

"He is the frind av the widdy and orphan, is Rockyfelly. Luk at the coal barons—they have permitted their stheck to git into the hands av widdies and arphans, well knowing that the strokers wud raise the divil and rayjuice the meager rayturns to the inny-cint 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 toime, 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 jinnyrosity 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 dessert, 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

not wish his life to be more secure than that of the man on the street."

The speaker went on to show that the same principle applies everywhere. The few have tried again and again to secure special protection for their property. The experience of the world is that no rich man can ever safeguard his property when the humble have no property to be safeguarded, or have no stake of their own in any common property interests.

"Riches, held only by the few, 'take to themselves wings.' The eternal laws command, in some form, what we in Massachusetts love to call a 'commonwealth.' Shall those who possess property, then, seek to hold it with a closer grip? The very reverse! They shall contrive that the fortunes and the interests of the many may be lifted to larger and larger opportunities. What else is at work in economic society to-day, but the inevitable and beneficent pressure of this law?

"The very essence of your 'gospel' or religion is here. Life is certainly not in trying to get all that one can, or to fence one's self about with special precautions and safeguards. Even the bodily health is much enfeebled with this fatal regime. Much more does the moral health of man depend upon his complete obedience to the vital law of the universe."

MR. BAKER AND THE NAVY FETISH.

Robert Baker, newly elected congressman from Brooklyn, has been jumped upon by all classes of newspapers because he refused to name a candidate for the naval school, at Annapolis, asserting as his reason that there is no excuse for training men in the art of murder. Mr. Baker is no soft-hearted, effeminate sentimentalist, nor is he a man of defective logical powers, as these journals would have us believe. I have known him for years, and I know him to be a man of peculiarly keen observation and intellect. And the fact is that he told the simple truth. There is no excuse whatever for teaching our promising young men the best way of slaughtering their fellowmen. The idea that somebody might "attack" us, is the product of an unbalanced brain. There is a well-known disease (I think they call it paranoia) which ends in softening of the brain, and death, and which presents as its first symptom the belief that people are conspiring against the victim. A man of this kind came into my office some months ago, thinking that I was practicing law, and after

carefully shutting the door, and looking round suspiciously to make sure that there was no spy present, he explained to me in whispers that he was pursued by conspirators, and appealed to me for protection against them. I saw at once what the matter was, and I told him frankly that I believed that he was suffering from hallucination, and this belief of his was a common symptom of mental derangement. He smiled at me in a patronizing way (precisely as our patriots do when I tell them the same thing), and assured me that he was well acquainted with the delusions to which I referred, but that his case was quite different. Seeing that I could make no impression upon him, and having no desire to add him to the list of my regular callers, I advised him to move to some other city, leaving no trace of his whereabouts behind, and especially not to let me know where he was going, and I have not heard from him since. An acquaintance of his told me afterwards that he was hopelessly insane. Now, our statesmen are suffering from this form of paranoia, but, unfortunately, it is not so easy to get rid of them. Nobody in the world is going to attack us. They may cite the fact that men usually have revolvers in their houses as a protection against burglars, and that nations should take similar precautions. It would be easy to prove from the newspapers that the household revolver kills ten innocent people for every burglar; but let that go. The cases are absolutely dissimilar. We arm ourselves against burglars, but we do not arm ourselves against Mr. Smith and Mr. Brown, who live next door, and dine at our tables, and sit opposite us at church. Now, there are no burglar nations, but we actually arm ourselves as a nation against our friends and equals. Imagine a man setting up a battery along his neighbor's fence and practicing to find the range of his house, and yet pretending to be on good terms with him! The thing is, of course, ludicrous in the extreme, and only explicable on the hypothesis of incipient insanity. Mr. Root has been paying visits abroad, and he has been a guest at the country homes of English statesmen. He might have gone in the same way to the homes of the rulers of France and Germany. How he would have resented the imputation that Mr. Balfour or President Loubet or the German chancellor might be lying in ambush for him, and preparing to kidnap him or assassinate him! And yet, when it is suggested that these same

people as statesmen intend to "attack" us as a nation, at once we begin to pile up \$5,000,000 battleships and beat the woods for recruits. Clearly, the whole thing is pathological.

And one of the most amusing arguments brought against the common-sense objections to this crazy militarism is that such objections are sentimental, and that the militarists are stern, clear-sighted, matter-of-fact individuals, who meet real conditions with real business-like wisdom—while the fact is that they are all daft with shadowy sentiments. Patriotism, Old Glory, the union, the army and navy—they are ready to lose their heads over anything that can be written with a capital initial, without ever onethinking of analyzing the truth or falsehood for which the epithet may stand. Patriotism, flags, unions, armies and navies—were made, like the Sabbath, for man, and to worship them, as ends in themselves, is sentimentalism run mad. Mr. Baker has been analyzing this navy fetish, and he has come to the conclusion, as every other unprejudiced man must, that it is the focus of extravagance, pride, bluster, hatred and murder, and that the sooner we are delivered from it the better. He may have the satisfaction of knowing that at some time in the dim future the rest of the world will catch up with him. Meanwhile I doubt if the attacks made upon him by the whole lunatic asylum disturb him much.—Ernest Crosby, in The Whim.

IF THE SALT HAVE LOST ITS SAVOR.

We had an evangelist at the Brattle street church last week, and I went to please the folks. I always do when she asks me that way. He is a good man, and he said a lot of good things, and I was glad I went for what I got out of it, besides the fact that it pleased the folks.

I remember where he was talking to the business man who is a pretty clean fellow, and does about what he thinks is right, and guesses that is as near as a man can get. He gave the business man full credit for his fine, moral life, but no credit for inventing it; all he has in that way he inherited from centuries of Christian influences. And that's true. But when he absents himself from church he is cutting himself off from the foundations of his virtue. It can't last more than one generation without going back to its source. In a word, he condemned the self-sufficiency of the merely moral man of the world. Self-sufficiency—it struck me all at once there