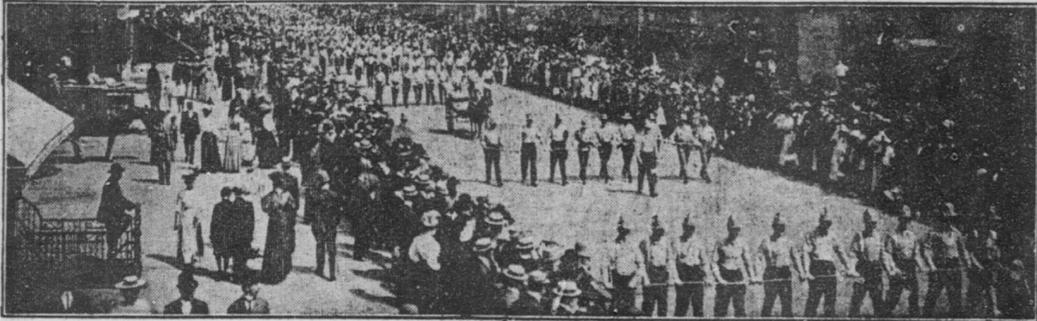


OUR NEWS SNAPSHOTS PAGE

THE PICKETS of PEACE

A Labor Day Poem
By ALOYSIUS COLL

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The olive waves her symbol from the sea to bordering sea,
The dove has dropt a plume in every hamlet of the land,
The musket leans unloaded in the fort and armory,
And silent in the parapet the muzzled cannon stand.
But the town is like a heaven with her starry fields of blue;
The strains of martial music thrill the thousands through and through,
Till not a throat is silent, and not a heart is still,
For the double-stepping feet
Of the legions in the street—
The caravan of toilers from the shop and mart and mill!
The hulks, of belted armor plunge across the warless wave;
The stallion of the charges stands unsaddled in the stall;
The veteran's hair is silver, and the turf is on the grave
Of his brother in the bivouac who went out to fight and fall.
But the shout of marching armies has arisen loud and long;
Bright are the eyes of daughters and the pride of mothers strong,
With bell and bugle swelling the clamor and the hum
For the long and steady lines
From the furnace and the mines
That double step the chorus of the trumpet and the drum.



The buttercup and daisy bloom on Cemetery Ridge;
The wheat and purple clover choke the mouth of Devil's Den;
The laurel drops her berries in the dust of Wilson Bridge
In rosaries of requiem for the souls of slaughtered men.
But the soldier of the anvil and the pulley cog and wheel,
His sword a flaming bubble from a pot of puddled steel,
Is singing in the cities, from Tampa up to Nome,
The stirring battlecry
Of the men that do and die
To save the glory of the land, the altar and the home.
The lark has built her nest upon the grass of Bunker Hill,
Whose canister is buried with the hatred of the foe;
The wilderness surrenders to the wooing whippoorwill,
And all her deadly shot and shell were relics long ago.
But the pickets of the throttle and the sentries of the mine
Are flanked on every crowded curb and falling into line—
The legions of the drill and forge, the soldiers of the soil,
That guard the smiling land
With heart and soul and hand,
The God Almighty armament of capital and toil!

STATE OR NATIONAL CONSERVATION?

The Question at the Coming Big St. Paul Congress



It is an irrepressible conflict between opposing and enduring forces," said William H. Seward in 1858, referring to the struggle between slavery and free labor. Were he alive today he might apply the phrase with justice to the contest between the proponents of the two theories of conservation to be maintained at the coming national conservation congress which will begin in St. Paul Sept. 5.

It is a question of enormous magnitude and far-reaching importance that will be discussed during the deliberations of the congress. In it are involved phases of the state rights dispute which brought turmoil in Jackson's time and almost rent the nation asunder in 1861-6. Political pessimists assert that the dispute is endless; that we shall have it as a perpetual thorn in our sides so long as our confederation of states, with its delimitations of the respective rights and duties of the state and federal governments, shall last.

Simply put, the present question is this: Shall the states control the conservation of the natural resources within their boundaries, when such resources are to be drawn from land owned by the government, or do the interests of the nation, taken as a whole, require the conservation of land and water and their products by the central government? It has been asserted that the dispute may be defined as the clash of section against section, the west against the east. But if this be so—and it is open to grave doubt—the lines are not drawn with any approach to closeness.

The matter is one of those on which men may differ honestly without laying themselves open to the charge of roguery.

