

A WORLD WOMAN IN THE COAL FIELDS TELLS OF WOMEN LEADERS OF STRIKE.

Spirit of Resistance to Oppression Shown by Miners' Wives.

Two-thirds of Mt. Carmel's Honest Laborers Are Paupers.

NO. VII. OF THE SERIES.

BY OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR.

WOMEN LEADERS OF THE STRIKE.

(Special to The Evening World.)

MOUNT CARMEL, Pa., Sept. 22.—Women are the leaders of the Mount Carmel strikers.

The strength bred of their tireless patience and suffering has become an active force.

The man who is too cowardly to strike will have to deal henceforth with these heroic women.

Here is a typical incident for proof.

On Monday, when the strike became general here, the Rider Colliery remained in operation. Only a third, approximately, of the men had struck. Yet the Rider men suffer all the wrongs peculiar to the employee of an individual operator, and have no reason, apparently, to consider themselves better off than the other miners.

The women could not abide their timorous policy.

FACED 600 ANGRY WOMEN.

So on Tuesday night when the Rider men left work they found themselves face to face with an army of six hundred angry women, most of them leading their little children by the hand and many carrying babies in their arms.

Hisses, shouts and execrations came from the women. "Blacklegs!" they cried, "how do you dare to work? You are ruining our cause and stealing our children's bread!"

And as yet by righteous fury they hurled great jagged stones at the "blacklegs," who attempted no defense but ran for their lives, wading knee-deep through a stream, rather than go by the road where the women stood massed together.

But the lesson had been effectually taught. The next day not a man appeared at the Rider Colliery. It had been closed—AND BY WOMEN.

Operator Rider immediately sent messages to all his striking employees to the effect that he would guard them to and from their homes daily.

But the men stood firm and the colliery is still tied up.

To-day the women are planning how they may best deal with the men at Locust Gap, the only large colliery now in operation here.

Hearing of this and fearing the power of unarmed women strong in their determination to keep the men out, the Philadelphia and Reading Coal Company, which owns the colliery, this morning sent two cars full of soldiers to the Gap to protect the men working there. But a greater force than soldiers or weapons can subdue is latent in these women.

"WE'LL FIGHT," SAID THE WOMAN.

"If the men fight the women fight too," volunteered a Polish woman at the first mention I made of the strike. "Strike no good if every man not join. We make him. We tired of hungry, tired of poor wages. We fight ourselves."

Whenever in these blighted towns one of the miners' wrongs has been righted another has sprung up to take its place.

The Philadelphia and Reading Company pays its men, I learned, twice a month. It has no company stores. Here, then, an improvement in conditions was to be looked for.

On the contrary I found on visiting the miners that the wages paid are so low as fairly to wring the very life blood from these slaves of the Coal Trust.

A typical miners' settlement here in Mount Carmel is "Mountain Patch." I talked with almost every woman who lives in this squalid group of shanties and the testimony was in each case the same—starvation wages, galling oppression.

The family of Mike Janko is representative. Janko is a strong young Pole and, as he works inside the mines, should receive good pay. But he showed me a file bearing his list of pay checks for the past year. There was no opportunity for exaggeration in these printed witness.

I looked carefully over the checks for the last three months and found that the HIGHEST SUM THIS ABLE-BODIED MINER HAD RECEIVED FORTNIGHTLY WAS \$8.64, AND THE LOWEST \$3.34, and his rent had already been deducted. With the amounts quoted the man had to buy food and clothing for himself, his wife and five children.

THEN HIS POOR WIFE WEPT.

It is no wonder that his poor wife wept as she told me of her trouble. The silent, shrinking children that followed her about were never sure she told me of food. For herself she had hardly the courage to keep up a struggle that seemed likely to end in death.

It is women fortified by experiences such as this who are urging the men of this district to fight to the last.

