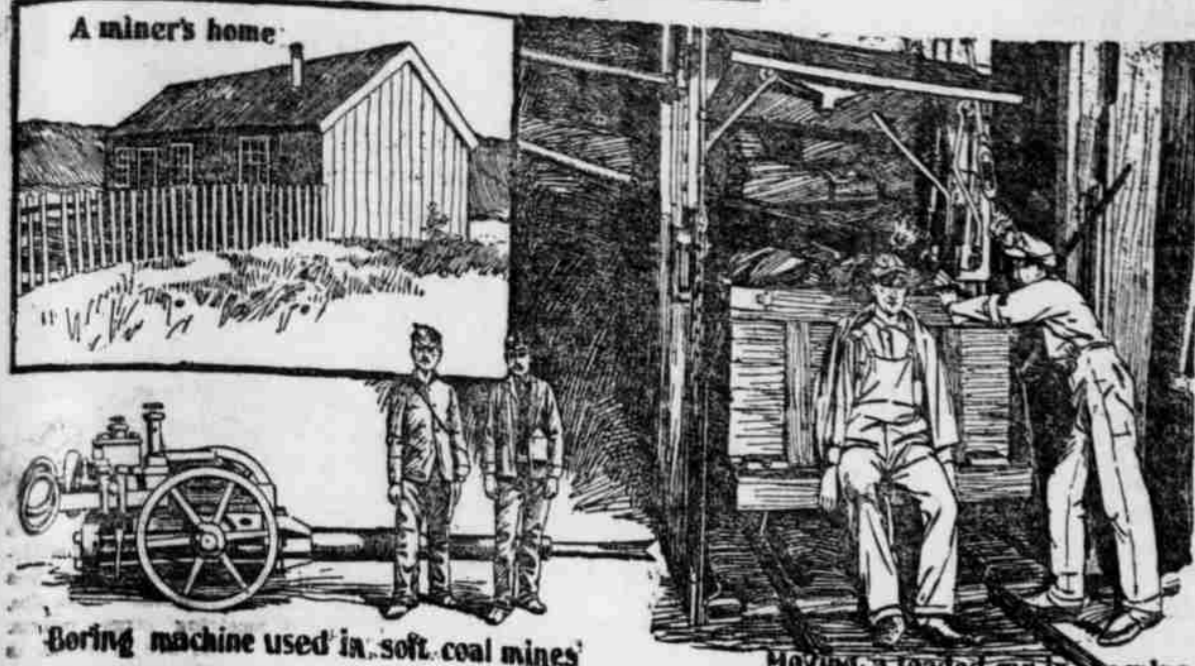


# MEN WHO MINE THE SOFT COAL



A miner's home. Boring machine used in soft coal mines. Moving a loaded car in the mine.

It has been impressed upon the people of this country during the past few months that there is vastly more in the subject of coal mining than has ever come to light in the books of statistics. Coal, as everybody knows, is divided into the "soft" and "hard," otherwise known as bituminous and anthracite. Soft coal is mined to the extent of nearly four times the anthracite.

An appeal to statistics will show that of the coal annually mined in the world, estimated at about 840,000,000 tons, the United States produces nearly 290,000,000 tons (that is the output of last year), or not far from one-third the total product. Until year before last the United States ranked second as a coal producing country, with Great Britain in the lead, but that year our country forged to the front with an excess over Johnny Bull of some 5,000,000 tons. Last year these countries produced, respectively, the United States 288,000,000 tons, Great Britain 246,000,000 tons, and from which a short time ago John Bull was himself shipping it to foreign ports.

