

WORLD WOMAN'S PEN PICTURE OF MITCHELL, MINERS' APOSTLE

He Approves of Women Aiding to Win Great Coal Strike.

NO. XI. OF THE SERIES.

BY OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR.

(Special to The Evening World.)

AN APOSTLE OF THE MINERS.

HAZLETON, Pa., Sept. 27.—"I want the women to use every means—every lawful means—in their power to help the men win this strike," said President John Mitchell to me to-day.

I had reminded him of what the women are already doing—how they have closed collieries, shamed non-union men and encouraged strikers; how they have resolutely taken up their own burden and helped their husbands support theirs; and how armies of them have gained their points by using such weapons of persuasion as lay at hand.

"Do you approve or discourage the part taken by the wives of the miners in these skirmishes?" I asked him.

Mr. Mitchell thought a moment. It is not his habit to speak impulsively. Then, very deliberately, he made the remark quoted above.

From which it is plain that the women who have taken an active part in strengthening the strikers may consider themselves indorsed by the president of the union.

Mr. Mitchell made no qualification of his statement. He remembered when he made it that many women, frenzied by long, dumb endurance and by terror lest the present bitter fight be lost, had not stopped at violence. But, knowing the hard school in which these wives and mothers have learned their wisdom, he believes that he can trust them. His message is one simply of encouragement.

MITCHELL'S STRONG PERSONALITY.

Mr. Mitchell had still more to say about the wives of the anthracite miners. While he said it I watched him.

He is a sombre figure, dressed wholly in black, and singularly grave in manner for so young a man. The impression that he makes is composite. His sedate dress, spectacles and squarely framed black hair give him somewhat the air of a country clergyman; his face is the student's—clear-cut, with a serious mouth and high, not full, brow; while his voice suggests that this responsibility-weighted young man might have made a good actor had he not chosen the thousandfold more difficult career of apostle of the miners.

This voice of his is not only exceptionally good as an element of oratory, but remarkably winning as an element of personality. It is a strong factor of that persuasive power that has helped to make John Mitchell a national figure rather than simply one of thousands of miners.

His manner is deferential, which would not distinguish him from the humblest miner, for I find that the ignorant Slav or Italian, unable to speak English and with no means of knowing why a strange woman has entered his home, is courteous itself; but it is also extremely grave, which does distinguish him.

His subordinates in the management of the strike are cheerful on principle. Mr. Mitchell does not appear to rid himself for an instant of the oppressive sense of his responsibility.

The misery and the poverty and the strain of a strike season he realizes as clearly as any of these heartless women, and he grew very earnest as he spoke of them.

"I know very well," he said, "that this situation means most to the women; that starvation previous to the strike, or starvation during the strike, affects them first and most deeply.

"They are the child-rearers and the home-keepers. The underpaid miner, who toils for years to find himself worse off than at the beginning, has a hard lot, but his wife and children have an infinitely harder one. The miners know that. It's the reason they are striking now.

THEY STRIKE TO AID THE WOMEN.

What I expect this strike to do for the women is to relieve them from the necessity of fighting for bread so that they can have a few of the things that every human being longs for—books to read and pictures to look at.

"First let them have health and comfort. Then let them have education, and then the innocent pleasures that should be an American birthright.

"All these things should be within their reach to-day. It's infamous that they are not.

"Did you know that the bigger pay and the shorter hours a laboring man has, the less he is inclined to drink?

"He drinks usually because he is desperate. But give him the chance to build up a comfortable home and educate his children and he saves his money for that purpose."

President Mitchell has plans for the miners' wives. He spoke eagerly as he unfolded them.

"A great deal of credit will be due the women when this strike is won," he said. "But when it is settled there will be a new responsibility for them.

"I want them everywhere to form auxiliaries to our union. The experience of organizing will be good for them, but its object will be of real importance.

"They can bind themselves in this way to patronize none but union labor. Women are everywhere the purchasers. With better wages and the elimination of the company store they will be able to buy where they like.

