

**Pennsylvania Privates Astonished.**

Governor Pennypacker of Pennsylvania, who in the service of the Quay machine signed the bill designed to muzzle the press of his state, has discovered that the thing is not to be done. The press defies him, and treats him as the tool and fool he has proved himself to be. The new law is badly broken, openly and rejoicingly, Pennypacker himself being made the special object of the law-breakers' contempt and laughter.

What is he going to do about it? Has he the courage to bring suits under the preposterous statute which, while signing, he defended in a paper that demonstrated equally the emptiness of his head and the soreness of his temper? Or will he order out the militia to suppress the newspapers that most insolently mock him? He intimated that such might be his course on provocation, and certainly no donkey in office was ever more cruelly switched than he.

The confederated scoundrels who rule Pennsylvania possess enormous power. That is because the incorporated predatory wealth of the commonwealth is behind them, for personally they are greatly inferior in brains to looting politicians elsewhere. In most other states Pennsylvania's foremost buccaneers would be in the fore-castle. That a person of Pennypacker's calibre should rank as an intellectual giant in the estimation of the leaders of the machine sufficiently indicates their own mental grade. They actually had a childlike faith that by legislation it was practicable to choke off the press' criticism of their ballot box stuffing and boodling. The amazing Pennypacker, with his village mind, evidently shared this simple faith to the full. Therefore all hands on board Quay's private brig,

from the captain down, are astounded and dismayed at the temerity of the newspapers in firing rebellious broadsides instead of lowering their flags on the run in submissive terror as was expected.

Pennypacker, standing for the intellect and morals of Quay's machine, has placed Pennsylvania on exhibition before the astonished American people. The result is mortifying to Pennsylvania, but the experience will do her good. In mere shame the machine, as dull as it is corrupt, ought to be smashed.—San Francisco Examiner.

**The Stone Pipe.**

The little village of Mogadore, in Ohio, supplies five-sixths of the United States' smokers with what is known as the stone pipe. The industry began 25 years ago, on a small scale, and has increased until it is the largest plant of its kind in America, and gives employment to 50 men, women, boys and girls. The adjoining hills furnish an abundance of a peculiar kind of clay used in the manufacture of the pipe. It is ground in a clay mill until perfectly smooth and then submitted to a piece of machinery which shapes the taffy-colored earth in long, sausage-like rolls, which are cut in two-inch-length bars, or wads, and given to the men called "punchers," who, by placing them in a machine, form the shape of the pipe. The dexterity of the workmen in all the departments is wonderful. It is not an unusual thing for a boy to make 16,000 pipes in one day.

The mining, grinding, running wads and punching is done by male help, but when the pipes leave the puncher's table there are bits of ragged clay clinging to them, which are trimmed off by girls, who are styled

"finishers." The only tools required for their trade are a knife and a grain bag. The latter is fastened across the lap, and after the pipe is trimmed with the knife it is rubbed on the bag until it is smooth. One finisher can smooth as rapidly as a puncher can make them. When the pipes are partially dry they are placed in a sagger, which resembles a straight butter pot with numerous holes punched in it, and then burned in a kiln about 48 hours. Shortly before the fires are allowed to go out salt is thrown in the fire to give the pipe its gloss. Kiln burning is a trade of itself, and requires considerable experience to temper the heat to the proper degree. It is the all-important part of the work, as it is in the kiln that the pipe receives its color, gloss, smoothness and hardness.

The stems are a cane shipped from the southern states, and come in bundles five feet long. The joints are sawed out on circular saws and the length made by little boys, who run great risk of losing fingers. The next machine is also managed by boys, who sharpen the end of the stem.

They are then subjected to an immense wooden cylinder, resembling a land roller, and rolled and whirled constantly, which gives the stem a very respectable polish.

Passing to the next room they are treated to the bending process. Long, regular rows of stems are placed on a grooved block of wood, and on the top of the hollowed part is a hollow iron tube reaching across a row two yards long. A red-hot iron bar is inserted in the hollow, and in a very few minutes the heat will bend the cane the shape of the groove. This ripe and stem.—Commercial Advertiser.

**Baer Explains His Fiscal System.**

President Baer frankly tells the interstate commerce commission that he is more concerned with the profits of the Reading companies than he is with the welfare of the United States. This is only natural from a man who has exhibited such consistent contempt for the rights of a public which is helplessly at the mercy of the anthracite monopoly, but when he attempts to justify his position he fails miserably and is neatly trapped by Commissioner Prouty. Mr. Baer informs the commission that the price of coal is to be advanced ten cents a ton until an increase of fifty cents is added to the price fixed by the coal companies immediately following the termination of the strike. But when the commission suggests a lowering of the freight rates, so that the companies may secure what they deem a fair price for their product and at the same time not compel the public to bear the whole burden, the freight rates being notoriously exorbitant, Mr. Baer utters loud protest. He declares that to reduce the present freight schedules would wipe out all of the profits of his railroad. Mr. Prouty follows up this statement with a question that compels Mr. Baer to admit that all of the stock of the two Reading coal companies is owned by the Reading Railroad company. The profits of the three companies therefore go to the same stockholders.

It is easily seen that by this triple division of the business, the owners of which are one and the same, the operation of either company may be made to appear on its books at a loss, while the net profits of the three companies combined are large. Thus the price paid the mining division of the Reading company for its output may be cut to a point where the cost of production is at a slight loss, and simultaneously the carrying charges of the railroad will be advanced so as to net any profit that is desired. Conversely the same is true, so that the

whole matter of mining anthracite in Pennsylvania is a case of juggling between the operators and railroads whose identity is the same.

Mr. Baer pleads the heavy losses sustained by the Reading company during the strike as justification for the increase of the price of coal and on the losses of that strike he figures the present and past profits of the coal business. In other words, until the millions sunk in the big fight with the miners are recouped the Reading properties, according to Baer, will be operated at a loss, and the consuming public is to be compelled to make good the expense of opposing the strike. Mr. Baer has no qualms of conscience in forcing the public to balance his profit and loss account, but what about the miners who lost thousands and millions of dollars in wages in conducting their strike? If Mr. Baer were willing to advance wages to a point which would enable the miners to make good their losses the public might be willing to settle the entire bill.—Saginaw Evening News.

**Wherein Safety Lies.**

If courts are controlled for political purposes there is no safety for anybody. A decision against the meanest citizen, without warrant of law, is a stab at the security of every citizen.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

Bellefonte (Pa.) Watchman: After changing the tariff forty-eight times in forty-two years the republicans can hardly claim to have practice back of their already begun campaign preaching against "tariff tinkering." Forty-eight times in forty-two years is pretty high, so it is little wonder they arrogate to themselves superior knowledge as tinkers.

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