

tives, elect the president for the next Olympiad and reign forevermore. Today it knows not what the morrow may bring forth. All is in grievous uncertainty. Beef, coal, Henderson and Tom Johnson have upset all calculations. Hanna, to be sure, with his miraculous civic federation still harps, "Let well enough alone;" but Platt, he has flatted out, Quay has quaked before the divinity of Baer, Lodge is less luminous than ever, Root is routed more than ever, and the trusts have lost all trust in the Rough Rider. Confidence is gone, the dinner pail is ditched and prosperity is a plague.

Such, without bias, appears to be the situation, and though it is the most deplorable that ever confronted a party, it is precisely the pit which the party, with eyes open and with great strenuosity, has all along been digging for its self-engulfment. Over and over and over again we have ventured to intimate to the strenuous G. O. P. that it was digging the pit and that it had better look out, and over and over and over again the haughty answer to us has been: "Mind your business—we are the party of action."

Nor is there any doubt about it. The party of action it has assuredly been. There is evidence of it everywhere. The testimony stands out in conspicuous proportions. For instance, in tariff schedules framed to enrich the few to the impoverishment of the many; in combinations of capital gigantic enough to defy their creator and soulless enough to be deaf to the cries of humanity; in elections state and national carried by barrels of money contributed in return for favoritism in legislation; in the prices of the necessities of life running up far faster than the wages of toil can climb after them; in a multitude of appointments to office, civil and military, whose only fitness has been the fitness of politics; in the downcast look of Cuba, queen of the Antilles, sighing and sobbing over the broken promises of a great nation; in a war as base, mean, perfidious, cowardly, unjustifiable, shameless and otherwise wicked as ever was waged, a war which, let alone the criminality of it, has been the crowning financial blunder of the age; in the violence done to the most cherished traditions of the republic; in the trampling upon all the great precepts of the republic's greatest men, from Washington down to Lincoln, and in a contemptuous spitting upon the charter of our national life in a ferocious purpose to repeal the declaration of independence.

Such in brief is the abundant evi-

dence that the party that is now in a pitiful pickle has been the party of action. Just now a campaign is on. As it proceeds there will be heard from many a Republican stump words, words, words, but it is altogether probable that many, many voters with very considerable emphasis will retort: "Actions speak louder than words."

A. A. PUTNAM.

Uxbridge, Mass., Oct. 2, 1902.

THE EARTH IS THE LORD'S—NOT BAER'S.

For The Public.

Psalm 24:1. "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof."

Isa. 5:8. "Woe unto them that join house to house and lay field to field, till there be no room."

Lev. 25:23. "The land is mine."

Ecl. 5:9. "The profit of the earth is for all."

The concentration of wealth foretold by Lincoln has gone on until 99 per cent. of our country's wealth is owned by one per cent. of the people. So dependent has the working man become upon those who have monopolized the resources of life that he is now spoken of as a ward of the rich, as witness the famous letter of Mr. Baer, in which he said that the "rights and interests of the laboring man will be protected and cared for—not by labor agitators, but by the Christian men to whom God in his infinite wisdom has given control of the property interests of the country." But if God gave the property interests of the country into the hands of these few with the expectation that the rights of the laboring man would be well cared for, he committed a pathetic blunder, for the laborers who support all are too often robbed by the ones whom they support. The worker builds a palace for the drone and a hut for himself, and pays the drone rent. He makes silks and satin and broadcloth for the idle, and clothes himself in shoddy. He raises beef for him who does nothing, permitting the gentleman of leisure to take the porterhouse, while he puts up with the soup bones and liver. Queer, isn't it? And queerer still that there are those who think that it is all right that it be so.

It is an unnatural and false condition, and out of its comes alternating waves of depression and prosperity—prosperity for some, but never for all. In the shadow of the palace lurks the hovel. Trailing behind every plutocrat come a thousand paupers. While some who work

with their brains, and some who work not at all, enjoy daily incomes equal to a king's ransom, most who work with their hands are disproportionately paid, some are reduced to starvation wages, and nearly all are dependent for work, and, therefore, for bread, on the rich and powerful who control the production of the world. At best, labor gets but a portion of what it earns, nursing mothers toil in sweatshops, and little children are remorselessly consumed by the Moloch of mill and mine.