"If they insist on goods of union manufacture the stores will have to meet their demands. And you see how organized labor everywhere will profit."

MITCHELL TALKS OF HIS WIFE.

"Is Mrs. Mitchell active in promoting these reforms?" I asked finally.

Mr. Mitchell's face lightened for the first time. He smiled almost boyishly, and, taking off his spectacles, looked at me in an extremely pleased way.

"Not yet," he said; then added proudly, "but she is extremely interested, and in entire accord with me on every point."

Later I visited some of the women Mr. Mitchell had spoken of, believing that there might be something of encouragement in what he had said. But the things he had spoken of in his enthusiasm—health, comfort, schools, libraries, pleasures—seemed so remote as to make the mention of them a mockery.

The hardships of the strike are much more serious than they were a week ago. Just how much more these harassed women know in dollars and cents.

Some of them have lived through strikes before, and the memory of it is now creeping back to them so vividly that the courage every one of them is showing is harder and harder to maintain.

"I lived through a six months' strike," one of them said to me to-day, shuddering, "and I pray for my babies' sake that we may end this one soon. I've been an old woman ever since that time."

In Lattimer I found Mrs. Raphael Nella, a gaunt, weary-looking woman, not yet old or even elderly, but showing the marks of privation in her deeply lined face, and of excessive work in her rough, distorted hands.

She told me that her husband earned \$1.40 a day as fireman in one of the Pardee collieries, and that she had eight children. Her tiny rooms, for which \$4.50 rent per month is charged by the Pardee Company, were decently kept, but appallingly bare.

AN ENTHUSIASTIC POOR WOMAN.

I told her something of what Mr. Mitchell had said in praise of the women and asked her if she would like to help on union labor in the way he had suggested. I found I had touched it, happened, on a subject which the poor woman felt very deeply.

"Glad to," she said. "Yes, if we ever get out of the clutches of the company store. But we've been in them so long we can't imagine getting out."

I had thought that I already knew the extent of the company-store evil.

"YOU LEAVE IT ALL TO ME!"



HANNA—Here, here! What's all this? Reading about imperialism and trusts, hey? Stop it at once! All you've got to think about is your STOMACH! All you've got to do is to vote for McKinley and the "FULL DINNER PAIL!" Leave Bryan and patriotism to ME!

Mrs. Nella made it still plainer, and several of her neighbors who heard her added their testimony.

"The worst of it isn't that we pay more for what we get," she said, "or that we get a poor quality of goods, but it is the way we are treated.

"Not trade with them? Why every man would get his walking papers the next day.

"I'm in hard luck now because my man was sick for a time. The people at the Pardee store know that, but they won't trust me. They will neither give me food there nor let me buy it elsewhere.

"The men in the store treat every one of us women like dogs, so we are almost afraid to go there. If I go and beg for a peck of potatoes—and they are sure to get their money for it—they shout at me that I can't have it, even if the place is filled with people, and I have to crawl out, too ashamed to speak.

SHE COULD NOT GET MUCH TO EAT.

"You can see that we cannot have much to eat, even when we don't get behind, on \$1.40 a day. But now that we are in debt to the company we haven't much but dry bread.

"IT'S A MONTH SINCE WE HAVE HAD A SCRAP OF MEAT. The company butcher laughed at me when I asked him for it. It's the same way when I go to get flour or coffee at the store. They make us feel like beggars.

"You cannot imagine how we are watched. The Hazleton cars, you see, stop right opposite the store, and if one of us gets off with a bundle of groceries they make it their business to find out where it came from.

"When my husband was sick the doctor said he must have a warm shirt. Poor man, he would never think of buying one for himself. We were a couple of dollars behind at the store, but I told one of my little girls to go and buy a shirt. She told them why she wanted it—that her father was sick.

"They refused her, and she came back to me crying. My man had to do without his shirt."

I begged Mrs. Nella to buy her eight little ones something to eat elsewhere than at the company store, and gave her some money which a warm-hearted New York woman had generously sent for this purpose. She took it with the most touching gratitude.

