

in Cleveland and Cincinnati owned by these "business" statesmen.

Columbus (O.) Press (Dem.), Oct. 22.—In response to the universal demand for home rule, the people have had saddled upon them a vicious and iniquitous system of board rule that will so diversify official responsibilities as to breed discord and consequent disaster to local government.

Pittsburg Post (Dem.), Oct. 28.—Regarding the complex system as a whole, executive responsibility is so divided up among the boards that it can never be easily located. The principle of home rule, by bringing the governor in, is violated as badly as the principle of executive responsibility, by depriving the mayor of needed powers to secure effective administration.

Milwaukee Daily News (Dem.), Oct. 22.—The municipal code as passed is designed to take the government of the larger cities of Ohio out of the hands of the people and vest it in the Republican State machine, which is subservient to the public-service corporations, Hanna being the largest owner of street railways in the State.

Chicago Tribune (Rep.), Oct. 27.—Now we have Ohio playing leading lady to that great star in ripper legislation, Pennsylvania. What ripper legislation means can be seen in Philadelphia and Pittsburg politics. What the regulation of municipal affairs from a State capitol means can be seen in Chicago's west park board. Experience and reason, facts and theories, the record of the past and the spirit of the present, all cry aloud for home rule for great cities. Does the new Ohio code conform to this cry? It not only does not conform to it, it violently disregards and flouts it.

Chicago Evening Post (Rep.), Oct. 25.—Study any part of it, and the trail of the time-serving and spoils-seeking politician becomes visible. The welfare and interests of the communities affected were deliberately disregarded; the vital and generally recognized principle of home rule has been trampled under foot, and the claims of honest and disinterested citizens have been cynically repudiated. The code vests the executive powers not in the mayor, but in "boards." As well might the power of the chief executive of the State or the nation be transferred to a lot of "boards." Concentration of responsibility is a condition of efficiency and popular control; only grafters, franchise grabbers, boodlers and spoliemen are benefited by division of executive power and responsibility.

#### MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP.

Pittsburg Post (Dem.), Oct. 27.—Municipal ownership is making greater progress in Great Britain than in the United States. According to statistics in Cassier's Magazine, there are now in Great Britain 931 municipalities owning waterworks, 99 owning the tramways, 200 owning the gas works, and 181 supplying electricity. Most of these are in England. Municipalities were not allowed to work the tramways until 1896.

#### WHAT IT IS TO VOTE.

Cole County (Mo.) Daily Democrat (Dem.), Oct. 26.—Behind every political question there is a moral question. Truth is truth, whether in politics or religion. You must stand with truth or against it. When you approach the polls to cast a freeman's ballot, a voice is calling to you: "Choose ye this day whom you will serve." And you must choose. No political party may be wholly right in all things, but some political parties are allied with the forces that make for righteousness and justice, while others are not.

It would be just like science rudely to discover, one of these days, that a cucumber is no cooler than a potato.—Puck.

## MISCELLANY

### IF YE BE SLAVES.

For The Public.

If ye be slaves and may not rule,  
I count him fool who sits and sighs.  
Down, dog! and at the tyrant's stool  
Learn to be servile to the wise.

But if ye stand as freeborn men,  
Strike, in God's name! Usurpers hold  
Your country's land. Take back again  
The birthright that your fathers sold.  
GERTRUDE COLLES.

### THE SACRED TARIFF.

For The Public.

To the Editor: In common with my friends the Morgans, the Gates, and the Rockefellers, I have been considerably alarmed during the last three months by the din and clamor over the coal strike.

The perilous advance in the price of coal at the beginning of the inclement season inflamed the minds of the people to such an extent that some of them began to question the righteousness of our title to the coal fields.

Of course the cool-headed and well-instructed citizen would remember the many, many hard days of back-breaking labor, which we put forth to acquire the title to these coal lands, and gazing on our horny hands, and weather-beaten countenances, would recognize the truth, that the property we earned by such painful exertion could not be touched by a righteous government, even though all the rest of the people froze to death.

