



## ANOTHER UNPLEASANT DISCOVERY.

The average American will read with concern the report of Rear Admiral Brownson, setting forth the defects in our warships. In view of the unpleasantness with Japan, the Admiral's report is of particular interest. Indeed, it will strike the average American as rather peculiar that not until this late day the defects in our warships should be made public. While the Americans have been dreaming along with the idea that our warships are the best that were ever launched, it is safe to say that the naval authorities of other nations know every weak point in them—every blow hole, every plate held in place with putty instead of bolts. The ease with which the Japanese, for example, have had access to our defenses indicates this. As a matter of fact, Japanese naval officers are known to have served as cooks and waiters on our war vessels says the San Francisco Star.

The cause of the defects in our warships are traceable to the same cause back of the defects in our transportation system, namely, private control of that which should be done exclusively by the government. Our war vessels have been built in private yards while the government navy yards have been left practically idle. These war vessels have been built for gain, and those who have built them have taken every possible advantage of the government, even as a prominent New York congressman has charged, to the extent of substituting putty for iron rivets. That they might make all they possibly could out of the government, the owners of private shipbuilding plants have maintained expensive lobbies at Washington and have had their men, their paid agents, holding down seats in the Senate and House. The result is a defective fleet. Had the vessels been built at the government yards, as common sense dictated, we would not today, on the eve of possible hostilities with a maritime power, have war vessels whose effectiveness has been called into question by our own naval experts. America will learn some day, perhaps, the folly of permitting private corporations to do that which can be best done by the government itself.

## GONE OVER TO THE MAJORITY.

The death roll of our city's pioneers is lengthening rapidly. The demise of our esteemed friend, R. C. Mitchell, brought great regret and sorrow to our heart. Again the impressive warning comes to us that "in the midst of life we are in death." Only a day or two before his death, we exchanged friendly greetings, and he was apparently in the prime of health, full of hope, with the bright anticipations of a future that should fill up the perfect measure of a useful and honorable life; but alas! "the silver cord is loosened, the golden bowl is broken," and the adviser of our boyhood, and comrade of our manhood is gone, and we can only render our humble tribute of appreciation and of sorrow in presence of a calamity which extends beyond the limits of his family's threshold and invades the circle of the entire city.

In the death of R. C. Mitchell, a loss to the city of Duluth has been sustained, the full extent of which can now only be realized by those whose good fortune it was to know him intimately. He was at all times, and on all occasions the most public-spirited of citizens,—alert to every measure that gave promise of enuring to the benefit and prosperity of the city. His time, money, energy and talents, were freely bestowed for the advancement of every legitimate project that contributed in any degree to the upbuilding of the city and its people.

It is not our purpose to enter into a detailed account of his life and services, or to eulogize those shining virtues which bound him to those who knew him best. It would require an abler, plier, and more experienced pen than ours to do him justice.

Our words are only the promptings of admiration and loving friendship,—the utterances of sober truth in man-

festation of the honor due to the memory of one possessed of high personal character, large and well applied native endowments, and who devoted a life time of unremitting industry and toil, to a field of endeavor that demands the exercise of the highest gifts God has bestowed upon man.

He achieved a degree of success in his chosen calling that has rarely been excelled in our day or any other, and in his death, the world of editorial life has lost one of its ablest, most fearless, and most profound devotees.

In matters political, religious and social, Mr. Mitchell represented the most advanced ideas of modern thought. He gloried in dealing hard blows to all dogmas inconsistent with a due recognition of the fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man, but underlying all the apparent severities of his rhetoric, was the warm, kind, sympathetic heart of love not only for his fellow man, but for all creation, animate and inanimate.

Sterling old friend farewell! Peace to your memory! In the beautiful city of the dead, at your own beloved Woodland, fanned by the breath of Lake Superior breezes, may the flowers on your tomb bloom earliest in spring and linger latest in autumn; and by the people of a grateful city, may the memory of your devotion to its interests and theirs, as a sweet fragrance long be remembered and cherished. Neither the din of the busy city which your efforts aided to upbuild, nor the roar of the great lake waves that break on the shores you loved so well can disturb your repose.

Beloved old friend! let us again bid you a long, a lasting but an affectionate farewell.

## VERDICT ACQUITTAL.

Heretofore we maintained an attitude of "armed neutrality" towards the Haywood trial.

But in common with millions of lovers of fair play throughout this nation we were intensely interested in the outcome.

If Haywood was guilty we wanted him convicted. Being so far removed from the scene of operations we did not know whether he was or not.

