

years ago we could not tell you of men on hand with \$50,000 guarantee already deposited, ready to build three-cent fare roads.

Will you elect Mr. Goulder and his associates, or will you elect those who will represent the people, and who will not get tired and go to the railroads with a proposition to settle the question in accordance with the railroads' terms?

In conclusion I would say a word in regard to Mr. Goulder's statement that the reduction in fare would mean a reduction in the wages of employes, and that it is not permissible on this account. There is absolutely no foundation for this allegation. In Detroit, where the fare is lower than in Cleveland, the wages of the men are higher. In Cincinnati, where the fare is higher than in Cleveland, the wages are lower. Reduction of fare means competition, more business, an increased demand for conductors and motormen, and consequently higher wages.

#### THE MAKING OF A CAPTAIN OF INDUSTRY.

For The Public.

##### ACT III.

Scene I. Library of Push mansion. J. Head Push and Frank Push discovered at curtain seated at table, R. 2 E., conversing.

Mr. Push—But I tell you, lad, the two great factors of business are push and pull. Lacking the latter, you must have an immense deal of the former. I do not altogether like the term "push." It's too weak. "Crowd" comes much nearer to expressing the fact.

Frank—It does, all right, in your beautiful New York.

Mr. Push—Ah, boy! If I could but make you see the glory of that metropolis as I see it. How could it be grander? Is it not all pure business? See how it leads the race in cities. Mark its evolution. Once it was moral, even as most other places have been moral; then it became to a considerable extent immoral, again like most other places; but at this point it left the great mass of the world behind, and passed on to the grand third ethical stage, the un-moral, where all that foolish sentiment regarding "right" and "wrong" gives place to the grand utilitarian commercial "can" and "can't."

Frank—Which last term, father, leads me to ask how it happens that you, with your peculiar views, are a pillar in the Presbyterian church? It

doesn't seem to me quite consistent.

Mr. Push—What was that our Concord philosopher said about consistency? You'll remember that he did not think much of it as a test. I must confess, my son, that from your point of view, my course needs explanation. Now, there is in this world a factor called "public opinion"—a sort of trial balance struck from the beliefs, the prejudices, and the superstitions of the masses. This public sentiment is too powerful to ever be safely allowed to properly estimate its own strength, and we captains of industry find it wisest to use as a tool that which, as a weapon, we might be powerless to resist. For this reason, we subsidize the press; we drown the voice of the pulpit in the clink of our gold; we "salt" the springs of learning under ground; we make spellbinders golden-tongued with specie; we endow libraries and found institutions—in short, we spend money wherever we can do so, in a spectacular way likely to modify this aforesaid public opinion in our favor.

Frank—But do you consider that honest?

Mr. Push—I consider it good business, and that should be enough. I may add, however, as a gratuity, that it is perfectly honest. Public opinion is a commodity we need in our business. We buy it and pay the market price.

Frank—But you do not always create a true opinion.

Mr. Push—Frank, there are times when I almost wonder if you haven't an open-circuit intellect, you so palpably fail to connect! I particularly insisted that at college you should be well filled with classics and German philosophy. The latter has been of inestimable service to me. Do you not remember that sublime utterance of one of these sages, to the effect that only our friends deserve the truth?

Frank—No.

Mr. Push—What! Why, that grand postulate constitutes the very basis of the present Philippine investigation, and you know it not. When will you ever get into affairs? I forget the philosopher's name, but he said it, and the Republican party has, therefore, good authority for its course. How has it helped me? Add to it that equally just, beautiful and true saying: "There is no friendship in business," and you will see just how I stand on the conclusion that

there is no need of truth in business. No friend, no truth; in business no friend, therefore, no truth; Q. E. D. See?

Frank—The reasoning is sound, whatever one may think of the premises. It has been said, however, that nations have lost their liberties through a chain of right reasoning from wrong premises.

Mr. Push—Don't you worry about us captains. We don't bury our heads in the sand and fancy ourselves invisible. We know that the source of our power was, is and ever must be in our own correct discernment of a few primary essentials. Who was it that said there were but a few things to learn if we but learned the right few?

Frank—Pope.

Mr. Push—What! Not Pope, the industrial captain?

Frank—No. The "little interrogation point."

Mr. Push—Hum. Just so. As I was saying, we ourselves must know thoroughly the few primary essentials, while we hopelessly confuse the public in a maze of tertiary non-essentials. "A mighty maze, but not without a plan," but we high priests are the only ones that hold the labyrinthine clew to it. We must know all about wampum, money cowries, the "macute" of the African tribes, by which value is computed as we compute it in terms of dollars, only in their case their unit is purely an abstraction, there being no such thing as a piece of money called a "macute." We must know all about the first trade relations of primitive society preceding that common denominator of all desires, that greatest of labor-saving inventions, which we call "money." We must learn all this—learn thoroughly how few articulations there are in this skeleton which we rattle with such tremendous and complicated effect; and then when we talk, we must be careful not to allude to this simple, fundamental bony structure, but invite attention to the astral body of finance, and skyscraper like a Theosophist or a Christian Scientist. You know our argot: gold "standard," complicated banking, international exchange, in short, anything that will keep the farmer from realizing that he buys his mortgage money with wheat, as truly as he buys his coffee with money. Anything, I say, which will prevent the laborer from realizing that he is rich in terms of what he has, and poor in terms of what he must pro-

cure; and, at all hazards, must we prevent his perceiving that it is all a matter of the ratio which the one bears to the other. Shade of Bryan! If the farmer should learn that he wants to pay that fixed charge of his with a "cheap" dollar requiring the transmutation of a minimum amount of wheat into a maximum number of dollars, as well as we coupon-clipping, currency-contracting, gold-appreciating (not bad that last, boy) creditor-class have learned that "dear" money—and the dearer it becomes to us the dearer we make it to others—as well I say (I'm in for a horribly Germanesque sentence) as we have learned that "dear" money means cheap labor, and the maximum amount of labor's product for the minimum number of dollars, I don't know what would happen. Something dreadful, I'm sure. To avoid this we talk about "honest" money.

