

LABOR.

Workingmen of all Countries, Unite

You Have Nothing to Lose but your chains, and a World to Gain.

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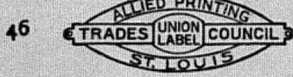
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ALLIED PRINTING TRADES LABEL.



The Allied Printing Trades Council calls your attention to the above label. It is made in different sizes, and is furnished to the printing establishments employing union men. We request the cooperation of all union men, as well as the business men of the city, and ask that they insist upon it being in the office patronized by them, and that it appears on the printing.

SOCIALIST PARTY VOTE FOR PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

In 1900 for Debs and Harriman..... 96,931
In 1904 for Debs and Hanford.....408,230
In 1908 for Debs and Hanford.....423,808

SOCIALIST VOTE OF THE WORLD.

1867 30,000
1877 494,000
1887 931,000
1893 2,585,000
1898 4,515,000
1903 6,825,000
1906 over 7,000,000

Editorial Observations

Labor Day, 1909. Where is the Spirit of 1886?

Hear John M. O'Neill September 19 at Risch's Grove.

Honor to the Memory of Pettibone and Murphy, the Martyrs of Union Labor in the Rocky Mountains.

Organized Labor Must Realize That the Class Struggle Between the capitalists and the proletariat has just begun.

Robert Bandlow Is the Only Militant Socialist Who Enjoyed the honor of shaking hands with John D. Rockefeller. Read Max Hayes' Bandlow article in this week's St. Louis Labor.

Comrade James Connolly of the Irish Socialist Federation, editor of The Harp, will speak in St. Louis Tuesday, Sept. 7, at 8 o'clock p. m., on Twelfth and Olivet streets. Don't fail to hear the able speaker!

McKees Rocks Is a Rocky Proposition for the American Labor movement. It is a strike of the Unorganized which the Organized must take notice of. McKees Rocks is fixing the standard of living for American labor.

About Four Hundred Strike Breakers in the Pressed Steel Car Co.'s works in McKees Rocks rebelled and went out on strike. Representatives of the Austrian government are investigating the "American conditions" in McKees Rocks. Here is the subject for Labor Day orations!

International Peace Is Dependent on the Labor Movement. The International Press Bureau at Bern has announced that it has been decided to defer the holding of the International Peace Congress at Stockholm until next year. This postponement is due to the possibility of inconvenience which may arise from the labor war now in progress in Sweden.

The Time Has Come When Every Thinking Working Man and woman should become a Socialist. With a strong Socialist Party to protect the political interests of the working class the Trade Union movement will be strengthened and thus be better equipped for the great battles which will be forced upon the proletariat within the near future.

There Is No Change in the General Strike Situation in Sweden. In every civilized country the labor organizations are collecting money for their striking brothers in the far north of Europe. Everywhere the spirit of international solidarity and Socialism is manifesting itself. What was the power of ancient Rome as compared with the modern labor movement?

While the New York Socialists, With a Full Working Class ticket in the field, are carrying on an energetic campaign, some Tammany Hall "labor leaders" are now attempting to organize a "Workingmen's Political Party." These mysterious "labor parties" born during the last three or four weeks of the campaign seem to be as necessary for capitalist political success as a big campaign fund.