Every since his prosecution was instituted the reprehensible and lawless methods of the mine owners and smelter kings created a doubt in our minds of the good faith of the prosecution.

They showed a determination to convict Haywood whether guilty or innocent. Their attitude towards the Western Federation was so unrelenting and vindictive that nothing short of the sacrificing of an innocent victim seemed to satisfy their malice.

They disregarded every law, trampled justice under foot, and availed themselves of everything that money could buy, and Pinkerton thugs could accomplish, to ensure conviction, and not only seal the doom of the man on trial but deal a death blow to the Western Federation.

They relied upon the evidence of a man who had shown himself to be as cold-blooded and mercenary a murderer as ever lived on this earth. He out-heroded Herod in devilishness.

His testimony was contradicted by scores of good reputable witnesses. He admitted there was no crime in the calendar that he would not commit for money.

The witnesses who impeached his testimony were from all walks and classes in life, and many of them had no interest whatever in the outcome of the trial.

The whole dependence of the prosecution was upon the evidence of this man. He was not only uncorroborated, but the defense by an overwhelming array of credible witnesses conclusively proved that he was lying.

A jury of 12 honest men was left no alternative but to acquit the defendant, which they did.

To the everlasting glory of American law, and American justice, the nefarious plot of the Mine Owners' association, supplemented by the Pinkertons, is frustrated, and truth and righteousness is supreme.

There ought to be some way of reaching out and punishing the unscrupulous and disloyal knaves, who, to gratify their own malevolent designs, would attempt to pollute the fountains of justice, in the manner evidenced by this trial.

No punishment would be too severe for them. A fendi like Orchard can be gotten rid of,—but the man or combination of men who would seek to prostitute our courts of justice to further fraudulent, malicious and vindictive designs is more dangerous to the perpetuating of American liberty, and the integrity of American institutions than is a thousand Orchards.

## HAYWOOD TRIAL AND PINKERTON AGENCY.

The long and wearisome Haywood prosecution is finished at last. After a tedious trial occupying several weeks of time, and involving the expenditure of thousands of dollars, at the conclusion of the testimony twelve disinter-

ested good men and true pronounced the defendant not guilty.

If the trial had done nothing else, it has given the American people an insight into the workings of the Pinkerton detective agency. The labor organizations of the country will not fail to take full note of the revelations made at the trial.

This agency is looked up and employed by corporations which have some dirty unscrupulous work on hand for them to do, and the Pinkertons enter upon its performance without regard to its honesty, lawfulness or legitimacy.

Every large city has a detective department allied with, and constituting a part of its police organization. People who have legitimate business requiring the services of detectives go to the lawful authorities for assistance. The police detectives as a rule, are the peers in skill and ability of any of the Pinkertons.

But those corporations that have disreputable, reprehensible, dishonest or illegal work to do, steer clear of police departments,—the unscrupulous thugs of the Pinkerton agency are much more to their liking. That itself ought to be enough to condemn not only the Pinkerton methods, but the corporation that employs them.

It is our calm, unbiased and deliberate judgment, that the Pinkerton detective agency is a menace to American law and liberty, ought not to be tolerated in a civilized country, and commission by act of congress.

## FALSE PRETENSIONS.

It is absurd for any individual, or collection of individuals, to say that they have a right to run their own business in any way they see fit. There is no business that can be conducted but that in some way relates to society, and it must be subject to such regulations as society demands irrespective of the will of the individual, or individuals, who are conducting the business. The business of the employer and his business interests are no more independent than the business of the employee and his business interests, and both must observe such limited rights as society may lawfully impose upon them.

The progress made in the treatment of convicts, in penitentiaries and state prisons, both from a humanitarian and reformatory standpoint, is largely due to trades union agitation. The agitation against the contract system, and its injurious effect upon free labor, enlisted the sympathy of philanthropists in the consideration of the helpless wards of the state.

Trades unions have paved the way for fraternal relations among members of one craft, they have provided for benefits in all emergencies of life; they contain the germ of a better and higher civilization.

## The Strike And Its Lesson.

From Cook County Herald.

The St. Louis county ore industry is in the throes of an effective strike, inaugurated by the ore handlers on the Mesaba docks. Mining and shipping operations are closed down completely. The situation threatens serious consequences to the business interests of Duluth, and it will probably spread farther. At every recurrence of these struggles between capital and labor, standing upon the theoretical proposition of individual rights, men are prone to say to strikers: "Hands off."

