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SOME LITTLE FABLES IN LIT- TING RHYME

Two Pharisees

A Pharisee of gracious mein who loved of all men to be seen, once to the temple took his way to pose before the world and pray. And lifting up his cunning eyes towards the bright and sunny skies he gave loud thanks—the story ran—he was not like the publican.

The Pharisee of whom you've read has for a long, long time been dead; but in his place in every land some other Pharisee will stand, and standing thus will pray aloud—not to the Father, but to the crowd—and then imagine he is viewed with honor by the multitude.

A man with overwhelming gall who answers to the name McCall, swiped fifty thousand plunks or more belonging to the widows' store, and gave it to a sleek campaign in hopes to add unto his gain, but raised his pious eyes on high and prayed—and worked graft on the sly.

"Thank God," he said, "I did not swerve, but strove our honor to preserve." And as he prayed his pockets bulged with wealth secured by schemes divulged despite his loud emphatic plea that none were quite so pure as he. And with a nerve sublime he tried to point to his career with pride.

The Pharisee of olden time has long since struck another clime, and all the world declares with vim 'tis surely hot enough for him. The Pharisee who grateful feels because the profits of his steals were spent to further other schemes will sometimes feel just how it seems.

MORAL:

This life is full of guile and strife
But graft lurks in the New York Life.

The Fence

Once on a time a man of note who often swelled his chest and throat and gave full vent to lusty speech until he was dubbed "Chauncey de Peach," stood forth upon the stump with fears and voice choked full of sobs and tears, and said: "O, friends, alas, alack; the nation's doomed to ballyhack!"

"That is, to say, 'tis doomed to die unless the people quickly fly to such as me relief to find and do not those disturbers mind who say that graft and loot abound the whole financial world around. The men like me would gladly give their lives that this great state might live.

"Don't listen to such men—hear me! Don't heed wails of calamity. The men who run our high finance are men who never lose a chance to work for the republic's weal, and for your every trouble feel. Rely on us—we'll save the state and will preserve its honor great."

All this he said, and vastly more, and on his honor loudly swore that honest men like him should be set up to guard sweet liberty. But one fine day the news reveals some mighty big insurance steals. And people chased him to the woods and caught "De Peach" with all the goods.

MORAL:

A search of such men will disclose
The "goods" concealed about their clothes.

The Quoter

Once on a time there was a man who worked a huge financial plan; a plan to guarantee to men who loved

their wives and children, when they passed across the great divide, some for their future would provide. And then to put the plan in force he took a rather crooked course.

From poor men's premiums he would take some 95 per cent to make soft easy berths with salaries that beat by several score degrees the wages of the men who paid to have provision for wives made; and these soft berths he took good care that only his own house should share.

"It is your duty," he would cry, "to lay a little substance by that wives and little ones may be from poverty and trouble free. Just put the money in my care and I will all their burdens bear. I am a man whose heart is bent on works of love benevolent."

And bet your life he meant it, too—but he and you took different view. You thought he meant your wife and child should be preserved from hunger wild; but he meant his. Of what you spent in premiums a big share went to make life easy for his own—and just how many is not known.

When caught in his nefarious work he quoted scripture with a smirk. "I've scriptural warrant I will state; in chapter five and in verse eight of Timothy the First you'll see words that gave warrant unto me for caring for this house of mine in luxury so grand and fine."

MORAL:

The Devil on occasion can
Quote scripture like a preacher man.

The Ungrateful

A senator whom you all know, who hails from far off C-h-i-o, declares it is his full intent to stand beside the president and win reforms the people need and stop the re- of railroad greed. But somehow he recalls to mind the story of a poor man's find.

A poor man on his homeward way upon the close of one cold day, found by the road a little snake froze stiffer than a wagonstake. He took the viper to his breast and lugged it home an honored guest. He thawed it out, and fed it, too—Now what did that mean old snake do?

The sake rose up upon its tail and roughened every slimy scale. Then bit the hand of him who had preserved it from a fate so sad. Ungrateful snake, you would have died if not brought to that fireside, and now you've jabbed your poison in beneath the poor man's punctured skin.

Ungrateful is the onery whelp that bites the hand stretched out to help. The party this Ohio man pretends to lead—but 'tis his plan to pose as friendly, then to bite—and some there be who think it's right. He says the president's "O. K." then throws him down most every day.

This man who would be lost to sight without the glow of calcium light; this man who owes his office fat to Teddy of the Campaign Hat, seeks now to slink his dagger keen the president's own ribs between. Which is the worst, the snake or man? Please answer that one if you can.

MORAL:

One snake thawed out should well suffice.
Only a sucker gets bit twice.

The Peoria, Ill., grand jury has returned numerous indictments against Newton C. Dougherty, the bank president who is charged with embezzlement.

An Open Letter to Senator Foraker

The Receivers and Shippers Association Co. of Cincinnati, O., Oct. 12, 1905:

Senator J. B. Foraker, Cincinnati, O.—Dear Sir: Your attitude on railroad rate regulation, as explained in your speech at Bellefontaine, Ohio, September 23, and the statements made therein, are considered by the board of directors of the Receiver and Shippers Association of Cincinnati as calling for criticism and reply, especially as your recognition of it as a business question, and one without political significance, relieves us of any possible charge of endeavoring to influence in any way the result of the present campaign in Ohio.

The transportation conditions in England and the United States are so much at variance that your argument concerning same can have no weight with those who are familiar with these conditions, although it might impress those not conversant with the subject.

You say:

"To take control of the rate-making power is to take charge of the revenue of the roads, and that means that the government is to assume the responsibility, not only of determining what rates shall be charged, but also of necessity how much money a railroad shall be allowed to make."

No proposed legislation that we know of would have any such effect.

The Esch-Townsend bill, which passed the house of representatives at the last session almost unanimously, provided for the substitution of a reasonable rate for one found by the interstate commerce commission to be unreasonable. It is safe to say that but a small percentage of the rates in effect in the United States would ever be called in question.

In your statement in answer to Mr. James J. Hooker, printed in the Commercial Tribune, you say:

"I think it would be manifest to any one who thinks for a moment

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