THE INTERMOUNTAIN CATHOLIC

ESTABLISHED 1895.

The Colorado Catholic

ESTABLISHED 1897

Consolidated Oct. 2, 1899.

Published Every Saturday by

The Intermountain Catholic Co.

249 Main Street, Telephone, 567.

$2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

REMITTANCES.

Remittances should be made by post-office or express money orders, drafts or registered letters.

CHANGING ADDRESS.

Subscribers removing from one place to another, and desiring papers changed, should always give former as well as present address.

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

The Reverend Clergy are requested to send to THE INTERMOUNTAIN CATHOLIC news contributions of interest to their respective parishes.

(Entered in the postoffice at Salt Lake City as second-class matter.)

SATURDAY - - - July 26, 1902.

OFFICIAL ENDORSEMENT.

Editor Intermountain Catholic:

My Dear Sir:—Replying to your favor asking my approval of The Intermountain Catholic since its establishment in this diocese, I will state that I consider the founding of a Catholic paper in Salt Lake not the least of the many blessings bestowed by Providence on the Church here during the past two years. Its birth occurred at an opportune time. Its zeal, in propagating Catholic truth, has had, since its inception, my hearty, though silent approval. I believe with Our Holy Father that "a good Catholic journal is a perpetual mission in a parish," and that it will serve as a question box, at all times, for anxious inquirers. In my visitations I shall hope to find The Intermountain Catholic in the homes of every Catholic family. Its mission is to espouse truth, justice and morality, and all devoted priests will find in it an able co-operator in their missionary work. It is my wish that all my priests and the laity entrusted to my charge should encourage your noble effort and that of the generous founder of The Intermountain Catholic. Yours sincerely,

L. SCANLAN,
Bishop of Salt Lake.

Salt Lake City, Oct. 2, 1899.

CARD FROM BISHOP SCANLAN.

I feel it my duty to protect Catholics and the public generally from fraud and imposition by notifying them from time to time that no person bearing the name and garb of a **priest or sister or anyone** else is authorized or permitted to solicit or collect in this diocese for any purpose whatever connected with the Catholic Church without having from me permission in writing bearing my seal and signature. Should any one be found engaged in doing this unlawful work of collecting without such a document, he or she, as the case may be, should be regarded by all as a fraud and an imposter.

L. SCANLAN,
Bishop of Salt Lake.

Nov. 20, 1898.

THE POPE'S ADMONITION.

A Catholic newspaper in a parish is a perpetual mission. Let all who truly and from their souls desire that religion and society defended by human intellect and literature should flourish, strive by their liberality to guard and protect the Catholic press, and let every one in proportion to his income support them with his money and influence, for to those who devote themselves to the Catholic press we ought by all means to bring helps of this kind, without which their industry will either have no results or uncertain and miserable ones.

POPE LEO XIII.

Looking around the world, the American soldier is the only person we see with a gun to his shoulder leveled at another fighting for liberty with only a lolo.

Having ended the Boer war by giving the burghers everything they asked, what's the matter with Kitchener coming over here and settling the war between the sheepmen and cattlemen of Wyoming? But perhaps Tracy, the outlaw, could do it quicker.

Four hundred carloads of prunes were shipped from California to Europe the other day. Now if a Hoosier moonshiner were aboard the ship that carried those prunes across the ocean, the Europeans would soon learn what a lot of fun there is in the American prune.

Oh, what is fame! Now, if the spirit of John W. Mackay and the spirit of Robert Emmet would meet, how easily we could imagine the Irish millionaire offering to exchange his palace tomb for the little grave in Ireland without a stone or inscription to tell who slept beneath! This is, indeed, fame, more enduring than the wealth of the Indies.

The interview with Archbishop Ireland which the Associated Press puts out may be taken as an accurate statement of what has already taken place and will further on be accomplished by Governor Taft and the vatican regarding the settlement of the Spanish friar question. No Catholic prelate has been closer to the administrations of Republican presidents since the civil war than John Ireland, chaplain in the United States army and archbishop of St. Paul.

Some time ago we remember reading of a girl who attended a country show, and something in the performance amused her so heartily that she laughed herself to death. It happened in Kansas, where all funny freaks of nature turn up, and nothing is surprising. Now comes a story from Iowa, giving an account of the effects of a hand-shake upon a politician. The grip his friend gave him resulted in such injury that the arm had to be amputated. Pulling a candidate's leg is not so dangerous and oftentimes is profitable to the puller.