The whole infamous system was unconsciously shown lately in an eight-line item in a Chicago paper. The dead body of a man had been found. There was nothing upon it by which it could be identified, "but," said the paper, "from his clothing it was evident that the deceased was a working man." There you have it. The man was shabby, therefore he was a working man. The worker is distinguishable from the idle by the poverty of his appearance. It is natural, and in these days, logical, to infer that if he works he is poor. Under our system the worker is dependent on the rich for his support. He knows it, and is made to feel it. Though being the wealth producer, he has accepted the common assumption that it is natural and right that he should be poor. He feels that he is an inferior and touches his hat to the man whom he supports, but upon whom, paradoxical though it be, he is dependent for his own bread. He is grateful for an opportunity to perform the labor that enables himself to live and makes his employer rich. And the employer thinks that he is a public benefactor because he lets the poor man work for him.

If this monopolizing of the opportunity to work and live meant only material discomfort, it would even then be a sight to make angels weep; but the evil is not limited to material things. It exerts a powerful effect upon the morals of the people—both of those who have so little, and of those who have too much. All economic questions are at bottom ethical questions. Sociology cannot be divorced from religion. So long as our spirits inhabit our bodies they will be materially affected by the material conditions in which we live.

The remedies proposed are various and some of them are wonderful. While some have merit, most of them are but temporary makeshifts that

but touch the surface as with a soothing ointment, without attempting to effect a cure by getting at the cause of the disorder and removing that. I am not certain that I know the cure for the poverty and the labor troubles that beset us, but I do know the effect that must be produced before the cure can be achieved. The germ is special privilege; the serum must be something that is death to that.

Most of the labor troubles and anarchy and much of the vice and crime are the outcome of inequality of opportunity, and inequality of opportunity results from the applied doctrine of Mr. Baer expressed in a sentence, the doctrine that some are born to be masters and others to be slaves, that it is perfectly right and well-pleasing to God that many shall toil for the enrichment of a few, that one man has a better right to the world's bounty than another, that it is legitimate and Christian to get control of the sources of life and compel others to work for you. There is where the trouble lies. Make one man dependent on another for his life, and he will do the work of both at the bare cost of living. "When you admit that another who is born into the world at the same time you are has a superior right to the material resources from which you both must live, then you come into the world saddled and bridled for the other fellow to ride." And the labor disturbances about us everywhere are mainly attempts of the saddled and bridled to get the others off their backs. They are a part of the great world-struggle for an equal opportunity. I am not a friend to anarchy and riot, but violence in defense of human rights is not so bad as campaign contributions and political wire-pulling and bribery of courts and legislatures for the perpetration of wrong.

A good allopathic dose of the "single tax" would have a wholesome effect upon the hard coal situation, for it would prevent the holding of large areas of undeveloped coal lands, and so break up the monopoly, open more mines, and, by competition among producers, reduce the price of coal. It would compel a resumption of work in mines now idle, for not even a railroad or a Morgan would feel very long like paying a just tax on a property that was yielding nothing.

Doubtless, also, the frequent occurrence of miners' strikes will give im-

petus to the doctrine of the government ownership of mines and railroads, for if the public is not magnanimous enough to interfere in the interest of the miners it is selfish enough to insist upon a recognition of its own rights—and that it has a right to coal is slowly finding its way into the public mind.

But would it be right for the nation to take over the mines (and the railroads, for the mines would be worthless without the roads) and operate or lease them for the benefit of all the people? Nobody questions the right of eminent domain. It is conceded that when the interests of the people demand it the state may take land for a railroad or bridge or park or public building. Why may it not take land with coal in for the interests of the people? The people may take land to build a reservoir for a water supply; why not land for the supply of fuel? for in this climate one is quite as necessary as the other. We can take land for a cemetery in which to lay away the dead; why not the coal lands to sustain the living?

