

not particular classes of American citizens; but, sir, as I have listened to these debates I have been struck with the fact that those who own woolen mills have been most active in the defense of the tariff upon manufactured woolen goods and that those who own sheep have been most intensely interested in the welfare of the sheep owners. I put it hard upon the conscience of every man within the sound of my voice whether the duties devolving upon a senator are not as high and as sacred as those devolving upon the judges of our courts.

I have heard in this chamber beautiful eulogies pronounced upon the bench of America, and I have joined in those eulogies, indorsed those sentiments, and applauded their utterance; and yet, sir, great as is the supreme court of the United States, far as we have tried to place its members above the influences that reach into the life and mind of every man, well as these judges have been trained in their profession, long as they have walked the straight path of equity and observed the bounds of justice marked by the law, fortified as they are by experience, guided though they be by precedent, example, rule of law, and the light of learning, there is not one of them who would sit in a case where he had the slightest personal or financial interest. There is not, sir, a circuit judge upon the federal bench, there is not a district judge sitting in any of the counties of our states, there is not a justice of the peace in any enlightened community who would claim the right to decide a case in which he had a direct financial interest. If the judges of courts, then, are not above the touch of influence, and if they all shun the mere possibility of being warped in their judgment by their personal interest, I ask you what it is that has created immunity for men in this body?

I do not care how just the man may be, I do not care how he may seek to serve only his country, his conscience, and his God, there is no man who can make certain that in the end it is not his own personal interest which is controlling him, if he have a great personal interest.

Mr. President, it was in effect said by the senator from Wyoming that men should not come to this body merely because they have had no success and have not a dollar of money. The inference was broad that those who have little money should not come at all and sit here in "the councils of the mighty." I grant you that men should not be sent here because they have no money; neither should they be sent here because they have much money nor should they get here by the use of money. I grant you that a man ought not to be sent here because he has little money; but I say that it is as true today as it was in the days the sentence was uttered that "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God." That ancient aphorism does not seem to apply to the United States senate. But then sometimes I even entertain a fear that this forum does not very much resemble the celestial fields. Why did the sentence I have just quoted fall from the lips of Christ? It was said, sir, because it was true then, as it is true now, that those who own vast properties, who control immense riches, are likely to let their property interests outweigh the interest of country and humanity.

I would not attack the flocks and herds of the great west; I would not take an honest dollar from any honest man's pocket. I object to no man guarding his flocks and guarding his herds, watching them increase and multiply and bring him

wealth; but I do, sir, solemnly protest against any man using the United States senate as the point from which to subserve his personal interests. I apply that to every man who sits in this chamber, or has ever sat in this chamber, who votes a tax upon the people of the country when he knows that a large part of that tax will finally jingle down into his own capacious pockets.

So, since the challenge has been thrown out by the senator from Wyoming, I venture to say that while men may rightly come to this body who possess great wealth, while men may rightly come to this body who have great property interests, yet if the proper spirit animates them, if clean ideals animate their souls, they will do as the just judge does when he finds his interests are involved in the case on trial—just as the judge will step down from the bench and refuse to sit in a matter in which he is financially concerned—so the interested senator will step aside whenever the question to be determined directly affects his personal interests in any other manner than it affects the interest of the people of the country at large. If that be not the conscience of the senate today; if the rule embraces a horizon too broad for the vision of this hour, I make the prediction that within the lives of nearly all of us you will find the rule has been adopted and obtains here without dispute and without breach.

Mr. President, I know that they have many fine flocks of sheep out in Montana, out in Wyoming, and out in the west generally; and I have been noticing, while this debate was going on, a few figures. The astonishing fact is that one-half of the sheep of the United States are found grouped in what is known as the western division, embracing Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, Utah, Nevada, Idaho, Washington, Oregon and California.

I observe, too, that the number of sheep is small in several of those states, but that when you come to Montana you find 5,372,639 sheep, in Wyoming 5,194,959 sheep, and in Utah 1,670,890 sheep. Nearly one-third of all the sheep of the United States are in those three states.

But I observe another thing. Since we are asked to protect the flocks and the herds, since we are asked to tax every boy and every girl, every babe that lies in its swaddling clothes in the cradle, and every mother of this land; since we are asked to tax the entire 90,000,000 people—none of them escape—I challenge attention to this very significant fact: While in Wyoming they have 5,194,959 sheep, there are only 1,670 men who own those millions of sheep. That number counts every man who owns a ewe or a lamb; it counts every man who owns even one sheep. I presume that upon the farms out there, as elsewhere, many farmers only keep 4 or 5 or a dozen sheep for the purpose of raising mutton or other domestic uses. These figures then, teach the fact, nay, make it patent, that nearly all these millions of sheep are owned by an exceedingly limited number of people. The figures also suggest, if they do not demonstrate, that the sheep are owned by wealthy corporations—not the humble farmer, not the shepherd who is struggling with adversity and contending with poverty. It is these vast corporations, owning vast herds, which they graze, I doubt not, largely upon the free public lands, that are here today clamoring that a tax be levied upon every rag which goes upon the back of an American citizen. They are demanding that this tribute be laid upon the industry of the land for

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Whether Common or Not

By WILL M. MOUPIN.