Frank—But, Father, do you consider it honest where a man contracted a debt a few years ago when that debt meant a hundred bushels of wheat, to make him pay now, through that appreciation of gold of which you spoke, a hundred and twenty-five bushels? Or, if he owned a small equity in a house, to so manipulate matters as to freeze him out entirely? Honor bright, would you, as my father, treat me in that way?

Mr. Push—Business is business—ahem! I believe I have never heard that proposition controverted.

Frank—You avoid the issue.

Mr. Push—Frank, I am human and have human frailties. I fear I might backslide from my high business ideals, but it would not be through ignorance of my "plain duty" as a business man. I ought to "nail you like a dried beetle to the wall," and I should know it. Yet I am weak, and I fear I should yield to the temptation of letting you off with double the agreed interest on the originally understood indebtedness, if all the factors could be as plainly seen as you state them.

Frank—And you call this money "honest"?

Mr. Push—That is my business term for it. To you I don't mind saying that it doesn't show the same kind of honesty the Bible teaches.

Frank—And you, who teach a class in Sunday School and who give so liberally to the church, do you not believe in the Bible?

Mr. Push—In an academic way, yes. You don't appear to comprehend, Lad. I am surprised that your teaching has left you so little intellectual nimble-

ness. Certain truths are purely academic. Take for example the asymptote, a line which forever approaches nearer and nearer to some curve, but which if prolonged to infinity would never reach it. Isn't that purely academic?

Frank—A mere trick of definition. Half way to Chicago to-day and half the remaining distance each day. You'll never get there. It's that sort o' thing.

Mr. Push—Well, then, take that postulate of Descartes about which so much fuss has been made: "Cogitur, ergo sum"—"I think, therefore I am."

Frank—It's all in the "I." He might just as well have left off the "think, therefore, I am."

Mr. Push—Well, take the term "caloric" as still used by the French. It's purely academic. There isn't any such thing, and no one has thought there was since the days of Count Rumford and Joule.

Frank—Pa, if you want an illustration of the "purely academic" in the sense you are using that term, why not take President Roosevelt's anti-trust strenuousness?

Mr. Push—Frank, I wish you wouldn't say such things. Our president is one of us, and when you say anything against him you not only strike your own father a blow, but you level at every trust-fed or monopoly-fed captain among us. Our Mr. Roosevelt is not like our Mr. Hanna, though both are Republicans. He is very fearful lest the party shall prick through its coating of respectability—

Frank—Which is about as thin as the black spot in a soap bubble.

Mr. Push—Ignoring the interruption, I pass on to remark that Mr. Hanna—our Uncle Mark is—what shall I say?

Frank—More frank and less squeamish.

Mr. Push—Perhaps that is a just characterization in a way. Uncle Mark is older than the President and not so fearful of passing the limit. He knows what the people will stand and still continue to cringe, and this, I think you will admit, renders his course rather noble. Our Uncle Mark fights the open fight. He tells in advance what he is after. Do you not think that grand, to warn your adversary before you strike?

Frank—Humph! Rattlesnakes!

Mr. Push—Boy, you seem incorrigible, but I'll not give you over yet. Enough, however, for to-day. Send James to me as you go out.

Frank (turning back at door)—I say, father, just a moment. Want to tell you what I saw in a trolley car yes-

terday. You know those electric buttons on each window-frame for signaling the conductor? Well, a near-sighted old lady sat opposite me and when she got to her street she motioned to the conductor, but he didn't see her. Then she got panicky and, wheeling about, she ran her hand along the window frame till she struck the protruding head of a round-headed screw. This she pressed tragically and waited results in sublime confidence.

Mr. Push—Why did you turn back to tell me this?

Frank—Because, Dad, when President Roosevelt essayed to start the anti-trust machinery of the law, he put his finger on a dead screw-head, and not a live button. I thought you might like to tell him how still a still alarm he had rung in.

Exit Frank, followed by a paper weight.  
(End of Act III.)

MELVIN L. SEVERY.

"Do you mean to tell me that you were paid for voting as you did?"

"Well," answered Senator Sorghum, "I had to have some motive, didn't I? A man who would vote that way without any excuse at all would be an example of total depravity."—Washington Star.

Arthur's Answer.—Pleasant Old Gentleman—Have you lived here all your life, my little man?

Arthur (aged six)—Not yet.—William Morse Hedrick, in Lippincott's Magazine.

Of course, the Indians would have been exterminated long ago if the American small boy had been let loose at them.—Puck.

John Bull—What I want to know is this, Mr. Brodrick. Am I an island or am I a continent? If I'm an island, I want a big navy and a small army. If I'm a continent, I want a big army and a small navy. I can't afford to be an island and a continent too!—Westminster Gazette.

That St. Louis court forgot to authorize the Wabash to sell or lease its trainmen.—The Detroit News.

The men who had been playing poker on the head of a beer-barrel took their arrest rather hard.

"It is because we are poor!" they exclaimed, with something very like bitterness in their accent. "Observe, the gilded den of infamy across the way is not molested in the slightest."

The police laughed good-naturedly. "You seem extremely simple,"