

should be worked into the design wherever possible.

The folding doors opened and Mr. Meetachs aglow with the amiability and expansiveness which a good dinner induces, advanced to meet his caller.

"Delighted to meet you, Bro. Wayfarer, what can I do for you?"

"The fact is, Mr. Meetachs, that I have been appointed a committee of one by our society, to meet you and discuss the threatened strike and also to learn your ideas as to how such disturbances may be averted."

"You could not have come on a more welcome errand. There is no subject to which I have given more continuous thought, and I am glad of a chance to discuss it with one who can understand me. The public assumes too readily that men in my position do not view these questions from a broad standpoint. As a matter of fact, I have been thinking on the question for ten years past. It is generally assumed that strikes arise, because the workmen are not paid enough wages. Really the reverse is the case. Men strike because they are overpaid."

"You surprise me, Mr. President, this will indeed be a new point of view for my society. Will you please explain?"

"I shall make my point, in which I take no little pride, for I think it is my own discovery, as plain as possible. A strike is a cessation of work, for the purpose of compelling employers to accede to the demands of employes. In order to give such a movement a chance of success, the men must have a fund, which can only be accumulated out of their surplus earnings. You see my point—no surplus earnings, no strike. Indeed, if it were not for the injudicious aid extended by outsiders, no strike could last very long. You see the men now earn on the average, the extravagant sum of \$350 annually, if they have steady work, a sum which inevitably would produce strike conditions very rapidly, if its face value were not discounted by the rents, which we permit our men to pay and the prices which our stores, vulgarly and unjustly called — "pluck-me" stores, charge for the necessities of life, blasting powder, etc. Nevertheless, in spite of our best directed efforts, the men's union manages to accumulate a fund every now and then, and the business of the nation is interfered with. Still, it cannot last long. Your society can accomplish its purposes best by advising the charitably disposed to refrain from injudicious help in a struggle which can have but one termination."

JOHN J. MURPHY.

THE CHILD PATRIOTS OF LUZON.

For The Public.

"In Rama was there a voice heard; lamentation and weeping and great mourning; Rachel weeping for her children and refusing to be comforted because they are not."

History will record the names of three human monsters who have ordered the murder of children. Pharaoh in the dark age of the dawn of history; Herod 1900 years ago, when all the world was in a state of barbarism; but it was left for the nineteenth century of Christian civilization, and to America, claiming to have reached the highest place yet attained by civilized man, to produce a demon in human shape, more monstrous than either of his predecessors. No man worthy to be called an American will ever speak the name of Gen. Jacob H. Smith without blushing with shame for his country.

But why was that brutal order made, "to kill and burn and turn the country into a howling wilderness and murder every boy over ten years old?"

The defense is that "they could bear arms as effectively as the men." So the order is given to kill them whether found armed or not. "Others have been found in the thickest of the fight, and they may take up arms if permitted to live."

What we read between the lines of such a defense as that, ought to soften the hardest heart. Why are boys of the tender age of ten ever found in "the thickest of the fight?" A Republican who was in the Philippines last year said recently: "The good Lord only knows how many Filipinos we put under ground in northern Luzon (Funston's district), for we took no prisoners; we simply killed everything in sight; even women and children were not spared." This statement answers the question.

The little boys of the Philippines can declare with literal truth that which Kellogg puts in the mouth of Sparticus, "I saw the breast that had nourished me trampled beneath the hoof of the war-horse and my father's body flung upon the burning embers of our dwelling." When they beheld the mangled, mutilated body of the loving father who had fallen manfully facing the destroyer of their home, willingly laying his on the altar of his country; when they, with tear-dimmed eyes looked for the last time on the sad up-turned face of the dusky Christian mother as she lisped the dying prayer to God for

her child, does any one wonder that those boys who had "never heard a harsher tone than a flute-note," were instantly transformed into Spartan heroes and that they grasped the mauser which had dropped from the dying father's hand, or wielded the bolo like stalwart men?

God bless those child-patriots! Their memories are enshrined in the hearts of their countrymen, and their names deserve an honored place in the world's temple of fame. When Time shall have impartially told the story of this Godless war of conquest, these boy-patriots who fell for liberty, will be honored more by every generous-hearted American, than will a President whose policy has made monsters of men, and has turned a happy country into a howling wilderness.

They fell; struck down by a tyrant's hand.

They have earned a martyr's grave,
On the blood-drenched soil of the native land

They fought and died to save.

Where do those patriot children sleep?

Their bleaching bones shall tell.

By river, lake, and mountain steep

They are lying where they fell.*

On Balangiga's hills and plains,

On Samar's lonely shore,

They sleep; and ten thousands ruined homes

Shall welcome them no more.

Ye fell! but it was not in vain,

For 'neath your tropic skies—

From out your scattered, hallowed dust,

A nation yet shall rise.

Sleep on brave lads, thy cause was just,

And God does not forget.

Your father's blood, your mother's prayers

Shall free your country yet.

J. A. GILKEY,

Montesano, Wash., June 9, 1902.

*A returned soldier said in my hearing:

"We buried no niggers, the vultures devoured them where they fell."

A PLEA FOR THE CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY.

For The Public.

To the Editor: In the matter of the coal miners' strike, which has just begun, it is to be feared that the cause of the captains of industry will not be fairly stated to the public by the daily press.

