

what they used to, and my Wool brings Less than ever."

"You are a Fool," returned the Wise Man, "not to have got a Corner on Wool as I did on Clothing. See how I have prospered by my superior Industry and Thrift. I cannot let you repeal the Law that you have secured to keep out the Clothing made by the Pauper-Labor of the Foreign Devils. I have invested my hard earned Rocks in Reliance upon that Law, and now I have a Vested Interest in it. I have a Wife and a Child whom I must shield from Want; and altho', as I have said, I love you more than I do myself, I know that Charity begins at Home, so I must not forget my Family in my Zeal in your Behalf. Besides, 'a Cheap Coat Makes a Cheap Man,' and as a person of superior Intelligence and Foresight it is my Duty to protect you from Yourself. Now I must write an Article for a Magazine telling 'How I Earned My Millions Mostly' by my Habits of Industry and Thrift, and how any Young man can do likewise by devoting himself exclusively to the Interests of his benevolent Employer, so please chase Yourself."

Thereupon the Fool got Spunky, hired a Lawyer, and appealed to the Court. But the Court said:

"The Wise Man is right, by Gum. The fundamental Law of the Land is attached in this suit, for the Constitution is founded upon the Sacredness of Vested Interests. Besides, the ignorant Populace is not capable of dealing with this Question so we must take it out of Politics." and entered Judgment against the Fool for the Costs.

The Fool's Sheep were sold to pay those Costs and the Lawyer got his Farm, but his young Son secured a Job as Office-boy for the Boss (for the old one had married the Daughter of the Philanthropist and gone to Europe on his Honey-Moon), his Wife took in Washing, and his Daughter went to work in the Over-All Factory. So the Fool sat on the Back Stoop all the rest of his Days, and smoked a Pipe, and tried to figure it Out.

#### MORAL.

Public Spirit is Sometimes Synonymous with Private Snap.

JAMES W. CLARK.

#### IS NOT THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA FIT FOR SELF-GOVERNMENT?

During the consideration of the reapportionment bill in the lower house of congress, January 8, Hon. Champ Clark, of Missouri, offered an amendment to the effect that the District of Columbia should be created a territory, by the name of the territory of Columbia, and that the usual officers, and a legislature,

and representation in congress, should be provided for. The amendment was declared out of order, but Mr. Clark was allowed five minutes in which to plead for its pertinency. We give his speech in full from the Congressional Record.

Mr. Clark, of Missouri—Mr. Speaker, the part of that amendment that is pertinent to this bill is to give the District of Columbia a delegate to sit in this house. Ever since I came here I have been in favor of the proposition, and all I have witnessed confirms me in that opinion.

It is a disgrace and a reproach to the American republic that right here under the shadow of the dome of this capitol 300,000 people, white, black, yellow and copper-colored, are absolutely disfranchised and have no more voice in their own government than if they were so many Digger Indians. The only objection that I have ever heard to my proposition was the statement of some fine-haired solar-walk citizens of this city, that "if the right of franchise were restored to these people the poor whites and damned niggers would vote them into bankruptcy." That is a very strange statement to be made in this city—the finest capital in the world.

You cannot walk 300 yards in this city without seeing the effigy of either Andrew Jackson or of Abraham Lincoln. To say that poor whites are dangerous voters in this country, which holds up those two illustrious men, sprung from the poorest of poor whites, as exemplars of American manhood, is absolutely preposterous. A wag out in Missouri told me that when Andrew Johnson was sworn in as vice president, in looking up at the senate diplomatic gallery, he happened to catch sight of the representatives of the foreign governments up there, and, shaking his fist at them, said: "You aristocratic cockadoodles, go back to your royal masters and tell them that in the land of the setting sun you saw a tailor and a rail splitter climb to the apex of human power." (Laughter.) That is a gorgeous sentence—a patriotic sentiment.

