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WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1914.

THE "HELL" OF STRIKES.

John R. Lawson, one of the most conspicuous leaders of the United Mine Workers in the Colorado coal strike, said yesterday to the congressional investigating committee in session at Denver:

"Strikes are hell. We do not believe in strikes unless they are absolutely unavoidable. They injure not only the strikers and their wives and children, not only the coal operators, but the public."

But Lawson neglected to say that strikes are not hell for the agitators. That's what they thrive on. The hell falls principally on the strikers and their families while the agitators get fat salaries, ride in Pullman cars, feed in the dining and put up at the best hotels. No hell for them, you bet.

Neither did Lawson tell the committee that agitators are paid to create strikes. If they couldn't pull off a strike now and then they soon would find themselves off the salary list. Stirring up discord among people who work is their trade. It means anything for them so long as they are successful at it. They are already in the business of manufacturing for their health and their pocketbooks. What care have whether the strikers, the employers and the public suffer if they can live in ease and luxury?

The credibility statement of the situation as in full swing. The congressional investigation is furnishing the chosen bit of evidence and material for gossip imaginable of alleged hostilities in the mines, but the publicity agents of the federation are working the most of them, giving the country at large the impression that such is the usual procedure underground in the district.

"I AND I ALONE MAC."

[illegible]

THE REASON WHY.

[illegible]

the secretary of labor the largest success possible of attainment by him in composing industrial disputes—in which the public must continue to be the largest loser—but for the degree in which he fails he himself will be most responsible. He has failed to convince the country of his openmindedness and even of his ability to state questions of fact fairly. It is a matter of detail, merely, that he has failed because he has shown a disposition to lean toward the side of labor. He would be as bad off, if not worse, if he had leaned to the side of capital.

President Wilson's failure to secure for this portfolio a man who didn't lean either way and who was large sized enough to command the confidence both of capital and labor has started the new department under a handicap that it will be a long time removing itself of.

WHAT'S CARRANZA'S ADDRESS?

A few days ago Henry Lane Wilson called Carranza a "poor, feeble, silly old man." Now Major Cassius Gillette, retired, announces that the Mexican leader is a dead one, not figuratively, but literally.

The Butte's story may not be entirely authentic, says the Free Press, but it is at least plausible enough to attract attention and it seems to account for a good many features of the rebel campaign in northern Mexico which have been rather obscure. Among other things it might explain the sudden retirement of Carranza into one of the remote parts of the country after his conferences last fall with William Bayard Hale and his apparent lack of personal interest in subsequent proceedings. It might explain the non-appearance of his forces to support of Villa, his failure to indulge in an oft-announced personal conference with that leader, his silence in face of the latter's outrages perpetrated by Villa's minions, his apparently genuine confidence in Villa's ability and inclination to support his cause under great temptation to do otherwise, and even Villa's own protestations that he is completely faithful to Carranza and has no ambitions aside from the success of that chief.

The latest message purporting to be from Carranza was sent out under date of Culiacan, near the Pacific coast and a very long way from any scene of hostilities. Indeed, for a long time Carranza has been little more than a shadow—or a name in northern Mexican affairs.

Of course all this proves nothing. News from Mexico is generally vague and almost always unreliable. Carranza may be alive and well and may have very good reasons of his own for remaining in semi-retirement, but these speculations of Major Gillette are at least interesting and they do dovetail remarkably into conditions as they are known this side the border.

Mrs. Wilson made a three thousand dollar investment in California lands, we the story runs, and the lands are now worth seven thousand dollars; and Grover Marx, Harbaugh, put money into a large block of canals a fortnight ago and the subsequent upward movement of the stock market has given him a profit of thirty-five thousand in kind. The president and King George will have their minds entirely free for affairs of state if their wives continue to make up millions to the family income.

[illegible]

Congressman Hobson reports to be[illegible] for time he takes off to look after his[illegible] in Alabama.

[illegible]

LOVE AT SEA.

We are in love's land to-day,
"Where shall we go?"
Love shall we start or
Go left or right?
There's never a wind and way
And never a May but May
We are in love's land today.
"Where shall we go?"

Our land wind is love's breath
Of summer kissed to death
And love that wing
Our helmsman is love
Our way lies where God knows
And love knows where
We are in love's land today.

Our sentinels are hanged loves;
Our masts are lilies of doves,
Our decks flower gold
Our ropes are dead maids' hair;
Our sheets are love shafts fair
And manifold
We are in love's land today.