While the estimates for 1901 have been compiled, yet the most reliable figures as a basis of comparison are those of 1900, when we produced a total of about 294,000,000 tons of coal, of which about 55,000,000 tons were anthracite and 239,000,000 tons bituminous, valued respectively and approximately at \$108,000,000 and \$220,000,000. So it seems that the figures award bituminous coal the palm not only for total production in tons, but for value. While the tonnage of anthracite now sent to market is fully 50 per cent greater than it was ten years ago, the production of bituminous coal has increased nearly fourfold, and its army of miners has kept pace with its enormous advance. Twenty years ago it was estimated that the available tonnage of bituminous coal in Pennsylvania exceeded 33,547,200,000 tons, and last year it produced in excess of 85,000,000 tons. All the coals of the Appalachian field, it is said, are bituminous, and most of the coal distributed throughout the United States in its vast fields, extending from New England to California, is of that character. The Appalachian field is roughly reckoned as lying immediately west of the eastern frontier of the Appalachian mountains, extending from New York State to Alabama, a distance of about 900 miles. But this one field is hardly a "patch" upon what is known to exist in the farther and middle west, though it is 20,000 square miles in area. Almost every State in the Union west of Massachusetts and south of the great lakes has its immense field, chiefly of bituminous and semi-bituminous coal, which furnishes labor for thousands and adds materially to its wealth.

The soft coal miners are, as a rule, more contented than the hard coal men, and this is owing not so much to any improvement in their condition as compared with the others, but somewhat to their nationality. Most of the original bituminous miners were Cornishmen, sturdy, hardworking and frugal. Of late years there has been an intrusion of half wild Poles, Hungarians and other immigrants, so that conditions are not exactly the same now as they used to be. But in the main the soft coalers are well housed, well dressed and good mannered. Many of them have neat little houses with gardens attached, and as their rents are low, their fuel to be had almost for nothing and the wear and tear of their clothing, especially of their boots and shoes, nothing to be compared with that of the hard coaler, their necessary expenses are relatively small.

It cannot be denied that on the whole social conditions are more conducive to well being in the soft coal districts than in the hard. As these districts are usually near the agricultural regions, the miners are well and cheaply supplied with food.

### NAPOLEON OF LABOR.

John Mitchell Fairly Worshipped by the Anthracite Coal Miners.

A remarkable phase of the anthracite struggle in Pennsylvania is the blind confidence which the men place in their leader, John Mitchell, writes Walter Wellman. There is not a breath of criticism upon his generalship. Usually in a big strike there are plenty of dissatisfied men who think things could have been better managed had they been at the helm, but here no word of dissatisfaction with Mitchell can be heard. Americans and foreigners alike, they simply idolize him. They are ready at all times to obey every order he issues. If he were to tell the foreigners to go jump into the Wyoming River they would do it. They make a demi-god of him. Their faith in him is completely sublime. They have no more doubt that he is going to win the battle for them than they have of their joy over being in America instead of back in Poland, Italy or Hungary.

To a good many of the newly arrived miners John Mitchell is the one great man in the United States. Possibly they have heard of Pierpont Morgan, and have a dim idea that there is such a man as Theodore Roosevelt. But ask the first Hun or Pole you meet on



PRESIDENT JOHN MITCHELL.

the street who is President of the United States and the odds are about even that he will reply: "Johnny D'Mitch." John Mitchell, President of the U. M. W. of America, is the only president a good many of them ever heard of.

President Mitchell probably occupies a higher place in the confidence of his followers and of the public at large than any other labor leader America has known. His power for good or evil is something tremendous. Yet this young man of a little more than 30, who has spent fourteen years of his life underground, pick in hand and lamp upon his cap, is not in the least changed by his elevation to such an exalted position. The only effect it has had on him is to make him keenly, almost painfully, alive to his responsibility. A man of heart and conscience, he feels the burden. His daily and hourly prayer is that he may make no blunder which will bring unnecessary hardship upon his faithful followers or deprive them of any advantage which properly belongs to them.

Mr. Mitchell not only carries a tremendous responsibility as leader of the greatest labor strike known in the history of the United States, but he struggles along under a prodigious amount of work. He has scores of callers daily. He gets an average of 150 letters every twenty-four hours, and to every one of them he dictates an answer. A world of detail connected with the management of the relief department demands his attention, and the result of this activity is that the smooth-faced, black-eyed young Napoleon of organized labor is at his task an average of about eighteen hours per day.

