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THE GAMBLING CRAZE

Scenes on Wall Street When Men and Women Lost Their All—How the Lambs Were Sheared

Wave after wave of psychic influences seem to sweep over this country affecting a large portion of the population. Sometimes is it one thing, sometimes another, but the sane and sound-minded men are unaffected by them. Four years ago it was the demand for dear money which went to such an extent as to produce the worst panic that ever afflicted the people. That having been overcome by the issue during the last year of $245,000,000 of additional money, a new craze has set in—that of gambling. Started in Wall street it has spread over the whole country and thousands of men and women have been irretrievably ruined, while a few have the money of the unfortunates safely stored away to their credit.

That men counted sane should buy stocks which would only pay interest upon a valuation of from forty to eighty cents of their face value at prices that ran up into the hundreds, is past understanding upon any other hypothesis than the well-known one concerning all fads and crazes. The lambs are regularly sheared year after year, but that makes no difference. New ones walk up to be sheared the next time with just as much enthusiasm as ever.

This last game played by the sharks was the simplest ever manipulated. Two firms, Kuhn, Loeb & Co. and J. P. Morgan & Co., got hold of practically all of the Northern Pacific stock and locked it up in their vaults. Then they began to run up the price of Northern Pacific. Thousands began to sell Northern Pacific when they did not have a share in their possession with the hope of buying it back when the fall came at much lower prices. When they came to buy it back there was not a share for sale and it ran up to 1,000. Sixty per cent interest was offered for the loan of the stock over night, but the two blood-sucking banking firms would not let it out. No doubt they intended to push their advantage to the extreme, but the consequences would have been so terrible—thousands of big firms under such circumstances would have been forced into bankruptcy—that the whole financial push of New York took a hand to prevent such an inhuman end to the craze, and forced Kuhn, Loeb & Co. and J. P. Morgan & Co. to settle with the unfortunates who had sold Northern Pacific stock when they didn't have it with a hope of buying it back at a lower figure, at 150. The stock will pay interest at about 45, and that is all that it is worth. These two banking firms would have wrecked tens of thousands more and created a condition in New York that would have demoralized trade in every direction if they had not been called to a halt by all the great financial interests in the city. The two pirate firms had the power to do it. They had the stock locked up in their vaults. These other men had agreed to deliver them stock and they were forced to do it or go into bankruptcy and there was no stock to be bought at any price. These pirate banking firms could have made them pay $1,000 or $2,000 for that matter for stock worth only 45 cents and they would have done it if there had not been a rebellion all over the country at such an enormous highway robbery proceeding.

The great banking institutions that interferred did not do so for any philanthropic purpose. They saw that if the two pirates were allowed to take all that was in sight there would be little business left for them for some time to come, and it was a purely selfish motive that made them interfere. Chicago bankers put up $20,000,000 and New York bankers put up $19,500,000 and took what stocks and bonds the lambs could muster for security, thus enabling the shorts to hold on. Then the two pirate firms were forced to compromise with those who had sold Northern Pacific and couldn't deliver the goods because there was not any for sale at any price, at three times the value of the stock, namely, at 150.

When Northern Pacific went kiting under the conditions above named, the whole country seemed to go crazy. Every other sort of stock, bum stocks, fair stocks and gilt-edged stocks all began to jump upward under the excited bidding of the fools who thought that they would all get rich in a minute. Everybody went to buying stocks. The result is that there are thousands of people bankrupted. They have lost their all and will from henceforth live lives of want and poverty. One New York reporter describes scenes around the stock exchange as follows:

There have been financial crises before this in Wall street, but none where the excitement was so intense and men were so paralyzed. Brokers' offices were crowded with customers who asked for additional margins, and waited dumbly, watching the broker trying to decide what to do. Out in the streets people from up-town came crowding and running toward the exchange and a great many incidents amusing or touching were noticed by those whose business it was to be there.

Just before noon a hansom cab rushed up to the entrance of the exchange and an elderly woman alighted. Her face was pale and she leaned on the arm of a colored attendant. Entering the building she inquired for a certain broker and was told that he was not on the floor.

"How is steel preferred?" she asked of the doorkeeper.

"Eighty-three," was the indifferent response.

"God help me, I'm ruined," sobbed the woman, burying her face in her handkerchief and blindly staggering back to her carriage.