In Retrospect

Seems to me the years go faster than they did in times gone by;
Then they used to creep at snail's pace, now they seem to fairly fly.
Weeks like days and days like hours,
and the clockhands fairly race
As they make their daily journeys 'round the old clock's solemn face.
Evening shadows ever crowding on the glowing lights of dawn;
Morning's crimson ever breaking ere the twilight gray is gone.
Yes, the sands of life run faster, run along at rapid rate
When a fellow's hair is graying and he passes forty-eight.

Forty-eight! And drawing closer to the grim half-century mark;
Silver sheen that shines so clearly in the hair once deeply dark;
Little crowsfeet slowly spreading, deepening wrinkles o'er the face—
All a proof that time is flying at a swift, relentless pace.
Growing love of peace and quiet in the sweet confines of home;
Gone the old unrest that led me in days gone to widely roam.
So the changes come upon me, changes slow but growing great,
And I realize the difference one can feel at forty-eight.

Forty-eight! Mere years in number—what care I how swift they go?
Every one has brought me blessings not all men can claim to know.
Love and home and happy children, sweet companion by my side;
Creature comforts without number as adown life's stream we glide.
And I hear the ringing laughter of my children as they play,
Feel the handclasp of life's comrade as we pass along the way.
And I thank God for my blessings, thank Him for my rich estate—
Home and love and happy children—young of heart at forty-eight!

Some Old Pictures

A good friend in Pennsylvania, reading our recent animadversions on the old rag carpet and the cottage organ, and "Wide Awake" and "Fast Asleep," writes to ask me if I remember certain other pictures that used to be quite the fashion. Of course I do. There was one of Abraham Lincoln and his family. Mr. Lincoln was sitting in a chair on one side of a library table, an open book upon his knee. On the other side of the table sat Mrs. Lincoln, doing some sort of fancy work, her crinoline billowing out until it occupied most of the available space. By Mr. Lincoln's knee stood one of the boys, evidently listening to his father reading, and standing by was another boy. I've often wondered what book it was that proved so interesting to the two Lincoln boys, and more than once I've had a notion to write to Robert T. Lincoln and ask him about it.

There was another one showing "Washington Crossing the Delaware." I'll wager anything that there never lived a man who could balance himself in a rocking boat amidst great cakes of ice like George Washington was pictured. That would be a feat worth while, I tell you.

And say, did I ever mention the hair motto? My, how I wish I could describe that artistic monstrosity. It

always gave me the chills to look at it.

There was one little old picture that hung upon the wall that I'd give a great deal to have hanging on the wall of my "den" tonight. I do not know what ever became of it. But I can close my eyes and see it right now. There was a plump little woman sitting in a chair, her crinoline banked all around her, her hair smoothed down over her ears, her hands were folded primly in her lap, and there was a big brooch at the throat of her wide white collar and big half-moon earrings dangling from her ears. At one side and just a little behind her stood a great big, bearded, six foot two inch man, one hand upon her shoulder and the other thrust into the bosom of his closely buttoned coat. A row of big brass buttons decorated the coat's front, and the sleeves bore the chevrons of a first sergeant. To my childish mind the man in that picture was a greater soldier than "Ol' Grant," for it was a portrait of father and mother, taken a day or two before father marched away to fight for the old flag. The picture did not show the overcoat he wore a bit later, but I have a distinct recollection that my first pair of pants was made from that same old blue army overcoat.

And there was another picture. It represented two baby angels peering over the top of a fence, or something else. All we could see was their heads and the tips of their wings, and they seemed to be gazing very intently at nothing in particular. I used to fear that I'd grow up to be like that precious pair, but I've been told since that my fears were groundless.

I've overlooked a lot of pictures. A fellow can not think of everything at once, especially if he has something like forty years to think back over. I'd like to have you remind me of some that I haven't mentioned.

Modern Fiction

"The greatest bargain ever offered."

"The handsome Miss Blank of Po-dunk is the guest of friends in our city."

"Only ten minutes' walk from the heart of the city."

"Will Smitherly has accepted a position with Catchem & Cheatem."

Brain Leaks

Service is the real measure of life. If a man could wear his hindsight before he'd be all right.

Dollars may buy sycophancy, but not genuine love.

The best thing about our yesterday's is the profit we extract from them today.

The world owes me a living, but I've learned that it is in the habit of making a fellow hustle to collect the debt.

I surmise that Job never had to undergo the affliction of a host of electric light bugs.

The "good fellow" down town is mighty apt to be otherwise at home.

Men who practice what they preach usually say very little.

A lot of people define reciprocity as trading something they do not want for something they must have.

Too many reformers exhaust their energies in the prospectus.

When a public speaker says, "And now just one word more," we settle back for a snooze.