

ciples, and Dr. Garvin has been almost alone in the years past. But the ranks are growing, and other hands are now holding up his.

In Brooklyn, our old friend Robert Baker is a candidate for Congress. It is said he was the especial choice of Bird S. Coler, Democratic nominee for governor. No man has worked harder for the cause in years past, and he is possessed of real brains and a world of nervous energy.

Is it not an amazing situation? Here are eighty millions of people, with votes, helpless before a combination of a half-dozen men. Here is a President, elected by the votes of these eighty millions, asking the six if they cannot do something to relieve the situation. And the controversy concerns a material planted in the earth and warmed by the solar heat of centuries—the prisoned sunbeams which must be released to warm the bodies of men and to urge the wheels of industry. And it is asserted by Mr. Baer, in terms at least implied, that as God's trustees the six—less or more—composing the combination are the sole owners of the product of fallen branch and bark and root and solar heat. And the able journals tell the eighty millions that they have actually no remedy, that they can really do nothing—these eighty million people with votes!

And then a great political party puts as a plank in its platform a demand for the government ownership and operation of these mines, as the only possible solution presenting itself to these sapient political philosophers hunting for votes. "Go," said Oxenstierna to his son, "and learn with what little wisdom the world is governed."

To whom does the coal in the earth and the country's highways belong? Until that question is answered once and for all time there can be no solution. In the absence of a consideration of this question all is darkness and perplexity. And how simple is the solution. If these coal lands in the anthracite region instead of being assessed at \$2.50 per acre were assessed at their actual value, which is nearer \$1,000 per acre, and if the coal-carrying roads as well as all other roads were the property of the people, there would be no coal question. But neither would there be any Mr. Baer, whom the subordination of the masses has impressed with the notion that he is the special anointed of the Giver of all good and perfect gifts. For this absurd idea in the mind of a perhaps otherwise amiable and estimable gentleman could never have existed but for the tacit acceptance of the same theory by the great army of workers. For have they not laid at his feet and the feet of his class the first fruits of their labor? The acceptance of this ideal of social sacrifice might excuse even far more idolatrous notions. Mr. Baer is simply taking his fellows at their word and as it would be neither profitable nor pleasant to question the decree that has made him the apparent trustee of the natural wealth of the anthracite regions, he accepts it unconditionally. And in this Mr. Baer is not singular.

Referring to the Coal Miners' Union, Mr. Robert Morrison Olyphant, President of the Delaware and Hudson, declares:

"This business of preventing men from earning an honest living just because somebody else for any reason does not want to work, I tell you, has got to stop in this country."

True, Mr. Olyphant. So stand aside and let that man with pick and shovel get on to the land.