

"Rescue work among the Fiji Magdalens—" said the Missionary.

"Or," interrupted the Professor, "the ratio of wages to the price of pate de fois gras."

"Rather the doctrine of Antinomianism," said the Theologian.

Said the Philanthropist: "The care of superannuated, delinquent, one-legged women is a profitable subject."

"Let us discuss the monopoly of land," said the Demagogue. The Missionary said "that was flying in the face of Providence, for it would stop subscriptions." The Clergyman said "he had to go to a meeting for the suppression of vice among the poor." The Theologian looked at his watch. The Philanthropist had a chill, and the Professor said that a man had fallen among thieves, and he must go and pass by on the other side. Said the Scientist: "The consideration of degeneracy and cretinism is more comforting to those on top—to the upper classes, I mean."

And they went out one by one.—From "The Game of Life," by Bolton Hall.

THE FABLE OF THE MAN WHO PRETENDED TO BE FOR THE PEOPLE IN ORDER TO WORK HIS GREAT GRAFT.

Les Shawlie was a schemer bold who dreamed and thought and wrote of gold, and spent the main share of each hour in legging for the money power. The people in the common ranks he bled to please the favored banks, and all his thoughts were ever bent on getting banks their cent per cent.

He shook his head and answered: "Nay," when common people asked fair play, and told them that kind providence should give them better common sense. Said he: "Pray let me give you facts; you cannot pay your share of tax unless the banks can lend to you the money when the tax falls due.

"And how can banks get stuff to lend unless I stand their special friend and let them have in mammoth stacks the money that you pay as tax? 'Tis plain to see with but a glance, you have no idea of finance. The matter is quite plain and right and you've no reason for a fight.

"You see, we tax you good and high, and store the money high and dry. Then, when for money there is need, we hasten with the utmost speed to hand it over to the banks, with no return save hearty thanks; and then the banks from you may clear from 10 to 30 'per' a year.

"This is to all you folk a boon, I hope you'll realize quite soon; for without

such a plan as this our finances would go amiss; and soon the time would be at hand when in our free and glorious land no money e'er would be displayed, to keep alive our marts of trade."

The people then showed a desire to rise as one man and inquire, why from their bent and aching backs he did not lift the heavy tax, and thus leave money free and loose to manifest its proper use, and not squeeze people day and night until the gold was out of sight, then lend to banks with the intent that they should made a big per cent.

"'Tis very plain," said Shawlie then, "that none of you are thinking men. How could the banks live, if you please, unless allowed your gold to squeeze? 'Tis treason of the rankest brand for people in this wonderous land to claim a right, and then expect that right to be shown some respect."

MORAL:

The people will get nought but knocks, Until they use the ballot box.

—Will M. Maupin, in *The Commoner*.

REAPING THE WHIRLWIND.

A portion of the opening address at the meeting of the Evangelical Alliance held in Cincinnati, Oct. 12, delivered by Dr. W. P. Thirkield, corresponding secretary of the Methodist Freedman's Aid and Southern Educational society. From the reports of the address which appeared in the Cleveland Plain Dealer and the Chicago Tribune.

In estimating criminality among the black people, we should keep in mind that since Appomattox nearly every Southern State has maintained schools of crime—an organized institution for the training of criminals. This I charge against the convict lease system of the South. This system with its thousands of victims has been the cause of much of the outbreak of crime among the black people, through its brutalizing and dehumanizing influences on thousands of Negroes.

Under this system both prison and prisoners are farmed under the control of private corporations, sold to the highest bidder. To the lessee the body and soul of convicts are assigned. The motive of both State and lessee is not morals but money; not reformation, but exploitation of criminals for gain. It is crime turned into a source of revenue, the brawn and blood of criminals bartered for gain.

Criminals are generally scattered in branch prisons—quartered in rude stockades without proper sanitation, food or clothing. The average life of these convicts is less than ten years. Old and young are promiscuously chained and herded together. Even men and women are, in some camps, not separated. One warden of a State penitentiary protests

in his report that under the present law and custom the penitentiary is the school of crime instead of being a reformatory institution. Of the 50 boys under 18 nine-tenths of them leave prison much worse than when they came in.

There is in these convict camps no organized reformatory effort. Reform does not enter into the system. The aim of the State is not the moral reformation of her criminal classes, but the care of them without cost, and even the reduction of taxes through the sale of criminals.

The outcome of the careful investigation of the convict lease system on the part of the Governor of Georgia was a revelation of inhumanity, barbarity, and shameless immorality.

In a period of two years over 1,100 of these convicts escaped from Southern prisons. Think of 1,100 thieves, murderers, thugs at large, lawless men, roaming about in defiance of all law and order. Think of a system that has no reformatory element, no system to cure men of crime; but that educates young criminals in crime, but that, by its barbarity, brutalizes and dehumanizes men and sends out those that do not die under the system to debauch and de-grade society. From such criminals what wonder is it that there have come forth hundreds of moral monsters? The present system is a sowing of the wind, and it is bound to reap the whirlwind.

Over against the outcome of these schools of crime is the fact that all the thousands of graduates from the Christian schools maintained by the benevolence of the North and South not one graduate has ever been even accused of crime against the sacredness of womanhood.

THIS IS HELL.

A portion of a sermon on "A Patriot's Idea of Hell," delivered in Cincinnati, Oct. 18, at the Vine Street Congregational church by the pastor, Herbert S. Bigelow.

"An astonishing and horrible thing is committed in the land; the prophets prophesy falsely, and the priests are grasping; and my people love to have it so; and what will ye do in the end thereof?"—Jeremiah v:30-31.

A Chicago lawyer said to me: "I believe the great mass of the people are honest; only a few are corrupt. But when, in any community, the people become corrupt—that is hell."

This man's graphic statement recalled Jeremiah's phrasing of the same thought.

There is a condition of society, said Jeremiah, which fills one with astonishment and horror. What is it? It is not that the prophets prophesy falsely—