As long as we have to depend on getting votes in getting office the temptation to flatter the people who have votes and not much of anything else, is strong. So when the trouble is on between those who have the votes and those who have the money, the latter lose their reputation, and get themselves disliked in the congested districts, where the people work for a living.

Uncle Mark has been making strenuous efforts to get an arbitration started in this case and says that the operators refuse to make any concessions, so that the strike will go on, the captains of industry will suffer from the unjust condemnation of the public, and Uncle Mark will lose some more reputation.

All because the public does not understand the situation.

It takes money to make a captain of industry. A very little money will do if some other things go along with it. It also takes brains. Just the common ordinary kind of brains won't do for the captain of industry. He must have the kind that runs mostly to acquisitiveness, and feels that the earth was made for those who know how to grab it.

But money and brains alone wouldn't make a captain of industry in a thousand years. It takes something else in combination to perfect the thing.

It takes a whole lot of people that agree with the captain of industry, that the earth was made for those who know how to grab it. Then the combination is complete, and it takes but a little while to bring around the conditions where we have a strike, and a committee of mediation on strikes that can't do anything because the operators will make no concessions.

To be reasonable about the matter, why should they make concessions? They have grabbed the coal mines—pretty much all of them—and the people agree that the coal mines were made for the brainy ones that know how to grab things. There is nothing to quarrel about so far.

They have grabbed the highways that the people must use in going to and fro, and the terminal locations that are necessary for the distribution of the coal, but the people agree that these things were made for those who know enough to get here early and grab them. In that view of the matter there is no ground for complaint. If there is any fault it is in the mutual agreement that the earth, including the coal mines, was made for the grabbers.

A superficial view of things shows quite a margin between 78 cents a day for coal miners and \$8 a ton for the coal, but between these extremes there are the captains of industry and the mutual agreement

of all parties, that the grabbing of things is righteousness, and that the ownership of the earth, whereby we can get something for nothing, is Christianity.

Here and there we have a befogged intellect that holds that the way to get wealth is to earn it, and that we should be ashamed to get wealth for which we render no equivalent, but most of the people agree with the captains of industry and go around looking for soft snaps.

Why should we, who believe in the religion of soft snaps, blame the people who have found what we are looking for?

The coal operators have certainly a firm grip on one of the soft snaps, but they have it under the rules of the game that the people hold as fair. The rules invariably work so as to give the miners the hovel and the crust, and the operators the palace and the porterhouse steaks.

It would seem that, when the crust becomes too hard and scant, the proper thing to do would be to move to amend the rules of the game.

Perhaps the soft snaps may be abolished.

It is not likely any such motion will be made at this time, but this plea on behalf of the captains of the coal industry is respectfully submitted.

JACKSON BIGGLES.

THE NATIONAL POLICY THAT WOULD ENNOBLE.

Extract from a paper on "Our Foreign Policy," read before the Philosophical Society, of Denver, April 10, 1902, by Louis R. Ehrlich.

Above the din and clash and jostle of our times we must keep our eyes fixed on the realities which are eternal. As Emerson says: "Great men are they who see that spiritual is stronger than any material force." We will indorse Ruskin's sentiment: "A nation's real strength and happiness do not depend on properties and territories, nor on machinery for their defense; but on getting such territory as they have, well filled with none but respectable persons." Let us recognize with Sumner that "our country, right or wrong," is "a sentiment dethroning God and enthroning the devil." Let us say with Garrison: "My country is the world; my countrymen are all mankind," and with the eastern sage: "Let no man glory in this, that he loves his country; let him rather glory in this, that he

loves his kind." We must accept the noble thought expressed by the great political philosopher of all times: "There is one thing, and one thing only, which defies all mutation—that which existed before the world, and which survive the fabric of the world itself: I mean justice—that justice which, emanating from the divinity, has a place in the breast of every one of us, given for our guide with regard to ourselves and with regard to others, and which will stand after this globe is turned to ashes." Let history teach us, as bearing on our own fame in the eyes of posterity, that those nations only are cherished and glorified in the memory of mankind which have ministered to the higher spiritual possessions of the race; and may we realize that the living of to-day, who best represent the intellect, the conscience, and the truest ambitions, would rather have been a citizen of little Athens in the days of Pericles, than of Macedon under all-conquering Alexander, or of mighty Rome when she had the world at her feet. And, finally, as the world-test and time-test of the true relation of values, let us remember that above all the pomp of power and the adulation of force, above all kings and conquerors, above all the strenuous apostles of individual or national selfishness, the races of man, with unerring instinct, have, age after age, extolled and worshiped even as gods those prophets who humbly taught the law of love, the law of service, and the lesson "On earth peace, good will toward men." . . .

In taking up the question of the Philippines, I confess that I find it difficult to express myself in moderation. How can it be otherwise when we grasp the full and terrible import of the fact that a war begun to give freedom to one race should have led to the wanton sacrifice of fully 5,000 American lives, of 50,000 Filipino lives, and between \$300,000,000 and \$400,000,000, in a war to deny freedom to another race—a race of whose existence most of us were hardly aware, who had never done us any injury, who met us in the spirit of alliance and friendship, and whose only crime is that passion for independence which is our own proudest possession and boast. From that day nearly four years ago, when, with the full knowledge of our representatives in the east—our consul and our naval commanders—the Filipino insurgents issued their first proclamation, read-