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BRANN'S WORKS.

In the next ninety days the writings of W. C. Brann, published and unpublished, will be compiled in book form, with biographical sketch of the author, and placed on sale throughout the United States.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Having qualified as temporary administratrix of the estate of my late husband, W. C. Brann, this is to give notice that I will continue the publication of the Iconoclast, and no contracts, either for the Iconoclast or the publication of my late husband's writings in book form, will by me be recognized unless they have my approval. His writings are all protected by copyright. Judge G. B. Gerald will be in charge of the editorial department of the Iconoclast. I take occasion here to return my thanks to the thousands who have tendered me their sympathies in my great affliction, and assure them, that I will do all I can to make the Iconoclast in the future as in the past, worthy of their support.

MRS. W. C. BRANN,

Administratrix of the Estate of W. C. Brann, Deceased.

May 9, 1898.

NOTICE.

In assuming the editorial management of the Iconoclast I do so with the certain conviction that I will not be able to replace in any way its late gifted editor. And while there are none that could fully replace him, there are many that could come nearer doing so than myself. While I will devote not only all my time, but what little ability I have to its conduct, I assure its readers that if some abler hand can be found to guide it, I will retire from a position which circumstances, unnecessary to mention here, have made me feel it was my duty to accept.

G. B. GERALD.

TO THE PUBLIC.

With the May number my active connection with the Iconoclast ceased. I need not say that the paper and all connected therewith have my best and kindest wishes, for a full measure of future success. Should I be known to the columns of the Iconoclast hereafter, it will be as a contributor.

W. H. WARD.

BRANN.

To the Iconoclast.

Like swift cyclone of blizzard's blast,  
The startling words flashed o'er the land,  
That Brann, the peerless Brann, had pass'd  
The Styx, and joined the martyr band.

At first we stood with bated breath.  
The champion of all wrong was dead;  
"The mystery and the awe of death."  
Had paralyz'd both heart and head.

It pass'd, and we once more could lift  
Imprison'd eyes beyond the bars;  
We saw the dark clouds onward drift:  
Our hero stood amid the stars!

Down fall the intervening walls,  
And Brann, with all the martyr'd bands,  
In vast Valhalla's happy halls,  
With Lincoln and with Bruno stands.

They crowd, (who pass'd the self-same way,  
The way of bullets, fire and sword,)  
To lead him through the realms of day.  
The martyr's crown is his reward.

Reward for all the bitter fight,  
He fought for earth's oppress'd and poor;  
To succor want was his delight,  
He fed the beggars at his door.

In each poor brother, wan and dim,  
He saw the face of Him who died;  
His help to them was help to Him,  
Who on the cross was crucified.

A shrine shall be his honor'd grave!  
Earth's mighty throng shall see him yet,  
With Him, who died the world to save,  
Stand on the mount of Olivet.

—GAIL WARWICK.

Washington, D. C.

RAINBOW CHASERS.

This is the lecture that Mr. Brann delivered and was to continue on his lecture tour, which was cut short by his death.

Ladies and Gentlemen: There are many things which I very cordially dislike; but my pet aversion is what is known as a "set" lecture—one of those stereotyped affairs that are ground out with studied inflection and practiced gesture and suggest the grinding of Old Hundred on a hurdy-gurdy; hence I shall ask permission to talk to you to-night as informally and as freely as tho' we were seated in friendly converse around the soda fount of a Kansas drug store; and I want you to feel as free to talk back as tho' we had gotten into this difficulty by accident instead of design. Ask me all the questions you want to, and if I'm unable to answer off-hand

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W. M. Garrison

I'll look the matter up later and telegraph you—at your expense. With such unbounded liberty there's really no telling whither we will drift, what subjects we may touch upon; but should I inadvertently trample upon any of your social idols or political gods I trust that you will take no offense—will remember that we may honestly differ, that none of us are altogether infallible. Lest any of you should mistake me for an oratorical clearing-sale or elocutionary bargain-counter, expect a Demosthenic display and be disappointed, I hasten to say that I am no orator as Brutus was, but simply a plain, blunt man, like Marc Anthony, who spoke right on and said what he did know, or thought he knew, which was just as satisfactory to himself. He's dead now, poor fellow! Woman in the case, of course. Shakespeare assures us that "men have died from time to time and worms have eaten them, but not for love." However that may be, Anthony's just as dead as tho' he had died for love—or become a goldbug "Democrat." Yes; Mark Anthony's gone; but we still have Mark Hanna. One threw the world away for Cleopatra's smile, the other threw Columbia's smile away for a seat in the senate, and so it goes. Of the two Marks I think Antony was the easiest.

