

THE ELECTION IN OHIO.

From the Cleveland Recorder, of Wednesday, November 5.

Tom L. Johnson has, for the fourth consecutive time, been handsomely indorsed by the people of Cleveland. He has every reason to be happy over the result. It should be remembered that when he began his campaign for mayor less than two years ago, there was not a Democrat in the courthouse, and it had been demonstrated that it was impossible to elect a Democrat in the city on a straight issue. Johnson was elected mayor, and he has carried with him the city and county ticket four times in succession. This is a record which ought to be very gratifying and of which any man ought to be proud.

Never, at any time, in the history of the county, have the Democrats had more than one of the common pleas judges. In a very few months there will be five judges of that party on the bench, four on the common pleas bench and one in the insolvency room. For 54 years there has been a succession of Republican county treasurers. Now there is a Democrat in that office and a clerk of the courts, two county commissioners, the county auditor and county solicitor. This is a record which is wonderful to contemplate when it is understood that the county has been Republican for generations.

The combination which was against the Democrats in the state of Ohio this year was a very hard one to meet and that the Democrats did not win out with no money and no organization is not at all strange. Tom L. Johnson went forth to fight the combined railroad interests of the state on the question of taxation. He antagonized the street car interests and all the other vested special rights. He not only had Boss Cox against him in Cincinnati, but also hand and hand with Cox was Boss Bernard and his master, John R. McLean. It was attempted to do in Cincinnati to Johnson what was done in Cuyahoga county to McLean. That the elements of evil there succeeded is no more than what was to have been expected.

That a brilliant preacher, who has been storming the castles of evil for a long time in Cincinnati should have found serious antagonism among the bosses and beer guzzlers of the wickedest city in America no more than was to have been expected. It was

not strange, either, that the hypocrites who parade under the cloak of religion should fight him. The slaves are not yet ready for redemption. The brave preacher made the fight alone and single handed and he will be on hand to do some more fighting when the occasion arises.

Men are much in any battle, but they are not by any means all. The truth of a cause is the real thing which must make it finally win or lose. A change so radical and gigantic as is involved in the adoption of the ideas of Henry George into our civic life and government cannot be brought about in a minute. The forces of evil, the money which has been stolen from the people by the special privileges which entrenched conservatism has enjoyed, all join hands to fight the adoption of a new idea. Walter Bagehot declares that the "greatest pain to the human mind is the pain of a new idea." It is so disturbing to all that has been in the mind before. It must fight its way and make room among the rubbish which has lodged there. But if it is true it will finally find a permanent lodgment. If it cannot demonstrate its truth there is little use in promulgating it.

When a cause gets far enough along to make it seem likely that it will be able to win some victories at the polls there are always a swarm of hirelings who see nothing in the whole business except that they may foist themselves upon the public in the capacity of office holders. These men only clog the advance chariot wheels of truth. It is only what has always been and what must always be that all things must be proved and only the good will be held fast.

Truth forever on the scaffold, wrong forever on the throne;
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and
within the dim unknown
Sitteth God behind the shadow, keeping
watch above His own.

Those who see in the movement in Ohio only the personal ambition of Tom L. Johnson and his desire to be president, mistake both his motive and the cause for which he stands. They have never had any reason to thus regard the situation. He has given no encouragement to anything of that sort. If he had been personally ambitious, he would doubtless have compromised with evil. He would have coddled Democrats wherever he has found them. He would

have made friends with McLean and all the Lewis Bernards in the state and would have defended all the Democratic auditors who have favored the railroads. But the cause is greater than the man and the man is himself great enough to dare to do right. The people do not now comprehend it all but they will vindicate it some time.

After all how small a thing it is to be this or that, to hold this or that office. There are men who have been in the greatest positions which the world has known and are simply contemptible, while the men who have dared to stand for the right and to defy the powers of evil are honored and loved by mankind. It is a great deal better to be right than to be president.

A VISIT TO THE STRIKE REGIONS BEFORE THE STRIKE WAS SETTLED.

For The Public.

On October 8 I took train for Wilkesbarre, Pa., the heart of the striking coal mine region. I went to see with my own eyes and taste with my own taste the condition of the striking miners. I wanted to reach a conclusion also as to whether or not the miners could hold out until next fall, if necessary; and I also wished to know concerning the exigency of their just demand for an increase in wages and for an honest weight of the coal they mined.

I reached these conclusions: If the donations of the supporting unions continue in their present amount, the miners can continue their strike (as they will not starve to death) almost indefinitely—"until next summer," as some of the poor fellows put it. The week I was there each man received \$1.25, and each child 35 cents—the total, \$1.60, supporting the father, mother and child; and if more children, an addition of 35 cents per child. But I did not base my conclusions entirely on these figures; to really know how near a family is to starving to death you "must eat with the family," and you must eat with it unexpectedly. I did that.

Landing in Wilkesbarre at 6:30 a. m., I applied for admission at the gate of the coal breaker as a newspaper correspondent. The gatekeeper said "No," and he emphasized it by giving me an opportunity to look down the barrel of a revolver held extended by his right hand. I told him the gun was a nice looking one, etc., and then asked him if he would be kind enough