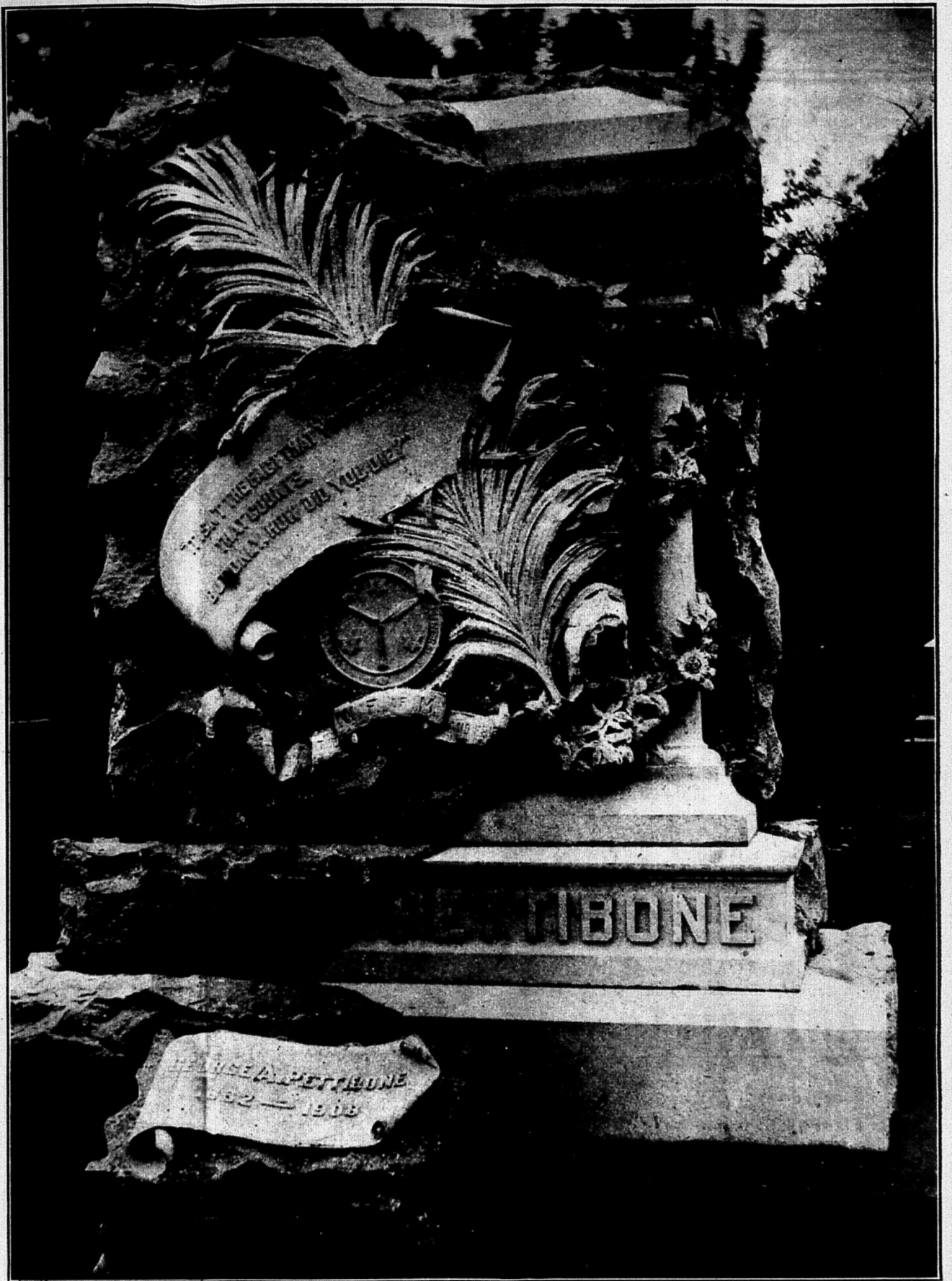
The Contentment of the "Citizen" Is That on Labor Day—One day in the year—the laboring people of Cleveland ought to get together, ought to fraternize, union and non-union, and exchange thoughts and ideas for the betterment of human kind. If this isn't done on Labor Day, when will it be done? Labor Day was created for Labor! It is up to all of us to meet and talk matters over like reasonable beings and have a general good time. You can go on excursions and visit amusements the year 'round, but where are you going on Labor Day—your day?—Cleveland Citizen.

The United Mine Workers' Journal Has This to Say on Socialism and Unionism: "Labor has been so often 'gulled' that we have become chary when people come around and tell us that trade unionism is good, but it should have no truck with Socialism. If we get into a fight we know where to find the radical wing Socialists of our army. They are always knee-deep in it and support us through thick and thin. The other fellows profess friendship for us to our face, but we do not know what they are doing in their mansions when surrounded by their own class, and its history has been one of opposition to us."