Those who remember the Salt Lake Tribune when it was a mighty power in this western country for Americanism and the rights of the common people, cannot read its insipid paragraphs now without a feeling of lonesomeness and, perhaps, resentment. What a grand champion of the white metal was the Tribune in the halcyon days of Goodwin. How logically was the financial subject treated and made as easy of comprehension as A B C. What a staunch supporter of Bryan was this greatest paper in the intermountain basin. Now mark the change since it fell into carpet-bag management. Here is a little paragraph intended to be funny:

"Missouri Democrats declare again for 16 to 1, the desirability of abandoning it not having been sufficiently exhibited to them."

The position of the Missouri Democrats today is exactly the same as that upheld by the Utah Republicans in 1896 who joined the silver forces, persuaded principally by the unanswerable logic of the Salt Lake Tribune. In round numbers, out of 82,000 votes cast in Utah at that presidential election, 53,000 were counted for Bryan and 16 to 1.

Since that time Utah has been debauched, and no one entered more zealously into the act of debauchery than the "imported" editor of the Tribune—one of the links in the chain of carpet-baggers who made life a burden to the white men of the southern states during the years of "reconstruction."

What a lonesome, insipid paper is the Salt Lake Tribune!

The Review of Reviews points out that in the wild scramble, some years ago, for the ownership of coal lands and the control of what were formerly independent mining companies, fictitious prices were paid and immense sums of money invested upon false economic principles. The existing combination is for the purpose of making the public pay interest and dividends upon a huge volume of improper capitalization. But for this artificial situation, which—morally, if not technically—constitutes the most flagrant violation of the Sherman anti-trust law to be found in the whole country, the public could have cheap coal, the miners could have fair wages, and the railroads could charge a reasonable price for transportation. President Roosevelt, when called upon in June to try to bring about a settlement of the coal strike, showed that the law under which the Pullman strike was investigated had subsequently been repealed. But Colonel Carroll D. Wright, head of the department of labor, made certain inquiries into the facts for the president's information. The public would like to read them.

John W. Mackay.

THE NEWS of John W. Mackay's death in London last Sunday was the subject of general comment by the press of the country on Monday. As far as known, the verdict was favorable. His immense wealth created no ill-feelings or jealousies. This is universal, and the reason is obvious. He acquired it all honestly and dealt it out unsparingly to worthy causes. It never gave him the "swelled head," nor caused him to frown on honest laborers, from whose ranks he graduated with supreme honors. Their cause he always espoused, and between him and his employes there never was a hitch. His motto was to do to others as he would have others deal with him. This Christian principle won for him the esteem, love and affection of an army of wage-earners, who sang the praises of the uncrowned bonanza king. Mr. Mackay was born in Ireland, came to America when a boy, began life with limited education, depending solely on his grit and muscle, which were his only stock in trade in entering the battle of life. His history up to the time that he became part owner of Virginia's rich bonanzas is no different from that of thousands of hardy miners who brave hardships and expose themselves to numberless dangers in search of hidden treasures. He succeeded where countless miners, equally brave, failed. His great success was not in his new discoveries, but in being able to retain what he honestly found. From an humble follower of the pick and shovel he became a financier, and in that capacity he has acquired national fame comparing favorably with the highest class of European financiers who have reduced the accumulation of wealth to a science. In all his financial enterprises there were no secret machinations, no trusts, no conserted efforts to wring from the masses of the people their hard earnings. It was all on the square. All his schemes, whether mining, railroads, telegraphy or real estate investments were John Mackay's. If they succeeded, as they invariably did, the success was Meckay's, and if he lost, the loss was not borne by the public, but by John W. Mackay, who bore his reverses philosophically. In this respect his honesty and integrity present an object lesson which might be wisely imitated by finaciers whose greed and avarice are the cause of so much contention between capital and labor.

John W. Mackay survived all his partners of Comstock fame. William O'Brien died many years ago in San Rafael, Cal. James Flood, in Germany, and James Fair in California. All four were Irish, three were Catholics and one, James Fair, a Protestant. William O'Brien and James Flood, who in life were not practical Catholics, received from the church all the honors of Christian burials. The former, on his deathbed, was attended by the Most Rev. Joseph S. Allemany, then archbishop of San Francisco. The dispatches do not tell of John W. Mackay's last hours in this vale of tears, or of any spiritual consolations which he may have received. Though in the eyes of the church he was simply regarded as a nominal Catholic who ceased to practice his religion, yet it was well known that he loved the faith of his forefathers, and tenaciously clung to it. Every year the joyous feast of Christmas would remind him of the old faith, and he never failed in dispatching his greetings and felicitations to the archbishop of San Francisco on that ever-memorable feast. A few years ago Archbishop Riordan met him in New York and reminded him of the necessity of returning to his old allegiance on the approaching Christmas, which was near at hand. Touched by the gentle reminder and reproof of the distinguished prelate, Mr. Mackay said: "My heart is there and I will soon be able to attend to my duties." We hope the wish was realized, if not before his last illness, at least before the final summons came.

