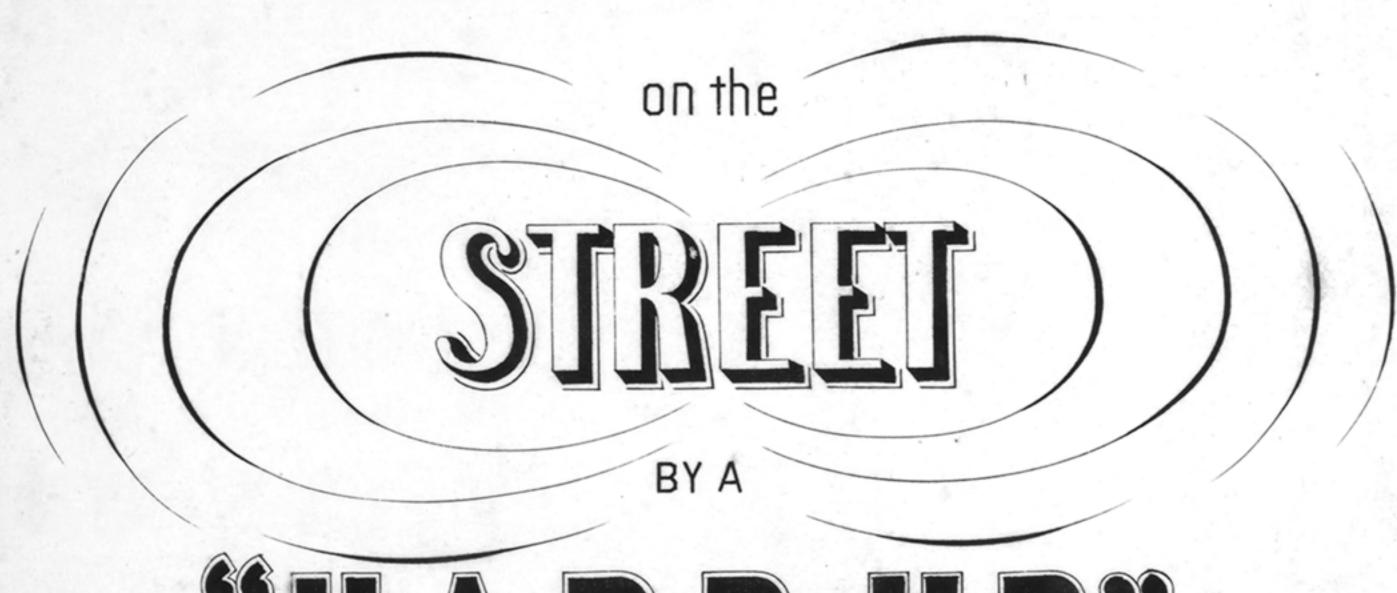
Dedicated to the

Shinners.

SCIINNING



BARD UP

PUBLISHED BY S.T.GORDON 297 BROADWAY



"SHINNING" ON THE STREET.





2

Merchants very short
Running neck and neck,
Want to keep a goingPraying for a check;
Dabblers in stocks,
Blue as blue can be,
Evidently wishing
They were "fancy free."

All our splendid railroads
Got such dreadful knocks,
Twenty thousand Bulls
Couldn't raise their stocks;
Many of the Bears,
In the troubled sharing,
Now begin to feel
They've been over-Bearing.

Risky speculators
Tumbling with the shock,
Never mind stopping
More than any clock;
Still they give big dinners,
Smoke and drink and sup,
Going all the better
For a winding up.

Banking institutions,
Companies of "trust,"
With other people's money
Go off on a bust;
Houses of long standing
Crumbling in a nightWith so many "smashes,"
No wonder money's tight.

Gentlemen of means_
Having lots to spend_
Save a little sympathy,
Nothing have to lend;
Gentlemen in want_
Willing to pay double_
Find they can borrow
Nothing now but trouble.

Half our men of business
Wanting an extension,
While nearly all the others
Contemplate suspension;
Many of them, though,
Don't appear to dread it;
Every cent they owe
Is so much to their credit.

Brokers are all breaking,
Credit all is cracked,
Women all expanding,
As the Banks contract.
Panic still increasing.
Where will the trouble end;
While all hands want to borrow,
And nobody can lend?

Running round the corners,
Trying every source;
Asking at the BanksNothing there, of course,
Money getting tighter,
Misery completeBless me! this is pleasant
"Shimning" on the street.