On the floor of the exchange the scene was one of extraordinary confusion. Some brokers practically threw up their hands and stopped doing business. One refused to buy a hundred shares of stock for a customer who called him to the entrance and offered him a certified check for the amount of the 20 point margin.

C. A. Missing had a customer short 5,000 shares of Atchison common at 88. When he received an order to cover at 72 the price was 75, but Mr. Missing walked rather deliberately into the crowd and said quietly: "What's doing in Atchison common?"

The mob leaped at him and one broker yelled: "A thousand at 41."

"Take it," said Mr. Missing. "Any more?".

"A thousand at 42."

The broker got his 5,000 shares all under 47.

Zimmerman & Forshay bought 1,000 shares of Louisville & Nashville at 80 and sold it a few minutes later at 99. Room traders were enormous buyers of stocks on the way down. They were covering their shorts and reaping a harvest of profits.

In the rotunda of the Astor House so great a crowd gathered around the ticker that the quotations had to be called off, the men writing down the figures hurriedly on bits of paper. Everyone in the lower part of the town seemed to have a personal interest in the market. In the elevators, on the street corners, the same anxious faces could be seen; the same nervous, incoherent stock talk could be heard. Some men who were in hard luck themselves were talking of others who were worse off. Said one man:

"I was dining last night with a friend of mine and his wife. I knew that he had gone heavily short on Northern Pacific. The dinner proceeded gayly. Finally his wife said: 'Did you make any money today, John?'

"'No,' he said, laughing.

"'Did you lose any?'

"'No,' he said, laughing again.

"And the dinner proceeded gayly. As a matter of fact everything he had had been wiped out."

One of the big private banking houses, which was reported to have lost heavily, was a scene of tears. The principals wept, and so did two old clerks. The "star customer," however, who had lost $700,000, received a reporter with this outburst:

"Say, look here, will you? The nerve! Here's a man up in Maine has sent me a circular, 'Where to Spend Your Summer.' Think of that!" He held out the circular, thoughtfully, then he added: "I'll spend my vacation up in the park, Central Park, on a bench."

In the midst of the excitement a handsome, gray-haired man rushed up the steps that lead to the exchanging floor. At the door he calmly asked the price of Manhattan.

"It's dropped over 30 points," calmly replied a uniformed employe, who had been watching a ticker near the door. There was no note of sympathy in his voice.

"Oh, my God! I'm ruined!" half screamed the gray-haired man, who a moment before had been himself so cool. He tumbled over in a heap on the steps and several men rushed by, paying him no heed, for they had affairs of their own too important to waste time on a human wreck. The ruined victim of speculation was helped to his feet by two messenger boys, for messenger boys, even in time of panic, have leisure, and he went away. He was but one of thousands.

Men sauntered into their broker's office, looked at the tickers, read the story of their own ruin; then laughingly sauntered out again, with no look of worry on their well-schooled faces.

It was wonderful study of character there around the entrance to the exchange and in all the brokers' offices. The victims accepted the news in a thousand different ways. Some did not even seem to care. Many of the women who have been making thousands in the last three weeks and who never once thought that a break could come laughed when they learned they had lost their all.

But to others it was a tragedy, the grimmest tragedy they had ever known. Loss of fortune is more terrible than death to the men and women who risk their money on the stock exchange, and even those who laughed did it to hide the torture brought by the falling prices. Room traders uptown had the usual assembly of feminine patrons. It was not so much a panicky as a hysterical market for them.

"I'm ruined!" shouted a woman in the corridor of a building that faces one of the large up-town hotels. "They've got every cent of mine in there," and she pointed to the door of a well-known trading room.

"You've got a husband to support you," screamed her companion. "But when I'm out I'm out and that's the end of it. I've lost $3,000, and it's all I had."

The voices were hard—one hoarse and one very shrill. The women's faces were hard also, and one was flushed a deep red, while the other was ghastly pale.

"If you could only be quiet, ladies," implored a manager, "you might hear the quotations much better." But they could not.

"Why, everybody's lost," exclaimed one woman to an inquirer. "I guess nobody's made, except bucket-shops."

"Oh, I don't know how I'll ever explain to—." The speaker caught herself, gave one quick glance around and then rushed away without telling who was to hear that explanation. She was young. It might be her grandfather.