President Lynch on Labor Press. In His Annual Address to the delegates to the convention of the International Typographical Union at St. Joseph, Mo., President Lynch, under the head of Labor Press, says: "The last convention declared it as the sentiment of the gathering that all typographical unions should show in a practical manner their belief in the power of the labor press by subscribing for labor papers as a body where these papers were in existence. The labor press should be maintained and sustained. Only in this way can labor have an efficient mouthpiece through which to express its aspirations and its desires."

MONUMENT TO GEORGE A. PETTIBONE

Erected by the Western Federation of Miners



Memory of Labor's Martyrs Honored

During the recent convention of the Western Federation of Miners in Denver, Colo., the monuments erected to the memory of George A. Pettibone and John H. Murphy were dedicated in Fairmount Cemetery in the presence of over 500 people, including the convention delegates.

Pettibone died soon after the Moyer-Haywood-Pettibone trial. He was formerly a member of the W. F. of M. Executive Board. Murphy was one of the attorneys for the Western Miners, a man whose devotion and zeal for the labor movement was generally known throughout the Rocky Mountains wherever the class struggle was raging.

The dedication ceremonies were solemn and impressive. We quote from the Miners' Magazine:

The convention adjourned at noon Saturday in order that the delegates might attend the dedication services in a body. At 2:15 p. m. the delegates left Denver in two special cars for the cemetery, followed by a special car containing members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen and another special car with members of the Granite Cutters' Union. When the special cars reached the cemetery, the monuments were already surrounded by many of the friends of the departed, and at 4 o'clock Judge W. F. Hynes, who was master of ceremonies, addressed the gathering and paid eloquent tributes to the men who had proven their loyalty to the principles of Organized Labor. Judge Hynes then introduced A. H. Hawley, general secretary-treasurer of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen, who spoke as follows:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: "We have assembled here to pay a tribute; to honor and to show our appreciation of the work done by two men of whom it can be easily and truthfully said, that they died in the harness working for the cause of labor and humanity, and by trying to make the homes of workingmen all that they should be.

"Even though this be a sad hour to some, yet it affords me deep gratification as a representative of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen to be permitted at this time to pay a tribute of respect to one who had been associated with our organization for over twenty years and who had been its chief legal adviser for over ten years.

"If the sixty-five thousand members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen could at this time be conscious of what is transpiring at this moment at the last resting place of John Murphy they would stand or sit with bowed heads as a mark of respect for the high esteem in which he was held by all who knew him, or knew of him, and which he so richly merited.

"Never before so far as I have been able to learn has two strong labor organizations joined hands to erect a monument that will stand for years to mark the resting place of one who passed through the trials that John Murphy did in trying to secure for them justice and to guide them in the path of safety and right. In fact, I believe this

is the first time in history that two labor organizations have joined hands to honor in this manner one of their members.

"As years roll on and the cause of labor progresses people will read the few lines engraved on this stone and say, labor does honor its departed friends.

"No one knows what John Murphy suffered for the cause of labor.

"It has always been the opinion of myself, and many I represent, who were personally acquainted with him for years, that his early death was partly if not entirely caused by his too close attention to the interests of those he represented.

"It is said by many that the time to show gratitude, the time to bring flowers and the time to say kind words is when a person is alive and can see the flowers. If they do not hear the kind words spoken they learn of their having been said. I believe if the one who now lies still and cold beneath this green grass could speak he would say as do the following lines:

When I've passed this world of sorrow,
Do not seek to sooth my brow,
Do not heap my grave with blossoms,—
Bring your sweetest roses now,
Bring them now while I am living,
Toiling on, in youth's gay prime:
While I'm climbing life's steep ladder,
'Neath the heavy hand of time.

Yet at the same time he was not one who wanted to be told of his good deeds. He sought not adulation—he shunned flattery. But nature does the same for all of us. We like to have our efforts appreciated.

"One thing that he always wanted was the truth. How many of his friends have heard the oft-used expression: 'I was only a seeker for the truth?'

"As we stand here today we recall his many acts and know when he expressed himself in this way it came from his heart.