The beneficent Creator, they would admit, put the coal deposits there for the purpose of rewarding our spine-dislocating exertions, and of assuaging the pains of the blisters on our brawny hands, but in times of excitement even the well-disposed forget the equities, and the alarm among our circles was very great.

We do not object to the epithets. Coal Baron may be a sought-for title some day. But we do object to any disturbances which may unsettle the titles to the substantial thing upon which the Baronies must rest when things get settled down, and the common people get reconciled to those conditions in which Providence has been pleased to place them.

We were truly very much alarmed prior to the settlement of the coal strike, and yet there was one rock upon which it seemed to me we could found our faith that we should come through the storm unscathed, and I pointed that out to my friend Morgan.

The effect upon him was so pronounced that he smiled in the midst

of his dyspeptic pangs and loaned me five dollars without security.

The rock which I pointed out as our sure foundation was the abiding faith of the people in a tariff. I insisted, and I think I was right, that as long as the people look upon the tariff systems of the world with such respect and veneration, our hard-earned property will be safe. I pointed out to him the fact that you may call a man a burglar, a thief or a swindler, and still he would retain his standing among a portion of the community. Some of the people would think he was a smart man and hardly dealt with. But if you call a man a free trader, his reputation is irrevocably ruined. People may speak to him, but they look upon him as a poor, miserable, fallen creature, whose thinking apparatus is loose in its joints, and his influence in the community is very much less than that of a boodle alderman.

I insisted that as long as the people believed that the tariff was not a tax, the Christian gentlemen to whose care God has consigned the property of the country, could rest secure in their jobs.

Morgan saw the point at once, and went out to help them settle the coal strike. Yours respectfully,

JACKSON BIGGLES.

### VISIONS OF WEALTH IN MANUFACTURING WIRE AND WIRE NAILS.

#### THE WISE GUYS OF KOKOMO VS. THE BILLION DOLLAR STEEL GIANT.

The Guys Are Knocked Out in Two Short Rounds—They Lost All Their Money and Are Wondering Where They Are At.

We are "up against it"—"it" being, of course, the trusts which are charging exorbitant prices for their products and will not permit us to purchase goods outside of their dominion. We cannot beat them. They are the "whole push" while their party—that is, the Republican party—is in power.

Some wise Guys in Indiana thought they could beat the tariff trust combination. They figured out the great profits to be made by manufacturing and selling wire, wire nails, etc. at present prices. They saw visions of great wealth right in front of them. They built a mill at Kokomo, Ind., which cost them nearly \$1,000,000. They got ready a few weeks ago to manufacture—that is, they thought they were ready. They then discovered that there is in this country

an organization called the United States Steel corporation, and that it is in business and politics on its own account, and runs a few hundred mills and customs houses, and, through its coal and ore mines, assists the Almighty in running the universe. Incidentally it controls the output of steel billets, and will not sell them except at exorbitant prices. But these Hoosier Guys were not easy marks. They did more figuring and investigating, and concluded that they could buy steel billets in Belgium or Germany, pay the duty and freight on them, and lay them down at their mill for two dollars per ton less than the price demanded by the steel trust. Proud of their resourcefulness and independence of the steel octopus, they parted with more of their good money.

Pride goeth before a fall.

They bought 20,000 tons of billets at \$18 per ton. They expected to pay a duty of \$6.72 per ton, or \$134,000 on the lot. They expected this lot of billets would last them three months. At this rate they figured their tariff charges on billets at \$537,000 a year. But they were not politicians, and they expected to get this amount, and more too, back from the people who would buy wire and nails. They raised \$134,000 and had it ready to pay the duty on the billets, when they reached the custom house at Philadelphia. Alas, it was not enough. They were foiled again by the steel trust. The collector had gotten some tips from "it"—that is, his master—and he had made a "new ruling." He said that the rate of duty on steel billets valued above one cent per pound (\$22.40 per ton) was \$5.96, instead of \$6.72.

"But," said the wise Guys from Kokomo, as a new ray of hope lighted up their blank features, "we only paid \$18 a ton for these billets."

