

## Women Speculators.

Even the women have not been exempt from the speculative craze which has recently been sweeping over the country. There may be something attractive in the reports which have described the happiness of those who came off victorious in the struggle for gold. But although interesting, there is nothing inspiring in the reports of the hopeless, hapless creatures who staked and lost their all in the gambling halls of Wall Street. A New York dispatch under date of May 9, to the Chicago Tribune, tells the story of how women, old and young, met their ruin while gambling in stocks. This is the tale:

The Wall street panic was to women speculators a stunning blow. Room traders up-town had the usual assembly of feminine patrons today. It was not so much a panicky as a hysterical market for them, and the men and women in charge of these places were hard put to it to keep any semblance of order. Some women speculators were those who started in with the boom last fall, and who bought and bought and kept on buying. They had seen signs of the end lately. And they saw their accumulated wealth on paper today wiped out. The veterans took it quietly. The others did not.

"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," hissed 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 shrill. The women's faces were hard, also, and one was flushed a deep red, while the other was ghastly pale. They took their troubles differently, too. The woman with a husband had to be assisted out of the place; the other walked jauntily and alone.

There were other groups in the hall. Inside the room itself there were about two dozen women. They did not seem to see the big cushioned Turkish chairs that stood all about. They all stood, or paced up and down. Their talk was now like the babel of an afternoon tea, and now hushed to whispers. On the wall was the "list" with quotations, in an unbroken decline. There, too, was the significant "N. P." and "1,000" that overshadowed all the rest. There was a center table with tablets of blanks, being "buy" or "sell," but the pens that lay beside them were all dry with old ink.

The only papers in the women's hands were those that messengers brought from a neighboring drug store, and by the number of powders consumed it appeared that speculative brains had never been quite so tired before. Figures were changing meanwhile on "the list" and men's voices called the changes from the men's trading room next door.

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

"Why, everybody has lost," exclaimed one woman to an inquirer. Then she tipped her tongue with venom to add: "I guess nobody has made, except the bucket-shops. But there's one woman here that made. She's that tall, thin one. O, somebody has been telling her what to do. She started this morning by going short of the list, and she told us she was going to do it. Just see what she has made today. But the rest of us could not sell, we only knew how to buy. That woman came here in December and she looked so poor and plainly dressed, I said to myself, 'You won't last long in this place,' but she did. And tonight she will be a rich woman. The rest of us will be dead broke.

O, I don't know how I'll ever explain this 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.

In a trading-room not half a mile away the women speculators were veterans mostly. All were old and many were dressed in black. Men were there also, and the courtesy of removing hats was quite overlooked. Apathy had succeeded the first panic here.

One woman, brushing tears from her eyes, slipped quietly out to the street. But the calm ones sat still and watched the record of the exchange. The attendants sent out for sandwiches to lunch upon. But nobody disturbed them with speech, much less with orders. The place was dead. Only the pairs of human eyes that watched the quotation board seemed to be left alive. A man calling numbers at a ticker made the only sound outside of the tickers themselves.

Room traders know that the hard part of a losing day is the demand of frightened women for the profits that are gone. The office managers, therefore, kept to their private cages today, and when a customer had to be faced there was little chance for disturbance outside.

Those who hung about the rooms were women who felt that they had "nerve" to face the ordeal out. They talked excitedly about "my stock," and how "I never thought it would have gone that way," and "you were wrong about your road, you see," and so on endlessly.

The one thing that the women agreed on was that if they had tried some other broker or somebody's ticket man had not had such lovely hair and eyes, or they had been received like a lady by So-and-So's clerk, then all would have been different.

At the Produce Exchange, just after 11 o'clock this morning, a cab drove up and a colored servant helped an elderly woman to the street. She might have been 60 years old, and was dressed in black, although not in mourning. She hurried into the Produce Exchange building and went up in the elevator to the Stock Exchange floor. Calling a messenger boy, she told him to call out a certain broker. In a few moments the boy came back with the statement that the broker was not then on the floor.