\* \* \*

But let us take a look at our text. The rainbow is a sign, I believe, that the Prohibitionists once carried the country and would have made a complete success of the cold water cure had not the Rum Demon engineered the Ark. Still it does not necessarily follow that a rainbow chaser is a fellow on the hot trail of a blind tiger. He may be one who hopes to raise the wage-rate by means of a tariff wall, or expects John Bull to assist Uncle Sam in the remonetization of silver. A rainbow-chaser, in the common acceptance of the term, is a fellow who mistakes shadow for substance and wanders off the plank turnpike into bogs and briar-patches. Satan appears to have been the first victim of the rainbow-chasing fad—to have bolted the Chicago convention and run for president on the reform ticket. At a very early age I began to doubt the existence of a personal devil, whereupon my parent on my father's side proceeded to argue the matter in the good old orthodox way, but failed to get more than half the hussy out of my hide. But we will not quarrel about the existence or non-existence of a party whom Milton assures us slipped on a political orange peel. We know that frauds and fakes exist, that hypocrites and humbugs abound. Whether this be due to the pernicious activity of a horned monster or to evil inherent in the human heart I will not assume to say. We may call that power the devil which is forever at war with truth, is the father of falsehood, whether it be an active personality or only a vicious principle.

\* \* \*

Under the direction of this devil, real or abstract, the world has gone rainbow chasing and fallen deep into the Slough of Despond. Conditions have become so desperate that it were well for you and I, who are in the world and of it, to abate somewhat our partisan rancor, our sectarian bitterness, and take serious counsel together. Desperate I say, meaning thereby not only that it becomes ever more difficult for the workman to win his modicum of bread and butter, to provide his own hemlock coffin in which to go to hades—or elsewhere; but that honor, patriotism, reverence—all things which our fathers esteemed as more precious than pure gold—have well nigh departed, that the social heart is dead as a salt-herring; that all is becoming brummagem and pinch-beck, leather and prunella; that a curse hath fallen upon the womb of the world, and it no longer produces heaven-inspired men, but only some pitiful simulacra thereof, some worthless succedona for such, who strive not to do their god-given duty tho' the world reward them with a gibbet, but to win wages of gold and grub, to obtain idle praise by empty plausibility. They aspire to ride the topmost wave, not of a tempestuous ocean which tries the heart of oak and the hand of iron, but of some pitiful sectarian mud puddle or political goose-pond. Under the guidance of these shallow self-seekers we have abandoned the Ark of the Covenant with its Brotherhood of man, its solemn duties and sacred responsibilities, and are striving to manage matters mundane on a basis of brute selfishness, with a conscience or a creed of following the foolish rainbow of a fatuous utilitaria and getting even deeper into the bogs.

\* \* \*

I have frequently been called "a chronic kicker," but do not object to the epithet. There's need of good lusty kickers, those whose No. 10 tootsie-wootsies are copper-toed, for the world is full of devilish things that deserve to die. Lest any should accuse me of the awful sin of using slang,

and thereby break my heart, I hasten to say that the Bible twice employs the word "kick" in the same sense that I use it here. In fact, a goodly proportion of our so-called slang is drawn from the same high source, being vinegar to the teeth of pietistical purists, but quite good enough for God. Some complain that I should build up instead of tearing down, should preserve and not destroy. The complaint is well founded if it be wrong to attack falsehood, to exterminate the industrial wolves and social rottenness, to destroy the tares sown by the devil and give dollar wheat a chance to arise and hump itself. In determining what should be preserved and what destroyed we may honestly disagree; but I think all will concede that what is notoriously untrue should be attacked, that we should wage uncompromising war on whatsoever maketh or loveth a lie. I think all will agree that this is pre-eminently an age of artificiality—that there is little genuine left in the land but the complexion of the ladies. Even that has been called in question by certain unchivalrous old bachelors, those unfortunates whom the ladies of Boston propose to expel from politics for dereliction of duty. Somehow an old bachelor always reminds me of a rainbow; not because he looks like one in the least, but rather because he's so utterly useless for all practical purposes. He also reminds me of a rainbow-chaser, because what he is compelled to admire is beyond his reach. When hope deferred hath made him heart-sick he begins to growl at the girls—and for the same reason that a mastiff barks at the moon. You will notice that a mastiff seldom barks much at anything he can get hold of and bite.

