

## THE PUBLIC FORUM

### WHO CARES?

By Mary Moncure Parker

Oh, hunted look in the eyes of the poor,  
The fear of the wolf just beyond the door,  
The haunting dread of those gripping claws,  
Of the horrid, dripping, drooling jaws,  
And the tainted, scorching, sick'ning breath.  
This is the life that is living death.  
God! How the struggle wears!  
It tugs at the fibers of heart and brain,  
The muscles are taut with the madd'ning strain.  
Come, mother, with little one at your breast,  
You have no time for idle rest.  
Up, up, you tiny ones from the floor,  
Press with you hands against the door!  
Hark, how he growls and tears.  
Tears at the earth in frenzy wild.  
Father, lean hard for your helpless child,  
This is the daily struggle for life,  
This is the mad, uneven strife.  
Ah, hunted look in the eyes of the poor,  
The fear of the wolf just beyond the door!  
Who cares, dear God, who cares?

**FROM A SURVIVOR.**—I wish to say a little about the Eastland. I was on the boat when it turned over. I was on the top deck near the captain. About three minutes before she fell over the captain was very uneasy and he leaned over and said: "Do not let any more people on," and said to the people on the top deck to rush to the south side of the boat. I see in the Herald that Hull, the general manager, says that the tug pulled her over. That is wrong, for the boat was leaning to the north before the tug pulled and there were two lines tied to pling, and when the

line on the forepart of the boat broke then the boat went over and the captain jumped to the middle deck.—James Fowler, 5719 Love av.

**GRAFT AND GREED.**—It is with a feeling of deep and heartfelt sympathy that I venture to express a few thoughts on the great calamity that has befallen Chicago by the sinking of the Eastland.

To me the tragic fate of the victims of the fatal ship is no surprise. It is only the natural and inevitable result of the profit system. It is simply one more sacrifice to the moloch of mammon.

It has been said long ago that for a certain percentage capital would risk any crime, no matter how dastardly. The sinking of the ship at that dreadful hour on Saturday is nothing more than the gambling of life for mere gain.

The owners of the boat, its captain, engineer and a lot of other officials knew full well the condition it was in, yet they allowed it to leave the pier to its inevitable doom. No words of protest will bring back from the graves the innocent lives lost by the unscrupulous lust for gain. Nay, it will not even console the bereaved.

We may investigate and fix responsibility, but so long as profit is the end and aim of modern life the invisible powers behind the thrones will see to it that the guilty ones will escape the hands of justice.

No amount of mourning will safeguard the lives of people so long as graft and greed are the keystones of the municipal affairs of Chicago.

There are thousands of men whose business is to kill, maim and hold up innocent men and women at large through the protection of politics. So long as we tolerate such a state of affairs, why do we complain about disasters?

If we really have the weal of humanity at heart we ought to lend a helping hand to those who are fighting to kill the dragon of profit. So