Where shall we land you, sweet?
On fields of strange man's feet
Or fields your own
Or where the sea flowers blow,
Or where the flowers of snow
Or flowers of foam?
We are in love's land today.

Land me, she says, where love
Shows but one shaft, one dove,
One heart, one hand.
A shore like that, my dear,
Lies where no man will steer,
No maiden land.
—Algernon Charles Swinburne.

Daddy's Bedtime Story—

The Chipmunks' And Squirrels' Snow Battle.

"I've come to see you," said the squirrel.

"THE gray squirrels had built a snow fort," began daddy. "It had all the fortifications of a real fort. It was beautifully banked all the way around, and there was a low, secret tunnel through the snow by which the squirrels could enter without being seen. In the center of the fort there were plenty of fine, round snowballs in readiness for a battle which they hoped would take place any moment, and there were holes in the fort so they could see their enemy. Now, all they wanted was the enemy. And soon the chipmunks, upon seeing the snow fort of the gray squirrels, determined they would build one also, and so they set to work.

"This was just what the gray squirrels wanted, and they were delighted watching the chipmunks' snow fort being built. The gray squirrels tried to watch and see where the chipmunks would build their secret tunnel. The chipmunks were very careful not to let the gray squirrels find out. When the fort was built the gray squirrels hadn't the faintest idea where the tunnel could be.

"The gray squirrels sent their general, who was a big, fat squirrel, over to the chipmunks' fort. He carried a snowball on a stick, which meant a flag of peace until real war was declared.

"'I've come to see,' said the gray squirrel general in a loud, sharp voice, 'if you'd like to fight.'

"A fat chipmunk, who was their general, looked out of one of the holes and said, 'We'd love to fight.'

"As the gray squirrel general was about to leave the chipmunk general called after him, 'What will we fight about?'

"'Oh, we'll fight about land,' said the gray squirrel. 'If you win you'll own our fort, and if we win we'll own yours.'

"The gray squirred general returned to his fort to say that war was declared, and they were all so glad to hear the good news that they squeaked with delight.

"At 3 the battle commenced. Such a furious battle as it was! The snowballs went back and forth from one fort to the other, and such screaming and excitement you never did hear. For over an hour the battle raged, and as neither side seemed to be getting much ahead they climbed on top of their forts and threw the snowballs from there. But neither fort was strong enough to hold so many squirrels and chipmunks, and the forts fell down, and as the snowballs had melted down into nothingness the battle had to be called off.

"But they agreed to have another battle as soon as they had time to rebuild their forts, for they thought snow battles were the greatest fun in the world."

The Charges Against the Associated Press

(From the New York Evening Post.)

The Associated Press is to be congratulated upon the attacks made on it. Only a few weeks ago it was libelled by the Masses, for which the editors are to answer in court; and today it is the Sun that has carried out its oft-rumored intention of asking for a prosecution under the Sherman Anti-Trust law. It has so long been the habit of irresponsible congressmen to assail the Associated Press upon the ground that it is a News Trust, or monopoly, that, as a member of the Associated Press, the Evening Post heartily welcomes a review of its activities by the law officers of the government. We do not know of a single member of this association who would willingly violate the law of the land, or who would not be glad to be informed of anything done in contravention of the statutes. If by these attacks the integrity of its news service and its faithful observance of the law can be established in the minds of certain agitators and libellers, a great gain will have resulted, if only by reassuring the public as to a chief source of its news supply.

So far as the Sun's complaint is concerned, it does not seem to us worth the paper upon which it is written. Many of the facts and letters it prints today relate to a totally different organization—an Illinois corporation which has not been in existence since 1909. The present Associated Press, let it be said once more, is a membership corporation, comprised of certain papers banded together for mutual co-operation. It is not a profit-making concern, for it seeks and makes no profits; it has no stock upon which to pay dividends, and does not pay interest on the bonds, which are held by certain participating newspapers. It does not even sell news, but delivers its news at cost to members and subscribers. No one can buy its news over the counter; the Sun tried it, and was informed that it must seek membership. That it has not applied for such membership is a point of obvious interest in connection with its present application to the attorney-general. The Associated Press's officials are responsible to the membership of more than 800 newspapers; from them is drawn the news of the country. If, as the Masses charged, the Associated Press is merely a sewer into which are poured lies, falsifications and misrepresentations of conditions among the working people of this country, then the indictment lies against the 800 associated newspapers. As a matter of fact, it is to the interest of every one of them to keep the service accurate and fair.