Whether he ever said it I do not know. However that may be, it was worthy to be said, because in that idea is the genius of our institutions. And I want to say, Mr. Speaker, that if a "nigger" is good enough to vote against me in the Ninth congressional district of Missouri, he is good enough to elect a representative for the city of Washington to sit on this floor. (Applause.)

We have always professed that we are in favor of "home rule." Our desire to see the Cubans have home rule lay at the root of the Spanish war. We are

all in favor of home rule for Ireland, and a vast majority of the American people, irrespective of party affiliations, wish to see the brave, heroic Boers win in their unparalleled fight for home rule. Yet, with persistency which is amazing, and inconsistency which is enigmatical, we refuse to grant the precious boon of home rule to our own fellow-citizens at our very doors. It is not only an anomaly in our system of government; it is an anomaly in human nature.

I do not believe that the people of this district are unfit for self-government. They have a fine opportunity for educating themselves in that difficult art. They hear more politics and talk more politics than the people of any other portion of the republic. Things are always happening here to incite their patriotic fervor. The monuments of our achievements, and our greatness are all about them. The visible evidences of our power are forever before their eyes. The glorious traditions and fascinating legends of American worthies who have passed into history are familiar to their ears. The numberless blessings of our free institutions are known to them. To say that they are unfit to govern themselves is to confess that our experiment in representative government is a colossal failure.

Mr. Speaker, you may rule this bill out of order now, but if I sit in this house long enough, I intend to bring this bill here in a way that it will have ample discussion, and whenever it does I will drive the republican majority of this house into taking the position openly on this floor, that the negroes are not fit to vote at all, because that is the idea that they have in disfranchising the people of the District of Columbia, though, for political reasons, they dare not avow it. And in this connection I have only one wish, and that is to be in this city on the day that they elect the first delegate to sit in the American congress.

There would be 500 candidates at the least calculation. It would be a battle royal, to witness which would be worth ten years of peaceful life; and it is the saddest commentary ever made on free government that we sit here and refuse to these people the right to govern themselves—to indulge in the luxury of voting and being voted for. A gentleman said to me the other day that this was the best-governed city on the continent, when I was talking to him about this bill. Suppose it is. Every city has a right to govern itself as it pleases. If it wants to let the hoodlums run it, all well. The only reason that

the hoodlums run any town on the American continent is that the fine-haired people, the self-styled "better classes," think they are better than other people. They are unwilling to be jostled by a hoodlum on the day of election.

Mr. Klutz—The mugwumps?

Mr. Clark, of Missouri—Yes, the mugwumps, or jugwumps, as Sam Jones calls them. These fine-haired people are too good to discharge their political duties. They stay at home in idleness, clothed in their mantles of self-righteousness, while the hoodlum discharges not only his own political duty, but also the political duty of the fine-haired citizen. I repeat it, Mr. Speaker, and it is the last I have to say about it at present, that you can rule this amendment out of order now, but the day will come when this bill will be, must be, considered here. (Applause.)

#### FATHER M'GLYNN.

An address delivered at the memorial meeting in honor of Rev. Edward McGlynn at Cooper Union, New York city, January 7, 1901, by Lawson Purdy.

Many have labored and now labor to lift the lowly and establish justice. Some are scornful of efforts to raise the individual, and believe that only by great economic changes can lasting good be wrought. They say that man is the creature of his environment, and that his environment must be altered before he can be elevated. Others say that the evil conditions of society spring from individual wickedness, and that man must be made moral and industrious before society can be made better.

It is no uncommon thing for reformers to jeer at charity organizations and well-disposed alms-giving persons, and taunt them with paying their alms as premiums of insurance against violence and riot. The almsgivers retort that the cranks and theorists live by agitation, and touch not with one of their fingers the burdens of the poor.

I am well aware that an unanswerable argument can be made against aiding the unfit, but this places mankind on the level of the beasts of the field. The force of the argument may be admitted and such aid be justified on the ground of political expediency. It needs no such justification, for we are more than beasts, and the highest and best instincts of the soul prompt us to relieve pain, to clothe the naked and feed the hungry.