### The Cause of Lightning.

Where does the superabundant electric energy of a thunderstorm come from? In the annual report of the United States Weather Bureau, condensation is credited with a large share in its production. When small, feebly charged particles of mist are welded together, as it were, into raindrops, since the potential increases as the square of the mass, a high tension may easily be developed. Ten drops, each charged to one thousand volts, will thus produce one drop charged to one hundred thousand volts. As soon as drops begin to form at the beginning of a storm, the relatively small tension of the atmosphere enlarges soon becomes enormously multiplied, and disruptive lightning discharges are the result.

### Making a Cautious Statement.

"I would like to ask you if you be the plaintiff to be in the habit of making the truth?"

"Must I answer the question, Judge?"

"Yes."

"Well, I don't see how I can give you direct answer. I haven't spoken with the plaintiff for a week or more, and my habits are very quickly formed, you know."—Cleveland Plaindealer.

### World's Biggest Orchard.

The biggest orchard in the world is near Santa Barbara, in California. It covers 1,700 acres, and contains 10,000 apple trees, 3,000 walnuts, 10,000 almonds, and nearly 6,000 other fruit and nut trees.

### No Joke Either Way.

It must be horrible to be buried alive.

Well, it's no joke to be buried dead, either."—Ainslee's Magazine.

You can't convince a girl that marriage is a failure until after she tries it.

Speaking of pleasures, the man who works every day thinks it would be joy to be able to stay at home in bed when sick.

Lots of blessings in disguise go away without discovering themselves.

### SOME OF NATURE'S WONDERS

When you get bored with life in general and mourn because there is nothing new under the sun, you might take up Nature study and learn that all about you—in the air, under foot, in the water—are marvels greater than Pelee, as unexplainable as the magnetic compass.

For years Adele M. Fields, of New York, has been studying ants. Your natural history has told you that these insects live, fight, rear their young and die very much as do human beings, pushing offenders, amusing the little ones, and at least imitating a much higher type of life.

They are practically blind. Even in the sunlight the ant cannot see more than one-quarter of an inch in front of its eyes. It works in the dark as well as in daylight, and has the sense of smell so highly developed that this sense takes the place of eyes.

Put an ant under a microscope and you will see two long, flexible horns on the front of its head. The horns have twelve joints, and the last five joints on each horn have the sense of smell. By the twelfth joint the ant tells its own nest from the nests of other ants. By the eleventh nose the ant recognizes blood relatives. By the tenth joint the ant can scent its own trail and follow it as a hound follows the path of some wild animal. The eighth and ninth joints give the ant power to recognize its own children. What the remaining seven joints are for is an unsolved problem. These things were discovered by a process of amputation. The nature students cut off the various joints, robbed ants of their senses, and made the discoveries related above.

With five noses amputated the ant is an imbecile, indifferent to friend and foe, unable to find its home—stupid in the extreme—without the instinct to seek food or avoid danger. So a blind ant can work, eat, hunt, fight and carry out the marvelous scheme of its existence without eyes, unaided by the sun, not hindered by darkness.

Man, the highest type of life, cannot do as much. If you would be amused and interested, study the ant. The more you study, the smaller you will feel in the face of the mighty mysteries of nature.—Cincinnati Post.

### RECENT JUDICIAL DECISIONS.

The adoption of a law authorizing the prosecution of crimes already committed, by information, is held in State vs. Kyle (Mo.), 56 L. R. A. 115, not to be forbidden by the constitutional provision against ex post facto laws.

A statute providing for a bounty on the manufacture of beet sugar is held, in Michigan Sugar Company vs. Dick (Mich.), 56 L. R. A. 320, to be unconstitutional as a taking of the property of the taxpayers for a use which is not public.