\* \* \*

We are solemnly assured that the world is steadily growing better; and I suppose that's so, for in days of old they crucified men head downwards for telling the truth, while now they only hammer them over the head with six-shooters and drag 'em around a Baptist college campus with a rope. All that a reformer now needs is a hard head and a rubber neck. The cheerful idiot, alias the optimist, is forever prating of the world's progress. Progress is a desirable thing only when we make it in the right direction. It may be sure and swift down a soaped plank into wild ocean depths; or it may be with painful steps and slow toward the eternal mountain tops where breaks the great white light of God, and there's no more of darkness and of death. Progress industrial, the productive power of labor multiplied by two, by ten; and with such improved weapons for waging war upon the grisly gorgon of Want, nearly nine millions of the industrial army in India alone died upon their shields. Hosannahs mounting in costly churches here, the starving babe tugging at the empty breast of the dead mother there!—and we send to the famine-sufferers many bibles and hymn-books, little bacon and beans. Bibles and hymn-books are excellent things in their way, but do not possess an absorbing interest for the man with an aching void concealed about his system. Starving people ask a christian world for grub, and it gives them forty-seven different brands of saving grace,—each warranted the only genuine—most of these elixirs of life ladled out by hired missionaries who serve God for the long green, and who are often so deplorably ignorant that they couldn't tell a religious thesis from an ichthyosaurian.

\* \* \*

Progress in religion until there's no longer a divine message from on high, no God in Israel; only fashionable pulpitery to minister to languid minds, the cultivation of foolish fads and the flaunting of fine feathers—the church becoming a mere Vanity Fair or social clearing-house, a kind of esthetic forecourt to hades instead of the gate to heaven. At the opposite extreme we find blatant black-guardism by so-called evangelists, who were educated in a mule-pen and dismissed without a diploma, yet who set up as instructors of the masses in the profound mysteries of the Almighty. Men who would get shipwrecked in the poetry of Shakespeare or lost in the philosophy of one of his fools pretend to interpret the plans of Him who writes his words in flaming worlds on the papyri of immensity, whose sentences are astral fire.

\* \* \*

Progress in science until we learn that the rainbow was not built to allay the fears of the roachin family, but is old as the sun and the sea; that bourbon whisky drills the stomach full o' blow-holes and, that the purest spring water is full o' bacteria and we must boil it or switch to beer; that Havana cigars give us tobacco heart, pastry is the hand-maid of dyspepsia, while even the empurpled grape is but a John the Baptist for appendicitis; that a rich thief has kleptomania and should be treated at a fashionable hospital instead of a

plebian penitentiary, while even the rosebud is of beauty is aswarm with bacilli warning the sons of men to keep their distance on pain of death. If all that the doctors have discovered be true then life isn't half worth the living—is stale, flat and unprofitable as a Republican nomination in Texas. When the poet declared that men do not die for love the doctors had not yet learned that a cornfed kiss that cracks like a dynamite gun may be equally dangerous. I think the bolus-builders are chasing rainbows—that if I wait for death until I'm killed with kisses old Methuselah won't be a marker.

\* \* \*

Our car of progress, of which we hear so much, has carried us from the Vates'-vision of Milton and Dante to Alfred Austin's yaller doggrel—to the rancous twitterings of pown men who aspire to play Persian bulbul instead of planting post-holes, who mistake some spavined mule for Bellerophon's Mount and go chasing metrical rainbows when they should be drawing a fat bacon rind adown the shining blade of a bucksaw; from the flame sighs of Sappho, that breed mutiny in the blood, to the green-sick maunderings of atribitorious maids who are best qualified to build soft-soap or take a fall out of the corrugated bosom of a washboard. We now have poetry, so-called, everywhere—in books and magazines innumerable, even sandwiched in between reports of campmeetings, political powwows and newspaper ads. for patent liver pills. O that the featherless jaybirds now trying to twitter in long-primer type would apply the soft pedal unto themselves, would add no more to life's dissonance and despair! Most of our modern poets are bowed down with more than Werterean woe. Their sweethearts are cruel or fate unkind; they've got cirebosis of the liver or palpitation of the heart, and needs must spill their scalding tears over all humanity. It seems never to have occurred to the average verse architect that not a line of true poetry was ever written by mortal man; that even the song of Solomon and the odes of Anacreon are but as the jingling of sweet bells out of tone, a dissonance in the divine harmony; that you can no more write poetry than you can paint the music of childhood's laughter, or hear the dew-beaded jasmine bud breathing its sensuous perfume to the morning sun. The true poets are those whose hearts are harps of a thousand strings, ever swept by unseen hands—those whose lips are mute because the soul of man hath never learned a language. Those we call master-poets and crown with immortelles but caught and fixed some far off echo of deep calling unto deep;—the lines of Byron or a Burns, a Tasso or a Tennyson are but the half-articulate cries of a soul stifling with the splendor of its own imaginings.

