

THE SUNDAY GLOBE.

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NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

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SUNDAY GLOBE TELEPHONE.

Patrons desiring to communicate with The Globe by phone can do so by calling up

The receiver is on the desk at which we write and close to our right ear. The voice of the editor, as is his pen, is at the service of the public at all hours in response to legitimate calls.

NOTICE TO WHOLESALE NEWSDEALERS.

The wholesale newsdealers who handle The Sunday Globe will, in future, settle up promptly with our collector Monday, each week, for the previous Sunday's sales.

Collections from news stands will be made on Friday of each week.

There will be no deviation from this rule.

SUNDAY GLOBE PUB. CO.

THE ADMINISTRATION AND THE STEEL STRIKE.

This year of our Lord 1901 is the fifth year of the Administration of William McKinley as President of the United States, and in this year we see what was predicted four years ago would never come to pass—the most gigantic strike in the history of the United States.

In 1896, it was said by the Republican candidate for Chief Executive, "open the mills rather than the mint; in 1900 the same candidate said, "labor now has a full dinner pail."

All intelligent persons remember the hysterical exclamations of leading Republican when the single standard act and the Dingley bill became laws.

As for the Dingley bill, the question might be asked with propriety: Why, with all the gold from the various sources of supply, is money getting closer; in other words, becoming scarcer?

Another word has been brought into play, and that must be a part of the revenue system, an addenda to the Dingley bill.

For a time a panic might be averted by the Secretary of the Treasury loaning to pet banks, but such loans would only be makeshifts.

right for labor to combine for self-protection? That question has but one answer. It is true that the plea is made by capital that labor, if in organization, has a perfect right to decline to work, but has no right to prevent men not in organizations from doing the same work.

There are to-day silent mills, idle structures where busy wheels once turned; thriving communities changed to deserted villages, and labor driven for a livelihood elsewhere.

THE TARIFF AND THE DINGLEY LAW. It is not our disposition to be continually harping on any one subject, or always to play upon a single string.

Before commenting on the fruits of Dingleyism, we want to call attention to another interviewer who has lately come to town and who gravely asserts that times are too good to talk politics, and that the talk about short crops is altogether exaggeration, and droughts are not worth noticing.

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ures. By a jumble of free trade and high protection, the cry is kept up that it is all protection.

Is it not a little curious that the revision of the lists is now demanded by Republicans? Democrats have ever been opposed to protection for protection's sake, and, following their traditions, believe in a revenue tariff and for revenue only.

THE OHIO SITUATION. For an independent newspaper, the esteemed Post appears to regard the situation in Ohio from a partisan point of view, and the partisanship is of a lurid Republican hue at that.

EVANS' NEGOTIUM. Within three months Commissioner Evans has reduced the salaries of three old soldiers.

AN INFAMOUS LAW. The Landlord and Tenant law of Washington is an outrage on a civilized community.

THE COURTS ARE NOW, OR WILL BE SOON, ON TRIAL, IN THE MATTER OF THE STEEL STRIKE AGAINST ORGANIZED LABOR.

Hon. John R. McLean has done more to keep the Ohio Democracy in fighting trim than any other Democrat in the State.

We are conscious of the lack of dignity in editorials which run the gamut of selling swill milk to the Battle of the Boyne, but, brethren, we have no time to write editorials.

their Waterloo in November next, and we invite the editor of the Post to put the stick pin of its society eddress in the prediction.

SUGAR MONOPOLY. The Sugar Trust has never paid a penny of taxes to the city of Chicago.

THE DEATH OF THE DOWAGER EMPRESS OF GERMANY WAS A GODSEND TO THE TIMES. It had run out of "eulogy," "sympathy" and "tears" for Mrs. Wetting, Empress of India and Queen of Great Britain and—no, not Ireland.

THE WASHINGTON BASEBALL AGGREGATION REMINDS US OF THE CLUB WE FINANCED IN OHIO IN THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

THE TRUSTS THAT HAVE GROWN TO SUCH SIGNIFICANT PROPORTIONS UNDER THE FOSTERING CARE OF PROTECTION WILL AT NO DISCREPANT DAY DEVELOP WINGS FOR THE REPUBLICAN PARTY THAT WILL NOT FLY TOGETHER.

SHINING EXAMPLES OF THE MERIT SYSTEM. There may be "something rotten in Denmark" but that there is method in this particular Hamlet's graft goes without saying.

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Call for Carolina Brights—they are pure and mild.

District for replies. The questions and answers are now in the archives of the Department and sleeping quietly, the landlord influence being paramount and able to choke even the blind goddess in her own temple!

There is but one way to abolish a wrong—and that is to remove the cause. A strike is a battle in the dark against wrongs which the strikers keenly feel, but are ignorant of the cause.

High wages are a stimulant to labor. The beetle has his crown of gold, The fire-fly has his flame; The bed-bug hath no crown or flame, But gets there just the same.

Had the War Department prosecuted the perpetrators of the Cuban postal frauds with half the zeal that the Navy Department has persecuted Schley, Neely and Rathbone would be now paying the penalty for their thievery in a Cuban prison.

Every male citizen over 21 years of age should settle the following questions to his own satisfaction: Are protective tariffs helpful to those who get their living by their labor? And if so in what way?