Whereat the steel trust customs official smiled and said: "Yes, yes; but the law permits us to fix the duty on the actual market value of the billets in the markets of the country from which the same have been imported. The German manufacturers who, like ours, are highly protected, have, as you should have known, two prices for their billets—one for their domestic customers and a very much lower price for export. We have been told to disregard the export price, which you paid, and to collect duty on the German domestic price, which is about \$24 per ton.

Cough up \$178,200 if you want your billets!"

The would-be manufacturers of Kokomo were dazed. Their vision of wealth was fast vanishing. They appealed from the decision of the collector to the board of general appraisers. This board is collecting testimony, and may announce its decision in a few months.

The Iron Age of October 16 tells us that "the difficulties over the duty on steel billets have stopped all negotiations for foreign steel for the present." It gives this additional explanation:

Probably the most serious feature of the matter from the standpoint of the importers and of the rolling mills who have purchased foreign billets, is the penalty for alleged undervaluations, which in some cases would reach a very large sum as compared with the advance in the rate of duty. In itself in certain territory the higher rate of duty on billets would not cut off importations.

The penalty is "an additional duty of one per cent. of the total appraised value thereof for each one per cent. that such appraised value exceeds the value declared in the entry." This means that if the appraised value is raised from \$18 to \$24 per ton the importers must pay a penalty of eight dollars per ton in addition to the duty of \$8.96. Thus their billets will cost them \$34.96 a ton, plus about six dollars freight, or a total of over \$40.

In view of the above circumstances some steel mill property in Kokomo is for sale cheap and some blooming chumps, who are poorer and sadder if not wiser, are talking less about prosperity and more about trust despotism and anarchy.

Brothers Hanna, Shaw and Beveridge will now tell us of the blessings of protection and the economies of industrial combinations.

BYRON W. HOLT.

#### WHY COAL MINERS STRIKE.

The following article, written by H. Gibson Gardner, appeared first in the Chicago Journal of September 28, 1900. It is so well adapted to illustrate the situation we are now confronting, that the fact that it was written more than two years ago gives it even greater weight. Mr. Markle has always been known as one of the most benevolent and easy of the coal operators.

The real causes of the strike in the anthracite fields are not to be found in the small disputes over the price of blasting powder or the number of hours which shall make up a day's work for a mule driver. The reasons lie deeper. A little fair-minded investigation shows that the movement

is a revolt against the system, which is an almost exact reproduction of the old English feudal system, with its lord of the manor and the serfs who are attached to the soil and render service to the hereditary lord.

There is no better illustration of the coal baron than the much-talked-about John Markle, of the W. G. Markle company. This company is no worse than the others; but the fact that it is independent of the railroad combination which makes up the coal trust has directed attention particularly to it.

John Markle himself is a well-meaning man, a nervous, earnest gentleman about 50 years of age, who was born to his present station, and naturally believes that the existing order of things is right. His father came into possession of the acres and square miles of rugged hilly country which have developed into collieries, villages, and the town, and this original Markle, by his energy and business ability, built up a great and prosperous mining business.

The father died, and John became by inheritance the hereditary lord of the Markle mines. To occupy this position means to live in a great stone house on top of a beautiful hill overlooking the valley. The immediate surroundings of the ancestral house are most elegant—there is a lawn and the park and the drives like an English estate. Clustering about, but a little lower down the slope, are the business offices of the company and the less pretentious houses of the employes who work in the offices and company stores. Then come the machine shops and the various accessories which are necessary to the mines.

About half a mile further on is the bed of the valley once covered with a scrubby growth of pines and dwarf oak, but now heaped and piled with unending acres of black coal dust and great mounds of the coarse, black slate rock, the refuse of the diggings.

In the midst rises a lofty structure of weather-darkened wood, a 10 or 15-story tower, precipitous on one side and on the opposite side slanting away to the ground on a network of props. With its hooded top it suggests a huge grasshopper, a relic of prehistoric times. This is a "breaker," and it marks the aperture from which the mine discharges its products. From the Markle hill half a dozen may be seen in various directions, each surrounded by its layers and heaps of refuse.