Theoretically, no government would be necessary—if all men were what they ought to be; but for our common protection against human avarice we must bear the burdens of this man-made government. This is a very, very practical world—necessarily becoming more and more so—and even a practical view of the situation makes it uncertain that there is always justice in commanding "hands off!" to those who would use their only weapon, organization, to ward off the condition of serfdom in which they would otherwise be placed by capitalist greed.

Organized labor, as well as organized capital, often sins against individual rights, but for the temporary peace that might accrue the public cannot afford to force settlement of these disputes in an arbitrary manner nor upon any other basis than that of justice. We must be practical. We must, difficult as it is, rise above the modernized methods of finance that entangle the world's affairs to look for a solution that will return to every man the right to be his own master.

"Hands off" to all who would perpetuate and strengthen a system by which the many are deprived of full reward of their industry for the enrichment of the few. In the working out of a solution that will turn us backward to a more righteous course, the Duluth strike and similar events are merely incidents.

Appendicitis Permanently Cured Without Knife Or Drugs.

The frightful mortality resulting from the use of the knife for the cure of this disease, and the sorrows, bereavements and premature deaths, consequent upon so-called "operations" are simply appalling.

I know of a sure, scientific and safe method of treatment, that immediately relieves the patient and permanently cures the disease without the use of knife or drugs.

I charge nothing for consultation or examination.

A. GRAHAM,  
Chiropractor,  
500 Burrows Bldg.,  
Duluth, Minn.

Zenith phone 1735Y.

Hamilton, the kicker of the League, responded before Cunningham could make reply.

"Bribery!" he suggested.

"Bribery!" snorted the chairman.

"Bribery!" I'd like to see any railroad tout try to bribe a Blossom or Brennen farmer. Why, man, he'd be lynched by the railroad.

Eight. Spent money over there like water, bought votes outright, and fairly floated the place with free beer."

"And," giggled a youthful reformer whose enthusiasm and first appearance at headquarters on an election night, had led him to imbibe not wisely but deeply, "only carried it by 89."

"There are," said Cunningham, ignoring the youth, "more ways to bribe a man than one."

"That's it," agreed Hamilton. "This fight means more to the railroad than most of us realize. The company must have the Board of Supervisors, the Assessor and the Sheriff—as it has had them for years. The men to do its peculiar dirty work in this country must be men willing to cut a throat if necessary. A sheriff who will stack a jury in the interest of a corporation that secures his election will stack a jury for pay in cases where the corporation isn't concerned."

"We've seen it here for years—we all know lawyers who select their own jury in cases in which they appear. An Assessor who will lighten the assessment of the corporation, will take pay for lightening other assessments. A Board of Supervisors that is to sell privileges to the railroad is not to be made up of men above reproach. A corporation seeking special privileges wants knaves, not honest men, in office. The trouble with our candidates is that they are too d—d honest. That is why the fight against them has been so bitter. The railroad will beat them if money and cunning can do it."

"But money and cunning haven't done it," broke in Westlake. "We win by 312."

## More Ways to Bribe A Man Than One

BY FRANKLIN HICHBORN IN SAN FRANCISCO STAR.

The returns from Jefferson township were received at League headquarters with cheers. The County Chairman of the Independent Good Government League (titled his hat at an extra-aggressive angle, and announced exultantly:

"Jefferson gives the League ticket a clean majority of 110. With Blossom and Brennen townships to hear from, the vote stands: For Sheriff, League candidate, 6,534; combined Republican and Democratic candidate, 6,222, a majority of 312."

Even as the chairman was speaking rapid pencils on twenty notebooks were figuring out majorities for the other League candidates ranging from 175 to 280.

"A clean sweep," shouted Westlake, enthusiastically. "Of course we've carried Blossom and Brennen—we always were strongest down there."

"There are 450 votes at Blossom," observed Cunningham, thoughtfully, "and almost 400 at Brennen. If they go against us, it is still possible for our majorities to be wiped out."

"Go against us?" cried Westlake. "Why, man alive, they're all farmers down there who have been robbed by the railroad for years and know it. The fact that the railroad is and always has been behind the courthouse doors has just filtered through their dull wits. How can you figure out that with less than 900 votes, Blossom and Brennen can wipe out majorities running up to 312?"

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"But money and cunning haven't done it," broke in Westlake. "We win by 312."

"I'm not so sure about that," replied Cunningham. "They've tricked us year after year, electing their puppets first on the Republican and then on the Democratic ticket. When this League grew strong enough to count for something, the bosses of the two parties—at the orders of the chief legal adviser of the railroad, who has controlled both parties for twenty years—united to beat us. That shows how desperate they are. I'm not going to do any hurrying until we hear from Blossom and Brennen."