An insolvent corporation is held, in National Wall Paper Company vs. Columbia National Bank (Neb.), 56 L. R. A. 121, to have no right to give preference to a debt due from it on which the officers and directors are bound as sureties.

A condition in a policy insuring a building against loss or damage by fire, which purports to give the insurer the option to rebuild in case of total loss, is held in Milwaukee Mechanics' Insurance Company vs. Russell (Ohio), 56 L. R. A. 159, to be repugnant to a statute providing that in case of total loss the whole amount mentioned in the policy shall be paid.

Municipal authorities are held in People ex rel. Bibb vs. Alton (Ill.), 56 L. R. A. 95, to have no right to establish different schools for white and colored children and exclude colored children from schools established for white children and send them out of their district to reach a colored school established for the colored children, though equally as good or superior to those established for white children.

The owner of a life insurance policy having agreed to pay a city for support furnished him out of its poor fund, the city is held, in McQuillan vs. Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association (Wis.), 56 L. R. A. 233, to be his creditor for the value of the support furnished within the meaning of a clause in the policy providing that, in case of its assignment to a creditor, it shall be valid only to the amount of his claim.

A provision in an insurance policy that if a policy holder, in case of forfeiture for failure to pay assessments, shall afterward pay the amount due from him, the policy "shall be holding from the date of the receipt of said amount," is held in Johnston vs. Phelps County Farmers' Mutual Insurance Company (Neb.), 56 L. R. A. 127, to prevent receipt of the amount of the delinquent assessment from operating as a waiver of forfeiture if at the time of such receipt any of the insured property remains in existence to which the revived insurance may attach.

### Suffered from Neglect.

"Lady," began the dusty wayfarer, "could you help a poor sufferer of Mont Pelee?"

"Mont Pelee?" echoed the housewife; "why, you are no resident of Martinique?"

"I know dat, mum, but I am a sufferer just de same. Half de things kind ladies had saved fer me dey sent down dere."—Philadelphia Record.

### CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.

Tankee Ingenuity Found Expedients to Prevent Decay of Stone.

The process of stone preservation now being used on the exterior of the new government printing office in Washington, the largest printing establishment in the world, is a product of Yankee ingenuity and was first employed in rescuing from decay the Egyptian obelisk in Central Park, New York City, seventeen years ago.

The obelisk, or Cleopatra's needle, as it is more popularly known, began to show evidences of crumbling decay in 1885, although it had withstood the rigors of air and element since 1350 B. C., when it was erected in the Temple of Amen at Heliopolis, Egypt. A few years before Christ was born it was removed to Alexandria, and placed in the Temple of Caesar during the reign of Augustus Caesar. In 1877 the Khedive of Egypt presented the ancient monolith to the United States, and after consuming three years in its removal to this country, it was set up in Central Park in 1881. The pedestal is nine feet, four and one-half inches square at the base, is seven feet high and weighs 49 tons. The monolith is 70 feet in height, is seven feet square at the base, five and one-half feet square at the apex and weighs 224 tons. The destructive effects of our climate had already accomplished some damage on its surface—780 pounds of loose stone being removed before measures were taken to preserve it.

A commission composed of prominent scientists examined the stone and decided that the wearing away was caused by the action of acids and alkalies in the air, resulting from the coal consumed. The commission resolved to employ the Caffal paraffine process of waterproofing the obelisk. Paraffine, which is known to resist the action of all acids and alkalies, was used as a base, and the compound after being spread over the surface, was set into the stone by means of heat.

The process did not change the natural color and texture of the stone, and checked the decay. So satisfactory was the result of the experiment that the same treatment has been since adopted by builders throughout the country.