There is nothing more humiliating to our national pride than the disagreeable fact that the marvelous increase in the power of producing wealth that has marked the present century has not eradicated poverty, lightened the burden nor improved the condition of the working classes.

There is nothing that modern science has so firmly established as the fact that worry kills. Nevertheless worry embraces a lot of improbable things that never happen.

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GLOBULES.

When a Democratic mayor like Tom L. Johnson essays to enforce the law equally and compel corporations to pay their just and equitable share for support of the municipality, a Republican boss like Mark Hanna, finds a county judge, who grants an injunction forbidding the mayor to compel corporations in which Mark is interested to pay their honest taxes.

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DEATH VALLEY

Mont Lee, the Most Marvelous and Unterrified of Men

A RESIDENT OF DEATH VALLEY

Where No Human Being Can Live and Where the Thermometer Registers 140 and the Heat Dries a Man up to a Mummy, but Mont Lee says "Death Valley Can Never Conquer Me"—His Munificent Monthly Salary.

Mont Lee, most marvelous of men, has crept back from his horror-stricken haunts in Death Valley to God's country. Over the Mojave desert to the California coast he has come for the first breath of pure, cool air that has reached his lungs in 15 years.

Mont Lee is the only man whom the terrors and privations of Death Valley can not make afraid. He is the only man, among all the hundreds who have dared the deadly dangers of that desert furnace, that Fate has spared; the only one who can dwell from year to year in this hottest spot on earth, where the thermometer climbs to 140 degrees in the shade a few days the desert waves beat incessantly upon their human victim until, praying with parched lips for water, he sinks dying to the sun-baked earth, a spectacle to haunt forever the memory—a crazed and gibbering thing that is more mummy than man, the lifeless one of the desert, that demon of the desert sands, Thrift.

From Death Valley, hotbed of human suffering, grave of human despair, comes the man whom the demon of Thrift has thus far tortured in vain. But he has not come to stay. He is going back to the city of the living, where he will claim him, and the desert's demon, Thrift, will hover over him with gaunt eyes, and bony fingers stretched to clutch him in a fatal grasp. These two will renew their silent battle with each other, the one bravely defiant, the other ever on the watch. And how long the conflict will last, who shall say? Mont Lee has declared that Death Valley will never down him, and he has daily fought death for 15 dreary, desperate, lonely years.

The reason why Mont Lee dwells on desert sands under a sky from which not so much as one pitying raindrop ever falls, is simple enough. He earns a living there. The sum would not seem one to tempt—\$75 monthly and expenses—but it is sufficient to lure Mont Lee and hold him there. For 15 years Mont Lee has had charge of the Pacific Coast Box Company's claims in Death Valley. For the last five years he has lived at the mouth of Furnace Creek, 200 feet below sea level on alkali ground. He has outlived every man who has worked with him in the valley. One after another he has watched them sicken and die, or go mad with the misery that death only can relieve. His task it has been to keep the sand and alkali, and the scorching winds that sweep the desert, from destroying their wooden headstones. Grim, bold, undaunted, he has stuck to his post, with the demon lurking ever near, ready to slay. His health is not what it was when he ventured first into the valley, though he is still strong, and burly of face and figure. If the awfulness of his environment weighs upon his spirits he does not betray his emotion.

Lee has a squaw wife and several half-breed children. He bears the reputation of being a dangerous man to fool with, for he is handy with his gun and a sure shot. It is convenient to be a sure shot in the desert country. His Indian companion remains with him only a part of the year. When the burning summer sun has driven away all signs of human life save his, he stays on and on, solitary and forsaken, though he knows better than he the risk he runs, and the probability that his bones will be found bleaching upon the alkali waste.

Lee's fate is prophesied by more than one, who wonders at his recklessness. It was predicted last year by an old and experienced desert ranger named Bennett, of Ash Meadows, Nev., who lost his life within a quarter of a mile of Bennett's wells in Death Valley. Bennett was crossing to the hot springs, and the terrific heat robbed him of his reason. Jumping from the wagon he tore off his clothing and groveled in the alkali for water, although there were water barrels and shovels in his outfit. Mont Lee saw Bennett die. He scoffs at the suggestion that he will some day succumb in the same way.

"Death Valley," he repeats, "will never down me."

There is little danger of sunstroke in the valley. The air is too dry for that. No mist veils the sun's glare, and mist is unknown. The heat cracks the lips, pinches the face, and the blood starts, swells the tongue, sucks the moisture from the body—and then comes madness, and upon the heels of madness treads the specter, death.

Mont Lee has a brother, Sam, who assists him in his work. The two are helped to hunt and bury scores of bodies since they went into the valley. It is the custom of miners on the desert to establish the grave of an unfortunate wayfarer by a piece of sawn lumber at the head and foot of each nameless grave. Sand storms tear away the humble monuments and the next passerby replaces them. On Lee's way back to civilization recently he repaired the graves of the five soldiers who lost their lives in the Fremont expedition.

It is now planned to provide Death Valley with sheet-iron mileposts, with engraved directions, that will be heat and windproof, guiding to the alkali water pools. Frequently at these venim-infested pools Mont Lee has been compelled to strain his drinking water through a towel.

Yet he is going back. "Death Valley," he reiterates, "will never down me."