

the weight of Roosevelt's "influence to the unfounded proposition that the Times might not have been dynamited at all but was possibly blown up by gas." Pray what would have been the direction of Roosevelt's influence if he had left out the "if"?

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Ho, for a National Anthem, Ho!

The offer of a money prize for a national anthem, not to purchase one already in the market but to inspire an anthem-making mind to make an anthem to order, is full of the flavor of money-mongering. Shall we name the city in which it originated? No. Leave that for guessing matches. But give guessers the pointer that the scheme contemplates a penny assessment of school children to raise the fund for the prize. It is an interesting example of plutocratic patriotism. Wouldn't some ingenious adaptation of "Miss Kilmansegg and Her Golden Leg" meet the demand appropriately?

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MAN'S HELL IN GOD'S COUNTRY.

Have you ever been in Westmoreland county, Pennsylvania?

Have you ever driven along the narrow roads of that mountainous region, ever climbed the steep green hillsides, ever seen the mountain streams rushing down to meet the river in the valley?

Have you ever looked up and up and up to higher hills and yet higher, ever delighted in the rank luxuriance of the ferns, the beauty of the native wild flowers and the magnificence of the trees?

Have you ever seen a storm gather over those hills, witnessed the fantastic tricks of the lightning and watched the great trees bow before the wind?

Have you, perhaps, seen this wonderful bit of country, too, when the frost has painted the foliage of the forest in all of nature's colors, when the warm red of the sumac, the rich purple of the wild asters, the scarlet of the bittersweet and the gorgeous yellow of the goldenrod vie each with the other to win the eye from the restful dark green of the ivy which clings to tree trunks and softens the outlines of rocky hillsides?

If you have seen those things you have known the awe and the wonder, the joy, the peace, the strange satisfaction which Nature in her more majestic moods inspires. You have fixed your eyes on the summit of the loftiest mountain within the range of your vision and said reverently: "It is the fool who saith in his heart, 'There is no God!' Let him come to this beautiful country and look upon

all this grandeur and be convinced of his own foolishness!"

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But have you ever been in the towns of Westmoreland county—in Port Royal and Irwin and Jeannette and LaTrobe and Yukon and the others?

Have you seen these nondescript villages clinging to the base of the hills, have you shuddered at sight of their rows of ugly drab houses, all just alike, with no lawns in front, no yards between?

Have you met the miners blackened by coal dust, with lamps in their caps and tin dinner pails in their hands, coming home from work in the evening?

Have you walked to pit mouth or shaft entrance and contrasted the dirt and confusion and buzz of industry of this lower region with the glory and majestic calm of the mountains above?

Have you ever stopped to consider your obligation to these men who delve in the bowels of the earth that you may have light and be warm? Have you ever realized that all of them carry their lives in their hands every day that they work? Do you know or care anything about the wages they get, anything about the way they live, anything about their families?

What do you know about the precariousness of this business of mining coal? You know that there are sometimes accidents, horrible ones, in which hundreds of men lose their lives, and that occasionally strikes occur, dreadful things, accompanied by violence, bloodshed, and too often loss of life.

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It is about one of these strikes that I ask you to think now—a strike that has been on for fifteen months, a strike that involved 17,000 men at most and that has involved about 5,000 for the whole time.

Fifteen months! A Thanksgiving, a Christmas, and two Easters have come and gone since that strike began. If you are interested in the cause of it you can inquire of the secretary at the strike headquarters in Greensburg, the county seat; or of any of the great coal companies interested. The principal ones are the Westmoreland Coal Company, the Keystone Coal and Coke Company, the Jamison Coal and Coke Company, the Berwind-White Coal Company, the LaTrobe-Connellsville Coal and Coke Company, the Skelley Coal and Coke Company. You can get a lot of information from strikers or operators about wages, blasting powder, screens, loading in entries, room turning yardage, undercutting in rooms, pick mining

(skilled and) unskilled), union and non-union labor.

Perhaps some of this information will be Greek to you as most of it is to me. These are not the things I understand.

