

Watching, with upturned faces pale,
The scurrying index mark its tale;
Hearing the bid of Israel Freyer,—
That ominous voice, would it never tire?
"Five millions more!—for any part,
(If it breaks your firm, if it cracks your heart,)
I'll give One Hundred and Sixty!"

One Hundred and Sixty! Can't be true!
What will the bears-at-forty do?
How will the merchants pay their dues?
How will the country stand the news?
What'll the banks—but listen! hold!
In screwing upward the price of gold
To that dangerous, last, particular peg,
They had killed their Goose with the Golden Egg!
Just there the metal came pouring out,
All ways at once, like a water-spout,
Or a rushing, gushing, yellow flood,
That drenched the bulls wherever they stood!
Small need to open the Washington main,
Their coffer-dams were burst with the strain!
It came by runners, it came by wire,
To answer the bid of Israel Freyer,
It poured in millions from every side,
And almost strangled him as he cried,—
"I'll give One Hundred and Sixty!"

Like Vulcan after Jupiter's kick,
Or the aphoristical Rocket's stick,
Down, down, down, the premium fell,
Faster than this rude rhyme can tell!
Thirty per cent the index slid,
Yet Freyer still kept making his bid,—
"One Hundred and Sixty for any part!"
—The sudden ruin had crazed his heart,
Shattered his senses, cracked his brain,
And left him crying again and again,—
Still making his bid at the market's top
(Like the Dutchman's leg that never could stop),
"One Hundred and Sixty—Five Millions more!"
Till they dragged him, howling, off the floor.
The very last words that seller and buyer
Heard from the mouth of Israel Freyer—
A cry to remember long as they live—
Were, "I'll take Five Millions more! I'll give,—
I'll give One Hundred Sixty!"

Suppose (to avoid the appearance of evil)
There's such a thing as a Personal Devil,
It would seem that his Highness here got hold,
For once, of a bellowing Bull in Gold!
Whether bull or bear, it wouldn't much matter
Should Israel Freyer keep up his clatter
On earth or under it (as they say,
He is doomed) till the general Judgment Day,
When the Clerk, as he cites him to answer for't,
Shall bid him keep silence in that Court!
But it matters most, as it seems to me,
That my countrymen, great and strong and free,
So marvel at fellows who seem to win,
That if even a Clown can only begin
By stealing a railroad, and use its purse
For cornering stocks and gold, or—worse—
For buying a Judge and Legislature,
And sinking still lower poor human nature,
The gaping public, whatever befall,
Will swallow him, tandem, harlots, and all!

While our rich men drivel and stand amazed
At the dust and pother his gang have raised,
And make us remember a nursery tale
Of the four-and-twenty who feared one snail.

What's bred in the bone will breed, you know;
Clowns and their trainers, high and low,
Will cut such capers, long as they dare,
While honest Poverty says its prayer.
But tell me what prayer or fast can save
Some hoary candidate for the grave,
The market's wrinkled Giant Despair,
Muttering, brooding, scheming there,—
Founding a college or building a church
Lest Heaven should leave him in the lurch!
Better come out in the rival way,
Issue your scrip in open day,
And pour your wealth in the grimy fist
Of some gross-mouthed, gambling pugilist;
Leave toil and poverty where they lie,
Pass thinkers, workers, artists, by,
Your pot-house fag from his counters bring
And make him into a Railway King!
Between such Gentiles and such Jews
Little enough one finds to choose:
Either the other will buy and use,
Eat the meat and throw him the bone,
And leave him to stand the brunt alone.

—Let the tempest come, that's gathering near,
And give us a better atmosphere!

BOOKS

THE PATERNITY OF "BIG" BUSINESS.

The Book of Daniel Drew. A Glimpse of the Fiske-Gould-Tweed Regime from the Inside. By Bouck White. Doubleday, Page & Co., 1910. Price \$1.50 net.

Among the odds and ends in the commonplace books of diplomacy is something to the effect, though more diplomatically expressed, that "the truth told when a lie is looked for, is an effective form of deceit." Possibly the editor-author of this volume has adopted that honest device for making his readers think the book a new kind of satire though it be in fact a veritable autobiography. There certainly is little in the book itself to mark it as Mr. Drew's own.

However, the autobiography (if it be autobiography) is excellent satire, and the satire (if it be satire) meets all the conditions of instructive autobiography. And whether it be either the one or the other it is well worth welcoming as both. Nor this alone for what it discloses of the Big Business methods of the earlier days of American plutocracy, but also for its suggestiveness with reference to the plutocracy of the present time.