Flood and O'Brien, Mackay and Fair formed a quartette that will be long remembered on the Pacific slope. Mackay was the noblest Roman of them all. His contact with princes and royalty rubbed off all the rough corners of the rugged miner, and in the prince's palace or ruler's waiting room he was at ease and as much at home as when sitting on rock on the hillside of Virginia or discussing the apex, spurs and angles of a rich ledge with his fellow-miners in a log cabin. Kind, gentle and charitable, he avoided notoriety, literally followed the advice of the gospel by concealing from his right the good works which his left hand did. Once he incurred the displeasure of a politician for espousing the cause of a friend. The irate pledged himself to send Mackay out of Virginia, as he entered with his blankets on his back. The threat was repeated in Mackay's presence. Without the least disturbance he answered, with a smile, "We'll see." The politician was snowed under on election day and Mackay moved along quietly, attending to his business.

The death of his favorite chold threw a dark cloud over the last years of his life. To him he looked for the perpetuation of his name and the preservation of his immense wealth. Two years ago last Christmas he wrote to a friend in this city. It was an acknowledgment of Christmas greetings. In the letter he said: "Christmas, which brings happiness to so many, is not for me a day of joy. It recalls many sad events which I cannot forget." No doubt reference was made to his child, whose remains rested in Greenwood cemetery, New York.

On Sunday death opened for him the gate through which the beloved son passed. His soul has crossed its portals. Whilst numberless friends pay tribute to his memory and his remains are decked with garlands of flowers, the great question is are the souls of the father and child united in heaven? Has he tasted of that real happiness which Christian hope points out? To this inquiry there is no answer. This supreme happiness, which is man's last hope, and for which the Christian soul yearns, we wish to be his, and that his soul may rest in peace is our ardent prayer.

Bishop Feehan and Father Ryan.

SCATTERED throughout the country may be found a few survivors of the Army of the Cumberland who were in Nashville at the time Father Feehan, afterward Archbishop Feehan, was consecrated bishop of the Tennessee capital. The civil war was over then and the only Catholic church in the city was the cathedral. The church had been seized in 1864 by the federal army and used as a military hospital, and for some time the Catholic residents of the city had to cross the Cumberland river bridge and attend mass in a little chapel in a suburban town. However, this did not happen during the time the Catholic General Rosecrans was in command, and we believe Bishop Feehan afterward put in a claim which was awarded by congress upon recommendation of the war department.

Before Father Feehand came from St. Louis and was consecrated bishop of Nashville, there dwelt in the rectory a priest whose presence in the pulpit no Catholic could ever forget. Tall and spare, with hair brushed back and almost falling to his shoulders, eyes that flashed with the earnestness of his words and cheeks aglow with the hectic flush of consumption, the poet of the "Lost Cause" urged sinners to love of Christ in much the same language as Father Faber uses in his book, "All for Jesus." But there was a poem in those sermons which Father Faber, nor no other priest, no matter how gifted, could imitate. This man was Father Ryan, beloved by the new bishop and idolized by all the people of the south. As John Boyle O'Reilly gave his best efforts in poetry to the land of his birth, so did Father Ryan throw a halo about the sunny south and its conquered heroes that will endure so long as brave men and virtuous women live to repeat to their children "The Conquered Banner" and the "Sword of Lee." These two we regard as the most striking of Father Ryan's poems.

Bishop Feehan compassionately removed the irksome parish duties from his beloved priest and allowed the dying poet to finish his days in the work which has placed him in the foremost ranks of American poets. We believe Father Ryan died before Bishop Feehan was transferred to the archdiocese of Chicago.

Prelate and poet-priest have gone to their reward. Some say that a person on his deathbed loves to think of those things which gave him pleasure in the days of his youth an dearly manhood, and the characters of such times rise out of their graves in the same form and speak in the same way and smile with the same smile as they did in vigorous life. It is a happy transition from pain to such thoughts. As the great archbishop of Chicago lay prostrate and calmly waiting the end, his mind must rave wandered at times from the majestic Catholic diocese which began with his administration, back to the modest cathedral at Nashville, Tenn.; back to that consumptive priest whom he loved as the apple of his eye. Back of that priest with the same long hair, tall, spare figure, and marvelously intellectual face, stood an angelic choir chanting the "Magnificat." Perhaps the sick prelate could, in fancy, hear that same choir putting the words of Father Ryan's lyrics to music before the vision was shut out, and he heard for the last time "The Conquered Banner" and t"The Sword of Lee."

