

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.