

## MISCELLANY

## THE BURGHER'S WIFE.

(In the British Detention Camp.)

Outside, the guard goes heavily, the sun  
beats on the roof,  
He hears the sick ones moaning, but he  
hold his eyes aloof;  
In heaven is only sun-glare, dust-devils on  
the veldt,  
We could not pray the clouds up, however  
long we knelt.  
There are women who are sullen, there are  
women who are wild,  
And one perhaps is hopeful, but that one  
has no child;  
Katrina raved when yesternoon they took  
her last away,  
Annetje's went at candle light, and mine  
will go to-day.

And is it you, brave England, that holds  
us in the pen—  
Making war on wives and children, since  
you cannot match our men?  
Will you swallow up our nation, make our  
name as naught, you think?  
By the living God of Dutchmen, you shall  
spew the broth you drink!

I had seven sons, how long ago! Seven and  
my good man,  
And Greta—only woman-child that came to  
me and Jan—  
Six strong sons of my body, and one that  
still was small;  
They were stout for war or praying, and  
their country took them all—  
The wolf, the kite, the river trench, by  
kopje and by veldt.  
I did not weep, though all their wounds I  
in my body felt;  
It was I that scoured their rifles—one had  
hardly done with play—  
I did not weep to see them go, but I shall  
weep to-day.

And is it wise, Great England, to build  
your greatness so?  
You that fatten on small peoples—though,  
God's faith, the meal is slow!—  
Growing wider by the holdings of a sim-  
pler, feeblar folk,  
It is fatness where no strength is, and  
you too shall feel the yoke.

But once I wept for Wilhelm—he had his  
father's looks—  
The day that he was turned sixteen he  
put away his books,  
"Now, kiss me mother, let me go, for I am  
grown a man"—  
And so I wept for Wilhelm, though I did  
not weep for Jan.  
And for myself no whimper. I am past my  
bearing time,  
But I weep to know my woman-child must  
die before her prime.  
Is no coolness on the pillow for the tender,  
fevered head?  
Is no comfort in the sickness but my tear,  
and captive's bread?

It is not for you, O England, to give me  
back my sons,  
We have paid the tale twice over by the  
coughing, spitting guns;  
But the small graves of the children, they  
are yawning in the sod—  
Deep enough to gulf your glory—high to  
witness unto God.  
—Mary Austin, in Land of Sunshine for De-  
cember.

## WORKING AT THE WAGE MARGIN.

Associated Press dispatch from Scranton, Pa., published in the New York Open Letter for December.

"Men, you all know me around here. You know the truth of what I say. I repeat it to you to remind you of the common lot of our misery and suffering which has made us combine to cry out for a better order of things.

"When I was six years and four months old I went to work in the breakers of the Pancoast Coal company. I have worked 19 years, every day that I could get. I have never been on an excursion in my life. I have never been to a theater but twice in my life. I have not drank a drop of beer or liquor for five years, and for two years I have not smoked. I have practiced the closest economy in food. But I have never been able to accumulate \$100 in my life.

"Men, I have lived in the hamlet of Throop all my life. You and I know this has always been a company store town. We know in our hearts what that means, whatever the operators may say.

"Eleven years I worked for the Pancoast Coal company, and during those 11 years I swear here before the Omnipotent I never handled one cent of earnings in money.

"I also have due bills of other members of the family to show they handled no money in all that period."

This is the astounding story told today before a vast audience by Stephen McDonald, a Throop miner, but it was declared to be one of almost ordinary occurrence. The voice of the young man rang with earnestness, his eye was fearless and flashed as he told it.

## AN OPEN LETTER TO SENATOR HANNA.

Chicago, Ill., Dec. 30, 1901.

Hon. Marcus A. Hanna, Senate Chamber, Washington, D. C.—Honored Sir: Your election as presiding officer over the newly organized arbitration board must give as much satisfaction to your other friends as it does to the undersigned. Your unswerving interest in the welfare of the workmen of our country has long been recognized. Your present attitude towards organized labor is entirely consistent with the well-established maxim that the highest prosperity is consonant with the most secure power to compel the consumer to pay as much "as the traffic will bear." While it may appear that our position is akin to that of socialism in our firm conviction that corruption must be stifled, it will not hurt our interests that its verisimili-

tude may be mistaken for identity.

Nevertheless, illustrious sir, should we not be exceeding cautious how, even for spectacular purposes, we seem to lean toward libertarianism? Here is a board composed of some of our very best people, who invite differences between capital and labor to be brought before themselves for arbitration. May not this be construed as a reflection upon the authoritarian principle for which our party stands? The project of compulsory arbitration will now be shelved, at least for some time; and instead of depending upon the paternalistic and sheltering care of a beneficent government, administered by a party embracing the intelligence and refinement of the country, we shall, I fear, be encouraging the lower classes to seek salvation in voluntarism.

However, you may be trusted to deal with our workpeople in a way best suited to the interests of our class, as you so signally demonstrated in your full-dinner pail campaign. I admit now that I was fearful the workfolk might resent our imputations of that period, but since then the veil has fallen from my vision and I realize that your estimate of the American workman was nearer correct than my own; and so I assume that your cooperation with a voluntarist board does not really mean a diminution of your reverence for the strong hand of government.

Very truly yours,

HERMAN KUEHN.

70 Dearborn Street.

## A CONTRAST—ROSE AND JOHNSON.

Tom Johnson, of Cleveland, and Dave Rose, of Milwaukee, both Democratic mayors of cities of the same class, inevitably are suggestive of contrast.

Johnson was elected in a Republican city on a platform quite similar to the platform upon which Rose was elected four years ago. Johnson, in standing by the interests of the people, has made Cleveland a Democratic city and is more popular to-day than when elected. He has won the approval of the masses and the bitter antagonism of the public-utility corporations and the Ohio Republican machine. He is in a fair way to be elected governor of his state and is seriously considered as a Democratic presidential possibility.

Rose, who went into office with the confidence of a large majority of the people, was no sooner in office than he turned about and began to dicker for the political support of the street railway monopoly and the Republican machine, though elected in a campaign by 8,000 majority in which from the