As for the Sun's complaint that the Associated Press is a monopoly, the simple answer is that it has been and effective competition by the United Press, to which many Associated Press newspapers subscribe in addition to carrying the Associated Press news. There are other services to which a newspaper-owner may turn for news, such as the Sun, or Laffan, and the Hearst services. But the Sun also complains that it and others are unjustly excluded from the Associated Press. If they are, it is plainly not a complete monopoly; but should all those not members be taken in, as the Sun seems to desire, it could then be attacked as the perfect monopoly which the Sun is so anxious to prevent. As a matter of fact, news is free, and can be obtained by any one or any group of newspapers with the means to seek it. Who could monopolize the sending of news from London or Paris to New York? The thing is unthinkable so long as cable companies are public service corporations, compelled to accept any decent telegrams offered to them.

Should the courts hold that a membership corporation must admit to its ranks any one seeking entrance, there would be an end to all clubs, co-operative and mutual-benefit associations. It may be that the right of local veto which keeps some applicants out of the Associated Press has been too rigidly adhered to; but in such case there is possible an appeal to the whole membership at its annual meeting in April, and this appeal has frequently been resorted to. It is hard to see how the Sherman Anti-Trust law applies in these premises. Not only can all who so desire organize competition against the Associated Press, but if they do so they can get telegraph facilities from the companies at the same rates as the Associated Press, into the same towns and cities, through the same territory. Moreover, anybody can withdraw from the Association on six months' notice, and the public may be sure that there would be withdrawals in number if one-quarter of the allegations against the Associated Press were true. Again, any newspaper which offends against accuracy and truth by imposing falsehoods upon the Associated Press can be expelled from the Association, or suspended; the right to fine for breach of confidence in the releasing of news is kept in use. In fact, the Associated Press can live only as it is efficient and honest in its service to its members.

If there is anything of a monopoly in the Associated Press it would seem as if it could only be met by a ruling of the Supreme Court or a new law declaring that press associations whose traffic is across interstate boundaries must be regarded as common carriers. This, we believe, would remedy nothing, for it would render chaotic the newspaper business, lay every established newspaper open to blackmailing competition, and would in no wise improve the news service, but probably injure it.

WASHINGTON GLADDEN

Dr. Washington Gladden, one of the foremost leaders in the Congregational church, was born in Pottsgrove, Pa., Feb. 11, 1836. He graduated from Williams College in 1859 and was ordained a Congregational minister the following year. He held pastorates in Brooklyn, N. Y., and in North Adams and Springfield, Mass., until 1882, in which year he became pastor of the First Congregational church in Columbus, O. Two months ago Dr. Gladden resigned his pastorate in Columbus, after having held it continuously for more than thirty years. Though widely known for his ability as a preacher, Dr. Gladden is even more famous as a speaker on political, sociological and other questions of the day. Some years ago nation-wide attention was directed to him when he asked all churches to refuse contributions from the Standard Oil and liquor interests. He was the originator of the phrase "tainted money."

Congratulations to—

Pu-Yi, the deposed emperor of China, 8 years old today.

John F. Fitzgerald, ex-mayor of Boston, 51 years old today.

Rt. Rev. G. Mott Williams, Episcopal bishop of Marquette, 57 years old today.

Alexander M. Dockery, former governor of Missouri and now third assistant postmaster-general, 69 years old today.

Ray W. Collins, pitcher of the Boston American league baseball club, 27 years old today.

STORMY.