"No better illustration of his little desire for notoriety and his little desire for display can be shown than by his works to the men after the jury had declared them innocent of the crime of which they were accused. Lying in a hospital, on a bed of sickness, when all expected that his time was drawing near and that soon the grim reaper would gather him in, John Murphy looked into the face of the large man at his bedside and said: 'Bill, in this your hour of triumph, be humble.'

"Great indeed would be the length of time necessary to tell of the many good deeds performed by John Murphy. I will not attempt at this time to relate those of them that come to my mind. Many of them the press of the country have made public. Others are known only to his friends. Still others are known to his close associates who will tell of them later.

"Did he have any faults, this is no time to speak of them. The

MONUMENT TO JOHN H. MURPHY

Erected by the Western Federation of Miners



Their Noble Deeds Survive Them

faults of our friends we write upon the sand. Their virtues upon the tablets of love and memory. The virtues of the man whom we loved to call friend and brother are emphasized by the erection of this beautiful monument.

"He lived his short life of two score and six years and followed the teachings of the Golden Rule. He accepted the summons delivered by the messenger of death and passed beyond the summit of human apprehension. Let us hope that it is a wilderness of kindness, tenderness, love and affection; an unbounded forest of goodness, trimmed in purity, draped in virtue and sheltered in justice. He accepted censure and applause with indifference. He sympathized with the poor and weak. His life was such that if we cared to imitate him we could improve our own.

"We stop and reflect. We think of this and that. We wonder at results. When all is said and done we say time works wonders.

"What a beautiful book is that of time. What a massive volume. No blank leaves are found. No preface contained within its covers. How we love to dwell on the first page. More silently than the zephyr's breath as it fans our brow does time turn his pages, and on all we find man pursuing the phantom happiness. But full oft he wanders over burning deserts; and over craggy rocks he toils, looking ever forward to some sunny spot where he sees the much sought for tree. He ever beholds the ripe clusters hanging low, waiting only for the grasping hand. He toils ever on, to find its fruits like Sodom's apples, turning to ashes on his lips. Another page is noiselessly turned and we read of the joys of time, for joys there are, and well deserve the name. Mirrored there are the sunny days of childhood. Foundations of perennial spring are opened and full draughts of happiness quaffed. Yet we find no page telling all of joy, but here and there are seen fruits of the forbidden tree. No cup drawn from the well of earthly happiness is unmixed with gall. Yet none so mixed but that it might contain a little more. Still turning time's pages we find them stamped with a thousand histories. Some telling of today rejoicing in the sunshine of prosperity; tomorrow struggling in the wars of adversity. Thus we find commingling hopes and fears, joys and sorrows, pleasure and pain. When all the pages have been perused, the book is rolled together and the angel of God will proclaim, Time is, but shall be no more.

"Let us feel and know that he did his work as he saw it; always keeping in mind his duty to his fellow man. And let his dear ones feel, as is told in the words of the poet:

Once in our life the tide goes out
Leaving a desert of sand,
Sweeping our hopes and dreams away,
All that was joyful, grand.

Tangle of sea-weed strewn about,
Far from the rocks where it grew;
Lifeless and drear, like the hope that died,
Moments of rapture we knew.

Once in our life are priceless gems,
That vanish like pebbles and shells,
Leaving us bowed in grief and tears,
Tears we endeavored to quell.

Leaving us alone with empty hands,
Seeking the treasures we missed,
Longing for friends gone long before;
Yearning for lips we have kissed.

Once in our lives the tide goes out,
Yet, while we weep by the shore,
Foaming and singing the waves roll in,
Heaving the heart that was sore.

Filling our souls with pure joys,
Round us its treasures it hurls,
Till we behold through tearful eyes,
Millions of shimmering pearls.

"Let the words that are spoken here today be impressed upon the minds of the listeners. Let the fact that we have met to honor our friends be told to the world. Let it be carried to the business interests of the country that labor does appreciate what is done for them and that labor is always ready and willing to pay honor where honor is due. The little inscription on this monument will be read by many. As time rolls on and those who stand here today have passed to the great beyond others will come to take their places, but this stone will still remain to tell the newcomers of how two labor organizations paid tribute to their departed members.

