

asked to see the secretary of the board in private. This was granted him. After announcing his name and stating confidentially that he was a Republican he asked if there were any vacancies on the board.

"I have a friend in the Fifteenth ward," he said, "who would like to get on the board. What can you do for him?"

Secretary Gongwer announced to his caller that there were no vacancies at present, but that he would be pleased to consider his friend's name if there should be one at any time. He then took the name and address.

"Make a place for him if you can," added the suave caller, "it will mean several votes for the Democratic party. I am a Republican myself, and so is my friend. We have several other friends and they will vote the Democratic ticket if you get this man a job."

"You had better take this name. You may need it. We won't," was the reply of the secretary as he showed his caller to the door.

"What is the matter?" exclaimed the man in astonishment.

"Nothing," said the secretary, "except that we don't want any votes, not in that way."

"You won't consider the name, then?" exclaimed the visitor.

"No."

"You will lose the votes for the party."

"All right. I told you we didn't want them."

"I'll see the board," said the man, angrily, as he turned and walked out.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer of October 7.*

CAUSES OF THE COAL STRIKE.

For The Public.

The Bishop of Central Pennsylvania is quite clear in his mind that the striking miners precipitated the crisis when no real grievances existed which could not have been peaceably adjusted.

"Precipitated" is a good word to describe what has taken place. Two perfectly clear liquors by mixing become cloudy, and a precipitate is the result. But there has been something done beforehand to induce this precipitation.

Surely there is a cause in this case. Doth the wild ass bray when he hath grass? Or loweth the ox over his fodder? For years the coal miners have been oppressed in ways difficult to endure. They have been obliged to mine from 20 to 50 per cent. above the legal weight for a ton. Their wages have been cut down, while the price of coal

has gone up. They have been obliged to pay more than the market price for powder. They have not been able to work full time, nor to get into the breakers the coal they have mined; reducing their wages by this much. In many cases they have been compelled to deal at the company's store, and pay more by from 5 to 25 per cent. than the market price for food and clothing. They paid their bills before they received their wages. They are tenants at will, and liable to be ordered away from the village at the merest whim of the superintendent, or boss of the mine. And things of this sort have been going on for years. In some cases these miners were not allowed to have any opinion of their own in politics, and in religion they could not follow their preferences.

An ancient philosopher asked, when there arose a difference of opinion between himself and a Roman emperor, on a question of ethics: Who can argue with the master of 20 legions? But the Bishop of Central Pennsylvania expects an ignorant, unlettered Hungarian to argue freely with Mr. Baer, of the Reading Coal & Iron company—the Mr. Baer to whom Almighty God in his wise providence has committed for administration the coal lands of Schuylkill county.

But although there is no objection to an understanding among gentlemen by which six or seven men have it in their power to say to the people of the United States, "You must pay our price for anthracite coal or go without it," there is very serious objection to a trade union among 150,000 coal miners, who are asking for wages to enable them to live decently. The gentlemen have a right to come to an understanding. But the miners have no right to form a union.

Is not the right of the poor to form a union for mutual help and protection a God-given right? Is the right to conduct one's own business God-given? Is the right to own the business of coal mining a God-given right? The right to form a trade union arises from the nature of trade. But these so-called God-given rights which the Bishop of Central Pennsylvania and Mr. Baer are so strenuously defending are all the creatures of special, legislative privileges. They are rights to rob men under the forms of law. And having these legal privileges in their possession, the presidents of these coal and mining companies are strong enough to disregard the wishes of the president of the United States, and the people of the country. They

pay no more regard to Mr. Roosevelt than to a small boy on the street, while they lecture him soundly on his duty as commander in chief of the army.

The Bishop of Central Pennsylvania is to be congratulated upon the good company he keeps. He uses the precise arguments of the great seven arbiters of the coal regions. If John Mitchell, who seems to be "singularly lacking in the qualities of real masterful leadership," were only a presbyter in good standing of the Diocese of Central Pennsylvania, how easy it would be to shut his mouth. Yet even in Pennsylvania most people still believe that the commonwealth is so constructed that it should be a government of laws and not of men. But the Bishop's friends are living, and working, and exercising their God-given rights in open defiance of the constitution of Pennsylvania, which forbids coal miners to be coal carriers. Yet they clamor for the protection of the law.

LECTOR.

HARD AS PHARAOH'S HEART.

In that wonderful book is an account thirty-five centuries old of the emancipation of the children of Israel, true to the history of the human race in all periods of its struggles. And one phase of it carries a truth that lies deeper than the facts.

You remember that Moses and Aaron made their remonstrance to Pharaoh after the tale of bricks was doubled and the supply of straw was withheld, to which Pharaoh gave no attention.

Then the river was turned to blood, yet Pharaoh heeded not.

When the plague of frogs came Pharaoh was moved to send for the prophets and entreat them to release the land from the curse. But when he saw there was respite Pharaoh hardened his heart.

Plague of lice followed, but Pharaoh's heart was hardened. Plague of flies made the nation miserable; Pharaoh again hardened his heart. Plague of murrain added disaster to discomfort. Pharaoh's heart was hardened.

Here comes the remarkable feature of the narrative. When the plague of boils was visited upon them, "the Lord hardened the heart of Pharaoh." Then the scourge of hail, devastating the land, and again he hardened his heart.

But when the locusts ate up every green thing that was left by the hail, and when darkness over the land af-