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EDITORIAL

## THE MARIANNA DISASTER.

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**C**OURRIERES, FRANCE, March 10, 1906, 1,219 coal miners' lives lost; Fayette City, Pa., December 3, 1907, 34 killed, and their families left destitute; Monongah, Va., December 6, 1907, 388 mangled and suffocated, and their widows and orphans left to beat out a life for themselves; Birmingham, Ala., December 17, 1907, 89 coal miners go to work and never see the light of day again; Jacob's Creek, Pa., (the Darr mine), December 19, 1907, 75 slaves of the coal pit die under the juggernaut of capitalist profits; Hanna, Wyoming, March 28, 1908, 70 miners lose their lives and are brought out amid heart-rending scenes at the shaft-mouth; November 12, 1908, Hamm, Westphalia, Germany, 339 German miners die below ground under such conditions that women faint at the sight when the bodies are disinterred.

So, wherever there exist coal mines and capitalism, there goes zig-zagging back and forth, over mountains and oceans, the red spectre of human annihilation; and now comes the latest report from Marianna, Pa., where on the 28th inst., in a "model" mine a hundred and fifty sturdy American workmen stained the black coal with their life's blood.

At this date, amid the wails of the bereaved wives and children of the Marianna miners, comment could only seem intrusive. But through the sounds of mourning we can catch the strains of a nation's workers crying to the blood-drenched master class in the noble words attributed to Kipling:

We have fed you all for a thousand  
years,  
And you hail us still unfed,  
Though there's never a dollar of all  
your wealth  
But marks the workers' dead.

We have yielded our best to give you  
rest,  
And you lie on a crimson wool  
For if blood be the price of all your  
wealth,  
Good God, we ha' paid it in full.

There's never a mine blown skyward  
now  
But we're buried alive for you;  
There's never a wreck drifts shore-  
ward now  
But we are its ghastly crew.  
Go, reckon our dead by the forges red,  
And the factories where we spin;  
If blood be the price of your 'cursed  
wealth  
Good God, we ha' paid it in full.

We have fed you all for a thousand  
years  
For that was our doom, you know,  
From the day when you chained us in  
your fields  
To the strike of a week ago.  
You ha' eaten our lives and our babes  
and wives,  
And we're told it's your legal share  
But if blood be the price of your law-  
ful wealth  
Good God, we ha' bought it fair.

By right of blood, if by nothing else, the working class owns the industries;—  
and it shall have them.

Transcribed and edited by Robert Bills for the official Web site of the Socialist Labor Party of America.

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