Hardly able to credit the full extent of statements I heard made repeatedly to the effect that the Poor District here is obliged to contribute to the support of the families of hundreds of miners, I went for information to the head of the local Miners' Union, Daniel Gallagher.

Mr. Gallagher has been a miner for twenty-five years and is still. He knows every inch of Mount Carmel and every miner.

"It's true," he said, "FOR THE PAST SEVEN YEARS TWO-THIRDS OF THE MINING POPULATION OF MOUNT CARMEL HAS RECEIVED AID FROM THE POOR DISTRICT."

"They certainly could not live without this help. They can barely live with it."

"Why haven't they revolted before?" "Because privation and sorrow have eaten into the very fabric of their souls and made a cringing, low-spirited creature out of every man of them."

"This poverty is nothing new. Why, in the twenty-five years that I have been a miner I have seen a reduction of from 50 to 300 per cent. in the wages paid to contract labor."

LABORERS WHO ARE PAUPERS.

On analysis Mr. Gallagher's first statement is startling. Mount Carmel is anything but a rich township. There is but one wealthy operator living here. Yet the township must be taxed to keep alive the men that the operators and large companies employ and will not pay.

TWO-THIRDS OF THE HONEST LABORING MEN OF THIS TOWN, THEREFORE, ARE PAUPERS. They have no vote, not a possession they can lay their hands on, and, most bitter of all, no self-respect.

At last the opportunity has come to them in the form of this strike. The fervor with which they have embraced it is easily comprehensible. There is another pitiful aspect of this dismal situation.

The widows and orphans of the town, whose claim is legitimate, cannot be adequately provided for because the small resources of the Poor District are already eaten up by the destitute families of the miners. A miner's widow is, you will find, a woman who has lost all hope.

One of them, Mrs. Josephine Leidenberg, receives from the township



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\$3 a month. She has two children. She is obliged to support herself and these two, therefore, ON AN INCOME OF THREE AND ONE-THIRD CENTS A DAY EACH. And she tries hard to do it.

"If they would give me \$1 a month," she says patiently, "I think I could get along."

Think of it!

KINDNESS BRED OF POVERTY.

To Mrs. Leidenberg and to all the women who are similarly destitute those whose fortunes are a grade higher are wonderfully kind. The warm-heartedness and generosity of these poor creatures, themselves abjectly destitute, is a reassuring thing to see.

I found, for instance, that Mrs. Frank Miller, whom I afterward called upon, shared all her provisions with her neighbor, Mrs. Nuss, who is destitute now at the very beginning of the strike.

Yet Mrs. Miller provides for herself, her husband and six children on less than \$10 a month!

"My man hasn't earned \$50 since last April," she confessed.

"Has he struck? Yes, and he'll stay out till the end, and I'll help him."

The houses which these women live in are in almost as bad condition as those I saw in Shamokin yesterday. The roofs leak, the outer doors are broken and offer no protection against wind or rain, the walls are insecure and cleanliness is impossible.

Yet here, too, the agents, who in this case represent the Philadelphia and Reading Company, decline to make repairs.

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ANOTHER DELAY IN MOLINEUX CASE.

Defect in Appeal Papers Laid to District-Attorney and Work Must Be Recast.

By the return of all the papers in the Molineux murder case to the district attorney's office for correction and revision another delay has been made in the hearing of Roland H. Molineux's appeal from his death sentence.

The papers were returned to the District-Attorney by Recorder Giff, who got back from his vacation on Wednesday. The Recorder said that the people's case had been prepared so hastily and faultily that almost all of the work will have to be done over again.

When the appeal papers were handed up to Recorder Giff, shortly before he started on his summer vacation it was found that proper page references, a legal necessity, was lacking 96th in the Molineux case, and Molineux's own papers.

Examination of the papers from the District-Attorney's office showed that they were far too voluminous and that several hundred amendments and revisions must be made to bring the form within the rules.

Mr. Osborne, who prosecuted the Molineux case, will now recast the entire record. Several weeks work will be necessary to put it in shape for re-submission.