Lieutenant General Nelson A. Miles, commander of the army of the United States, is paid $11,000 a year. Field Marshal Charles M. Schwab, commander of a single one of the armies of the trusts, has an annual salary of a million dollars.

MAYOR JONES

He Says That a Political Boss is in Essence a King and Rules in the Same Way That Kings Rule

Willis J. Abbot has taken charge of the Pilgrim, a monthly magazine published at Battle Creek, Mich. In the May number there are character sketches of Mayor Jones, mayor of Toledo, and Tom Johnson, mayor of Cleveland. It also contains a short article from Mayor Jones entitled "Aristocracy and democracy from which the following extract is taken:

"More and more I am settling down to the conclusion that although we are 125 years old as a nation, "conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal,' we have hardly begun to understand the meaning of 'democracy,' and we are to a very great extent, so far as our governmental relations are concerned, ruled by a pronounced aristocracy. In a remarkable book, 'The Religion of Democracy,' that has recently appeared, Charles Ferguson tells us that 'Europe and America today are sick with the nightmare of their dreams; in their dreams they have dreamed of democracy, and in their dreams they have achieved liberty, but only in their dreams, not otherwise.'

"We are all familiar with the old theory of goverument known as the 'divine right of kings,' and we know that in theory our government was predicated on the opposite idea that all divine right was lodged with the people; that the people are sovereigns. There are few in America today who will question the soundness of the fundamental proposition of equality, but, on the other hand, there are few indeed who make any attempt to practice and apply it in their relations with their fellowmen, politically, socially or religiously. We dream of democracy, but in our daily lives practice the most outrageous form of aristocracy.

"It is not to be wondered that the people did not go by one step from aristocracy to liberty. Such are not the processes of evolution or growth, and if we trace the development of the race from the primeval period of man's history upon the earth up to the present time, those of us who are eager to see a more orderly, more artistic, more human society, will learn a much-needed lesson in patience.

"There is in the popular mind a misconception of the meaning of the word 'aristocracy.' I use it as meaning the rule of the few. The aristocratic idea is that there are a few who are well-born, born to rule, while the many are born to serve, and considering that this idea possessed the world's mind for so many ages, it is not strange that it is yet the dominant idea in America; it is far less so than it was a hundred or even fifty years ago, nevertheless it dominates our politics, our business, and our religion today.

"Aristocracy has its most virulent manifestation in the politics of America. We are not ruled by hereditary kings and queens, it is true, but we are just as certainly, and sometimes quite as abjectly, ruled by the political parties and bosses who have merely taken the place of the kings and queens.

"The king governed the people because God had called him to that service, so he said; he did not want to rule them, but they were better for being governed, 'better because their necks were bestrode.' So with partyism and party bosses. The people accept the traditions and superstitions of the past as authority. 'You must have a party,' they tell us, and I ask, Why must I have a party? 'You cannot do anything without organization,' they repeat, but I say I am for the organization of the human whole.

"'I'm a man without a party,
A free, untrammeled soul,
An undivided atom
Within the human whole.'

"Under the party system, as I view it, the party bosses occupy the place of the kings of thepast. We are supposed to have a popular government—a government of the majority, and yet, as a matter of fact, in real practice we are governed by a very small and very select minority; and in almost every political division of our country, in the primary political divisions of township, precinct, ward, and city when election time approaches, a "committee" rises out of the ground, as it were, and makes an announcement through the public press of the holding of a convention on a certain date, the business of the convention being to provide candidates for the people to elect to office. Clearly this is a kindness in the committee to do the people's work for them, just as it was a kindness in the kings of old to rule the people instead of letting them rule themselves. This is the rule of the few."