"Death makes all men equal. We bring nothing into this world, we take nothing away with us. Let us all remember the true words of the late Senator Ingalls:

"When the fitful fever is over and the cruel wrangle of the market and forum have ceased, grass heals over the wound which our descent into this earth has made and the carpet of the infant, becomes the blanket of the dead."

Judge Hynes in a neat address then introduced John M. O'Neill, editor of the Miners' Magazine who delivered the following address: Ladies and Gentlemen, Members of Organized Labor and Delegates to the Western Federation of Miners:

We have gathered here today to dedicate monuments to the memory of two men who in life entwined themselves in the hearts of men and women who are scanning with yearning eyes the distant horizon and watching for the faint gleams of that glad morning that shall usher in a civilization that bequeaths to humanity the priceless heritage of industrial liberty. These monuments are the generous gifts of men who mourned the cruel summons of the grim messengers of death that snatched from life's arena men whose deathless devotion and loyalty to the eternal principles of justice made their names immortal in the labor movement of Western America. They did not come from the gory field of battle bearing victories that were

baptized in human blood. They were not crowned with achievements won amid the fire and smoke of shot and shell, but they were soldiers in that great army of the world's struggling millions that is slowly but surely marching onward toward the goal of economic freedom.

Neither of these men whose memory we honor today came into the world the petted heirs of palatial homes. Their ancestry boasted of no bank accounts and no broad acres, but their parentage was of that noble mold of citizenship that makes this old earth richer and leaves behind a posterity whose noble traits of character challenged the admiration of their fellow men.

In the year 1908 the last chapter in the lives of these two men was written, and now in the year 1909 we are gathered at their graves to pay our tribute of respect and to testify to the worth and merit of men who dared to brave the sneering lip and the frowning brow in defense of a class whose wails of misery are heard in every nation on earth.

John H. Murphy for years was the general attorney of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and the Western Federation of Miners. As a lawyer he was brilliant and the legal profession recognized in him a giant that was equipped for battle in the highest courts of the land. John H. Murphy, as a boy, tasted but little of the luxuries of life. He had not the means to enter the classic halls of famed institutions of learning, but he had an indomitable will and an intellect that flashed with the sparkle of a diamond, and with these inherited gifts he faced the world to fight the battle of life. In his early life we see him on the locomotive clad in jumper and overalls, feeding the horse of iron and steel, but on his features, bathed in sweat and grime, could be discerned an inspiration "to climb to loftier heights," where he could render more valuable service in the great struggle for human rights.

When his associates and companions in the railway service were wrapped in sleep endeavoring to recuperate their exhausted energies for the toil of another day, John H. Murphy, the fireman, was "burning the midnight oil" and storing away in the mental chambers of his brain a knowledge of law that made him in after years a David of the Common People before the courts of this country. Blacklisted during the great strike of the American Railway Union of 1894, and having felt the relentless despotism of an avenging corporation, he realized more than ever that labor stood in need of advocates in judicial tribunals who would speak with tongues of fire, and with this realization, he redoubled his energies to become a Spartacus to give battle for labor in the temples of justice.

