

He, of course, intends to intimate that the coal miners intend to use violence against himself and such as he.

Even the Wall Street Journal feels obliged to call this man Baer to account, which it does by saying:

A sentence like this might be almost incendiary in its effect. It is certainly not calculated to aid in the solution of the labor problem, nor will it serve the cause of peace in the anthracite coal fields. It is a very ungracious, not to say false, statement. Cain was the first murderer, and to say that Cain was the first striker is the same as saying that strikers are murderers. To declare that Cain killed Abel because Abel was the most prosperous fellow, is practically to charge that labor strikes have as their predominating motive envy of the rich.

How can we expect peace and harmony between capital and labor when such men as Baer have the settlement of disputed questions? The Reading railroad is making enormous profits from mining and transporting coal, and has been raising the price each month. It is the main spoke of the coal trusts. It was Baer who refused to settle the coal strike on a reasonable compromise until J. P. Morgan, the head of the trust, was compelled by public opinion to call him down. The trust has never been satisfied with that settlement; it is bitterly opposed to the Miners' union, and hopes to disintegrate it, but the good sense of Mr. Mitchell and his advisers will doubtless defeat the machinations of the trust.

Mr. Morgan, Mr. Baer and the other coal barons must remember that they are treading on thin ice, as the trust is daily disobeying the Interstate Commerce law, which provides for the fining and imprisonment of those who conspire in restraint of trade. If a referendum vote could be taken on the question of "trust busting," the coal trust especially would find it has but few friends in the United States. As the people are rapidly moving to establish the Referendum and the Initiative, the day of trust domination is nearer its end than the trust barons appreciate. So go slow, Mr. Baer. You are rich and powerful, and the miners are poor and miserable. As you are reputed to be a deacon of the church, and quote from the Bible, remember that Dives had his day, and after that Lazarus had his, and there was a great gulf between them at the finish, and the beggar was on the happy side of it.

GEORGE H. SHIBLEY.

THE ETERNALITY OF THE LAND QUESTION.

For The Public.

The oneness of truth and the persistency of the spirit of freedom is nowhere better seen than in the land question. Whether we examine the carefully framed laws of Moses designed to guard the rights of the Hebrews in the land upon which they labored; or listen to the despairing cry of the Gracchi who vainly sought to restore to the Roman people their lost heritage; or contemplate the all-pervading law put forth by Henry George that is to save this day and age—if saved it is to be—from a repetition of the disasters that overwhelmed the peoples of the past, the purpose has always been the same, an effort to keep the laborer in close touch with the land upon which he must labor.

Not only is the substance the same but the very manifestation of the land question repeats itself over and over in succeeding ages. The cunning Hebrew who added field to field till there was nowhere for the poor to dwell; the imperious Roman who replaced freemen with slaves till the invincible legions were obliged to beg their bread; the grasping nobility that fenced in the English commons till the country was filled with paupers; the corrupt Russian oligarchy withholding from the peasants their natural birthright till the people have risen in mad despair, all followed a like course, and all attained a like end.

A curious illustration of the universality of this question is to be found in More's Utopia, where, in speaking of the disposition of the surplus population, the returned traveler says:

But if so be that the multitude throughout the whole island pass and exceed the due number, then they choose out of every city certain citizens, and build up a town under their own laws in the next land where the inhabitants have much waste and unoccupied ground, receiving also the same country people to them, if they will join and dwell with them. They thus joining and dwelling together do easily agree in one fashion of living, and that to the great wealth of both the peoples. For they so bring the matter about by their laws, that the ground which before was neither good nor profitable for the one nor for the other, is now sufficient and fruitful enough for them both. But if the inhabitants of that land will not dwell with them to be ordered by their laws, then they drive them out of those bounds which they have limited, and appointed out for themselves. And if they resist and rebel, then they make war against them. For they count this the most just cause of war, when any people holdeth a piece of ground void and vacant to no good nor profitable use, keeping other from the use and possession of it, which notwithstanding by the law of nature ought thereof to be nourished and relieved.

Fortunate indeed is it for the owners of vacant lots and idle mineral lands in this country that the people do not hold to the moral ideas of that mythical isle.

STOUGHTON COOLEY.

UNCLE SAM'S LETTERS TO JOHN BULL.

Printed from the original MS.

Dear John: Say! What's the reason I can't be a king? I don't mean when the Republican party completes the Panama canal, but right off now. Why not? I've got the men, and I've got the money, and by George the Third, I've got the principles. I never expected to have 'em, but I have.

I could take some good soundin' title, say Haayrake I—spell it with two a's to give it an august turn; I could propose some tried imperialist like Taft to succeed me as Haayrake II, and America could float off down the tide o' years a kingdom as fine as Norway, and with the succession assured without any intermedlin' of fellows that want to vote on things. What do you say, John? I'm a good deal more than half way there now. I've a press censorship, and nobody kicks. I've colonial possessions, vice-regal governors, and trials without juries. I have "lese majeste;" I don't know how to pronounce the blame thing yet, but I've got it. I've an aristocracy as haughty as a deaf mah on a toboggan slide. I've rich men growin' so swiftly richer that they are bound in a short time to corral all the goods; and a lot of uncomfortable people who don't sense what the matter is an' want a change. Why not a kingdom? I'm thinkin' I might pull it off with the Senate and the regular army. The Senate needs a change of government to keep 'em out of the penitentiary, and the regular army has all the modern guns.

Of course some of my radical boys would object; but they are anarchists, free silver men, Bryanites, and all manner of wild fools, and they don't count. Time back it wouldn't do. Every man and boy then was a gunner in his own right, and if he couldn't knock a copper cent at 30 yards with a rifle he couldn't hunt squirrels; but these days most of my 70,000,000 don't know which end of a gun goes off, which accounts for so many bein' killed huntin'. They'd pick up a gun like a shinny stick, and say: "Is it a three per cent. or a six?" and "When does the dividend come out?" My regular army could drive the whole crowd; that is, if I could keep it from desertin' long enough to stand in one place to be counted. I never had no luck with a regular army. A regular army's a wart!