### MARRIED A DYING MILLIONAIRE.

An operation that might prove fatal being decided upon as a last resort to cure Millionaire Bradford B. McGregor, New York, a Standard Oil magnate, he hastily married Miss Clara Schleimer, a beautiful society girl, while he lay on his sick bed. They had been

### To Make Green Tea.

One of the most notable discoveries of recent years is this, which has just rewarded the efforts of the department of agriculture. It is a process of making green tea without the use of chemicals. When the leaf is dried in the ordinary way the oxygen of the atmosphere unites with a natural ferment in the leaf and turns it black. To preserve the color of the leaf and make a green tea two deadly poisons are usually employed, says the Washington Star.

The new discovery is that by heating the leaves to a high temperature the ferment is killed, oxygenation prevented and the green color of the leaf is retained. Secretary Wilson shows some samples of beautiful green tea grown in South Carolina and made by the new process. As the problem of making green tea without the use of chemicals has puzzled scientists and tea growers for years Mr. Wilson is highly satisfied with the success of his experiments.

With the labor of the little negroes, the cheapest labor in the world, tea is a very profitable crop in South Carolina.



MRS. BRADFORD MCGREGOR.

engaged for some time. McGregor did not recover from the operation, and his fair bride found herself widowed in a few days. Before the ordeal McGregor, it is said, had made a will leaving his wife \$1,000,000, in case of his death. During his critical illness she nursed him with devoted care. McGregor was buried at Cleveland, Ohio, his former home.

### Illiteracy in Italy.

No less than 1,132,257 of Italy's town population above the age of 15 are illiterate. This means that of the whole population, ten and a quarter millions can neither read nor write.

## LAND OF MAKE-BELIEVE.

It is well to wander sometimes in the land of Make-Believe, Through its ever-smiling gardens, where the heart may cease to grieve, Where the beds are gay with roses and the paths are paved with gold, And our hopes, like soaring songsters, their mercurial wings unfold. Let us all be little children for a while and make our way Through the sweet and sunny meadow land of Make-Believe to-day.

There's a Queen within an arbor, where she rules in high renown, With a lily for a scepter and a rose wreath for a crown, And her laws are love and laughter, for they know not sorrow there— Never hate or pain or money enters in her kingdom fair. So we sing the songs the children sing and play the games they play As we wander in the golden land of Make-Believe to-day.

—St. James' Gazette.

## The Overland Eastbound

HER name was Eulalie, but everyone in Elkton called her Dottie. "Old Man" Lebrun, her father, had started Elkton. He came down as a hunter and trapper in the old days when the territory was as primeval as his own Canadian frontier, but when the wild game was pretty well hunted out and the white emigrants and the soldiers commenced to come he turned freighter, and later, when the copper camp started at Goose Creek, he blazed a stage route thither and founded the traffic that made him rich—for a frontiersman. When Mrs. Lebrun died Dottie was a chubby, big-eyed child of 4 and so the women, who were few, and the men, who had never more than a glimmer side in their make-ups in those harsh days, petted the child and made life very sweet and radiant for her. Now she was 20, with the eyes of a doe, so lustrous and wondrous; broken skin, peeling a little from her oval face from the whipping, sand-spattered winds of the plains, the form of a stately woman and the heart of a yearning child. She had been "through school," had taught in it for a term and was esteemed as the most learned inhabitant of Elkton—"next to Parson Davies and Squire Beeno," and, perhaps, Professor Swinton, who was, however, a newcomer and therefore set on probation.

Professor Swinton "stopped" at Lebrun's. He was a New-Yorker, frank, fishy, unaffected, gentle and generous. He laughed deprecatingly at the "professor" idea, for he was only a "principal" of the three-room school, and he had that admirable desire to be called by his given name that is strong in all young, ingenious natures. He coming had made quite a "difference" with Eulalie, and they had come along so well in their acquaintance that she now called him "Mister Maurice," and he said "Miss Eulalie." He had told her many wondrous things about New York and the world that lay beyond and apart from the sand-

girt silences of her home, of the splendor and folly, of the pageantry and the mockery, of the canon-like streets, the glories, the squalor, the romance and the emptiness of the life he had left to grow up, as he said, with the free West. Sometimes he told her love stories, of which she forgot to ask him, "How do you know?" and silent and eager-eyed, like the child in the nursery at night, she only listened and hoped that his legends might never come to an end.

