

hand and foot to organized wealth, he will weaken the confidence the great mass of the American people now have in what they conceive to be his fearless devotion to duty.

Chicago Tribune (Rep.), Oct. 5.—It is impudent, it is insulting, it is audacious of the coal presidents to speak of "lawlessness" in the coal regions when they themselves are the greatest offenders against the law. They are the real anarchists, the real revolutionists, the real subverters of law and order. They themselves have invited criminal rioting and set the example.

Chicago Chronicle (Dem.), Oct. 6.—The anthracite operators were conspicuously unreasonable, arrogant and pig-headed when they notified the President that they would not recognize Mr. Mitchell as the representative of the anthracite operatives at the Washington conference because he is an outsider—that they would recognize only their own operatives. This is no more reasonable than it would be to deny the right of a workingman to employ a lawyer to represent him in court because a lawyer is not a manual laborer.

Springfield Republican (Ind.), Oct. 3 (weekly ed.).—The President and his administration repose over a volcano. Rightly or wrongly, a people well-nigh panic-stricken will hold them responsible in a measure for the dire consequences that are threatened, and that cannot be wholly averted. And rightly will the President be held to some accountability in this matter. . . . He has all along been in possession of power to move legally against the anthracite operators in processes of compulsion or seizure of their properties for temporary public operation.

Chicago American (Ind. Dem.), Oct. 9.—"What!" cries President Roosevelt, stung to anger and resolute action by the insult of the coal trust. "What! You defy me, do you? Then let the consequences be upon your own arrogant heads. By the Eternal, I shall instantly ask the strikers to give in!" No one contemplating this powerful ending of Mr. Roosevelt's efforts in this affair can fail to be impressed with the extreme value of the idea of the strenuous life when put to the practical test. Who but an advocate of the strenuous life would ever think of absolute and unconditional surrender as the only way out of a tight place?

THE COAL MINE PROBLEM.

Boston Advertiser (Rep.), Oct. 3.—We advocate the national ownership and operation of the anthracite coal mines.

Chicago Record-Herald (Ind. Rep.) Oct. 3.—In the presence of national and state impotence to regulate the coal and railway combine by less drastic methods the public mind has been more and more directed to state condemnation of all coal lands and state ownership or control of all railways.

Columbus (O.) Daily Press (Dem.), Oct. 1.—Very naturally, Philander Knox is of the opinion that the President cannot constitutionally interfere in the coal strike. The constitution is a great instrument when it can be quoted in favor of the "captains of industry."

Buffalo Times (Dem.), Oct. 5.—The coal mines have been given to the operators by the people, and what the people give, the people can take away. Not by anarchy and the force of arms, not by clash of weapons and flash of fire, but by the same calm, deliberate methods by which the presentation was made.

Milwaukee Daily News (Ind.).—It is well to recognize the fundamental principle involved. If the trust has a right to the ownership of the coal lands—the same right that a man has to the coat on his back—then the public has no right to

complain if the trust mines coal or not. If the trust has no right to the land, if the interests of the public are paramount, then why should the trust be permitted to remain in possession of the coal fields and the coal mines?

Johnstown (Pa.) Daily Democrat (Dem.), Oct. 4.—The strength of the coal trust lies, not in the mines that it operates, not even in its alliance with the coal roads, but in the mining opportunities it holds out of use simply because these opportunities are assessed at less than their value for taxation. If all coal lands were taxed on the basis of their fair cash value, as the law provides, it would be impossible for the coal trust to hold them out of use. It would be unprofitable to do so and therefore commercially impossible. But these idle coal lands are assessed on a purely nominal value. It many instances they are rated as agricultural lands. Thus it is easy to carry them along and prevent outside capital and labor from entering upon and developing them.

GOVERNMENT BY COMMISSION.