The upholders of the state rights idea assert their belief that their opponents' view of conservation means locking up the nation's resources for an indefinite period of time, preserving them so well that no use can be made of them until the present generation at least has passed off the stage. The states are able to govern their own property, they say, and may be trusted to see that the wolves of selfish interest do not raven among the sheep of public property. The "federalists," on the other hand, declare that the stand of the "state righters" is that of the man who said he would do nothing for posterity since posterity had never done anything for him. The cornerstones of the "federalist" faith is the belief that conservation without the strong protecting arm of the federal government is a mockery and that turning over the nation's resources to the care of the individual states means intrusting them to the land shark and the despoiler.

It is a brilliant array of speakers that will address the congress. On the opening day President Taft will deliver the great speech. A day later his predecessor, Mr. Roosevelt, will reiterate the views on conservation already made familiar to the public in messages, speeches and articles. Colonel Roosevelt will be followed by Governor Eberhart of Minnesota, and the latter by Gifford Pinchot, the deposed chief forester. Among the other speakers will be Mr. Pinchot's successor, Henry S. Graves; Former Secretary of the Interior James R. Garfield, James J. Hill, Senators Dooliver, Nelson, Dixon of Montana and Beveridge, Governors Stubbs of Kansas and Hadley of Missouri, Secretary of Agriculture Wilson, Thomas L. Lewis, president of the United Mine Workers; Judge Ben B. Lindsey of Denver, Herbert Knox Smith of the department of commerce and labor, Director John Barrett of the bureau of American republics and Francis J. Heney of San Francisco.

It was announced recently that the Ballinger-Pinchot investigating committee will meet in St. Paul during the sessions of the congress to announce the result of the probe into the charges against the secretary of the interior. As in these charges is involved in some degree the question of conservation, it is expected that the announcement of the findings of the committee will arouse as much interest as the deliberations of the congress.

ARNOLD M'ADAMS.

MAN OF 31 NOW NEW YORK'S HEAD



At the head of the government of the great city of New York is a young man, a very young man for so exalted a position. He is John Purroy Mitchel, elevated to the mayor's chair for the time being by the pistol shot which laid low Mayor William J. Gaynor. Mitchel stepped into the mayor's place from that of the president of the board of aldermen, who holds in the city's government a position analogous to that of the vice president in the federal government.

According to the comments of the public and the press immediately after the shooting of Mayor Gaynor, the reins of power fell from his hands into other capable of holding them firmly over the multifarious branches of the city government. No doubt was cast on the ability of Mr. Mitchel to serve acceptably as mayor, despite his lack of years. He is the youngest executive New York has ever had and one of the youngest on record in the United States. He was thirty-one years old on July 18 of the present year. In justifying their optimistic view of his abilities his friends are pointing out the fact that Napoleon Bonaparte was only twenty-seven when he won his brilliant victories in Italy.

It was as a lawyer and reformer that Mitchel was known to New York before his nomination on the fusion ticket last fall for the important position of president of the board of aldermen. By his successful searchings into numerous cases of official misconduct in office and graft he had won for himself the titles of "the watchdog of the city government" and "Torquemada," the latter from the name of the celebrated Spanish inquisitor.

His thoroughness is the quality that first brought him into public notice about three years ago. At that time he occupied a minor position in the office of the corporation counsel of the city, William B. Ellison. It was the duty of the latter to see that the city was represented before the commissioners of accounts when charges were brought against John F. Ahearn, president of the borough of Manhattan. Mr. Ellison delegated the task to Mr. Mitchel, and then Mr. Ahearn, probably not liking the quiet setting of the mouth muscles with which Mr. Mitchel went about the job, raised legal objections to his appointment. Whereupon Mayor McClellan showed most admirable judgment in the choice of an investigator and appointed Mr. Mitchel the investigation himself. Later, as a result of Mr. Mitchel's handling of the probe, the connection of Mr. Ahearn with the city government was severed. The same fate befell President Bernal

of the borough of Queens, likewise accused of misconduct in office.

From investigating high city officials and bringing about their removal young Mr. Mitchel—he was only twenty-eight then—turned his pitiless searchlight on other parts of the city service. He revealed scandalous conditions in the fire department and elsewhere and helped materially in bringing about their abatement. It took a lot of hard work on his part, of course, but he has never been known to shy at hard work. And he does not flinch either when some one of the numerous men whom he has ousted or helped to oust, and their friends speak in determined tones of "getting" him. He comes of the Scotch-Irish ancestry that has always treated as an insult the suggestion that it might be afraid of anything.

Mr. Mitchel's uncle, the late Henry D. Purroy, was a great power in the Democratic politics of New York twenty years ago. Henry D. Purroy is remembered in the city as having been one of the bitterest and most determined opponents Tammany Hall ever had within the Democratic party.

In person Mr. Mitchel is tall, spare and ascetic looking. He is an indefatigable student of men and affairs. He was married last year and resides in a flat on the west side of Manhattan.

CHARLES N. LURIE.