

"He is the frind av the widdy and orphan, is Rockyfelly. Luk at the coal barons—they have permitted their stheek to git into the hands av widdies and arphans, well knowing that the storkers wud raise the divil and ray-juice the meager rayturns to the innycint holder. Not so wid the Sthandard lle company. The widdy has none av its ile in her cruse—barrin' a half-gallon canful thot she paid tin cints fer; but she has Misther Rockyfelly's sympathy—an' phwat more cud she ax?"

"A loaf av bread moight answer, fer a change, Mr. Mulligan."

"A loaf av bread, is it, Donovan? Shure, a loaf av bread is gone in no time, but Misther Rockyfelly's sympathy is iverlashting! Ye can buy bread wid money, but ye can't buy sympathy—it's priceless!"

"It do tooch me heart, Donovan, whin Oi do be contimplatin' the Jinnyroshty av Misther Rockyfelly. Wud ye lind me tin cints, Donovan? Oi'm dhry, and Oi hoven't the price av a whisky wid me."

"Oi will not. But Oi'll do better nor thot, Misther Mulligan."

"Phat'll ye do, Donovan?"

"Oi'll give ye my sympathy."

HORACE CLIFTON.

CONUNDRUMS.

For The Public.

Now that that fearfully absorbing and intensely interesting mathematical puzzle, "How Old Is Ann?" has been editorially, and, therefore, definitely decided by the editors of the funny picture newspapers, perhaps some of your serious-minded readers may think it worth while to scratch their heads over at least a few of the following conundrums, which, if not so popular, are, at least, as important to humanity, and especially to the city dweller: To wit:

Why is it that rents are the first thing to go up, and the last thing to come down?

Why is it that wages are the first thing to come down, and the last thing to go up?

Why is it that when ice is cheap, coal is dear; and vice versa?

Besides wages, mention something that has been reduced by the trusts.

Name one thing (except the ocean and the atmosphere) that is not, at present, owned and controlled by these Christian men to whom God in His infinite wisdom has given control of these United States.

When Jesus said: "The poor ye have with ye always," did he mean: "The poor ye will always have with ye?"

Why are the building trades' mechanics so anxious to strike in the summer, when wages are high, while in the win-

ter they would cheerfully shovel snow from their bosses' stoops to keep themselves and their families from starvation?

Why do the trades' unions limit the number of American apprentices (their own children) who are anxious to learn a trade, while they cheerfully admit any foreigner into their local assemblies who is willing to put up the initiation fee?

Why does Theodore Roosevelt insist on digging that canal by hook or by crook (especially 'crook), to facilitate the exchange of foreign commodities, while both he and his party foster a prohibitive tariff to exclude them?

Why is it that the industrious builder and farmer who improves his property, gives employment to labor and benefits humanity, is taxed more than the fellow who is just holding his equally desirable location, for a rise? Why? Why?

Why is it that articles manufactured in this country are sold cheaper in Europe than they are here?

Why is it that the men who do useful things for their fellow-men get so little, while the fellows who do nothing get so much, of the good things of this earth?

If, as the socialists proclaim, "the capitalists and machine owners are the despoilers of labor," why is it that according to Bradstreet, who ought to know, 95 per cent. of the business men and manufacturers (machine owners) bust up?

Why don't the people join one of Andrew Carnegie's 57 varieties, and read the works of Henry George, John Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer, and, for desert, tackle the bonny Scotchman's "Triumphant Democracy," and find out why it is that despite the wonderful improvements in machinery, the producers get a bare living?

DAN CAVANAGH.

New York City.

SAFEGUARDING THE PRESIDENT'S LIFE.

The Boston Herald's report of a sermon on the above subject, preached on Sunday morning, November 22, before the First Congregational society (Unitarian), Jamaica Plain, Mass., by the minister of the society, the Rev. Charles F. Doie.

Mr. Doie's address was, in part, as follows:

"It is a strange sight to witness the people of a democracy rushing with a sort of blind panic to undermine the principles upon which their own government rests. The anti-Anarchist laws which Congress passed after the death of Mr. McKinley illustrate what we mean. Make whatever laws are needful against actual crime, but recollect that free speech and free thought

and the independent character of the citizen are the very life blood of the republic. Shall we who assert religious freedom begin to prosecute or exile men for their political heresies? Would we really be unwilling to let Tolstoy come here to live?

"The proposal to make special legislation in favor of the life of the President seems another instance of what one is tempted to call the mob spirit, that acts, or votes, in passion or fear. The idea is to lift the person of the President into a special class above others. The idea is to have immediate vengeance on the murderer of a President. We must have lese majeste proceedings here in America! Will they pass a law next that every one must take off his hat as a president passes in the street?

"Every one ought to know that nothing is so futile as such special legislation. Life insurance for rulers is highest in Russia and Turkey, where cordons of soldiers guard the sovereign's person, and lowest of all in England, where political refugees of all shades of opinion have the right of asylum. The world has tried the experiment of a speedy death penalty for centuries, only to discover that the louder the threat of vengeance the more crime is produced. As for the criminal insanity which has proved so fatal to American Presidents, we can trace it to that same hysteria and sensationalism which demands to read all the sickening details of crime and tragedy, and delights to see the pictures of insane criminals in the morning newspaper. It is also a part of the exaggerated publicity of football games!

"It is not my wish, however, to treat our subject in a negative spirit, but to point out one democratic and hopeful way of protecting our Presidents and other precious lives. It is the opposite way from that which men are now considering. It is, in brief, to pass laws, and keep laws, for the safeguarding of all the humblest people in the land, and even of 'the stranger within our gates.'

"The President's person is as safe as the average citizen's, and he cannot by any device be rendered more secure than this. He must share in the risks of that stage of imperfect civilization in which all live together. If there is lynching committed in America, if unoffending Chinamen can be assaulted without process of law in the streets of Boston, without even an apology from the offending Massachusetts and federal officers, it is evident that the President's life is not, and cannot yet be, safe from violence. Let us believe that he would