

of the daily miracles of our machinery the hungry still lack food and the homeless wander through the streets. Step by step the moneyless man is losing his right to exist. Every recent change in legislation has been made to protect property and to disfranchise men. Armories are erected and school houses forgotten. Immense grants of land are bestowed upon railroads but the settlers upon these lands are evicted. Trades union leaders are imprisoned for having contempt for a contemptible judge, while monopolists are aided by injunctions and federal judges.

Today Shakespeare has been revised and Shylock is the hero of the play. Portia's plea for mercy is called revolutionary and Bassanio is branded as a repudiator.

There is hardly a trust or syndicate that has inaugurated this campaign of threats and ridicule and object-lessons that dare open its own business career to the public.

One of these defenders of law and national honor, the Standard Oil Company, has illegally increased freight rates, closed rivers and canals, destroyed inventions, bought up inspectors and put its stamp upon explosive oil, attacked the property of competitors and blown up rival refineries. These trusts are religious at one end and murderous at the other.

This law-breaking aggressive spirit of monopoly has found a perfect embodiment in the person Mark Hanna.

He today towers above McKinley and above the republican party, the American Bluebeard, who slays his workers instead of his wives.

The skeletons of the Seamen's union, the Miners' union and the Street Car Men's union hang bleeding in his closet!

When McKinley was governor of Ohio, Hanna was his guardian. Therefore in criticising Bryan's opponent, we look not at the servant, but at the master—not at McKinley, the most pitiable figurehead in public life today, but at Hanna his owner and tyrant.

No man's character can be judged by his private relations with his family. He may be like the czar of Russia, "a good husband and father," but so is every tiger and wild beast.

Before granting any man a diploma of morality we ask what the influence of his career has been upon his fellow men. If he has gone through life as an elephant goes through a forest, crashing and breaking a pathway for himself alone, or as a devilfish crawls through the sea, grasping and sucking the life blood from every living thing in reach, how can we intrust such a man with the responsibility and authority of public office?

Give Hanna four years of power and he will paint the White House black?

He will utterly destroy every vestige of trades unionism, for he will have the army, the navy and treasury at his command. He will discover that it is cheaper to abolish manhood suffrage than to buy votes; and next November may be

the last chance that moneyless men ever may have to record their vote for president. Many republican workingmen are thoughtlessly going to the ballot box just as an ox goes to a barbecue—gaily decorated in honor of its own death.

Mayor Pingree gave us a national motto when he said: "Give the people what they want." I am not one of those who regard the people as dangerous, covetous animals who must be chained and muzzled. The experiment of the referendum in Switzerland has proved that when the people are left entirely free they are naturally conservative. French revolutions never occur except when some king Louis has repressed the people and goaded them to resistance. "I am the state," said the boastful king, and the people replied with the guillotine.

I trust in the common heart of all more than in the private scheming of any financial syndicate. I don't excuse the ignorance of the masses. I don't celebrate their poverty, I don't ignore their frailties, but I say they are far nearer the truth regarding all social and political problems than those hoodlum students of Yale, whose only argument is an insane college yell.

It is time to co-operate and enjoy the creation of our hands; otherwise all the energy, and daring and inventiveness of our fathers has come to naught. I do not believe that Columbus discovered America for Hanna, or that the monopolist is the last and highest product of human evolution.

#### A Brilliant Affair.

The Electrical Workers' dancing party at Turner hall Thursday evening October 8, surpassed all previous affairs. A large crowd, happy faces and the best music in the city, Flaatan's orchestra, made the hours pass only to quickly and merrily away. Excellent refreshments were served in the basement.

To describe the decorations would be an impossibility. Hundreds of colored lights twinkled and blinked from among the elegant evergreen and floral decorations of various designs everywhere.

Immediately over the orchestra platform the banner of the Electrical Workers' union hung surrounded in a blaze of light. The Trades Assembly banner, which has done duty on so many occasions, graced one side while Old Glory hung in graceful folds on the other. Flags, little and big, were arranged artistically in all parts of the hall.

It was one of the most beautiful sights it has been our pleasure to gaze upon, and the members of local union N. B. E. U. No. 25, who arranged the decorations, are deserving of the many compliments

which were heard on every side for their happy and successful efforts.

The following are the committees: Arrangements: William Pierce, Jack Hayes, A. Starbird. Floor: E. J. Meagher, L. P. Runkle, Nels Anderson, Jack Hayes, William Bolan. Reception: Richard Thayer, James Owens, Ray Snider. The electric decorations were donated by the Commercial Light & Power Co., Crowley Electric Co., Burgess Electric Co.

The boys intended having three large calcium lights, but it was impossible to get the right connection within a proper distance so that idea had to be abandoned.

#### Charles G. Miller.

The subject of this sketch, Chas. G. Miller, whose face graces the front page of this issue needs no introduction to Duluthians. He first saw the light in classical Boston thirty-five years ago, but has been a citizen of our city since 1871. During that time, with the exception of four years in which he acted as head clerk of the United States land office, he has been with the Duluth Paper Company, working his way up from office boy to treasurer of the company.

Four years ago Mr. Miller was nominated for county commissioner from the First district, and was elected after a hard fight, running many votes ahead of the ticket. He has proven himself a most efficient servant of the people, and at all times has sought to protect and support home industries. He has succeeded during his term in having all of the county printing with one exception, done at home without an increase of expense to the county, and by close scrutiny of all bills and claims has saved the people many dollars.

Commissioner Miller, in response to a petition signed by about 800 voters in his ward, has decided to stand as an independent candidate for election for another term of four years and should secure the vote of every man in his district wishing a good, conservative business administration of the county's affairs.

In addition to Frank K. Foster of the Boston Labor World, who was sent here in answer to Rankin's bluff, Messrs. John D. Vaughn, a printer and John Heartz, a bricklayer, both sent out by the Denver Trades Assembly, have been in the city the past week making telling speeches for the cause of silver.