

representing an organized band of land speculators. The statement makes the claim that Secretary Hitchcock learned early in March that an amendment had been slipped into the statehood bill in the senate known as the Warren amendment, and the secretary, on looking into the matter, reached the conclusion that the claims benefited by the amendment were entirely without merit, and that the whole scheme bore some resemblance to a raid upon the treasury. A detailed recital is given in the Hitchcock statement of the secretary's persistent effort to defeat the Warren amendment. He submitted a confidential brief to the conference committee bill, stating "that the alleged mineral claims of the parties were void; that the parties knew that they were void; that their invalidity was not due to any mere technical defect, but to the fact that the claims were set up in violation of express enactments of congress; and that the only reason for making the claims was that the parties had laid plans for slipping into the statehood bill a measure like the Warren amendment." Concluding, the official statement says: "When the people of Oklahoma were celebrating the passage of the statehood bill, it is probable that they did not know how near the new commonwealth came to losing some of its most valuable possessions, besides having a blot on its escutcheon from having been made the victim of unscrupulous speculators upon its first entrance into the union of states." The appearance of the statement at this time reviewing the controversy which closed when the conference committee on the statehood bill eliminated the Warren amendment has created a mild sensation here.

TOM L. JOHNSON writes to the Johnstown (Pa.) Democrat to express his appreciation of the compliment paid him by that paper in suggesting him as the logical man to head the democratic national committee and to say that the place is one he does not want and that he would not like to accept. Commenting upon Mr. Johnson's letter the Democrat says: "It was not supposed that the big single taxer is seeking the national chairmanship nor was it imagined that the duties of that position would particularly allure a man of Mr. Johnson's aggressive temperament. But it is nevertheless true that there is not another figure in the party today so admirably fitted in every way to meet the requirements of the great office now held by Thomas T. Taggart of French Lick Springs. Mr. Johnson is richly endowed with all the natural gifts of successful leadership; he is an organizer of immeasurable resources; he has the faculty of inspiring others to work while himself possessing a genius for doing things; he knows the game of politics from alpha to omega; he is not afraid of his horses; his fidelity to principle is absolutely unshakable; and no one in the country holds the confidence of the democratic democrats more unreservedly than this man who has never wavered in his faith nor lost hope of the triumph of his cause. Mr. Johnson may not want the chairmanship and he might feel reluctance in accepting it were it offered, but he is not the man to flinch from his duty and if he is called upon to lead the fight in 1908 we have no doubt that he will buckle on his armor and accept the responsibilities of the charge with the same courage and the same good humor that he has always shown in his political as in his enormously successful business undertakings."

A DRAMATIC INCIDENT took place recently on the streets of New York and the story is told by the New York World this way: "Standing beside the mangled body of his five-year-old boy, who had been crushed to death by a Brooklyn trolley car, which the mob had overturned in its frantic attempts at rescue, Thomas McCormick last night controlled his grief while he begged the furious crowd not to harm the trembling motorman. Dramatically, the father told the crowd that he, too, had been through the same tragic experience only a little time before; that he, while driving an ice-wagon, had run over and killed, without any fault of his, a little boy, and had been beset, as was the motorman now, by a mob crying for vengeance. 'I was not to blame,' cried the distracted father, 'and it may be this poor fellow is equally blameless.' Stilled by the father's words, the crowd desisted from further attempt at vengeance. The motorman, Reuben M. Rowley, of Canarsie, was then arrested and locked up. The accident occurred nearly in front of the McCormick home, in Bergen street near Underhill avenue. Little John McCormick

was playing ball in the street with his sisters, Elizabeth, Mary and Josephine. He ran in front of the trolley car. He was picked up by the fender and the motorman reached over to grab him. He fell and the lad fell off the fender under the wheels. A crowd of five hundred collected and overturned the car, smashed the windows and would have harmed the motorman but for the father. A number of women fainted at the sight. Some time ago the father ran over and killed little Benjamin Galloway of No. 928 Pacific street. He was attacked by the crowd and rescued by the police."

WHAT AN INTELLIGENT mayor can do with an arrogant monopoly is shown by the results at Cleveland, Ohio. The New York World, a paper which is not given to saying good things of real democrats, says: "Cleveland had a merger of a number of street car companies with a watered capitalization like that of the Interborough-Metropolitan. But Cleveland also had a mayor, Tom Johnson, who had been in the street railroad business and knew all about its costs, possibilities and profits. Instead of doing business with himself in his dual capacity of mayor and railroad man, Tom Johnson acted only for the people of Cleveland. He threatened that if the traction monopoly did not make better terms with the people he would have their routes paralleled with three-cent fare lines. Rather than fight the municipality the traction monopoly now offers to sell seven tickets for a quarter, to give universal transfers and to build what extensions Mayor Johnson may direct. The way to simmer down a monopoly is to threaten it with competition at a reasonable price and to bring it thus to terms. That is the opportunity New York has with its new subways. One subway with a three-cent fare would force the traction monopoly to reduce its fares or to lose all competitive business. If this new subway had branches to Queens county and Brooklyn it would compel the Brooklyn Rapid Transit and the Interborough merger to exchange free transfers or they would lose the Interborough business. It would not be necessary for the city to operate the subway any more than it was necessary to construct and operate a municipal light system. No sooner had Mayor McClellan and his administration definitely decided that the city should light itself unless the electric monopoly ceased to charge exorbitant prices than the monopoly voluntarily reduced its rates."