The writer, who was a printer's apprentice at the time, put "The Conquered Banner" in type from the original manuscript. It was first published in the Nashville Gazette, one of whose proprietors was a devout Catholic.

Yet how few Catholics at this day know aught of Father Ryan; how few volumes of his opems do we see in Catholic homes, in the northern states.

But in the south his memory is cherished by the survivors of "The Lost Cause" in the same spirit as the literary Celt treasures the poems of John Boyle O'Reilly.

Irish Emigration.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the Maynooth Union, held at Maynooth college, Ireland, was this time rendered memorable by the presence of His Eminence, Cardinal Moran, Archbishop of Sydney, Australia, who presided at its first sectional meeting on Thursday, July 3. The question under debate at this "sectional meeting" was one very interesting to the Irish people at home and abroad, and to none more so than the Cardinal historian of Ireland—one of vital importance to the future well-being of Ireland, and one which has been harassing her religious as well as her political leaders for the last decade of years—"Irish Emigration." The principal feature of the meeting was a learned paper prepared and read by Dr. McDonald, the gifted Prefect of that department of the Maynooth institution known as the Dunboyne, which on the whole was suggestive of the needs and qualifications of the emigrants rather than of the means of stemming the great evil which threatens to depopulate the country. Discussing the merits of Dr. McDonald's lecture, the editor of the Dublin Weekly Freeman writes thus:

"Dr. McDonald, in whatever speculations he may indulge, tries hard to come close to the facts and to face things as they are. His paper on 'Emigration is marked by this character. He sees clearly that unless there is a great change in Irish social conditions the cry of 'stay at home' will have no meaning to the Irish emigrant. Until things are more equalized that drain will go on; and it is idle merely to declaim against it. The diminution of emigration that we have recently witnessed is no real diminution. It is a decline merely proportionate to the decline in the population, and not even proportionate to the decline in the natural rate of increase of the Irish people in Ireland. Dr. McDonald is, so far, therefore, in recognizing the fact that for a time, at least, the tide will continue flowing; and for a time also it is proper to consider the causes of the failure and loss of so many Irish emigrants in the new countries. His appeal for correction of those defects of Irish character, those sins against industry and social progress rather than against the theological virtues, defects begotten in the slavery of the past, is to the point. But the critics of Dr. McDonald's paper, who found it lacking in suggestions for the stay of emigration, had some grounds for the criticism.

"There was a good deal in Canon McCartan's objection that the paper might have been entitled 'Instructions to Emigrants.' The lecturer was less suggestive about the care for emigration that about the improvement of the emigrant. Too little attention was paid to the latter in the past; but the other problem is even more urgent. If emigration is not to be ended by the worst of all ends, the fact that there are no more emigrants to go. It was to this side of the question that the Bishop of Raphoe, Clonfert, and Ross directed their speeches. They do not propose merely either to cry 'Stay at home,' or 'Improve yourselves and go'; they propose to give the people a real choice between life at home and life in America and Australia."

The present rate of Irish emigration is truly alarming. It might be justly styled "a national exodus" rather than an "emigration." The bravest and the best of Ireland's youths and maidens, the nucleus of her health and strength, the farmer's stalwart sons and comely daughters are yearly flocking in their thousands and tens of thousands from her ports to seek a home and a livelihood in stranger lands. We hold our breath while statistics tell us that no fewer than 40,000 of young Irish men and women sailed across the Atlantic to foreign countries during the year 1901; and yet we are assured that this is a diminution of the exodus of past years. Such a drainage is enough to threaten the national life of the most populous, extensive and prosperous nation in the world. How much more, then, does it threaten the national life of the "Emerald Isle," which from afar seems only a speck on the crest of the ocean. The wonder is that Ireland still is Irish.

While, thus amazed, we gaze at the result, we naturally inquire after the cause. Is this result brought about by fortune-dreamers, who always see "longer horns on the cows that are far away than on those at home?" No; the Irish emigrant will tell you now as he did of old:

"They say there's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there;
But I'll not forget old Ireland,
Were it fifty times as fair."