"Come!" said Hamilton aggressively. "I'll bet anybody twenty dollars even that by some hook or crook we've lost Blossom township."

But before anybody could take up this attractive offer, the League representative from Blossom was announced. He came in a little out of breath, and somewhat sheepishly—certainly without enthusiasm. Hamilton noted the new comer's attitude, and started to press his offer, but all attention centered on the chairman, who was eagerly scanning the returns. As he read, his face fell. Finally he choked up on the bulletin board where the impatient throng could see: "League, 170; combined Republican-Democrat, 274; Republican-Democrat majority in Blossom township, 104."

A hush fell upon the Independent Good Government League headquarters.

"Great Lord!" wailed Westlake, when the significance of the figures had sunk in, "that reduces Bronstrop's majority to 71. Bronstrop was, in point of votes, at the bottom of the League ticket."

"And the Sheriffs to 208, chimed in another.

There were blank faces at League headquarters.

"How on earth," demanded the chairman of the Blossom township man, "did this happen?"

"Bribery!" I'll bet," snorted Hamilton. "Just ordinary, mean, contemptible, railroad bribery."

The man from Blossom turned angrily in Hamilton's direction.

"You're a d—d liar," he began, but Hamilton's roar of a voice drowned what the messenger might have said further.

"I said ordinary bribery," he roared. "But it was, of course, extraordinary bribery: gotten up as special treatment of a special case."

"I'd suggest," said the chairman impatiently, "that Hamilton keep still,

until some explanation is given of this vote."

Hamilton subsided.

The man from Blossom, eager faces encircling him, cast one angry glance in Hamilton's direction and began:

"You see," he said, "everything was fixed up down there up to a week ago for the League ticket. But last week Charlie Zeigler, who runs the Home-seeker's Magazine—"

"O Lord!" broke in Hamilton, "the railroad—"

"Hamilton," demanded the chairman, "will you shut up or get out?"

"Charlie Zeigler," went on the messenger, "was down there and asked us all personally to vote the regular party ticket. Put it on the grounds of personal friendship, and every man jack of us was under obligations to Zeigler and 'The Home-seeker.' You see, a couple of months ago, he devoted ten pages of his magazine to Blossom. And it was all free—didn't cost us a cent. And to my certain knowledge at least three sales of farms have been traced to that article. To tell you the truth, I voted the regular ticket myself, although, as you see, 170 refused to switch."

"Good Lord, man," yelled the exasperated chairman, "don't you know that 'The Home-seeker' is published by the railroad?"

"What if it is?" demanded the messenger weakly.

"Don't you see, you d—d idiot," roared Hamilton, "that Blossom township was bribed by a ten-page write-up with free beer and cash. But Blossom was cheaper—just ten pages in 'The Home-seeker' did it. And 'Home-seeker' proved better than beer, for the 'bloody eight' want railroad only 89, while Blossom piled on the agony of 104. I said extraordinary bribery. I'll change it to cheap, railroad bribery."

The confusion of tongues that ensued was hushed by the entrance of the messenger from Brennen. The messenger was staunch old Jacob Brennen himself, who owned much of the township, had given it his name, and who had stood all his life a firm rock in politics against corporation domination and corruption. He had fought the railroad's questionable methods when the road was new and popular. In his old age he had seen the fruits of this corruption ripen as he had predicted, and he had done much to unify the people against the corrupting element. But Jacob Brennen did not show any exultation as he entered the room.

"Brennen," he announced without the formality of handing the returns to the chairman, "gives the League ticket 74, and the regulars 234, a majority for the regulars of 210."

"You've got that twisted," snarled the chairman, in the voice of a man with a dry throat, "you mean beat down there by 210."

"It's all in then," observed Westlake icily. "The Sheriff's beat by two votes, and every man on the ticket with him. How on earth—?"

But Hamilton's roar drowned every other sound.

"More bribery!" he yelled. "More of the railroad's cheap bribery." He pushed himself face to face with the gray-haired reformer from Brennen.

"What was it?" he demanded. "A

free 'ad' in 'The Home-seeker' or a keg of beer? or was it just cash?"

Cunningham, assisted by impatient hands, hustled Hamilton to one side.

"Brennen," said Cunningham sharply, "that does this mean? I don't say that you have been bribed, that's preposterous. But there's something wrong somewhere. You've got the vote down there in your pocket. The returns show that you have given the district to the regulars—the railroad clique. Why, man, you are one of the directors of this League."

Brennen's face paled.