GEORGIA HAS AT last removed one stigma that has rested upon her ever since the re-awakening of the south and the establishment of industries long thought sacred to New England. Child labor has been the curse of the south ever since the establishment of the cotton mills in that section of the country, and Georgia has been, perhaps, the worst offender of the lot. Year after year efforts have been made to secure laws regulating child labor in the several southern states, and year after year the efforts have been in vain. But little by little the advocates of such legislation have made gains, and at last Georgia has adopted a child labor law that will, if enforced, go a great way toward eradicating the evil in that state. Under this law no child under twelve can be employed in any gainful occupation, and none that can not read and write and is under fourteen years of age can be employed at night. Georgia has done herself credit by the adoption of this law. It remains for her to do herself still greater credit by enforcing it. Those who have for years fought the industrial battles of the children of the south have reason to rejoice at the dawning of success. The national child labor committee and the trades organizations of the country have been engaged in the crusade, and they will accept this first triumph as but an indication of what they will gain by continued effort.

A SPECIAL WRITER for the London Express introduced his interview with Mr. Bryan in London as follows: "The advent of Mr. Bryan created quite a thrill of excitement in many quarters. The American embassy was on the qui vive; the representatives of the American press in London formed a miniature mass meeting in the vestibule of the Hotel Cecil, W. T. Stead and John Burns, the latter an old friend of Mr. Bryan, ran a neck-and-neck race in hansom up the court of the Cecil for an audience with the great American. Between the hours

of 7 and 11 last night upwards of a hundred people asked for admission to Mr. Bryan's presence. And not one of them was denied. Prompt and businesslike, Mr. Bryan mapped out his time, and each caller or collection of callers was granted so many seconds or minutes as the case might be. Two page boys were especially allotted to carry up and down the cards of the visitors and keep the schedule of Mr. Bryan's multitudinous appointments. It was a late hour when between engagements granted to an ex-cabinet minister and a distinguished man of letters, the representative of the Express was ushered into the presence of the prospective president of the United States. To English eye Mr. Bryan is the last man suggestive of a statesman. He is of great stature, thickly set, and extremely careless in his attire. His clean-shaven face is suggestive of Irish origin, and from the back of a somewhat bald head a cascade of silvery curls flood his coat collar. He looks half an actor and half the successful manager of a large hotel. His blend of personality suggests a type that only the United States has produced—the boss of the great show. But the moment that Mr. Bryan opened his mouth it is another tale altogether. On the question of world-wide policy or the mixing of cocktails Mr. Bryan is a master speaker. He has the diplomacy of a heaven-born minister, the persuasiveness of a woman, and a verbosity which could only have been equaled by Mr. Gladstone. Five minutes' conversation with Mr. Bryan is sufficient to convince one that he has justly earned the title of the 'silver-tongued orator.'"

EDGAR BROWN died August 7 at a hospital at Sault Ste. Marie, Mich. Newspaper dispatches say that this man, died penniless and was buried at the expense of a few old friends. This is a common occurrence, but widespread attention has been attracted to the death of Edgar Brown because, as one correspondent says: "While Brown had no estate, he left behind him the memory of his kindness in the days of his prosperity and the story of how John D. Rockefeller deprived him of the fortune he found and developed, and gained control of the property which made the United States steel corporation possible."

BROWN'S LIFE STORY is vouched for by Dr. John M. Goltra, who attended him during his last illness. According to Dr. Goltra's story, as told by the Chicago Record-Herald correspondent, Edgar Brown was born in Warren, Pa., sixty-four years ago. Associating himself with C. C. Merritt, the two tramped the great northern barrens and located what afterwards proved to be the richest iron mine in the country. Brown was discouraged by capitalists, but he persevered until finally he interested John D. Rockefeller and borrowed from him \$1,500,000 giving his mining claims as security. The Record-Herald correspondent says: "Then Brown set about bringing his mines out of the wilderness. He planned the Duluth and Iron Range railroad, now the greatest ore carrier in the world, to carry his ore to a deep water harbor. Rails were laid and soon development had gone far enough to show financiers what the property really was worth. Negotiations were begun with James J. Hill and several associates for the sale of the property, and a deal practically was closed for its transfer at a price which would have made Brown and Merritt millionaires several times over. It was here that Brown made his fatal mistake. He never suspected treachery, and told of the deal to a man who was closely associated with Rockefeller. For what followed Brown always put the blame directly on the shoulders of the oil magnate. He declared, over and over, that Rockefeller put the screws on Hill and his associates so that they could not get the ready money to complete their bargain. At any rate the deal fell through, Brown's notes to Rockefeller became due, the mortgage was foreclosed and the immensely valuable ore property fell into the hands of the Standard Oil chief for a mere fraction of its value. Millions of dollars have been taken out of the mines since that time, ore worth millions more is in sight, and no one can compute the value that full development will give the property in the future. For years fleets of steamers carrying thousands of tons at a load have been taking the ore away, yet the surface is barely scratched. The loss of the fortune almost within his grasp proved too much for Merritt. He was broken-hearted, and within five weeks was carried to his grave. Brown always maintained that it was the oil king's trickery that killed him."