

FIDUCIARY PRECEPTS AND EXAMPLES

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Fiduciary precepts and examples by Selrahc

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SELRAHC

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PRECEPTS
AND EXAMPLES**

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SELRAHC, 1880

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Pres. C.W. Eliot



From "The Sun," July 2, 1905.

THE WORM THAT HASN'T TURNED.

Now, hold on, Morton; you are going fast,
My God, man! they were Senators you fired.
Our Peerless Leaders—one full blown, one past—
And they have done their work as they were hired.

The Joker surely fitted in the pack,
And often smoothed the precious fifty-two.
Dealt even cards to right and left bower jack;
A modest tenth of such a chance is due!

Cleveland, who is he? Couldn't even lead
His crooked, squirming, twisting party straight!
Said: "Office is a public trust." Indeed!
They dropped him quick enough outside the gate.

Higgins goes quoting from a musty book;
"God spake these words and said, 'Thou shalt not
steal,'"

Clearly implying James and Jimmy took
More than they ought. How must our Chauncey
feel?

Oh, bosh! The game is solvent, deal the pack,
The jacks or knaves and two spots, and the rest,
And what the "beneficiaries" lack—
Why, let them buzz! We know they can't con-
test.

You bounce, good Lord! two Senators a day,
Why, Paul, how rude! and one ex-Minister,
And drive our finest gentlemen away
From the board meetings with your fuss and stir.

And Higgins has inflamed that wasp Jerome,
And God knows what he *may* do, for he talks
Of sending perfect gentlemen from home.
Ugh! But my sing song muse at Sing Sing balks!

Now, Mr. Morton, people soon forget,
No one is hanged because the Slocum burned,
Nothing was done—old hulks are running yet,
For that damned dolt, the worm—*it hasn't turned!*

From "The Sun," July 15, 1905.

THE EQUITABLE THIEVES.

They are guilty. The bars clang behind them,
Shaved, numbered, and put into stripes.
God's free air and sunlight will find them
Consorting with criminal types.
They have stolen from money confided
For the sacreddest purpose of life—
From the fund by the father provided,
At death, for his children and wife.

So the scandal of bribes and collusion,
Embezzlement, plunder and graft,
That has thrown our finance in confusion
And struck, like a poisonous shaft
At the life of American honor,
At our Nation with battle flags furled,
Is avenged, and with love rained upon her,
Columbia stands clean to the world.

There may be some error about it,
(Neumer? Lobley? The names are obscure,
Their crimes almost petty); yet shout it:
"We are purged, and our justice is sure."
Don't cavil and quibble and strum on
Great names and their harvests of crime!
For God's sake be thankful that *some one*
For this hell-storm is now doing time!

From "The Sun," July 17, 1905.

THOU SHALT NOT STEAL.

An old, old book, the wisdom of an age,
Stamped in the flame of truth by genius' seal,
Declares to all who read the mighty page,
"God spake these words and said, 'Thou shalt not
steal.'"

Is there this God to whom our fathers prayed?
We question: and the answer, Who can tell?
Is death the wage of crime and trust betrayed?
And shall the felon writhe in fires of hell?

We do not know. We read the awful words,
"Vengeance is mine," the Lord saith." How and
when?

The shepherd slays the wolf among his herds,
Why wait for hell to scourge the wolves of men?

Later or soon the law will apprehend
The rough cut thug who robs you in the street,
Who by a quick dealt blow attains his end;
We sigh, and praise our justice thus complete.

But when our "betters," holding absolute
Control of millions for the common weal,
This trust and power shall grossly prostitute;
Interpret, Lord, thy words, "Thou shalt not steal."

Read the defense and say, Are these things men,
Honed among us, leaders of finance,
Shaving the orphans' portion in their den,
Scratching like harpies in a hideous dance?

This they have done with funds of sacred trust,
Saved by the loving father's careful plan
For wife and children when he bites the dust!
Bah! the red thug's a better gentleman!

Is there a God? Good heavens, maybe, yes!
For aught we care these men may go to hell
Or whine in Paradise, but give a guess,
Will any go to Sing Sing? Well! Well!! Well!!!

Yet, hold and jest not; for the thing transcends
In its vast import any group of men,
Whether they grace the diamond horseshoe's bends,
Or, where the river bends, their Sing Sing ken.

The question: Shall this nation under God
Conceived in liberty, and rising sure
To power and empire, sanctified by blood
Of heroes; shall the nation thus endure?

The answer seems like No! Since not to-day
So stands our country on its blood bought dower.
Above the law the State sustains the sway
Of seemingly all potent money power.