

ing banking hours. The bill has been emasculated and, it is believed, rendered inoperative by reducing the price to thirty cents. The friends of the bill in the house claim that the bootjack interests are responsible for the emasculation as the extermination of cats would practically ruin the bootjack business.

Senator Nue from one of the Western States committed a serious breach of senatorial courtesy this morning by making a speech. Considerably more than half of those present were awakened.

Senator Depew was not in his seat to-day.

ELLIS O. JONES.

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AN AGE DOMINATED BY FEAR.

Extract from "Prisons, Police and Punishment" by Edward Carpenter—Reprinted in The Conservator of Philadelphia.

The outer life of society to-day is animated first and foremost by Fear. From the wretched wage-slave, who rises before the break of day, hurries through squalid streets to the dismal sound of the "hammer," engages for nine, ten, or twelve hours, and for a pittance wage, in monotonous work which affords him no interest, no pleasure; who returns home to find his children gone to bed, has his supper, and, worn out and weary, soon retires himself, only to rise again in the morning and pursue the same deadly round, and who leads a life thus monotonous, inhuman, and devoid of all dignity and reality, simply because he is hounded to it by the dread of starvation; to the big commercial man, who, knowing that his wealth has come to him through speculation and the turns and twists of the market, fears that it may at any moment take to itself wings by the same means; who feels that the more wealth he has, the more ways there are in which he may lose it, the more cares and anxieties belonging to it; and who to continually make his position secure is, or thinks himself, forced to stoop to all sorts of mean and dirty tricks; over the great mass of people the same demon spreads its dusky wings.

Feverish anxiety is the keynote of their lives. There is no room for natural gladness or buoyancy of spirits. You may walk the streets of our great cities, but you will hear no one singing—except for coppers; hardly a ploughboy to-day whistles in the furrow, and in almost every factory (this is a fact) if a workman sang at his work he would be "sacked."

We are like shipwrecked folk clambering up a cliff. The waves are raging below. Each one clings by handhold or foothold where he may, and in the panic if he push his neighbor from a point of vantage, it is to be regretted certainly, but it cannot be helped.

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CONFERENCE OF THE SNOOKS COUNTY BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE FEDERATION.

For The Public.

Gullem, Snooks County, Neb., Feb. 1.—A meeting of the Snooks County Benevolent and Protective Association, an organization composed of the principal farmers and horse thieves of this county, was held here last evening. Hon. June Schoenberg presided, and opened the meeting with a large number of

well-chosen remarks about the necessity for the varied interests of their thriving county getting together and establishing a community of interest. He explained that for some time there had been evident feelings of mutual hostility between the farmers and the horse thieves, but with the organization of the Benevolent and Protective Federation an era of better things was dawning. Instead of distrust and suspicion between two important classes of the community, he hoped that in future there would prevail a policy of good will and co-operation.

Quoting from Justice Holmes, of the Supreme Court, President Schoenberg pointed out that it was a great mistake to suppose that the farmers were injured through having a certain number of their horses stolen each year. Depriving these farmers of their horses did not really diminish the total property of the community, and it was not of so much importance who owned the property, as what use was made of it.

Hon. Batty E. Gumbers, speaking for the farmers, said that he entirely agreed with their worthy President. For his part he was glad to share his surplus horses with other enterprising citizens of Snooks County, and he believed that the fact of having a certain number of their horses stolen each year was a great benefit to the farmers, as it created a market for their surplus stock. Besides, the surreptitious removal of some of their horses was an incentive to the farmers to work harder in order to replace them. He could see no reason why in the future the farmers and horse thieves should not live and work in harmony.

After President Schoenberg had exhibited samples of a new felt hoof-pad, which he has found highly efficacious in preventing unnecessary disturbance in connection with the distribution of property in horses, the meeting adjourned until April 1st, when a representative of the Civic Federation will address the farmers on "how to maintain harmony between monopoly and labor."

WHIDDEN GRAHAM.

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WALL STREET AND "GRAFT."

Ernest Crosby in the February Cosmopolitan.

Wall Street is rotten. It has been probed in a dozen different places during the past few months, and the operations have revealed nothing but gangrene. It was possible at the beginning to suppose that the particular cases of dishonesty were exceptional, but that theory is no longer tenable. The institutions investigated stood at the head of American finance. The men implicated in the worst forms of malfeasance are among the most distinguished leaders in the Street. Every one of them is connected with a score of more of other directors and firms, and the natural inference is that these are all run in the same way.