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But a baby dead from starvation because its mother had no milk in her breasts, a mortality rate of 35 per cent among the children born to the wives of the strikers, men and women and little children suffering for lack of food and shelter and clothing—I can understand these things.

When the strikers could no longer pay their rents, they were evicted from the company houses, of course, and found such shelter as they might in miserable shacks. They had not been any too comfortable before. Their condition was pitiable now. A camp for the unmarried men was established in the country on a piece of rocky land which the miners' officials were able to lease for this purpose. The camp overlooks two beautiful small lakes on property controlled by the coal operators. The State constabulary patrols the property and prevents the miners from using any of the water in these lakes. The campers are obliged to go a mile for water. They get it from a spring on land which the operators are now trying to buy in order to shut off this supply of water too. If they succeed, the men will have to go two and a half or three miles for water. The operators have also tried to buy the land on which the camp is located, but fortunately for the strikers their lease prevented this.

Those things I can understand too.

But not why we have surrendered to private ownership and control, coal and water and land which should belong to the children of the earth in common.

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As I walk among these dispossessed ones I learn that the only thing between them and actual starvation is the meagre allowance sent regularly by the United Mine Workers of America—an allowance provided from the assessments levied by the unions upon their members throughout the country. I learn of the destruction not of property only, but of life and liberty and happiness. I learn of tragedies I had not dreamed of. I realize that this is civil war, and civil war is hell.*

And I who said with you on the mountain top, "It is the fool who saith in his heart there is no God," add here, among my brothers, "But what

*Persons who wish to aid in the relief of the victims of the strike should send contributions, whether of clothing or funds, to Secretary McCartney, care strike headquarters, Greensburg, Pa.

shall we call the man who tells us that with this sort of world God bids us to be content?"*

ELIZABETH J. HAUSER.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE

PENNSYLVANIA AWAKE.†

Pittsburgh, June 18.

Although the candidates for office in Pennsylvania will not be nominated until after the primaries in September, the people are preparing for the battle now. Usually it is difficult to create any enthusiasm over political questions before the candidates are thought of, and this is especially true in Pennsylvania, but during the past year the people of this State have caught the spirit of Insurgency, and as a result they are preparing to give the Republican machine the hardest battle of its life.

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The reorganization elements of the Democratic party met in Harrisburg last week, and formed the Pennsylvania Federation of Democratic Clubs. Nearly every county in the State sent a strong delegation, and they paid their own expenses—something entirely new for either a Democratic or a Republican convention in this State.

Congressman William B. Wilson of Blossburg was chosen president, and W. N. McNair of Pittsburgh was elected secretary.

It is the purpose of the Federation to organize clubs in every city and town throughout the State. Arrangements will also be made to affiliate the State clubs with the National League of Democratic Clubs.

The meeting of these delegates was the most enthusiastic gathering of Democrats in Pennsylvania for a quarter of a century.

A mass meeting was held in the Casino Theater in the evening, and every seat was filled to hear Speaker Champ Clark, Gov. Woodrow Wilson and Congressman A. Mitchell Palmer. Speaker Clark and Gov. Wilson, speaking from the same platform, were at their best, and each made a favorable impression. Wilson had the advantage in that he had no occasion to defend anything that had been done in the recent session of the New Jersey legislature; whereas Clark was compelled to use up a great part of his speech in defending the wool schedule.

If Clark and Wilson should campaign for the Presidency together, it would be an interesting race, with the odds in favor of Wilson.

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While the Democrats were thus auspiciously mustering their forces at Harrisburg, the new Keystone party that polled 380,000 votes in this State last fall was opening its campaign in Pittsburgh. On Friday evening Senator Moses E. Clapp of Minnesota addressed a crowd that completely filled the Lyceum Theater. The enthusiasm of the audience at this early date bespoke the interest already created in the welfare of the Keystone party movement.

*See "Progress and Poverty," by Henry George.

†See "The New Pittsburgh" in The Public of April 7, 1911, page 318.