Mr. Abbot's remarks upon the "no party" idea is contained in an introduction and are as follows:

"The Honorable Samuel M. Jones, who appears this month for the first time as a contributor to the Pilgrim, holds a really unique position in American politics. Other public men have left one party and gone to another, carrying with them a great and enthusiastic following, while still others have abandoned all existing parties and created a new organization of their own, state or national, so that within the last half century we have seen no less than fifteen so-called third parties, the republican party itself having at one time held this position. Mayor Jones, however, has smashed all precedent by denouncing partyism as both useless and hurtful, and shaping his political career purely as an individual, instead of as a member of an organization. He ignores all the established precedents of politics. Desiring an office, or feeling it his duty to serve the people in some capacity, he nominates himself, and the organization which is formed to accomplish his election is disbanded as soon as its end is attained. Three times he has been elected mayor of Toledo, and once as a non-partisan candidate for governor, he polled more than 100,000 votes in the state of Ohio. It is not too much to say that his success has puzzled politicians, among whom the virtues of organization, and, indeed, the absolute necessity of organization, are regarded as mere truisms. The one possible criticism of Mayor Jones' theory in the face of his undoubted success is that while his methods enable him to secure election, they do not carry through with him other nominees for other offices who will, after his election, assist in carrying out his policy. The politicians say that while you may elect a non-partisan mayor without organization, you cannot elect a mayor and a council both, and they point to the fact that in none of his terms of office has Mayor Jones had a friendly council behind him, and therefore the results of his election have been comparatively little. Besides his activity and success in purely original politics, Mayor Jones is widely and justly celebrated for the kindliness of his relations with his employes. Himself a manufacturer, and a successful one, he has assumed a position of almost perfect good fellowship with those in his employ; has declared that his business shall be run in accordance with the dictates of the Golden Rule, and has, by the establishment of play-grounds, club-rooms, and other public enterprises, contributed immensely to the happiness and well-being not only of his own working people, but of the working people of Toledo in general. Both as politician and business man, he has assumed a position wholly unique and wholly original. There is perhaps no more interesting character in American public life today."

A PLUCKY PREACHER

He Lives at El Paso, Texas, and He Preached to McKinley About Greed, Gold and Glory

President McKinley attended service at the Station Street Methodist Episcopal church, El Paso, Tex., and listened to a sermon by the Rev. W. M. Leftwith, a friend of his boyhood days. The president had been invited by his old friend to worship in the modest little church, and went in company with the mayor of the city, B. F. Hammett. The place of worship was packed to the street, and standing room could not be had by a large number.

The Rev. Mr. Leftwith preached upon "Trusts and the Present Social Conditions Existing in the United States." When asked why he chose this subject, Mr. Leftwith said he considered it the most appropriate one that could have been selected. In part he said:

"The term selfishness expresses all the conditions of human life that make necessary the laws of the kingdom of God, because selfishness is the root of all evil. Paul told Timothy that the love of money is the root of all evil. But the love of money has its root in selfishness.

"So long as the selfish greed for gold is embodied in our civil institutions and protected and fostered by our civil laws we will have financial and economic troubles, conflicts between labor and capital, strikes, insurrection, lawlessness and crime, and with these the unrest, uncertainty, insecurity and disasters that visit our country periodically.

"We condemn the largest holders of wealth and hold responsible the trusts, the combines, the monopolies and the financial policies of adverse political parties. When self-sacrifice for the good of others is the law of the kingdom of God, self-interest in spite of others is the rankest infidelity.

"So long as our vast fortunes are built out of the wrecking of private industries, and trusts and combines and corporations, with multi-millionaires of capital, make corners of the necessities of life, and this is sustained by public sentiment and protected by law, our land may continue to bring forth plentifully, our mines and mountains may continue to pour their rich ores into the lap of industry, our manufacturers may multiply in every state and county, but the uncertainty, the injustice, the oppression and the corresponding poverty and crime will continue.

"Our social and secular life has darkened our ethical vision until we fail to see the moral causes that underlie the economic and industrial evils that so often menace our public peace and prosperity, nor do we look in the right direction for the remedy.

"We see the rich man and great corporations increasing their riches by robbing the poor and then administering large charities for the relief of the poor. We see great fortunes, amassed under legal forms of oppression and extortion, standing at the head of great philanthropies and endowing great institutions, as if the selfishness of greed could atone for its own injustice and cruelty by bestowing alms.

"The remedy for the ills will not be found in this political party or that; in this financial policy or that; in this administration or that, but in the sacrifice of life upon the cross. By the sacrifice of Christ's life on the cross men are reconciled to God, and more, are reconciled to each other in the brotherhood of higher relations.