The Commoner (Dem.), Oct. 3.—By all means, let a commission of financiers settle the money question; let a commission of trust magnates settle the trust question, and let a commission of manufacturers settle the tariff question. This would be a settlement by experts, but, on the same principle, why not let the wolves settle the sheep question—don't they understand the flavor of mutton?

HOME RULE IN OHIO.

Chicago Record-Herald (Ind. Rep.), Oct. 4.—Irrespective of the alleged plans of Cleveland's mayor to Johnsonize the cities of Ohio, the adoption of a municipal code for Ohio that does not provide for home rule will be a step backward, and must be regarded by the people as a triumph of partisanship over civic advancement.

TROOPS AT THE MINES.

Chicago Daily News (Ind.), Oct. 7.—It will now be in order for the operators to show what truth there is in their declaration that their miners are willing to go back to work but are afraid to do so. Since Gov. Stone has taken this step it is timely to ask what, if anything, is to be done to make the operators conform to the law.

MISCELLANY

FREEDOM'S CALL.

For The Public.

Hark, freemen, to the trumpet's call!
Its battle cry is ringing;
With clash of steel on steel, the foe
With fierce assault and deadly blow
Now to the strife is springing.
'Tis Freedom calls! 'Tis Freedom calls!
Why are ye hesitating?
Oh, falter not while others lead;
Hard goes the fight, great is the need,
A nation's fate's in waiting.
Bestir ye, men! Bestir ye, men!
The power of Greed's uprising!
The miscreant's hand e'en grasps the prize
Bought by our fathers' sacrifice,
And bloody agonizing.
Awake, Americans! Awake!
The time's arrived for granting
Full powers to Freedom's loving hands
So only may we save our land
From the rule of Greed's implanting.

Ye burden bearers! Toilers all!
Call ye yourselves true freemen?
Ye live by sufferance in the land,

The servants of a purse-proud band
Of Freedom's deadliest foemen.
But power is yours! And right is yours!
Your will, expressed, sufficing.
Know then, that light and air and land
Are God's free gifts, none may demand
Of Labor for their using.

WALDO S. COULTER.

THE PROSPERITY OF ANTHRACITE COAL MINERS.

An article in the current number of Mr. John Wanamaker's magazine describes the dwellings of the miners in a certain anthracite village in Pennsylvania as follows:

They live in houses built of sheet iron and boards, about 16 feet square and sunk about three feet in the ground. Of course, there is but one room, and in this room the family—anywhere from six to ten humans—cooks, eats and sleeps. Although there is plenty of space, these hutches are crowded together like troopers' bunks on a transport. The streets are so narrow one may almost touch a house on either side simultaneously. Behind these hutches stretched a great heap of ashes—the dump from the furnaces that ran the engines, a reddish-brown heap, packed hard by the rain. For obscure reasons parts of it were yet hot, and steamed under the contact of the veil of wet. And this mass, in cooling, threw off a stench like that of burning bones; an acrid, foul odor, sweet with a nauseating, revolting sweetness, powerful, unescapable, that pervaded the entire community.

It may be that the employers of the men who live in these habitations, the "coal barons," as they are termed, sail around in their yachts, live in winter palaces on Fifth avenue and summer palaces in Newport, buy their clothes in Europe and spend a fortune in American Beauty roses for a single dinner. But this is not such prosperity as a country may boast of or that uplifts the nation.—Baltimore Sun.

THE G. O. P.

For The Public.

It is a sorry predicament, that in which the full dinner pail party finds itself. At last and all at once it is in a hopeless tangle. Tariffs, trusts, imperialism and prosperity have proved too much for the party of action. The team grows ungovernable. The horses are kicking, snorting, backing, plunging and rearing and the drivers are in dismay. Drivers, for they appear to outnumber the steeds some ten to one. If the team were all right, one charioteer should suffice if fairly skilled and strenuous. But alas! no driver has confidence in another, and every one is trying to snatch and hold the reins.

Was ever party in such a fix before? But yesterday it was going forth to seize the next house of representa-

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