God made the human heart and implanted in us all a craving for love and the desire to express it, and the man

or woman, who, unknown and unhonored, makes life a little easier, a little sweeter for one of God's children is doing the Master's work.

Some noble men have spent their lives serving humanity, and for lack of the quality that begets affection have failed to exert great influence. Others as noble have loved and served men and won their love and confidence. Then, through ignorance of the cause of poverty and crime, they have failed to achieve much lasting good. Their well-won power has been wasted.

Dr. McGlynn was in every sense an educated man. His mind was developed by thought, and the study of men and books. He spoke several languages fluently. He had an academic training in philosophy and history in the College of the Propaganda at Rome which could hardly be surpassed. When "Progress and Poverty" was placed in his hands by one of his parishioners he was thoroughly competent to weigh its argument. His reason was convinced and love bade him act.

When he was forced from his parish of St. Stephen's, thousands of his flock came to hear him preach, and in those dark years of excommunication his support came from those who, like himself, were faithful Catholics. They knew that he taught nothing contrary to the Catholic faith, and he knew it. In love and patience he worked and waited until his restoration proclaimed to the world that his ancient church found nothing to condemn in the doctrine that God's storehouse is for all his children.

Those of you who have passed the age of 30, and many who are younger, know that there are times in the lives of men and women when the heart feels sore need of sympathy, of counsel, of encouragement. You know that he who has given such sympathy, counsel and courage wins gratitude, respect and love. To many thousands Father McGlynn gave sympathy, counsel and courage. They were an hungered and he gave them meat; they were naked and he clothed them; they were sick and in prison and he visited them.

They tell the story that one day a poor woman visited the father and begged a pair of shoes that her husband might accept an offer of work. Dr. McGlynn sent for the shoes in his bedroom and gave them to her. A little later he prepared to go out and found that he had given away his last pair of shoes.

Do you wonder that when, from Henry George, Father McGlynn learned the lesson of social justice, learned how

"to find room at the Heavenly Father's table for all his children." that his people were ready to believe the story he told them? They trusted him because they knew there was no unselfishness in him. They had proven his heart and his head; they had tasted of his love and of his counsel. And because these thousands knew him, trusted and loved him, the fame of him went abroad and many came to hear him and believed the message that he brought them.

When the ban of excommunication was lifted and Dr. McGlynn was sent to perform his priestly functions in the little city of Newburgh, instead of the great city of his birth, he obeyed the call of duty without a murmur. Many, who had felt the thrill of addressing great audiences and been well-nigh worshiped as he had been, would have failed in this test. Not so Father McGlynn.

In February, 1896, some newspaper asked the question: "What has become of Dr. Edward McGlynn, priest, orator, agitator and reformer?" And the Newburgh Daily Register answered it in this wise:

Dr. McGlynn is here, neighbor, here, ministering to the spiritual needs of the people of St. Mary's parish, visiting the sick, comforting the dying and burying the dead.

As a priest he discharges the duties of that noble calling, humbly and conscientiously, and reflects in his own daily conduct the beauties of the Christianity he represents and of which he is a noble exponent. He mingles with the people and is beloved by all. He belongs to no one congregation, but to the city. His goodness has no limitations. He is broader than any church or creed. He oversteps denominational lines. Rich and poor, high and low, are equally drawn to him by his eloquence, his loveliness of character and the resistless magic of his charming personality.

Many of you here remember how that grand voice rang through this old hall, and how our hearts were stirred and we here resolved that we, too, would do something to hasten the coming of the kingdom for which he ever prayed. We remember the affection that was in the grasp of his hand and how the light of love shone from his eyes.

Father McGlynn was the ideal reformer. His life illumined and embodied his preaching. He won trust and confidence by his life of sacrifice, and taught that social justice is a duty as binding as personal uprightness. He attacked vested wrongs at whatever cost. To him no rights were sacred that were not human rights, and all men are created equal because God is their father and all men are brothers.

He has gone to his reward. May the Lord grant unto him eternal rest, and