



A FEW FABLES WRIT IN WOBBLING RHYME.

The Sucker.

BEING THE FABLE OF THE EASY MARK WHO NEVER LOST A CHANCE TO BITE AT THE OTHER FELLOW'S GAME.

The "sucker" is an easy prey for every shark that comes his way, and be the "sucker" fish or man it always is an easy plan to lure him with a shining bait to some untoward, luckless fate. He'll bite without a thought or look and swallow sinker, bob and hook.

Jim Glumps, a "sucker" was, and he was just as easy as could be. And though the hook was bright and bare Jim Glumps would grab it then and there; and though he oft got taken in he'd bite, and bite, and bite again. Jim Glumps was such an easy mark that grafters hooked him in the dark.

Jim thought his party was O. K. and would not wrong him any way; so he would vote the ticket straight and whoop it up in manner great. "Protection is the thing for me," said Jim, "for I can plainly see that if I let them tax me high 'twill make me richer by and by."

When he was told that certain men would build a motor railway when they got a franchise without pay, Jim said, "Just let them have their way. We need improvements such as these, so give the fellows what they please." And he thought luck had come to him when they shirked taxes off on Jim.

When corporation magnates cried, "We're surely on the people's side," Jim Glumps bit at their bait and said, "You are all right, so go ahead." And Jim would vote their ticket straight and kicked not when they raised the freight. A pass to Boozeville handed him would square the robber deal with Jim.

Said Jim: "When I would learn finance straight to a banker I would prance." So when they taxed him awful high and hoarded all the money by, then gave to banks so they could charge the borrowers an interest large on money with which tax to pay, Jim Glumps said, "That's the proper way."

The "sucker," said the tale to tell, thought he was treated mighty well, and couldn't see to save his soul the banks e'er had him in the hole; that he paid them to get a loan of money that he ought to own, and would if not a "sucker" born to bite at bare hooks night and morn.

MORAL:

'Tis plain, the moral that I write—
For heaven's sake: look before you bite.

The Financier.

BEING 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 make 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 wondrous 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.

The Reformer.

BEING THE FABLE OF THE MAN WHO SHOT OFF HIS MOUTH SO MUCH HE COULD NOT SHOOT WITH THE FREEMAN'S BALLOT.

John Noyes was long on making kicks against the wrongs in politics; and howled aloud both night and day because things went so far astray. And 'twas no matter how things went, John Noyes on kicking was intent, and thus he'd kick and scowl and scoff and almost holler his head off.

He noted that corruption rife was eating out the city's life; and with a loud and awful roar he forthwith raved and stamped and swore. He saw that those who made the law grabbed all the "grafts" and "gifts" they saw, and he denounced them left and right and said their schemes he'd always fight.

He saw that judges on the bench oft gave the law an ugly wrench, and with his face with rage aflame he swore 'twas blasting Freedom's name. And down at Washington, D. C., he saw that on the strict q. t. the men who went to legislate were "grafting" early, "grafting" late.

And Noyes with voice in loudest key declared that such things shouldn't be; that honest men could not well mix in such dod-rotted politics. He said that clean men stood no show to stop corruption's dirty flow, and so he did not have the heart in politics to take a part.

"Why soil my hands which now are clean by fooling with the vile machine?" asked Noyes. "I'm far away too proud to mingle with that dirty crowd." And so he went his chosen way and wouldn't vote election day; nor at the caucus did appear at any time within the year.

But Mr. Noyes, you bet your neck, was always right side up on deck to

kick because the ticket made was not up to his honest grade. And though he did not go and vote it was not difficult to note that he could loudly bowl and swear the men elected were not "square."

Thus, while John Noyes and others like would only talk and never strike, the men at all times on the make a leading part would always take. They knew they had no cause to fear that Noyes would on the scene appear and pry them loose by helping clean the rotten organized machine.

MORAL:

When honest men refuse to mix
The rogues rush in and turn their tricks.

The Philanthropist.

BEING THE FABLE OF THE MAN WHO CONCEALED HIS MOTIVES BEHIND THE MASK OF DOING GOOD TO OTHERS.

A man who always sought the chance to play a big hand in finance conceived a plan whereby he might increase his goods a mighty sight, but all the time he knew he must kick up a bloomin' sight of dust; and, to conceal the game he meant, called it "benevolent intent."

Said he: "The heathen I perceive, the glorious gospel should receive; and in my wish to save their souls I'll cross the ocean's heavy rolls, and carry to these people wild the Christian gospel true and mild. I'll teach them ways of truth and joy and give their idle hands employ.

Thus did the man who framed the game proceed to put in force the same. With sanctimonious mien and air he sailed the briny seas to where there lived a people whose fair lands bloomed as the rose beneath their hands, and whose desire was but to be a people independent, free.

"I've come across the ocean's wave your poor benighted souls to save," exclaimed the man on plunder bent masked as "benevolent intent." "It grieves me sore that you should be benighted and in misery; and so I've come from far away for your poor souls to work and pray."

"But we are happy and content," the people cried. "Why were you sent? We have our schools and churches, too; our peaceful ways we would pursue, and rule ourselves in freedom's name while you at home can do the same. We thank you for your kind concern, but you would better, far, return."

"Alas," the missionary cried, "it's sad that you my plans deride. I plainly see that you are blind to all the good I have in mind. So here I'll stay and while I teach I'll just grab all that I can reach. If I save souls from Hades hot you'll have to give me all you've got."

And when the natives did resist this oily old philanthropist he swept their land with righteous ire and laid it waste with sword and fire. He seized their lands, and while he prayed a sanctimonious look displayed. "I do this in God's name," he cried, and heaped the dead on ev'ry side.

He filled the land with blood and tears, disease, and rum, and awful fears. He sacrificed his country's sons who bore his bright death-dealing guns. He used his country's flag to hide the thieving game for which he tried, and called men "traitors" who denied his right all rights to override.

And when at last his game was won he counted all the wrongs he'd done and said: "Well, Christian duty and our destiny walk hand in hand. I

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gave to them the blessed word at mouth of gun and point of sword, and it is only just and fair to take their all to make me square."

MORAL:
When greed on plunder wide is bent
It shrieks: "Benevolent intent!"

Dispatches from Buffalo, N. Y., under date of September 25, report that Mrs. Jefferson Davis is seriously ill.

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