It is not thought the case will now get before the Court of Appeals before the early part of November.

400 CARRIAGES AT A WOMAN'S FUNERAL

Thousands Turned Out to Honor the Memory of Mrs. James March—\$1,500 Casket

Mrs. James C. March, wife of Port Warden March, the Republican leader of the Sixth Assembly District, was buried to-day from St. Patrick's Church, on Mott street. The edifice was thronged and the streets blocked with the mourners.

Four hundred carriages followed the hearse, which was drawn by six horses and was draped with purple ribbons and hangings.

The casket was white, with silver handles and feet, was lined with white satin and cost \$1,500.

Flowers sent by sorrowing friends filled four open barouches.

Mrs. March, who before marriage was Miss Maggie S. Flynn, was thirty-seven years old. She was one of the best-known women in the lower part of the city and was conspicuous for her charity. She caught cold recently while on a charitable mission, it finally resulting in her death on Wednesday night.

When Gov. Roosevelt appointed Mr. March Port Warden he said to him: "March, your wife is a very bright woman, and I am only sorry I cannot appoint her to office, too."

Nearly 6,000 mourners visited the house before the funeral, to view the body, and six policemen were stationed at the March home, 39 Marion street, to keep the throng moving.

WHAT THE GREAT STRIKE IS COSTING NEW YORK.

Price of Coal In This City Has Gone Up \$2 a Ton During This Week.

Red Ash To-Day \$8 per ton	White Ash To-Day \$7 per ton
Red Ash Last Week 6 per ton	White Ash Last Week 5 per ton

MARTIAL LAW FOR COAL REGIONS.

(Continued from First Page.)

Run when 100 men from Freedland went there at 6 o'clock to stop the men at the A. F. Kemmerer colliery from going to work.

There was a parley near the colliery and the strikers agreed to let the men work on the promise that they will not return to the mines Monday morning. The men and women of McAdoo were again on the march to-day. At 4 A. M. 20 strikers from Audenried, Jeannette and McAdoo, and 90 women of the latter place, started for Clairaine, where a mass-meeting was held.

GEN. GOBIN'S PLANS.

Will Divide Troops Between Shenandoah, St. Nicholas and Mahanoy City, He Says.

SHENANDOAH, Pa., Sept. 22.—Only one person, Mike Yuckavage, was killed outright in the shooting here last night. Annie Rogers, the little girl who it was supposed was shot to death, has recovered consciousness and may recover.

The Town Council has appointed over 300 special policemen to serve. No crowds were permitted to congregate on any of the streets after this body of specials were appointed, they being distinguished from other citizens by a red ribbon badge, with the word "Special" printed thereon.

Gen. J. P. S. Gobin, who is in command of the troops, has made the statement that he will distribute the soldiers between Shenandoah, St. Nicholas, Mahanoy City and other points.

Edward Clark, who was shot below the heart, had a remarkable escape, the bullet having been arrested and he is improving to-day. He had gone out to the street to take the children out of the way, and in this manner received the wound.

All collieries around Shenandoah, Lost Creek and William Penn are closed down. No mine in the region is working to-day. This, the operators claim, is because their men are afraid to go to work for fear of violence at the hands of the strikers.

The deputies who were with Sheriff Toole last evening and did the shooting were all selected from the best citizens of Shenandoah. They were forty in number.

The camp equipage for the troops now here is arriving, and the soldiers will sleep in their tents to-night.

This promptness is due to the fact that the State Arsenal authorities at Harrisburg had prepared the equipment last week for the entire Third Brigade.

WEST END WORKS.

Many Strikers Return to Work There After Appeal by the Owner.

WILKESBARRE, Sept. 22.—The strikers have failed to close down the West End mine at Mucanopus, despite the fact that they have 200 of the 400 employees on strike.