No; it is the result of enforced poverty—poverty enforced by a government which stops at no means, however cruel and barbarous, in its efforts to subject a people to a civilization inferior to, more modern but less Christian than their own—poverty enforced by a feudal system of landlordism which has sucked the life's blood in the form of "rack-rent" from the Irish farmer, until there is no alternate left him but to abandon the home of his forefathers in agonies of despair. Listen again to the Freeman's Editor, while he pictures the present conditions of farmers in Ireland, and proclaims the true cause of emigration:

"The means of staying the tire of emigration is at hand in the empty grazing lands. There are ranches in Connaught as well as in Texas. And we would add that there is work for the laborer on the dairy farms of Munster as well as on the wheat lands of Manitoba, if the farmer could afford to pay him. One of those illuminating Irish blue books, which hardly anybody ever reads, but which throw a flood of light on such questions as that dealt with by Dr. McDonald, was published ten or twelve years ago on the condition of the Irish agricultural laborer. The assistant commissioner, who described the condition of things in Munster, noted two evils existing side by side. On the one side was fertile land deteriorating, drains becoming choked, hedges overgrown, weeds and furze fighting with the buttercups for existence on the farms; on the other was the hopeless laborer, unable even to get employment at 9 shillings a week for half a year. There was no means to bring the two together. 'Agricultural depression,' it was explained, had so reduced the capital available for the cultivation of the land that the farmer, however intelligent, and however anxious to give work to the laborer, had not the means. Yet there were land courts in existence then in Munster which were supposed to preserve the wage fund of the agricultural industry; and to complete the comedy, Judge Meredith has since begun finding the payers of judicial rack-rents for the deterioration of their farms. So that something more even than the specifics, excellent though they are, of more land and more education is needed. What is the good of a farmer having land, and having the knowledge how to use it, if the means of doing so are consumed or confiscated by rack-rents? 'One class must go; which shall it be?' Parnell's alternative to the Kilkenny farmers still holds. The peasants are going because the rack-renters still remain."

Ah! well might such a condition of things excite the fears of the lovers of Ireland, and the promoters of her cause. Well might her bishops, in council assembled, bewail the loss of their exiled children as well as the miseries of the bereaved athome, protest against the wrongs inflicted on their people, and, with heads together, strive to stem the current of the rising tide. Venerable Pastors, we fear your efforts are in vain against such odds. But cease not to hope and labor, for just retribution will come some day. Teach your children as you have taught them in the past, to "seek first the kingdom of God and His justice, and these other things shall be added unto them." The day will come, and that ere long, when it shall be shown that might is not right—always. The cry of the martyr's blood, the wail of the widow and the orphan, the groan of the hunger-stricken, and the moans and sighs of the emigrans' aching hearts upon your wharfs will not ascend in vain. They will be heard in heaven. Not nations any more than individuals can always go on sinning with impunity. They must at length fill up the measure of their iniquity, and when they have done it, vengeance is sure to overtake them, and they fall, to rise no more, forever.

Tracy, the Outlaw.

THE escapades of Don Quixoto, the Marvelous adventures of Francy, the robber; the most thrilling tales in the Arabian Knights pale into insignificance when compared with Tracy's daring deeds during the past month. Surrounded by a cordon of the state militia, shot and wounded by dozens of deputy sheriffs, pursued by blood hounds, alone and single-handed he still survives. There is some magic in his daring deeds, and if the truth were known, his pursuers are mortally afraid of him. He is cool, bold and calculating, and if his marshal spirit was directed in the proper channel he would win more fame for himself and his country than a small army of our most reckless rough riders. Had he been in the Philippines when Aguinaldo was secretly plotting against the government, without donning a rebel's uniform he would enter his secret chamber, hold him and his body guard up and demand unconditional surrender.

His grit and physical endurance surpass the most lurid description given to characters in the dime novel. He is an outlaw, and his actions excite a morbid curiosity which elicits for him a certain sympathy from the depraved element who are opposed to moral restraint. Just now Tracy is a hero, and his life, when written, will contain many thrilling stories and adventures. Its effects upon the morals of many who will envy his daring deeds will not be salutary. Our government, which has already tasted the evils of anarchy, should, for its own protection and to safe-guard the morals of the rising generation, set its seal of disapproval on any work that purposes to give a sketch of the outlaw's life and numberless crimes. Herr Most was imprisoned for his sanguinary writings. Their evil effect would be less injurious on the minds of the young, than a graphic description of Tracy's life. It could do no good, it may do immense harm. Before it is even attempted, the public press should show its disapproval. "A stitch in time saves nine."

Right and Wrong of Strikes.

THE RECENT great calamity at Johnstown, Pa., involving hundreds of lives, and the still more recent explosion at the Daly-West of Park City, which extended to another great producer—the Ontario—gives us but a faint idea of the risk every man takes who works underground in either coal of auriferous mines. Three dollars a shift is the top wage paid to the man who takes his life in his hand every time he enters a shaft and steps upon the cage which carries him down, down, down, almost to the very edge of the crust which covers this ball of fire we call Earth. Yet there are men rolling in wealth who regard three dollars too much to pay for the risk of a human life. So they combine together as mine owners, and they combine together as railroad carriers of the product of these mines, and combine as capitalists to enhance the price of the product by limiting the production, thereby inflicting an injury not alone upon the consumer but upon the producer, by depriving him of the mean opportunity to risk his life for bread!