"I wouldn't have come here tonight," he said, "had I not realized that explanation is due you. It's just as Cunningham has said. I voted with the regulars this year. I had my reasons for it, although up to ten days ago I had expected to vote the League ticket, with the exception of Wilson for supervisor, whom you know I've opposed from the start."

"Now for 'The Home-seeker,'" broke in Hamilton. "Or the free beer."

The end of the confusion that followed found Hamilton edged out by the crowd that had gathered around Brennen. Brennen scarcely noticed the interruption.

"About a year ago," went on Brennen, "one of my neighbors, whose son is a brakeman on the road, suggested to me that we could have a flag station in the township if we went about it properly. We certainly were entitled to it, and I saw the Division Superintendent as my neighbor had suggested. To make a long story short, through the kindness of the Superintendent, I got the station."

"The kindness of the Superintendent?" snorted Hamilton, in a delirium of recklessness, "the kindness of the Superintendent? I suppose that the Superintendent called?"

Old man Brennen's face flushed.

"Yes," the old man admitted, "he did, last week."

"And reminded you of the \$250 shed that he had erected on your ranch?" went on Hamilton, whom nobody took the trouble to restrain. "And asked you to go back on us—that's the way to put it—go back on us, because he had given you a shed on the railroad track that didn't cost the company a cent over \$250. And you sold us out! Oh, h—!"

"You will remember, gentlemen," broke in Cunningham, "that I reminded you just before our friend from Blossom came in, that there are more ways to bribe a man than one. In the light of these interesting revelations, I wish to say that the bribery of the respectable and wealthy is usually the cheapest bribery of all. Over in the 'bloody eight' the voting cattle there whom we all despise so cordially for their ignorance and their corruption got, at least, in one way or another, five dollars apiece for their votes. At Brennen, the votes cost the railroad a trifle under six bits each, and the company still has the shed that it paid for them. At Blossom the votes cost nothing at all, for the company had to fill up its magazine with something and it might as well have been a free 'ad' of Blossom as anything else. But keg of beer, free advertisement and flag-station shed combined have been too much for the Independent Good Government ring I guess that the courthouse will hang on yet a little longer."

Hamilton cleared his mouth of tobacco juice by uncaring aim at the center of a cuspidore, twenty feet away. Carefully observing the excellence of the shot without taking his eye from the cuspidore, he ejaculated:

"Oh, h—!"

And the ejaculation apparently hit off the expression for which the almost exploding men present were groping as unerringly as the stream of tobacco juice had gone on its flight.

"WHAT LABOR UNIONS DO.

The union is the greatest existing force in what is called America. It breaks down the barrier of racial, nationalities, languages and religions. It teaches self-government and obedience to elected leaders and sets up the goal of an American standard of living. Neither the church nor the school nor politics nor employers can do this. Prof. John R. Commons of University Wisconsin.

Mr. Union Man—Notify your laundry man that the Bell Phone is Unfair.

Order of Hearing on Petition for Adjustment of Final Account and for Final Decree of Distribution.

STATE OF MINNESOTA, COUNTY OF St. Louis, In Probate Court.

In the Matter of the Estate of Jeremiah H. Triggs, Deceased.

The petition of Martha A. Triggs, as representative of the above named decedent, together with her final account of the administration of said estate, having been filed in this court, and presenting, among other things, that she has duly administered said estate, and praying that said final account of said administration be examined, adjusted and allowed by the court, and decree of distribution of the residue of the estate of said decedent to the persons entitled thereto, and for the discharge of the representative and the sureties on her bond.

It is Ordered, That said petition be heard, and said final account examined, adjusted and allowed, by the court, at the Probate Court Rooms in the City of Duluth, on Monday, the 26th day of August, 1907, at ten o'clock A. M. All persons interested in said hearing and in said matter are hereby cited and required at said time and place to appear, if any there be, why said petition should not be granted.

Ordered Further, That this order be served by publication in the Labor World according to law.

Dated at Duluth, Minn., July 30th, 1907.

By the Court,  
J. B. MIDDLECOFF,  
Judge of Probate,  
(Seal Probate Court, St. Louis Co., Minn.)  
Labor World, Aug. 3, 10, 17, 1907.

STATE OF MINNESOTA, COUNTY OF St. Louis, In Probate Court.

In the Matter of the Estate of Mary Gleason, Deceased.

The petition of Mary J. Kenna, as representative of the above named decedent, together with her final account of the administration of said estate, having been filed in this court, and presenting, among other things, that she has duly administered said estate, and praying that said final account of said administration be examined, adjusted and allowed by the court, and decree of distribution of the residue of the estate of said decedent to the persons entitled thereto, and for the discharge of the representative and the sureties on her bond.

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