"A lady so far away has thought of us?" she asked wonderingly. "It's the first time I ever knew anybody to care whether a miner's family starved or not."

SICKNESS A TERRIBLE POSSIBILITY.

Sickness is probably after all the most terrible possibility that these families have to face. "Miner's asthma" is distressingly frequent, and a man who has contracted it dares no longer work inside the mines, but must work outside for less wages.

A typical instance is the case of Joseph Finski, a Pole whom I saw to-day. He looked weak, bent and hopeless, and his wife was tired with the helpless fatigue of a woman who has to provide for nine little children on what is left after the customary deductions have been taken from earnings of \$1.15 a day.

"Often Joseph's too sick to work," she said, "and when he is he doesn't make enough to keep us alive. Oh, the neighbors help us, and then we are hoping for some good from the strike.

"If only everybody would join, so they could win before we all starve to death! If only I could make them join!"

And if Mrs. Finski has the courage to endure a strike, then indeed no man, as she says, should confess himself too timid.

OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR.

WE CARRY OFF PRIZES.

United States Gets Large Number of Awards at Paris.

PARIS, Sept. 27.—The Jury of Final Appeal in the Exposition awards has finished its work.

The statement prepared for the United States Commission shows America received a higher total of awards than any other nation save France, and that she also received more awards in each classification, except grand prizes, in which Germany secured a greater number. The figures, excepting for France, follow:

Grand Prizes—United States, 25; Germany, 28; Russia, 20; Great Britain, 18; Gold Medals—United States, 54; Germany, 59; Russia, 34; Great Britain, 40; Silver Medals—United States, 103; Germany, 87; Russia, 61; Great Britain, 67; Bronze Medals—United States, 517; Germany, 521; Russia, 231; Great Britain, 413; Honorable Mention—United States, 348; Germany, 184; Russia, 206; Great Britain, 208.

WATER FAMINE ON.

East New York Main Shut Off and South Brooklyn on Short Supply.

Residents of the Eighth and Twenty-second Wards in Brooklyn are on a short water supply, the pressure in certain districts not going above the first floor.

The shortage is occasioned by the shutting down of the East New York main, which is one of the sources of supply for the Park Slope and Greenwood section of South Brooklyn.

Some of the wealthy residents of the Slope are inconvenienced by the shut-down, which is occasioned by the low level in the Ridgewood reservoir. The famine in the Bronx and the upper portion of Manhattan still continues, and the officials of the Water Supply Department declare themselves almost helpless. Inspectors have been detailed to the districts where the water is supposed to stop leakage.

HOPE BOOTH IN COURT.

Summoned by Former Maid, Who Wants Her Trunk.

Hope Booth, actress, who recently starred in a play entitled "A Wife in Pawn," was in the Jefferson Market Police Court this morning on a summons procured by her former maid, Katherine Hilleker.

The maid told the court she wanted her trunk, which, she alleged, was in the custody of Miss Booth.

"I know nothing about the girl's trunk," said Miss Booth, "except that it was with the property man. I suppose she will get it in due course of time and at the pleasure of the transfer delivery man."

The case was dismissed.

OLD MAN'S MURDER A DEEP MYSTERY.

(Continued from First Page.)

Lightning. An I went to the window I heard some one quarrelling on the corner.

WOMAN IN A QUARREL.

"I could distinguish a woman's voice. What was said escaped me in the roar of the storm. I didn't look out. Street fights are common occurrences about here and we pay little attention to them. I went to sleep.

"About 5 o'clock I awoke and discovered that my pet cat was gone. I got up and dressed, after finding that it was not in the house, and went down into the street to look for it. I found it in a hallway up the street.

"When I came back day was dawning and I could see distinctly that there was no body on the sidewalk. Over a half-hour later the police came up to ask me if I knew the man who was lying dead on the sidewalk. When I saw his fine clothes I wondered how he came to be around in this neighborhood."

Mrs. P. J. Meade and Mrs. Thompson, who live at 407 West Seventeenth street, say they were awakened by the storm and heard the sounds of a man and a woman quarrelling on the corner.