So it is that when a miners' strike is heralded by the daily press, popular sympathy goes out for the miner, especially if a railroad company is mixed up in the controversy as against the man who works underground. Now these strikes undertaken by miners are not always good strikes. We mean by good strikes such as are undertaken with careful deliberation as to the outcome as well as to the justice of the position assumed by the miners' union. Every plan to prevent a strike should be exhausted before a strike is ordered, and we believe this policy has been adhered to by the heads of these great miners' unions. It we mistake not, John Mitchell, president of the United Mine Workers of America, was present along with Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, at that memorable meeting of the Civic Federation at New York. Both labor leaders addressed the meeting on lines in harmony with addresses made by Archbishop Ireland and Senator Hanna, and we think it was Mitchell who, at the close of the meeting, stepped up to Senator Hanna and said: "Senator Hanna, I never really understood you before today. All my life I have been opposed to you."

The great strike in the anthracite coal region, which began last month and is still on, is a justifiable strike. The strike of the teamsters and freight handlers in Chicago is, at this writing, practically over, four of the great trunk roads partially conceding an advanced scale and the state arbitration board laboring with the other roads to bring about a similar condition. During the strike much loss was occasioned to the industries dealing in perishable goods and the merchants got so exasperated that they made a demand upon the governor to call out the state militia. Fortunately this appeal was unheeded and bloodshed avoided.

It was a strike illy conceived and worse managed, and from the start was disapproved by the Chicago Federation of Labor, the central body without whose aid or counsel no strike should be undertaken in the great western metropolis.

But to return to the coal strike. All attempts to end the trouble through the conciliation of the Civic Federation were unavailing, more's the pity, but the onus does not rest upon the leaders of the miners. It gradually became apparent that the strike was not so much one for increased wages or the abatement of specified grievances as for full recognition of the miners' union and the adoption in the anthracite regions of the wage-scale system. The principal operators, as represented by the heads of the coal-carrying railroads, stuck steadily to their doctrine that it is not feasible to regularize labor conditions in the hard coal regions. An easy reply, of course, is that, in spite of the different conditions prevailing in different parts of the anthracite field, the capitalists themselves have succeeded in forming a combination by which they have completely eliminated competition, with the result of regulating the total output and controlling the market price.

In refusing so persistently to deal with the miners, the operators would seem to be challenging public opinion rather boldly. For these operators are, in effect, the railroads themselves. Contrary to established principles and to the laws of most states and countries, the roads have gone beyond their legitimate functions as common carriers and have assumed monopolistic control of a necessary article of traffic and ordinary use. This relation of the railroads to the mining, shipping and marketing of coal is at the basis of the whole anthracite trouble, of general industry.

Meantime the immense strike is on, but no breaches of the peace are yet recorded. The convention recently held in Indianapolis to consider the advisability of a sympathetic strike in the bituminous mines resulted in a plan to assess all workers in bituminous mines to sustain the strikers in the anthracite region.

So John W. Mckay and Marcus Daly sleep peacefully in death in a mausoleum that cost Mackay $300,000! Only for a time, however, will the ghosts of these erstwhile fast friends in life commune together when all is dark in their palace tombs and ghosts begin to walk. The Daly family are building a mausoleum in Montana, we believe, and when it is completed, the body of the Irish sire will be taken to the state that grew prosperous as it also grew corrupt while breath remained in the body of this great political chieftain. Mackay was another great character that attracted the world's attention, but a different man from Daly.

Why should not these great men have palace tombs, especially when in life they could draw checks for any amount and watch the building of them in complacent admiration? Why not, indeed? Yet forty years ago, when John Mackay and Marcus Daly were working for wages, six foot of earth beside a placer stream in a mountain canyon would have satisfied them, if they thought that in death they could here the whirr of the machinery in Nevada's mines.

CATHOLIC OPINION

The Taft commission is to take its departure from the Vatican. It has failed in inducing the Pope to remove the friars from the Philippines. If the monks were guilty of any offense against the United States they could be removed by the civil authorities, without an appeal to the Pope. Perhaps the speculators want their lands, and this is the motive for the special desire for their removal.—The New World.