"The cross means death to sin, death to selfishness, to injustice, oppression, fraud and wrong in all forms and in all places, not only in the personal life of the believer, but in social life, secular life, commercial life, political life, in the store, the shop, the factory, the school, the church, the home.

"With the cross of Christ the nations would then have to reckon, the philosopher think, the statesman plan, the market calculate and the courts decree justice. We would then teach the nations that the Sermon on the Mount is the only Christian constitution of society."

STEEL TRUST DESOLATION

Many Cities and Towns Have Received Notice of Their Destruction—Wailing Will Soon be Heard

The first terrible stroke of the steel trust has been announced. Many cities and towns will be deserted and the property therein will become worthless. This destruction reaches from Massachusetts to west of the great lakes. The announcement of the abandonment of scores of large plants was made in Pittsburg the other day as follows:

"The United States Steel corporation has adopted the policy of centralizing operations, of abandoning its smaller plants, those disadvantageously located, and those that cannot be run economically. The work heretofore done at these plants will be transferred to those that can be operated to the advantage of the company. Of the details I can say nothing. I can only say that to work out some of the details of this policy operating heads of the concerns of the United States Steel corporation have been in conference in New York. Undoubtedly the plan will revert with greatest benefit to the Pittsburg district as the most favored of all which the United States Steel corporation operates."

The above is the statement of Joshua Rhodes of Pittsburg, retired, as chairman of the directors of the National Tube company, now a constituent of the United States Steel corporation, in reply to an inquiry as to whether the new Morgan combine had adopted such a policy.

Adoption of this policy of centralizing operations will mean to the Pittsburg district, if carried into effect, without delay, the bringing here within a year of about 50,000 mill men from plants of the company that will be abandoned.

The American Bridge company has had plans drawn for a new $1,000,000 plant to be erected in the Pittsburg district. The American Bridge company has its plants scattered through the east, at points where they are at a disadvantage to operate and some are considered for abandonment.

The recent announcement that the American Sheet Steel company had given up its plan to operate the new and costly plant at Chester, W. Va., was a reflection of the new policy of the new Morgan combine. The equipment of this plant will be taken to Vandergrift, where the most modern plant of the company, that of the Apollo Iron & Steel company, is operated. Since the sheet company formed it has abandoned a number of its plants of lesser importance and nearly all of the apparatus of these was sent to Vandergrift. Other plants of the company, located at Cambridge, East Liverpool, Coshocton, Denison, Creston, Niles, Canton, Canal Dover and Piqua, O., and Carnegie and Hyde Park, Pa., are among those which are being considered as best to abandon and their equipment to be centered in a large plant at Vandergrift.

For the American Steel & Wire company, the United States Steel corporation is expected to carry out the plan of the wire company to centralize all operations possible at Neville Island, where $10,000,000 works are being built. This has already led to the abandonment of plants at Worcester, Mass., and is expected to be followed with works at Cincinnati, the Portage works at Newburg, N. Y., and the works of Everett, Wash.

Of the American Tin Plate works, those at Agnew and Johnstown, Pa., and Canal Dover, O., are expected to remain much as they are. Of the National Tube plants, among these considered for abandonment is the Pennsylvania Tube Works, which although one of the most important companies, is not economical in operation.

The citizens of many of these towns have donated heavily to secure the plants in land and cash. Now without a word not only all that they have given, but the value of all the property they have left will be wiped out of existence. In scores of places where there has been plenty and prosperity, there will be nothing but poverty and starvation. This is the first work of the big trust. More like it will follow. On with the dance.

NATIONAL DEBTS

That of France Has Increased Thirty Times in a Hundred Years—Taxation of all Nations Increasing

It will take something more than the assurance of a cable dispatch to convince the world that France can long maintain her credit and continue piling up peace budgets that surpass the expenditures of her wealthier neighbors. French financiers are supposed to be the keenest and most adroit in the world, and they always manage to figure out in advance some small balance of revenues over expenditures. But the steady growth of France's national debt since the founding of the third republic tells a tale of unrealized financial dreams which cannot be misinterpreted.

The budget of France for the year 1902 just submitted to the senators and deputies provides for the expenditure of 3,600,000,000 francs, or $720,000,000, to which $20,000,000 is to be added for pensions to workingmen under a bill supported by the ministry. With this addition the budget for 1902 will exceed that for the current year by upward of 140,000,000 francs.