Under normal conditions we pay nearly two prices for anthracite coal, and now we cannot get it at any price. Philadelphia, on the edge of millions and millions of tons, brings coal from Wales with which to heat her school buildings. Here are the idle thousands, and here are the mines filled with treasure for which the people wait; but a little company of men who think that into their hands God has given these mighty interests, having made the coal beds for them, lock up the treasures and let the country shiver, and the miners and their families starve. The lines of Gerald Massey are pertinent:

Lo! plenty ripens round us, yet awakes the cry for bread,
The millions still are toiling, crushed and clad in rags unfed!
While sunny hills and valleys richly blush with fruit and grain,
But the paupers in the palace rob their tolling fellow-men.

Think of it! The people of Pennsylvania importing a necessity of life at an enormous price from across the sea, and taxing themselves to maintain a militia to guard the property of the men who make it necessary. What a commentary on the eternal fitness of things! It is no wonder that there are anarchists. It really seems that we are carrying the worship of "property" too far, that in our concern for vested

rights we are in danger of forgetting the right of every man to work and live.

Oh, the arrogance and impudence and irreverence of the claim that God has given the vast coal beds stored up ages ago for all the people into the hands of a half dozen railroad kings! No! No! "The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof," yet. Is it not time for a reaffirmation of the law given ages ago, and never repealed: "The land shall not be sold in perpetuity, for the land is mine," saith the Lord. "The profit of the earth is for all." We have forgotten that, and are permitting the profit to be seized by a few. Out of the impenetrable mystery of Sinai, when civilization was young, there came the commandment: "Thou shalt not steal." That law has never been repealed. "The profit of the earth is for all." The flower blooms for the beggar child and for the princess. God is no respecter of persons. His sun warms the broad-cloth back of the millionaire and the shoddy back of the tramp. There is no favoritism in nature, no special privilege granted by the Most High. There is enough for all if men will but learn to be just. There is no need of poverty. There will be none except voluntary poverty when we learn to do right, to be just.

I am a man of peace. I hate war, and my heart is sickened at the sight of blood. But I thank God that the people are coming into a recognition of their wrongs and are demanding an opportunity to be men. The social disturbances all about us are protests in varying form against the further Morganizing of the earth that has for its object the making of the millions the bond-servants of the few. It can't be done. The divinity in man has scented liberty, and never again will be enslaved. Humanity has recognized its wrongs and has come to believe in the possibility of better things. It is long-suffering and marvelously patient, but it is determined, and he who would thwart its righteous purpose to enter into its heritage of a just share of the profit of the earth it will grind to powder. It will be well for society if it heeds the warning of Charles Mackay in those prophetic stanzas: "The Voice of the Time:"

Hark to the voice of the time!
The multitude think for themselves,
And weigh their condition, each one;
The Grudge has a spirit sublime;
And whether he hammers or delves,
He reads when his labor is done;

And learns though he groans under penury's ban,
That freedom to think is the birthright of man.

Be wise, oh, ye rulers of earth,
And close not your ears to his voice,
Nor allow it to warn you in vain;
True freedom of yesterday's birth
Will march on its way and rejoice,
And never be conquered again;
The day hath a tongue, aye, the hours utter speech;
Wise, wise will ye be if ye learn what they teach.

CARL F. HENRY.

Cleveland, O.

THE MAYOR OF CLEVELAND ON OHIO POLITICS.

An interview with Hon. Tom L. Johnson, reported by a staff correspondent of the Chicago Tribune, and published in the Tribune of October 1.

"John McLean is a contamination for the Democratic party, and the sooner we get rid of him the better it will be for our interests in Ohio. He represents nothing but himself, and he stands for nothing but boodle in politics. He is a nice man personally, and there is no objection to him on that score, but from the lowest possible standpoint—that of expediency—the Democratic party in Ohio ought to be rid of him. He has been a burden for years and has undoubtedly lost us the State in the past.

"I say that, from the mere standpoint of expediency, McLean must be thrown overboard before we can win. For every vote we lose from his immediate following we will gain ten from the independent vote of the state. That independent vote will never come to us so long as the Democratic party is charged up with John R. McLean and what he represents in politics."

In this breezy fashion, and with a candor characteristic of the man, Mayor Tom L. Johnson, of Cleveland, talked as he settled himself in a sleeping car seat on a night train from Cleveland to Cincinnati, to which latter place he was hurrying to speak before the county convention.

"One moment, Mr. Mayor, may I quote you as to what you have said about Mr. McLean?"