It would be well to take with all reserve certain stories about the young king of Spain and his august mother now going the rounds of the press. These would go to show that the boy king is more precocious than a lad educated at any American college or university, and had more than the average American boy's or girl's disregard for parental authority. It appears to be absolutely impossible for any cable correspondent to mention the word "Spain" without the temptation to lie about the country seizing upon him and compelling him to pose before the world as an ass or a fanatic. Those who want the truth in regard to this particular development of jaundiced chronicle would do well to read an article on the subject by Helene Vacaresco in the June number of the Review of Reviews. Here it is shown how the queen mother has endeavored to make and succeeded in making her son a good Christian and a good Spaniard, although she herself is an Austrian.—Catholic Standard and Times.

In view of the many wild and conflicting rumors daily crowding each other in the secular press concerning the doings of the Taft commission at Rome, we have only this to say: To uphold its rights the Vatican permitted Henry VIII to depart from its fold, taking with him almost the whole of England. This is a sufficient guarantee that the Holy See will make no compromise that will barter away the rights of 7,000,000 Filipinos who are a part of its faithful children.—Church Progress.

The death of Archbishop Feehan leaves the two greatest Sees in the American church widowed. Chicago, under this great metropolitan, prospered as marvelously as did New York under the late Archbishop Corrigan. The growth of each diocese was something altogether phenomenal and unrivaled, we believe, in the whole history of the Catholic church.

Archbishop Feehan was a singularly dignified and retiring prelate. Of late years his declining health had kept him well out of the public mouth. He sought retirement and was seldom seen, even on occasions when great ecclesiastical functions were in order. He had earned these few years of repose, for in his day he was in the very center of events which were calculated to break the strength and try the soul of the devoted prelate.

His student career at Maynooth was brilliant and his acquisitions were so considerable that a professorship was tendered him on his graduation. He declined the honor to cast his fortunes with the rising church of America. He associated himself with the learned Archbishop Kenrick of St. Louis, and for twelve years after his ordination taught moral theology and sacred Scripture in the seminary of that diocese.

In 1865 the successful young professor was placed over the diocese of Nashville, then sadly demoralized as a result of the Civil war, whose devastations were especially heavy in Tennessee and among the faithful under his episcopal care. The work of reconstruction was made still more arduous by the dreadful yellow fever plague which swept over that section immediately after Bishop Feehan's accession.

He faced the labors before him with the heart of a true apostle. His hard work directed by unfailing wisdom counted. His success in completing the reorganization of his distracted flock was so great as to mark him out for even graver responsibilities. In 1880 the bishop of Nashville was accordingly named the first archbishop of Chicago.

CATHOLIC

The wondrous development of that great metropolitan see under his direction is another evidence of his exceptional ability and worth. He ruled wisely and with hardly a shadow of opposition till age had proclaimed that his work was done. He was not, however, suffered to die in peace. For a gadfly penetrated his seclusion and harassed him sorely for months. The people under his episcopal care had, however, the discernment to know where real merit and justice resided, and those who foolishly opposed his wise rulings met with the condemnation and rejection which they so abundantly merited. The first archbishop of Chicago honored his ministry and deserves to rank among the most illustrious founders of the great American Church.—The Catholic Transcript.

Airship contests at St. Louis exposition, announced by committee, will be for $156,000 in prizes; $5,000 offered for aeronaut landing nearest Washington monument at national capital.

News of the World.

Chicago police satisfied that Masonic temple safety deposit boxes were really robbed, as alleged by bookmakers, and advance theory that careless use of "master" key to vaults made their position.

Officials of the Chicago Federation of Labor and other labor organizations severely criticised the expressions of John W. Gates concerning unions and walking delegates.

Superintendent Raymond Robbins of the municipal lodging houses of Chicago said in lecture that compulsory baths and medical examinations are driving vagrants from the city.

William J. Bryan, on way east to speak in Boston, said he did not know what all the issues of the next presidential campaign would be.

Baltimore swept by severe wind storm, during which thirteen persons are killed and heavy damage done to property. Many boats loaded with pleasure seekers in peril.

Colonel Stephen W. Groesbeck, formerly judge advocate in the Philippines, while on way to capital, said Major Waller and not General Smith was at fault for cruelties to natives.

In Mississippi valley, from Keokuk for a hundred miles to the south, the entire region is under water, and over $5,000,000 worth of growing grain has been destroyed.

Miners' union officials estimate that $13,000 can be provided each month for each striker in the anthracite field the strike can be prolonged indefinitely.

Subject of beautifying cities to be discussed by American Park and Outdoor Art association, which meets in Boston beginning on Aug. 5.

Joseph Quirk, aged 15, dived from a height of fifteen feet into two feet of water at Oakland Beach, N. Y., on a dare and broke his neck.

Four released convicts who tried to intimidate woman near Syracuse, N. Y., routed by her with a broom and later captured.