"What is the price of United States steel preferred?" asked the woman of the messenger. The boy told her that the last quotation was 87. The woman seemed about to collapse, and her servant stepped forward to support her. She collected herself somewhat and then buried her face in her handkerchief and wept as if she had been suddenly afflicted with a great grief. The colored man kept suggesting that it would be better to go home, and finally the woman consented. As she went down the Produce Exchange steps to the street she was heard to say:

"Jackson, I'm utterly and completely ruined. I haven't a dollar to my name."

## The Subsidy Bill Tinker.

From April to December is a far cry, but the senate chairmanship makers in Washington, in lieu of something better to satisfy their appetites for speculation, are already drawing up tentative slates in the event of this or that occurring. At the moment the overshadowing legislative measure in prospect seems to be the ship subsidy bill, which, during the last session, nautically speaking, "put to sea to escape the squalls off shore." In hands other than those of so skillful a mariner as Mr. Frye the shipping bill would have become a hopeless derelict, but he seems to have saved enough of it to warrant a patching up, and if present plans prevail the bill will again sail gayly into sight, with a new sheet here and there and a reef in its mainsail, but it will be the same old buccaneer, awaiting a favorable chance to seize upon an annual prize of \$9,000,000.

As has been said, the pilot is the man in whose

hands its fate rests, and it is very essential to see that a man who has more than a passing interest is given the chairmanship of the committee on commerce. Rumors are afloat intimating that Mr. Frye will not serve again in that capacity, and it is right at this point that interest crystallizes. If, as the rumor says, Mr. Frye "prefers" the head of the committee on foreign relations, a post lately held by the lamented Cushman K. Davis, the fate of subsidy legislation will rest largely with Senator Elkins, who, it is said, may succeed Mr. Frye. Now it is widely believed in Washington that if there is one thing which Mr. Elkins does not possess it is the kind of influence over the senate which counts in the final reckoning. So the chairmanship is in something of a muddle. This is increased in perplexity by the fact that the senate does not appear to be desirous of permitting Mr. Cullom to preside over the foreign relations committee, which he would do if Mr. Frye should remain chairman of the commerce committee. At the same time if Mr. Cullom were transferred Mr. Elkins would become chairman of the committee on interstate commerce, so that the latter's promotion is assured, no matter what new assignment be made of Messrs. Frye and Cullom.

It is understood that Mr. Elkins' original lukewarmness toward the subsidy bill has changed, and as a strong party man he will be found in line supporting the measure. In the meantime the bill is to undergo repairs, and it may be expected to make its reappearance soon after the Fifty-seventh congress assembles in regular session. It means too much financially not to be trimmed and fitted in every manner conceivable to be caught up by the wind of popular approval, but recognizing its essential purpose the people are not likely to be deceived by its disguise.—Baltimore Sun.

## "Amerinds."

The Chicago Tribune makes the following interesting reference to the proposed new name for the American Indians:

"Amerinds" are exciting considerable confusion and much comical conjecture among people throughout the country, and though the name is now familiar to students of anthropology and ethnology, the question is constantly being asked them, "What are the 'Amerinds?'" In explanation Professor McGee of the bureau of American ethnology says the term Amerind is an arbitrary compound of the leading syllables of the frequently used phrase, "American Indian."

It was hatched in the bosom of a body of ethnologists in Washington, to whom it was suggested by a well-known lexicographer. It has thriven under many disadvantages, being a thorn in the flesh of old-fashioned scholars like Professor Putnam of Harvard, but it is now appearing in scientific journals and will be in the coming edition of the new international dictionary, as well as in any future edition of Webster's.

While the name Indian is firmly fixed in American literature and speech, and must long retain its current meaning, the need among scientists for definite designation is so urgent that any suitable term might have been adopted instead of this, though not nearly so appropriately. To perpetuate the name and its descriptive or connotative terms, such as "North American savages," "red men," and so on, is to perpetuate an error, inasmuch as Columbus believed he had gotten to India and so named our primitive people "Indians."

Amerind is sufficiently brief and euphonious for all practical purposes, not only in English, but in the prevailing languages of Europe; and it may readily be pluralized in these languages, in accordance with their respective rules, without losing its distinctive character.

Amerind is proposed as a designation for all the aboriginal tribes of the American continent and adjacent islands, including the Eskimo. It has thriven scientifically, says Professor McGee, and as soon as people understand it and become accustomed to our new fashioned name for American Indians it will replace the old one entirely.