

does it come that so many of them are tenants at will? How does it happen that there is a constant, never-ceasing decline in the number of those who own the farms they operate?

IN CONGRESS.

This report is an abstract of the Congressional Record, the official report of congressional proceedings. It includes all matters of general interest and closes with the last issue of the Record at hand upon going to press. Page references are to the pages of Vol. 25 of that publication.

Record Notes.—Speech nominally on civil government in the Philippines, but in fact on the American financial question, by Representative Fowler (p. 3553).

MISCELLANY

ENCOURAGEMENT.

For The Public.

"I am so tired!" I cried.

Vainly I strive against The Giant Wrong. The world heeds not; still does The Wrong abide,

More cruel and more strong.

A thousand lives I'd throw

Into the fight and gladly yield them all, Counting each pang a blessing, could I know

It helped The Wrong to fall.

But oh, to toil so much,

From weary year to weary year, and see My brothers in The Wrong's most cruel clutch,

Far as before from free!

A Spirit to my thought

Whispers: "'Tis near—The Wrong's sure overthrown.

The world indeed will know not how you wrought,

But you and I will know.

ELIZABETH PHELPS ROUNSEVELL.

EIGHT HUNDRED THOUSAND WOMEN ENFRANCHISED.

The most significant political event of the century is the enfranchisement of 800,000 women of Federated Australia. This is the first time in the history of the world that a whole nation has enfranchised its women, and this object lesson will help the cause of human liberty throughout the earth. The adult suffrage bill, just enacted into law by both houses of the Australian Parliament, places the parliamentary ballot in the hands of the women of New South Wales, South Australia, Victoria, East Australia, West Australia and Tasmania. It is the greatest victory ever won for women, and assures the establishment of woman's complete equality in the near future throughout the entire southern hemisphere.

This is as though American women in every state in the Union should be empowered to vote for President and members of Congress and be made eligible to be elected to any of these positions.—Mrs. Joseph K. Henry, in the Cincinnati Commercial Tribune of June 24.

A POLICE MATRON'S GOOD WORK.

Mrs. Abbie Jackson, of Boston, has been a police matron for nearly 30 years. She has been of unusually great service at Station 3, where she has been on duty continuously, through her ability to manage refractory prisoners without physical force. Her mild, pleasant manner is successful even with the most hardened women. For saving human lives by prompt attention to sick and injured persons she repeatedly has been praised by the police commissioners. Her relations with the police department have been remarkably harmonious. Eight captains have come and gone at her station and not a man remains who was there when she began work, and from all she has received kindly consideration. She is held in affectionate esteem by the men who call her "Mother Jack." To care for over 20,000 erring or friendless women, to raise up a son and daughter of her own, and to "mother" the "boys" at her station, is a good 30 years' work, and Mrs. Jackson richly merits her first vacation, which she is about to take.—The Woman's Journal.

THE SELF-EVIDENT TRUTHS THAT CANNOT DIE.

An oration delivered by C. E. S. Wood, at the Fourth of July celebration, 1902, at Portland, Ore.

Why are we gathered together to-day? Why have we pushed aside for this day the weariness of our labor? From the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean the wheels are hushed and the tall chimneys have ceased to pour out their black clouds. Why are the people to-day everywhere keeping a holiday?

The Declaration of the Independence of the United States was agreed to by the colonies, in Congress assembled, July 2, 1776, and the next day John Adams, writing to his wife, said:

The 2d day of July, 1776, will be the most memorable epoch in the history of America. I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival. It ought to be commemorated as the day of deliverance, by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty; it ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires and illuminations from one end of this continent to the other, from this time forward forevermore.

We are keeping holiday to-day because it is the celebration of the day of our deliverance, and we do celebrate with pomp, and parade, with bells and bonfires, from one end of this continent to the other. And

I trust we do celebrate it with solemn acts of devotion to the memory of those who were our deliverers.

The bells, the pomp, the parade, the guns, the illuminations of to-day are the echo of that wild exultation which rang out 126 years ago in the mad peals of the old liberty bell, until its brazen throat was burst in proclaiming: "These united colonies are and of right ought to be free and independent states."

Free and independent states they have been from that day to this, and may it please the everlasting powers which control the destiny of man to so direct our future that a thousand years from now, aye, even when man shall look back at us to-day as we look back through the mists of years to Rome and Greece, still shall these United States of America be truly independent and wholly free.

We are not Democrats or Republicans to-day. We strike hands as brethren: we are all fellow citizens of the greatest republic the world has ever seen; nor are we met only to tickle our ears with the rhetoric or feed fat our pride with vainglory. We are to-day solemnly before the altar of our beloved country on her Sabbath, her day of days, to take thought on the past and on the future; to dedicate ourselves to the dead and to the unborn.

What is more honorable than reverence for the memory of the noble dead? What is so ennobling as gratitude to those who died that we might live? Must not the most selfish man be grateful to those who ate bitter bread that he might live at ease? And so to-day as a first office we lay the sweet-smelling wreath of gratitude upon the graves of our forefathers. We honor the memory of the men and women who made us free. Not only do we honor and extol Washington, Samuel and John Adams, Franklin, Jefferson, Hamilton, Hancock, Warren, Prescott, Putnam, Madison and the long roll of honor we know so well, but also we bless the memory of the men and women whose names can never be known to history—the plain people—the masses of the people, the great common people—the men and women unknown who fought and died and wept and suffered for us. We see the mothers, sisters and daughters at the spinning wheel and loom, even at the plow and the harrow, earning a coarse living for themselves, their children and their soldiers. We see them weeping over