Flood damages reported from the various parts of the country, and heavy losses are general.

Fire in Texas state fair grounds destroyed main building and did $50,000 damage.

Democrats of North Carolina indorsed Governor C. B. Aycock for vice president.

Unwritten agreement said to exist between A. J. Balfour, the new premier of Great Britain, and Colonial Secretary Chamberlain that no appointments shall be made without the consent of Chamberlain.

United States has inserted in Panama treaty a clause providing for the lease of islands in the bay of Panama, which are to be used for defense of canal.

Secretary Tsung of Chinese legation to the United States, who has just arrived from Europe, said the new minister is a clever man, and that honors await Minister Wu in China.

Havana citizen now visiting in Washington said that annexation is the only solution of the Cuban problem, and that reciprocity will not answer the purpose.

Secretary Moody's decision giving Rear Admiral H. C. Taylor precedence over Rear Admiral R. B. Bradford has disposed of perplexing question.

Value of torpedo boats in naval warfare expected to be definitely ascertained in maneuvers on Atlantic coast within the next few weeks.

United States will not have a warship in the naval review on the occasion of the king's coronation.

Governor Taft's final instructions on Philippine friars' withdrawal show United States acted for good of church and to prevent expulsion by Filipinos and seizure of friars' lands.

Fall of the bastile in Paris celebrated by military review and placing of wreaths on Strasburg and Joan of Arc statutes; fifty persons overcome by heat.

Governor Taft's mission to Rome to secure withdrawal of Philippine friars and purchase of their lands temporarily failed; he will leave for Manila.

W. Bourke Cockran called Lawyer Lamb a "tool of a desperate gang of thieves" during hearing of latter's suit in New York. Friends interefered and prevented a fight.

Liang Chen Tung, new Chinese minister to the United States, in Paris interview declared China is grateful for American fair dealing; he will assume duties here next winter.

Scores of victims of Johnstown mine disaster buried; two more deaths; mine inspectors permit shaft reopened.

Funeral of Archbishop Feehan held in Holy Name cathedral, with twenty-six bishops and 1,000 priests attending; over 100,000 persons were in the cortege.

King Edward transferred to royal yacht and taken to Cowes after short cruise; journey by train and boat endured without fatigue; crowds watched ambulance pass.

Engagement of Bishop Henry C. Potter to Mrs. Alfred Corning Clark, New York, rich and charitable, announced. Mrs. Potter died in 1901 of heat prostration, less than a year ago.

Ancient Order of Hibernians began its annual convention at Denver, with 500 delegates attending.

Brigadier General Smith, who ordered Samar natives over 10 years old killed and country burned, retired from service by President Roosevelt as punishment, under age limit regulations.

July corn advanced from 83 to 86½, closing at 85½; trades on small scale, and talk of legal action against pool dropped; September wheat closed at 1-cent gain.

Harry Tracy, fugitive Oregon convict, now on Gold Hill trail; was seen three times. Body of Convict Merrill, whom he killed, found near Chehalis.

Tidal wave swept Lake Michigan at Chicago and breakwaters and beaches are covered, steamers shaken, and small boats thrown ashore; rise of seven feet measured, and attributed to high barometer and sudden drop.

Relic hunters, seeking to carry off portion of the White House, now in course of reconstruction, to be kept off the grounds in the future.

Collision between large Wentworth avenue and Thirty-first street trolley cars injured ten persons and blocked traffic for two hours at Chicago. Motorman of smaller car failed to stop.

New home of Charles M. Schwab on Riverton drive to be one of the architectural models of New York, and when finished will represent an expenditure of $3,000,000.

Much speculation as to terms of Archbishop Feehan's will, as his private fortune is known to be large. Church property in his name valued at $15,000,000.

Physicians' bills for attending President McKinley, for which congress appropriated $45,000, will be paid at once. Secretary Cortelyou will audit them.

British earl marshal announced king's coronation will take place between Aug. 4 and 12; procession, except to Westminster, will be abandoned; king will go to Buckingham on Tuesday.

Dr. A. B. Ryno, McPherson, Kan., married, accused of fatally shooting Miss Maud Holmes; were not acquainted, but detectives charge him with writing letters asking correspondence with her.

Boers in Transvaal and Orange colonies bitter towards burghers who surrendered before war ended; green badges worn to distinguish those who held out.

Famous bell tower of St. Mark's cathedral, Venice, 1,000 years old and 323 feet high, fell and destroyed part of doges' palace; no one killed.

Fourteen girls drowned near Isle of Shoals, off New Hampshire coast, by capsizing of yacht during squall; passengers trapped in cabin and only three escaped; Boston yacht capsizes.