More than a decade ago the legislature of Utah passed an eight-hour law and immediately the mine owners and the corporate interests decreed that the law must be assassinated by the judicial dagger on the grounds that the law was in conflict with the constitution of the state. Murphy, the fireman, was now the lawyer, and he stripped for the fray to give the best that was in him for the man who toiled long hours in the poisoned dungeons of the earth. At that time Organized Labor had no corpulent treasury, but Murphy was actuated by a higher and nobler incentive than a sordid appetite for fees, and with a courage that knew no surrender or retreat, he fought that battle in the courts of Utah until the highest tribunal of the state handed down a decision proclaiming the constitutionality of the eight-hour law. But the enemies of labor did not accept the decision of the Supreme Court of the State of Utah, but appealed the case to the Supreme Court of the United States, and before the robed judiciary at the nation's capitol, the dauntless young attorney faced an array of legal talent that much have blanched his cheek as he felt the magnitude of the battle in which he was engaged. But Murphy was undismayed. He knew that he was pleading for the bone and brawn of a nation and he knew that the cause in which he had consecrated the efforts of his life was grounded on the bedrock of eternal justice. His heart and soul became aflame and the irresistible logic that streamed from his lips swept before it like an avalanche the winged flights of oratory that soared from the silvery tongues of corporation-paid attorneys. The fireman lawyer dazzled the high-priced attorneys with the brilliancy of his genius and when the smoke of battle had cleared away the eight-hour law of the State of Utah wore the constitutional crown of the Supreme Court of the United States. Murphy had measured steel with the giants of the legal profession and his prowess as an adversary in the judicial arena could no longer be questioned by the brainiest disciples of Blackstone. He had won a battle that stamped him as a lawyer, and the miners of the West looked upon this rising young attorney as a man who was destined to leave "footprints on the sands of time."

After his victory in the Supreme Court of the United States he gave almost his undivided attention to the wrongs of labor and became the framer of almost every eight-hour measure that graces the statute books of the western states. The eight-hour laws of Utah, Montana, Nevada, Arizona and Missouri were due to his tireless energies and before he closed his eyes in death he had earned the enviable title: "Eight-hour Murphy."

But while we admired his clear, analytical brain and valued his counsel in the stormy days of labor's battle, yet, there was something grander in the noble nature of the dead lawyer that appealed to us more forcibly than all the genius of his ability, and that was his matchless courage, his fealty to truth and his unflinching devotion to the cause of right.

On the 17th of February, 1906, there was consummated one of the foulest plots that ever was hatched to blacken the escutcheon of the labor movement of this country. In the dark hours of the night, when honest men and women were in their homes, there stole from the conspiring den of a detective agency a coterie of professional body-snatchers, and these human bloodhounds, backed by the governors of two states, kidnaped three men from their homes and spirited them away on a special train to be tried for the murder of a man who had been assassinated by the hiring of conspirators who yearned to place the brand of Cain on the brow of innocent men and commit murder under forms of law.

John H. Murphy was then an invalid. His wasted frame and emaciated face told his dearest friends that he was traveling rapidly "towards that bourne whence no traveler returns." But with the ashen hue of death upon his brow and with the knowledge that he was courting death in wending his way to Boise, Idaho, to attend the great conspiracy trial, yet he flinched not from what he believed to be his duty and when the press of a nation heralded the opening of the great criminal farce in the capital city of the "Gem of the Rockies," Murphy stood among the brilliant array of lawyers, giving the efforts of his waning life in a battle to snatch innocent men from an ignominious death upon a scaffold. The history of that great trial need not be repeated here, but when the verdict of twelve men proclaimed the innocence of one of the men whom conspirators had decreed should dangle at the end of a rope, the dying lawyer wept for joy because he realized that the organization for which he had struggled had risen above the clouds of calumny and stood vindicated in the minds of the honest men and women of a continent. He lived to see the foul conspiracy against the Western Federation of Miners shattered into fragments, and when he breathed his last on the 3d of March, 1908, we mourned the loss of a man whose brilliancy, courage and loyalty are treasured in the hearts of men who honored and revered him as a "prince among men," worthy of being recognized as one of "the noblest works of God."

But let us now turn our thoughts to the other man whose life went out, crushed through the persecution of combinations whose hate was only appeased when the brave and noble soul took its flight from the wasted tenement of clay. I had the esteemed honor of being numbered among his friends, and stood beside the open grave on the afternoon of the 5th of last August and to speak a few words in memory of my friend, the man who looked upon life and death with a smile upon his lips. On that occasion, when I gazed into the grave and looked upon the casket that held the mortal remains of George A. Pettibone, and when I beheld the coffin lowered into the bosom of the earth, there rushed through my mind chapters of human history that were written in tears, and those chapters in the life of my friend and brother in the great cause of humanity almost stilled the heart and palsied the tongue, for words would not come to crown his memory with that tribute which I longed to pay