Neither got up to look out. Shortly before 6 o'clock Mrs. Thompson's husband got up, and looking out of the window said:

"There is a bum over on the corner with a fierce jaw. He's been sleeping in the street through all this rain."

B. A. Althaus, a grocer at 88 Ninth avenue, can see the spot where the body was found from his store. He claims he was at the front door at 5:15 o'clock, and is certain there was nobody on the sidewalk at the time.

An Evening World reporter, who made an examination of the spot early this morning, discovered two large and distinct blotches of blood on the sidewalk about ten feet apart, showing that the man had either fallen or been knocked down twice. The first was in front of No. 40 and the other in front of No. 402. The appearance of the blood stains could be easily accounted for if the man had been previously murdered, then dragged to the spot where his body was found.

NOT THERE AT 5 O'CLOCK.

Peter Casby, day barkeeper at Reilly's saloon, complicates the mystery of finding the body. He says that he opened the saloon at 5 o'clock and there was no sign of murder or robbery on the sidewalk at that time. Between that time and 5:30 o'clock he had three customers, coal heavers, who come in regular for their morning drink.

Reilly's saloon has a back room and the place is said to be patronized by women from Tenth avenue.

The police say that a young man who declined to give them his name told them of having talked with another young fellow who claimed to have seen the body on the street at midnight and again at 4 A. M. His story is contradicted by too many neighbors of good character to be considered worthy of credence.

Coroner's Physician Weston, accompanied by an Evening World reporter, visited the West Twentieth street station at 11 o'clock and examined Mr. Peck's body. Dr. Weston said that the man had come to his death from a fracture of the skull caused by external violence. He would not venture to say whether by a fall or a blow. He pointed out a distinct fracture over the right temple.

An autopsy will be held at the undertaking rooms of Henry E. How, at 5 Seventh avenue, where the body was removed by order of Mr. Peck's secretary, E. O. Merrill.

HIS MOVEMENTS TRACED.

Mr. Peck's movements after leaving his office were traced by Evening World reporters up to 12:30 o'clock this morning, when he was drinking in Haan's cafe at 1286 Broadway.

Thomas H. Poole, an architect, of 15 West Thirtieth street, has been a friend of Peck for years. He made this statement to-day to an Evening World reporter:

"Arthur Pierson, a theatrical man, called on me last evening. About 9 o'clock Mrs. Poole wanted ice cream, and Pierson and I started out to get it. We went up Broadway. We stopped in Haan's cafe. At a table in the rear Peck was seated with a man I know well by sight. I cannot recall his name. Peck called us over and we passed a few jokes. I started for the cream and Pierson sat down."

"I promised to do so in and take a drink on my way home. I did so. I don't remember what Mr. Peck drank, but recall that he had been to the barber and looked unusually spruce. He was not intoxicated, but was in good humor. I only stayed five minutes with the party, as I had to hurry back with the ice cream. I left Pierson with the party. This morning I was greatly shocked when my janitor told me of Mr. Peck's death."

Arthur Pierson, formerly an actor in Mrs. Leslie Carter's "Heart of Mary" company, was found by an Evening World reporter in bed at his boarding-house, 222 East Thirty-fourth street. He seemed to be highly nervous.

"I went with my friend Poole after ice cream," he said, "and on our way we dropped in at Haan's. There we met Peck, who has been a friend of mine for years. I sat down while Poole went after the cream. So came back,

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| BOYS' SUITS WITH DOUBLE-BREADED COATS—SIZES 7 TO 16 YEARS; STYLISH ALL-WOOL CHEVROIS IN ALL THE NEWEST SEASON'S PATTERNS. Double seats and knees, splendidly tailored. Value \$3.50 to \$4, special for you at..... | 2.98 |
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| YOUNG MEN'S SUITS—SIZES 14 TO 19 YEARS; single or double breasted coats and vests, blue and black chevrons and serges, also all-wool fancy cassimeres and chevrons; made to fit; originally made and sold at \$10.00, cheap for you at..... | 7.50 |
| BOYS' TOP COATS—SIZES 3 TO 15 YEARS; all stylish shades of lain covers and on-ford chevrons; swell cut, smart workmanship, fine finish. Mothers will save exactly \$1.50 on this purchase, special..... | 2.98 |
| BOYS' SUITS, WITH SINGLE OR DOUBLE-BREADED VESTS—SIZES 10 TO 16 YEARS; blue and black serges; also fancy cassimeres and chevrons, lining and make perfect; a \$6.50 value, special at..... | 5.00 |

