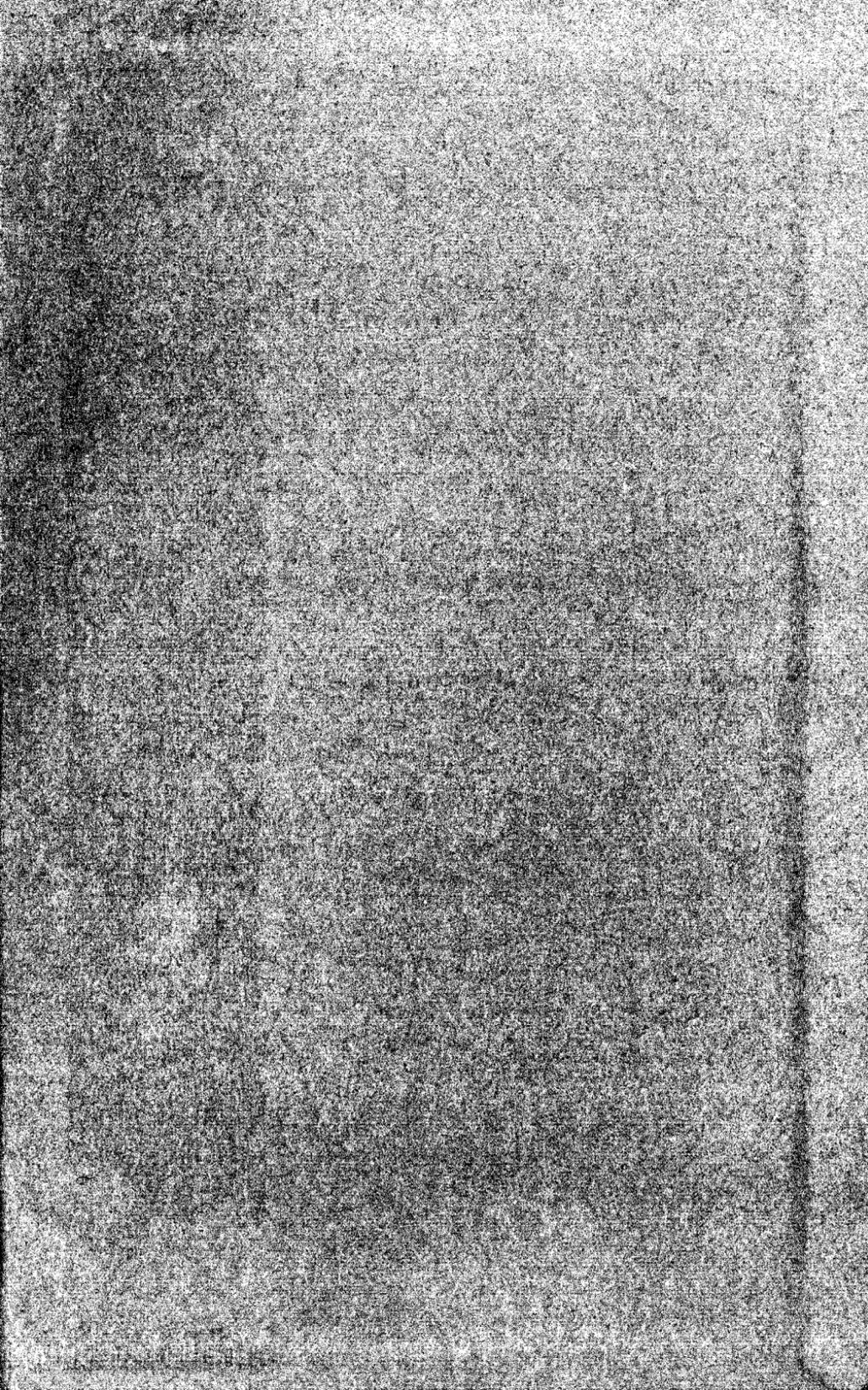
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