\* \* \*

But we were speaking of progress when diverted by the discordant clamor of featherless crows. I am no pecterist with my face ever to the past. I realize that there has been no era without its burthen of sorrow, no time without its fathomless lake of tears; that the past seems more glorious than the present because the heart casts a glamor over days that are dead. From the dust and glare of the noon of life we cast regretful glances back to the dewey morn, and as eve creeps on the shadows reach ever further back until they link the cradle and the grave and all is dark. I would not blot from heaven the star of hope, nor mock one earnest effort of mankind; but I would warn this world that its ideals are all wrong, that it's going forward backwards, is chasing foolish rainbows that lead to barbarism. Palaces and gold, fame and power—these be thy gods, O! Israel!—mere fly-specked eidolons worthy no man's worship.

\* \* \*

When we have adopted higher ideals; when success is no longer a synonym for vain show; when the man of millions who toils and wails for more is considered mad; when we realize that all the world's wealth cannot equal the splendor of the sunset sky 'neath which the poorest trudge, the astral fire that flames at night's high noon above the meanest hut; that only God's omnipotence can recall one wasted hour, restore the bloom of youth, or bid the loved and lost return to glad our desolate hearts with the lambent light of eyes that haunt all our waking dreams, the music of laughter that has become a wailing cry in memory's desolate halls; when we cease chasing lying rainbows in the empty realm of Make-Believe and learn for a verity that the kendal green of the workman may be more worthy of honor than the purple of the prince—why then the world will have no further need of iconoclasts to frankly rehearse its faults, and my words of censure will be transformed into paeans of praise,

"Sweet as the smile when fond lover's meet  
And soft as their parting tear."

We have "progressed" from the manly independence and fierce patriotism of our forbears to a namby-pamby foreign policy that compels our citizens abroad to seek protection of the consuls of other countries; from the spirit that made our flag respected in every land and honored on every sea, to the anserine cackle of "jingoism" whenever an American manifests a love of country or professes a national pride. What is "jingoism?" It is a word coined by enemies of this country and used by toad-eaters. It is a term which, under various titles, has been applied to every American patriot since our gran'sires held the British lion up by the caudal appendage and beat the sawdust out of the impudent brute—since they appealed from a crack-brained king to the justice of heaven and wrote the charter of our liberties with the bayonet on the backs of Corn-wallis' buccaneers. Its synonym was applied to Thomas Paine, the arch-angel of the revolution, whose pen of fire made independence imperative—who thro' seven long years of blood and tears fanned Liberty's flickering flame with his deathless faith that the Omnipotent arm of God would uphold the banner of the free. From the brain of that much-maligned and long-suffering man Columbia sprang full-panoplied, like Minerva from the brow of Olympian Jove. And what has been his reward? In life he was bitterly belied by the foes of freedom and the slaves of superstition; in death a mighty wave of calumny rolls above his grave. Greater men have lived and died and been forgotten, but a nobler heart ne'er beat and broke—grander soul ne'er struggled toward the light or bowed before the ever-living God. When the colonists stood debating whether to bear their present ills or fly to others they knew not of, he seized the gage of battle and flung it full and fair in Britain's haughty face. When defeat followed defeat, when the newborn nation was bankrupt and its soldiers starving in the field; when coward lips did from their color fly and men brave as Roman tribunes wept tears of grim despair, his voice rang out again and again like that of some ancient prophet of Israel cheering on the fainting legions of the Lord, and again, and again, and yet again the ragged barefoot continentals set their breasts against the bayonet, until from the very ashes of defeat dear Liberty arose Phoenix-like, a goddess in her beauty, a titan in her strength.