While this does not justify the characteristic French boast of being "the greatest budget in the world, the greatest budget that has ever been paid, the greatest of all budgets since the world began" (since the sum voted by the second session of our Fifty-sixth congress was $729,911,000 and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach has just laid before the British parliament a budget asking for $920,000,000), yet it is enough to stagger the economists and taxpayers of France. If France, at peace with the world, since China does not count, spends $720,000,000 a year, what would happen if she ran across any such problem as we did in the Philippines or England did in South Africa?

But the financiers of the United States and Great Britain face their deficits with increased taxes or open resort to fresh loans, while those of France delude their people with the promise of adequate revenues which perennially fail.

If France has not the largest budget since the world began, it can truly boast the largest public debt of any nation on earth, and one that has doubled during the last thiry years. In 1900 this was $6,010,000,000, against $3,140,000,000 for the United Kingdom and $1,379,289,464 for the United States.

The annual interest charge on the public debt of France amounts to over $249,000,000, or more than the total annual expenditures of the United States as late as 1886.

How the national debt of France has grown is shown in the following brief table:

Period—	Francs.
1800—First republic.....	714,000,000
1815—Napoleon I.....	1,272,000,000
1830—Louis XVIII.....	4,426,000,000
1848—Louis Philippe.....	5,913,000,000
1852—Second republic....	5,516,000,000
1871—Napoleon III.....	12,454,000,000
1889—Third republic.....	21,251,000,000
1900—Third republic.....	30,050,000,000

During this hundred years, while the public debt of France has increased more than forty-fold, its population has only risen from 27,349,003 in 1801 to 38,517,975, and is now stationary.

What is it the poet says of lands where budgets grow and people do not?

DESTROYING HOMES

The Gradual Work of the Concentration of Capital—Reducing the Poor to Worse Than Feudal Times

A dispatch from San Francisco of April 8 shows the condition among the poor of that city. Every year this matter grows worse. In Omaha and other cities of that size these sort of hospitals are constantly increasing in numbers. They keep advertisements constantly standing in the papers. The San Francisco account was as follows:

An example of how the prevailing capitalist system destroys the home, and breaks the family ties is furnished by an incident that came to light in the county hospital recently. Despite the great hue and cry of prosperity that the capitalist papers here are continually raising, more and more of the women of the poor are forced to resort to the county institution to give birth to their children.

In the maternity ward of that cold, bleak charity institution away out on Potrero avenue, fourteen babies entered this world of trial and trouble in one week. The nurses, hard-worked but patient, were at their wits' end to know how to accommodate this influx of howling infants. On several days there were as many as three and four births. They came into this world so quickly, in fact, that the doctors and nurses could not keep tab on them, and when they gave them their morning ablutions often returned them to the wrong bed and mother. They were dressed alike, all about the same size and, except in one or two instances, without any special identifying marks. Then, how were these matrons to know which was which?

One morning when all of the babies were taken from their mothers into the nursery to be washed and clothed for the day several assistants from other wards were called in to aid. All the babies were out of their swaddling clothes at the same time and when the nurses began to dress and return them to their proper parent they found, to their dismay that they could not distinguish between them. If some nurse hadn't tipped the developments of the nursery off to the anxious mothers all would have been well and good. The mothers would have been none the wiser; certainly the babies themselves wouldn't have objected. But some conscience stricken attendant couldn't retain herself and let the cat out of the bag. Then there was consternation in the maternity ward. Mothers in their feeble, helpless condition, as soon as the hint was dropped as to the mixup in the other room, imagined that she was being robbed of her child.

In the meantime babies are wearing numbers on the soles of their feet, done in blue pencil. But in the days to come how will No. 2 know he is not by rights No. 4? And how will No. 3 persuade himself that he has not been changed from a seven?

Now that the mixup has been recognized, the people of the hospital have made atonement. They have numbered the feet of every infant in a blue that will not rub. But for the original 14 of that busy week this precaution comes too late.

The whole situation is sad and confusing. Already has the problem reached the mothers' cots, and fierce has been the strife where the cots are close, reaching easy, and less than a stage whisper enough. One infant of special beauty and precocious good nature was claimed by two of the patients, after the nurse had tattled. But the doctor adjusted the matter somehow.