To-day 170 of these strikers went back to work in answer to an appeal made to them last night by John M. Conyngham, the owner, and it now looks as if the strikers will be unable to gain their point.

It is the only mine in the upper coal field which is in operation.

HOW FIRING BEGAN.

Operators Issue a Statement Regarding the Shooting of Strikers.

WILKESBARRE, Sept. 22.—An official statement was given out by General Manager W. A. Lathrop, of the Lehigh Valley Coal Company, to-day, regarding the riots at Shenandoah yesterday.

The statement, which was distributed among the men who the train pulled out of the local yards.

The Twelfth Regiment Band accompanied the troops.

ALLENTOWN, Pa., Sept. 22.—Col. C. T. O'Neill and the other officers of the Fourth Regiment left for Shenandoah on a special train at 7:30 A. M., accompanied by the two companies located here. Both companies had full ranks, except fifteen men being outside of Allentown, who followed.

CUT BY HIGHWAYMAN

When a Brooklynite Fought for His Watch His Face Was Slashed Six Times.

John Heiser, of 20 Wallabout street, Brooklyn, had his face slashed by a highwayman before dawn to-day. On his way home from Wallabout Market Heiser drove into a saloon, and while in the place looked at his fine gold watch.

At the corner of Walton street and Macy avenue he was halted. He resisted the highwayman, who drew a knife and slashed his face six times.

DEATH SONG OF HOWARD GRAHAM.

Author of Love Ballads Had a Brilliant Career, Only to Die in Poverty.

Author of Love Ballads Had a Brilliant Career, Only to Die in Poverty.



HOWARD GRAHAM

When to-morrow becomes yesterday, to-morrow, dear, will be a pleasant day.

One year ago to me these words you said: Fond memory brings me back to our first play day.

You promised me that you and I should wed. I know that you are true to me as ever.

All jealousy from me has passed away. My love for you, dear heart, will last forever.

When to-morrow will be yesterday! Chorus—To-morrow will seem like a year to me.

Altho' it is only a day: To-morrow a kiss, a gold ring and the bliss.

That will follow the word you say. 'Twill be yes, I well know, and wherever we go.

We'll be happy thro' life's checkered way. For then you'll be mine and I will be thine.

When to-morrow becomes yes, to-day! In many of the theatres and concert halls throughout the country to-night.

catchy little ballads and songs, filled with melody, will win the applause of thousands.

Every song publisher in New York knows the author of many of them, Howard Graham, who, with his late brother Charles Graham, both wrote and sang songs that aroused human interest and touched chords both pathetic and sentimental, for years.

Howard is dead, and naught but the kind offices of the Actors' Fund can prevent the body from being trundled to Potter's Field.

Consumption, neglect and excess brought Howard low at thirty-six years of age. His life went out in the Relief House in Hudson street at midnight. Only an hour before he died he hummed a tune.

It was the air of a new ballad he was composing, and it died with him. Once, years ago, Howard Graham was a tenor of promise. He was a member of the Clipper Quartet and collaborated with his brother Charles by writing verses to fit the latter's catchy music.

They earned fame and money together. Howard wrote the words for "Two Little Girls in Blue." Charles wrote the music.

When Charles died a year ago and left his widow penniless with five little children Howard went to live with them in a wretched tenement at 15 Washington street.

Mrs. Graham earned a pittance washing the floors of a big downtown office building, while Howard—he could do nothing else—wrote songs in a room with a bare floor on a rickety table.

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Always instantaneous in giving the best of service, out with the twist of a finger, clean, convenient, economical.

Landlords point to the Gas Range as a feature of their flats or apartments. Every bright woman wants a Gas Range in the kitchen. Have you one in yours?

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Personal.

WANTED—10 waiters, 250 P. M. Parkway Hotel, 5. W. corner 11th St., Brooklyn.

Help Wanted—Male.

WANTED—10 waiters, 250 P. M. Parkway Hotel, 5. W. corner 11th St., Brooklyn.