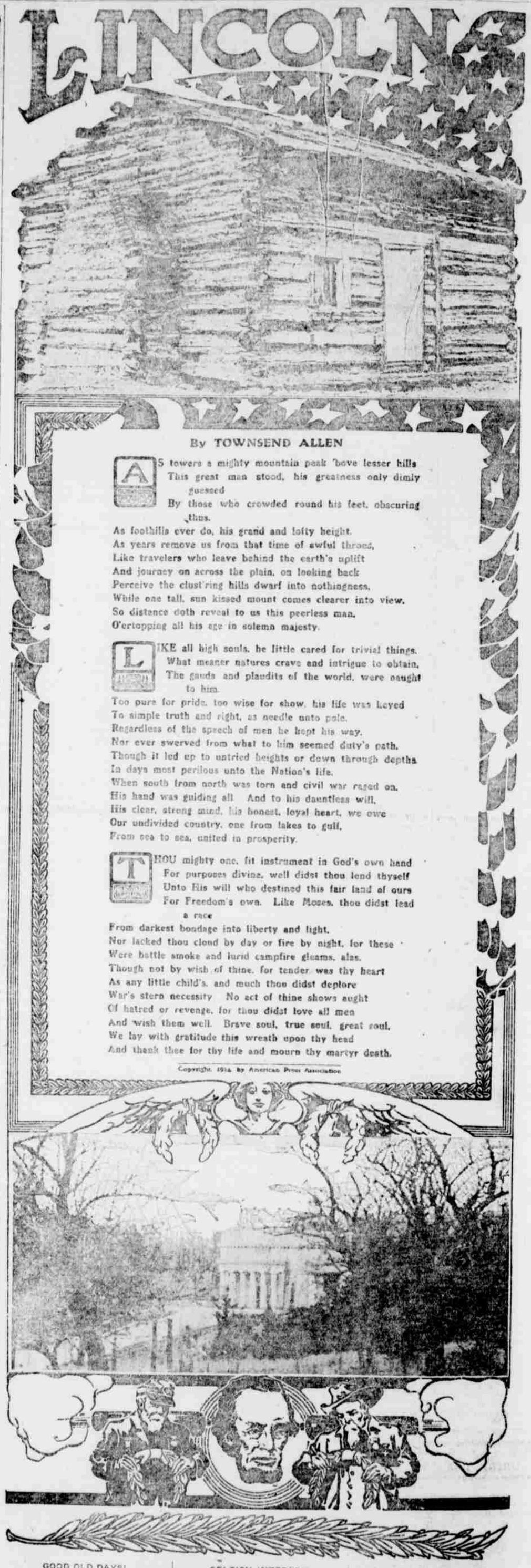
"Didn't your husband storm when you showed him your milliner's bill?" "I should say he did." "Well, what did you do?" "I showed hi mthe dressmaker's bill and then he was speechless."—Boston Transcript.

FOND OF HERS.

The two women were discussing the fashions.

"Did you say your husband was fond of those clinging gowns?"

"Yes, indeed; he leaves one to cling to me for about five years."—Cincin-



By TOWNSEND ALLEN

AS towers a mighty mountain peak 'bove lesser hills
This great man stood, his greatness only dimly guessed
By those who crowded round his feet, obscuring thus.
As foothills ever do, his grand and lofty height.
As years remove us from that time of awful throes,
Like travelers who leave behind the earth's uplift
And journey on across the plain, on looking back
Perceive the clust'ring hills dwarf into nothingness.
While one tall, sun kissed mount comes clearer into view.
So distence doth reveal to us this peerless man,
O'ertopping all his age in solemn majesty.

LIKE all high souls, he little cared for trivial things.
What meaner natures crave and intrigue to obtain,
The gauds and plaudits of the world, were naught to him.
Too pure for pride, too wise for show, his life was loyed
To simple truth and right, as needle unto pole.
Regardless of the speech of men he kept his way.
Nor ever swerved from what to him seemed duty's path.
Though it led up to untried heights or down through depths
In days most perilous unto the Nation's life.
When south from north was torn and civil war raged on.
His hand was guiding all And to his dauntless will,
His clear, strong mind, his honest, loyal heart, we owe
Our undivided country, one from lakes to gulf,
From sea to sea, united in prosperity.

THOU mighty one, fit instrument in God's own hand
For purposes divine, well didst thou lend thyself
Unto His will who destined this fair land of ours
For Freedom's own. Like Moses, thou didst lead a race
From darkest bondage into liberty and light.
Nor lacked thou cloud by day or fire by night, for these
Were battle smoke and lurid campfire gleams, alas.
Though not by wish of thine, for tender was thy heart
As any little child's, and much thou didst deplore
War's stern necessity No act of thine shows aught
Of hatred or revenge, for thou didst love all men
And wish them well. Brave soul, true soul, great soul,
We lay with gratitude this wreath upon thy head
And thank thee for thy life and mourn thy martyr death.

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GOOD OLD DAYS!

When pterodactyls everywhere
Pursued their ways extensive,
The meat was flying through the air
And very inexpensive.
—Washington Star.

SELFISH INTEREST.

"Wombat is always trying to stir up suffragette hikes."

"He is evidently deeply interested in the cause."

"I fear it is a selfish interest. He's a shoe dealer."—Kansas City Journal.

QUANDARY.

Ted—"If you can't decide between your two girls, why not pick the prettier one?"

Ned—"You see, my boy, the other one has the money."—Judge.