But there are twelve other mothers who are not sure of their young since the mingling and the muddle of the bath tub and the prattle of the nurse. The number is on the foot and the name is on the register, but the children of a week are much alike, and who can settle it that the mother's number calls for her own?

If you want to do your neighbor a favor invite him to subscribe for The Independent.

BLUE PENCILED

The Associated Press Censor Suppressed Part of the J. T. Hill Interview—Power of Money Must be Curtailed

The interview with J. J. Hill sent out to the western papers by the Associated press was mangled and the pertinent parts of it suppressed after the same fashion that news has been manipulated for the last ten years. The interview which was obtained by James Creelman as it was furnished to the press was as follows:

"Out of the mighty chaos of Wall street, with its tales of black ruin and blacker treachery, there emerges the forms of honest men. And foremost among the great masters of finance who stood at the heart of that vast scene of crime, untempted by the opportunities for plunder it offered, was James J. Hill, president of the Great Northern railroad, the one man who could have given victory to the organizers of the raid on the Northern Pacific railroad which resulted in the panic. Mr. Hill consented tonight to tell the whole story.

"This has been terrible work," he said. "There are some men in this country tonight who must settle with their consciences, and they are welcome to what they will get. I want no money taken as money was taken yesterday. There will be no pocket in my shroud.

"There are men who have come to believe that money can do anything in this country. If we have reached that point, then money must be shorn by law of its power to do harm. I am willing to see money shorn of such power. I have no wish to have that kind of power. And, in my opinion, the events of yesterday will do much to bring about legislation that will make them impossible in the future.

"I am sorry for the victims in Wall street, but I have not bought or sold one share of Northern Pacific stock since October. I have simply stood with my friends in defense of that property and refused to sell the control of the Northern Pacific to its rival, the Union Pacific, no matter how high the price of the stock rose. No price tempted us. It was a matter of ordinary principle.

"In Mr. Morgan's absence we would not allow the railroad he reorganized to be seized by its competitor.

"The control of the Northern Pacific road is safely in the hands of Mr. Morgan. The attempt of the Union Pacific people to secure possession of their great rival has completely failed.

"I am very, very sorry for the unfortunate speculators who have been ruined. I see what ruin and misery have been wrought. The theory that there is no limit to the power of money is modern feudalism. Combinations to wreck and destroy competition should be made impossible."

The last two sentences of this interview and which were blue-penciled by the Associated press censor, are very important statements. There is the same denunciation of the money power that the populists have continuously made and the destruction of the trusts demanded. The readers of republican papers were forbidden to read such statements. It is along the same line that has been followed so long and against which The Independent has made a continuous protest.

The Lambs

When the bull is on the rampage
And the bear is in the air;
When the stock is getting frisky
And is jumping everywhere,
It's a bad time for the little fish,
A bad time for the clam,
A bad time for the sucker
And a bad time for the lamb.

Sometimes the bear is uppermost,
Sometimes it is the bull,
But the sheep is always underneath
And loses all his wool;
When things are panicky and all
Are caught within the jam,
It simply hurts the bull and bear,
But finishes the lamb.

They gave the game the proper name,
It's worthy of the beast.
The weak are prey unto the strong;
The innocent are fleeced.
For all except the ravenous
It is a cheat and sham.
Whichever way the battle goes,
It's death unto the lamb.

It is a fight of animals,
Each seeks the biggest share.
Not only bruin and the bull,
The wolf is also there.
Yet unlike brutes, they're hungry still,
However much they cram,
They make their prey from day to day
Upon the fallen lamb.

'Tis not alone the one who's caught
Within the robber's den;
But back of him they shear in turn
The common citizen;
And evermore to hide the game,
They play the old flim-flam;
And evermore they keep it dark—
The public is the lamb.

—J. A. Edgerton.

On the Roll of Heroes

A civilian having applied for a commission in the army the president asked him:

"What are your qualifications?"

"Qualifications?" the civilian repeated—"what's them?"

"That is what I am trying to find out," replied the president—"what yours are."

"Well, well," said the civilian ,"this floors me! For ten years I've run the party in my ward, and I never before —"

"Hold!" said the president, "you've answered my question. Be a lieutenant colonel and quartermaster."

His name stands high upon the roll of heroes. It is John Smith.