Sometimes, when the sun had gone, they rode their ponies away into the short grass, endless plateaus, that dip and rise above the mesa walls of the little town; sometimes they galloped through the narrow trails of the remoter hills, but always she listened, smiling half sadly, half raptly, and always he told his quaint jokes, his true tales of real fairies, and his romances of the Babylons she might never see.

One day he got a fat letter from the East, and when he had read it and laughed over it, and held up the check which it brought, he ran into the hallway and called for Miss Eulalie. She had ridden into town, her father said, "to trade." Maurice went to the corral and saddled his pony. It was Saturday, his holiday. He galloped gaily down the dusty road, sniffing the hot wind and twirling his quirt like a man with good news. He met Eulalie in the main street, just mounted upon her old white pony, and waved his letter at her.

"Aunt Von Werdon is dead, Miss Eulalie," he said, stopping and looking at her merrily.

"That one that gave the tea party to the cats and kittens? But you're sorry, ain't you, Mr. Maurice?" she asked, wondering at his levity.

"Yes—and no. You see, she had only two reasons for living—cats and me. She preferred the cats, and—then she was old beyond computation—but I will say that she did better by me than I had a right to expect. See? She has left me \$500! I shall have money to burn." And his eyes looked wistfully up the heat-scoured street, with its reeking barrooms, its empty, wooden sidewalks and its dreary sameness of frame-shanty stores. "Will you wait till I cash this check, Miss Eulalie?" he added; "I'd like to ride home with you."

She rode into the shade of the town well and let her pony drink while he went to the bank. But when he came back she said: "It's train time, Mr. Maurice," (with a pouting little grimace); "you know I love to see the train ace; the Overland sidetracks here, go past. The Overland sidetracks here, I'd like to look at the people. Then you might see somebody you know."

He laughed again at her childlike curiosity, and they paced down the street toward the station. The Overland whistled as they rode into the space by the depot and down by the sidetrack where the red water-tank steam-train in the burning sunlight. He thought she looked very beautiful as they waited there, for he was accustomed to the rough, buckskin gloves she always wore, and he knew that the grace which made her homespun gown seem picturesque and appropriate, was none of the dressmaker's art. The choking

sand swept down from the red mesa and dusted her ebony hair as it fluttered abroad in the blistering wind. The little drops of perspiration that started and trickled down her brown cheeks made muddy streaks upon her handkerchief as she wiped them away.

The train, groaning and trembling as it slowed down past them, brought with it a tornado of dust and paper that hid from him the sweet mouth of the girl beside him, but when he looked up he saw that his face was near the window of a private car. Within he could see the white and silver splendor of the traveling palace. In the sconces of the walls were cut flowers and lush vines trailing between the windows. As the hiss of the engine ceased he could hear the tinkling music of a serenade that he had not heard since he left New York.

"Let's ride up to the forward window," Miss Eulalie, he said. "Somebody is playing the piano."

When they were opposite the window they could see a woman seated at the instrument, but as their shadows fell across the light she rose and came, facing them, as if to draw the shades. Eulalie saw the lily whiteness of her face, the great blue eyes, the yellow hair, the soft light hand that rested an instant on the window's sill. She must have dreamed the smile, it was so beautiful, and the voice, bell-like and tender, as the lady raised the sash, and, beaming like the morning, said:

"Oh, Maurice, Maurice, that is you, isn't it?"

Eulalie had not turned her eyes to him before Swinton was down, flushed, eager and trembling. He held out the end of his bridle to Eulalie and she took it mechanically, her lips apart, wondering as she always wondered. The angelic face had vanished from the window, and Maurice had gone into the car, but Eulalie sat there in the furnace breath of the sun and held his pony. She did not hear the locomotive.

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