

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-

flicted them with nameless terror, "the Lord hardened Pharaoh's heart."

With clang of doom the verse recurs, "the Lord hardened Pharaoh's heart," "the Lord hardened Pharaoh's heart."

In the beginning he was free to let the Israelites go. As the fearful experiment proceeded, he became powerless to recede from his obstinacy. And in the final chapters of the exodus he ceased to have will power of his own. Events had encrusted his obstinacy, had ossified his will. The Lord hardened Pharaoh's heart."

In his terror he would have given anything to be rid of the curse; his agony impelled him to make any concession to escape the doom. Appeals from every side urged him to let them go, but he could not. God's logic bound him to the bitter struggle. He was helpless to avoid the catastrophe, as he was to flee when the wall of water in the Red sea swept down to engulf him and his chariots and his horses. His heart was hardened, and at the last, The Lord hardened Pharaoh's heart.

Do you suppose Pharaoh was egregiously wicked, eminently cruel? He was probably no worse than the average potentate of his day, no prouder than the typical tyrant of every generation.

He was no more stupid than George III., whose fatuous stubbornness cost England the colonies and gave America its excuse for being. He was no worse blinded than the slave holders whose folly brought on the civil war and ended in emancipation of the blacks.

He was of the same mold as the Spaniard who could not let Cuba go its gait to work out its own salvation or fail in the supreme hazard. He was no worse; he was probably equally with these conscientious.

It is easy enough to sit here and make faces at Pharaoh. But he was made of ordinary human nature. Any other gentleman who succeeded to the despotic powers of fourteen generations of ancestors would also be a despot. That's in human nature. Pharaoh was undoubtedly a gentleman according to the standards of his time, a pious gentleman, no doubt, as pious as Baer.

Speaking of Baer, whose name has recently been uncommonly rich in execration, Baer is no worse than any tyrant. He has wielded despotic power. It has made him a despot. He has hardened his pious heart. And as events roll on his heart is hardened.

Shall we read the last clanging verse into it? That would be presumption. For the record is not complete and he may have saving graces that Pharaoh missed. There may be some lurking sense of humor in him to prevent the summit of folly.

So far as the record goes, at least, he is true to tradition, reflects the character which the bible unerringly portrays.

Read the chapter in Exodus and compare it with Baer's haughty insolence before the coal conference. Is it not Pharaoh word for word, Pharaoh's lineaments carved in the modern lord of the taskfolk, Pharaoh's traits graven in the twentieth century rebel against doom? Does it not stir in one something of the same indignation that rises over the record of that obstinacy thirty-five centuries ago?

It seems so silly, Baer's headstrong insistence on going to his ruin. He would rather lose everything than yield an inch. He can't help it. He is in the same fix that Pharaoh was.

It is wonderful how truly the great drama depicts the characters that move in it. Not a feature is missing. We marvel at Pharaoh's contumely. Yet here in contemporaneous records, we pick up the newspaper and follow the identical performance in its republican setting.

From pride, vainglory and hypocrisy—do you know why those three words are so linked in the liturgy—good Lord deliver us.—John Stone Pardee, in Red Wing (Minn.) Argus of October 9.

TOM JOHNSON TO THE FRONT.

An editorial, with the above title, which appeared in the New York Nation of September 11.

The Ohio Democratic state convention at Sandusky on September 3 must challenge the attention of politicians throughout the country. It revealed Tom L. Johnson as the absolute dictator of the Democratic organization this year, and apparently assured his nomination for governor by the party next year. Moreover, it has given him a position of such importance that his views regarding the proper policy for the Democratic party to pursue with reference to the campaign of 1904 will carry great weight.

Mr. Johnson's victory marked the application to the whole state of the power which he has wielded over the Democrats of Cleveland during the past 18 months. A year ago last April he ran for mayor of the city, and was elected by a great majority. In the following November he secured the

election to the legislature from Cleveland of several members who accepted all that he stood for. During the past few months he has been steadily extending his influence throughout the state, until at last he was strong enough to invade Hamilton county (Cincinnati), so long controlled by John R. McLean, and to beat that boss in his home. After that, all was plain sailing. Mr. Johnson controlled the whole organization of the convention, became its presiding officer and saw the platform which he had written accepted without the change of a word.

The man who has thus come to the front in Ohio Democracy is one of the most interesting and picturesque figures developed in our politics for a number of years. A poor boy, he made himself very rich by availing himself of all the advantages allowed by our laws, and then denounced the very laws by which he had so greatly profited. Thus, he enjoyed the undue protection granted the manufacturers of steel, and declared his conviction that free trade is the best policy for this nation. He dealt in street railroads charging five-cent fares, making vast sums by some of these operations, as in Brooklyn a few years ago, and then came out as a champion of three-cent fares. He improved every opportunity offered to such a man by our present system of taxation, and at the same time was the earnest supporter of Henry George and a vigorous advocate of the single tax. In short, he comes about as near as possible to standing on the platform that the methods which enabled him to acquire great wealth are wrong and ought to be abolished. He appears to have a wonderful hold upon laboring men, especially those who come within the range of his personal influence. The ordinary Democratic politicians who have aspired to the nomination for governor next year, and who went to Toledo to push their "claims," found themselves utterly neglected.

Mr. Johnson stands for radical principles regarding corporations. He would have all taxable property appraised by assessing boards at not less than its selling value. He would have the proceedings and deliberations of those boards open to the public, and a representative employed to present the interests of the public in all hearings. He would specifically provide that the property of steam railroads and other "public-service" corporations be assessed "at not less than their salable value as going concerns." He would require all "public-service" corporations to make sworn public re-