Told in the first person, the narrative is ostensibly a complete and candid exposure by Daniel Drew himself of what he was, what he did, and what he thought about what he did as he did it.

Historically the incidents are true in fact. Psychologically the story is either fact, or else a good guess at it. This sordid, mean, shrewd, swindling and paganistic manipulator of corporation shares, a very type of the Big Business notables who came in with the private monopolization of public utilities, and whose name was as familiar as the President's fifty years ago, is either skilfully made to confess, or has frankly done so, to the piratical career of himself and his gang. Incidentally, other gangs with which his was sometimes at war and sometimes in collusion are shown up. One of the instructive features of the story is its demonstration that there is not always honor among thieves—not if they are big and respectable thieves.

The humor of the book is furnished by emphasizing some of the incongruities of unions of business piracy with church piety. As the Russian burglar does homage to his Icon when about to go "a-burgling," so Daniel Drew relied upon God to favor his rascalities. On one occasion he prayerfully took God into partnership. It was after one of Drew's regular attendances at church. The sermon was on "Taking God into Partnership with You in Your Business." This was "a brand new thought" to Drew, and on his way home with a friend he asked if there was "anything in what the preacher told us this morning." The friend thought "there was a great deal in it," and that God "would really bless a man who took him into partnership with him." So Daniel decided to "give the message of that Sunday morning a try." Pretty soon, to quote the book literally now, that sermon—

seemed providential. I took it to be a leading of the spirit. So that night in my room in the hotel I got right down on my marrow bones—it's knee work that brings the blessing every time—and told the Lord that I was going to try the thing, and see if he really wanted to be taken into partnership in my business. I prayed good and long—in fact, I prayed right out loud, so earnest was I in the deal I was making then and there with the Lord. If he went in with me as a partner, and helped in the work, I saw from all my experience in partnerships, that I'd have to divide up some of the profits with him. So I told him that if he'd prosper me in this stock market move that I was about to venture into, I'd pay up in cash the promises I had made toward the benevolences that my name had been attached to.

The next morning the pious "Dan'l" went down to Wall Street with a light heart and put up a treacherous job on his less pious but equally rascally partners—Jay Gould and Jim Fisk—in connection with a swindling job the three of them were putting up on other speculators. But those two master swindlers grilled "Uncle Dan'l" to the queen's taste, and when he next met his friend who had approved that sermon he said to him:

"Do you remember that new fangled notion that was brought out in the sermon we heard some weeks

ago about taking God into partnership with you in your business?"

He said yes, he remembered it very clear. "Well," said I, "there's nothing to it."

Big Business is not so crudely carried on in our time as in the days of Drew, Vanderbilt, Gould, Fisk, and its other progenitors who set it a-toddlng upon its infant feet. But the child is father to the man. In Mr. White's story of Daniel Drew's part among those unjailed rascals, and as one of them, the true character of Big Business in its present maturity may be detected through the polish of a more dainty but no more scrupulous generation of manipulators.

BOOKS RECEIVED

—In Quest of Prosperity. By Henry Rawie. Published by Henry Rawie, Columbus, O. 1910. Price, paper 25 cents.

—Laws of the State of Illinois Enacted by the Forty-Sixth General Assembly at the Special Session, Dec. 14 to Mar 2, 1910. Illinois State Journal Co., Printers, Springfield, Ill. 1910.

—History of the 103d Regiment Pennsylvania Veteran Volunteer Infantry, 1861-1865. By Luther S. Dickey, Corporal of Company C, with Sergeant Samuel M. Evans as Collaborator. Published by L. S. Dickey, Chicago, 1910.

—State and Local Taxation. Third International Conference. Under the auspices of the International Tax Association. Held at Louisville, Ky., September 21-24, 1909. Addresses and Proceedings. Published by the International Tax Association, Columbus, O., 1910.

PAMPHLETS

For Democracy—And Health.

The report for the year 1909 of the Special Park Commission of Chicago is something for any citizen to be proud of. These sixty-two small parks, fourteen playgrounds and two bathing beaches have been most evidently planned and operated for the people's true benefit. So much has been accomplished this year with only \$132,000 that one is bewildered—and yet for so useful and growing a municipal work there was, as compared with 1908, a \$50,000 decrease in expense funds! Street tree planting is a new responsibility put upon the Special Park Commission, and the report of the City Forester (Mr. J. H. Prost) for his first year is full of interest. Several pamphlets, among them, No. 3—"Causes Destructive of our Tree Life; Preventive Remedies," and No. 4—"What, When and How to Plant," are held ready by him for free distribution to applicants. The whole report contains many admirable photographs and a most useful directory of the small parks and playgrounds of Chicago.

A. L. G.