"Of course you may quote me; that's why I arranged to give you this interview on a railroad train—because I had no time to talk to you in Cleveland."

Mayor Johnson had been out for two weeks on the road with his circus tent and his red automobile, and had returned to Cleveland for a single day with his family. He was confronted with an entire afternoon's work, dedi-

cating a monument to Kossuth, where he was on the same platform with Gov. Nash and his constitutional political enemy, Mark Hanna. They took all the afternoon, and yet this man who had not been home for two weeks consented when he was asked over a long distance telephone to take a night train for Cincinnati, speak before the county convention there, and then take a day train for Upper Sandusky to meet his date with the circus aggregation at sundown, thus crossing the State twice within 24 hours, and doing it all without a murmur, and as if he liked it. It was this sudden engagement which forced him to disarrange his plans and to invite the correspondent of the Tribune to accompany him on the train when it left Cleveland.

Glib of tongue as Tom Johnson undoubtedly is, he possesses physical endurance to an extraordinary degree, and the fat little mayor can talk half the day, ride an automobile the other half, walk when the gasoline gives out, and then ride on a railroad train half a night without losing either his temper, his voice or his appetite.

He has his subjects at his finger ends, but he is a mighty busy man, is Tom Johnson, and it is a hard matter to secure an opportunity for an interview. When he talks, especially if he and his auditor are sitting face to face in a sleeping car during the still and late watches of the night, he has a way of grabbing his hearer's knee and accentuating his good points with a friendly pinch, while his broad, round face breaks into a merry smile, as if he knew he was getting off a good joke on some one.

He is so full of his subject of taxation that he is almost a monomaniac, but he is not at all a mountebank, as many people believe him to be. He is thoroughly earnest, apparently honest, and certainly the bravest and frankest man that ever talked politics to a newspaper. He does not hesitate to mention names, or places, or figures, and is never afraid of being reported, provided always that he is reported correctly. The quotation given above is verbatim, and it expresses Mayor Johnson's views as to the McLean faction with entire frankness.

When it was suggested to him that the Cincinnati Enquirer, Mr. McLean's powerful newspaper, was not attacking him, but was merely reporting his speeches, Mayor Johnson said: "Yes, that has been a feature of the campaign. The Enquirer people have said they propose to give me all the rope I needed so that I would hang myself with it. I am glad they are giving me

the rope, and I'll take chances on the hanging. The fact of the matter is that John McLean is a coward, and he is not willing to get into a political fight with me. I have not concealed my sentiments, and I honestly believe that we cannot hope to redeem Ohio until we have driven McLeanism out of politics."

When asked to define briefly the principal features of his campaign, which of course is his attack on the unequal tax on railroads, Mr. Johnson said:

"I have previously charged that Mark Hanna, Senator Foraker, 'Boss' Cox, of Cincinnati; Gov. Nash, and the republican leaders in the legislature, entered into an actual compact to perpetuate the present infamous franchise system. If the franchises for street railways in Cleveland and Cincinnati were put up at public auction without any reference to tracks, rolling stock, or buildings, the franchises alone would sell for enough to pay the actual public debts of those two cities.

"The great question before us in Ohio now on which I am attempting to make my fight is that of home rule for our city. What I am trying to do particularly is to show the glaring inequalities under the present taxing system, and I charge here, now, that Mark Hanna, Senator Foraker, Gov. Nash and the other republican leaders entered into a compact to perpetuate this system of robbery of the people, and are at this moment seeking to pass a law through the legislature for this purpose.

"Mr. Hanna's railroad in Cleveland is assessed at only six per cent. of its actual value. The Toledo street railroads are even worse, for their assessment is only four per cent. of their value. The steam railroads are assessed an average of not over 20 per cent. of their actual value. The farmer and the small householder pay, as is shown by official figures, on an assessment which ranges from 60 to 100 per cent. of the actual value of the property. The capital stock of banks is by general custom assessed at 66 per cent. of its value, although the law requires 100 per cent.

"We have taken up the steam railroads because they are tangible property which go into every county of the State, and are not subject to local conditions. We insist that these railroads should be forced to pay at least as much as the small farmer, or as the capital stock in a bank. We are going after all forms of public service corporations, but just now the steam railroads are being made the basis of at-