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- 279 Broadway, near Chambers St.
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STIFF HAT TRIMMERS wanted. Mrs. Coraell & Co., 42 West Broadway, New York.

World Wants the Helping Hand for Business Enterprises.

1,086 Paid Help Wants in this morning's World.

BUT 487 Paid Help Wants in the thirteen other New York papers combined.

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| AGENTS.....14 | LAUNDRESSES.....3 |
| BONNIES.....1 | LADIES TAILORS.....4 |
| BOOKBINDERS.....7 | MILLINERY.....5 |
| BAKERS.....4 | MEN WANTED.....4 |
| BOYS.....3 | MUSICIANS.....7 |
| BUSHMEN.....17 | NEEDLES-MARKERS.....20 |
| BUTCHERS.....7 | OPERATORS.....4 |
| CARPET LAYERS.....5 | OPERATORS.....32 |
| CUTTERS.....10 | PIANOS.....10 |
| CHAMBERMAIDS.....32 | PRESSERS.....4 |
| COOKS.....49 | PAINTERS.....49 |
| CROCHETERS.....1 | PAPERHANGERS.....19 |
| DRESSMAKERS.....6 | PARLOR-MAKERS.....1 |
| CANVAVERS.....6 | WANTERS.....7 |
| DISHWASHERS.....15 | PLUMBERS.....1 |
| DRESSMAKERS.....15 | POLISHERS.....1 |
| DRIVERS.....4 | SALESWOMEN.....16 |
| DRUG CLERKS.....7 | SKIRT HANDS.....6 |
| ELECTRICIANS.....4 | TAILORS.....23 |
| ERAND GIRLS.....4 | TAILORSMITHS.....3 |
| EMP. AGENCIES.....3 | TAILORS.....3 |
| ERAND BOYS.....1 | TRIMMERS.....3 |
| ERRANDS.....7 | TUCKERS.....2 |
| FISHERMEN.....3 | TAILORS.....6 |
| FURNITURE MEN.....3 | TINSMITHS.....4 |
| GIRLS WANTED.....21 | UPHOLSTERERS.....3 |
| GROCERY CLERKS.....4 | VALET MEN.....2 |
| HAIR CUTTERS.....1 | VALET MEN.....2 |
| HALL BOYS.....1 | WAITRESSES.....10 |
| HANDBAGG-MAKERS.....1 | WAITERS.....11 |
| JANITRIES.....3 | WAITERS.....11 |
| JEWELLERS.....5 | WOOD CARVERS.....3 |
| JANITORS.....7 | MISCELLANEOUS.....315 |
| KITCHEN WORK.....10 | |
| LADIES WANTED.....3 | TOTAL.....1,086 |

FRENCH'S STORY CONFLICTS

Mr. French heard the news before his wife, as he walked into Haan's with an early edition of "The Evening World" and saw that the backkeeper had died the day barkeepers and cashier that he had been with French until they left the place at 10:30 o'clock last night. He said that Mr. Peck was drunk and abusive and wanted to go to Corbett's saloon, which is almost directly opposite the place where the body was found. He said that Mr. Peck was drunk and abusive and wanted to go to Corbett's saloon, which is almost directly opposite the place where the body was found.

KILLED BY A WAGON.

Five-year-old girl is crushed under the wheels of an Ice Cart.

Five-year-old Mary Weisbrot, of 33 First Avenue, was run over and instantly killed by an ice wagon at Forty-eighth street and First Avenue, to-day. The driver, William Andrews, of 31 West Twenty-first street, was arrested.