Wall Street is rotten—and it is most fortunate that this is so. Symptoms of disease are not bad things; they are good and only good. They are the danger-signals that give us an opportunity to cure. Evil conditions ought to produce rottenness. They are not calculated to produce anything else; and if by some miracle saints and heroes could thrive in an atmosphere of gross injustice, we should have

to despair of the universe. Wall Street is rotten for the same reason that the Russian court and imperial family are rotten, and that is because unlimited power and wealth will corrupt anybody. The Romanoff clan has been an offense to humanity for some centuries past, not because its members are naturally worse than other men, but because they have had free access to the earnings of the Russian people and absolute power over their destinies. Our ruling class in Wall Street is fast advancing to the same position of power, wealth, luxury, and graft, and it goes without saying that its morals have been swept away in like manner. Why should we go on with these investigations? When you have made an analysis of the water of a reservoir at many different points, and it always shows the presence of the same pollution, it is a waste of time to repeat the experiment, and it is unwholesome work to handle an infected liquid. It is impossible to put each drop into the test-tube, and it would give no more satisfying results if we could. We know all there is to be known about it now. There is just one thing to do, and that is to remove the conditions which produce the impurity.

And first of all, each one of us is partially responsible. We have all been worshipers in the temple of Mammon. We have all looked upon money as the chief end of man. In our estimation, art and literature and science and religion have had to yield the primacy to finance. The one test of worth is, "Has he made money?"—which means, "Has he succeeded in getting possession of other people's money?" Now money is a very necessary and useful thing, but the handling of it, apart from a preoccupation for its immediate usefulness, is not, and never has been, a noble form of human activity. The usurer, the money-lender—these are not the types for a nation to mold its standards upon. Money may be necessary to fertilize the commercial world, but nevertheless activity in the dust-heap is not ideal work.

Money-lending in Wall Street does not differ in character from money-lending in the Bowery. It is glorified pawnbroking, that is all, and the great financiers who hover around bankrupt nations and bankrupt trusts, and pocket their extortionate rake-offs before they pay out a penny, are near relations to the typical "Uncle," with his modest sign of the three balls; who is on the alert to make something out of another man's losses. We have turned the heads of these men by our admiration and emulation, and have contributed our part toward condoning the low standards of ethics which they hold. The very convergence of our own low ambitions has produced at the focus the fetid atmosphere in which these standards flourish.

But, beyond this, we have created the artificial opportunities which open the way for these gentlemen into other people's pockets. Great accumulations of property in the control of a few men are a frightful political and social evil, and in a justly organized society they could never occur. No man could "make" twenty million dollars in a long series of lifetimes under any approximately equitable system. The foundation of such fortunes is not the ability to create, but the ability to annex. And this ability to annex we have presented to the men who make

use of it. Our tariff is the root of the power of the steel trust to roll up dividends on oceans of water. The rights-of-way which we abandon to railways and street railways and subways and lighting companies are just so many instruments for exacting tribute from us and piling it up in the coffers of the few. We have the same story to tell of mining-rights and banking-rights, of the favors accorded to the depositaries of government moneys, and of the privilege allowed to private individuals and corporations to retain the unearned increment of site-values.

It is upon such meat, of our own raising and providing, that these our Caesars feed, and if they are as surfeited and unhealthy as hogs in a sty, it is because we have deliberately gorged and fattened them. And it is well that we should see the scandalous results of our own imbecility. We ought to be thankful that the laws of nature have not ceased to act, and that evil trees continue as in the past to bring forth evil fruit. It is a waste of time to shed tears over the present decaying, worm-eaten crop. Let it go. But the trees of industry are still there, and they can be dug about and pruned and restored to health. To put our orchard in good condition again, we must abolish once for all the opportunities for the old kinds of "graft," which in our ignorance and folly we have ourselves created.

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UNCLE SAM'S LETTERS TO JOHN BULL THE BAD OYSTER AND THE LITTLE STATE OF TEXAS.

Printed from the Original Manuscript.

Dear John: Once upon a time a Bad Oyster met up with the Little State of Texas and said, "Hello, here I am—pepper and salt and a dash of lemon. What do you say?"

But the Little State of Texas turned the Bad Oyster over with his spoon and replied: "The salt is here, and the pepper, and the dash of lemon all right, but the date on your can was a trifle dim, and——"

"Oh, nonsense!" said the Bad Oyster; "just swallow me down, and if I'm bad—I'll come up."

Now the Little State of Texas had oodles of brains, but none in his portcullis department—no, not one. So he said: "Nothing strikes me harder than a fair proposition when it is also easy. Here goes!" and he swallowed the Bad Oyster down, down, down; because, you see, it was so very easy for it to come up.

Then the Little State of Texas fiddled with his spoon and looked thoughtful for a time, and then he smiled a woven hickory smile and said: "Ask the band to play 'Away down South in Dixie,' and to play it rather fast, for I have met a confidence man and want to think of other things."

What do I think of municipal ownership? I allow that people's ownership is all right as far as it goes, but it should extend to councilmen and legislators. Why, 20 years ago and more, Philadelphia owned her own gas works. Seemed to work fine, too. She sold gas for two dollars a thousand, as against three twenty-five by the private companies of Boston. Boston was highest. Philadelphia and Wheeling were the only towns in the United States that owned their own gas works and sold cheap gas.