\* \* \*

The term "jingoist," or its equivalent, was applied to Washington and Henry, to Jefferson and Jackson. It was applied to James G. Blane, the typical American of his time—a man from beneath whose very toe-nails enough intellect might be scraped to make an hundred Clevelands or McKinleys. All were jingoes in their day and generation, because all preferred the title of sovereign to that of subject; because all believed that Columbia should be mistress of her own fate, the architect of her own fortune, instead of an appanage of England or political orphan under a European protectorate; because all believed that she should protect her humblest citizen from wrong and outrage wheresoever he may be, tho' it cost every dollar of the nation's treasure and every drop of the nation's blood—and if that be jingoism then I too am a jingo alpha to omega, from beginning to end.

\* \* \*

Who are those who recalcitrate about jingoism? They are people who have never forgiven Almighty God for suffering them to be born American sovereigns instead of British subjects. They are those whose ideal man is some stupid forked radish "stuck o'er with titles, hung 'round with strings," and anxious to board with a wealthy American wife to avoid honest work. They are people whose god is the dollar, their country the stock exchange, and who suspect that a foreign policy with as much backbone as a scared rabbit would knock some of the wind and water out of their bogus "securities." It is those who would sell their citizenship for a copper cent and throw in their risen Lord as lagniappe, who are forever prating of "jingoism" and pleading for peace at any price. And these unclean harpies of greed and gall have been too long permitted to dominate this government. The result is that the greatest nation known to human history—the sum and crown of things—is an object of general insult. If it be rumored that we contemplate protecting American citizens in Cuba every European government emits a growl—there's talk of rebuking Uncle Sam's "presumption;" of standing him in a corner to cool. If it be suggested that we annex an island—at the earnest request of all its inhabitants worth the hanging—there's more minatory caterwauling by the European courts, while even the Mikado of Japan gets his little ebenezzer up, and the Akhaond of Swat, the Nizan of Nowhere and the grand gyasticutus of Jimplecute intimate that they may send

a yaller-legged policeman across the Pacific in a soap-box to pull the tail-feathers out of the bird o' freedom if it doesn't crawl humbly back upon its perch. If a fourth-class power insults our flag we accept a flippant apology. If our citizens are wrongfully imprisoned we wait until they are starved, shot, or perish of blank despair in dungeons so foul that a hog would die therein of a broken heart; then humbly ask permission to investigate, report that they are *dead*, and feel that we have discharged our duty. Why? Because this nation is dominated by the dollar—is in the hands of those who have no idea of honor unless it will yield somewhat to eat, no use for patriotism unless it can be made to *pay*. When we concluded to protect our citizens from Weylerian savagery, instead of sending a warship to Havana to read the riot act if need be in villainous saltpetre, we had our ambassadors crawling about the European courts humbly begging *permission* of the powers, and as we got no permission we did no protecting. When the church people elect me president of this Republic I'll have *ante-mortem* investigations when American citizens are held prisoner by foreign powers, and those entitled to Old Glory's protection will get it in one time and two motions if Uncle Sam has to shuck his seer-sucker and fight all Europe to a finish. I shall certainly ask no foreign prince, potentate or power for permission to protect American citizens in the western world. There'll be one plank in my platform as broad as a boulevard and as long as a turnpike, and it will be to the effect that the nation which wrongs an American citizen must either apologize with its nose in the sand or reach for its six-shooter. I'd rather see my country made a desolation forever and a day, its flag torn from the heavens, its name erased from the map of the world and its people sleeping in heroes' sepulchres, than to see it a mark for scorn, an object of contempt.

In continually crying "Peace! peace!" Uncle Sam is chasing a rainbow that has a dynamite bomb under either end. If history be philosophy teaching by example what is the lesson we have to learn? In little more than a century we've had four wars, and only by the skin of our teeth have we escaped as many more, yet we not only refuse to judge the future by the past, but ignore the solemn admonitions of Washington and Jefferson and stand naked before our enemies. We have no merchant marine to develop those hardy sailors who once made our flag the glory of the sea. We have a little navy, commanded chiefly by political pets who couldn't sail a catboat into New York harbor without getting aground or falling overboard. We have an army, about the size of a comic opera company, officered largely by society swells who cannot even play good poker, are powerful only on dress parade. We have a few militia companies, scattered from Sunrise to Last Chance, composed chiefly of boys and commanded by home-made colonels who couldn't hit a flock o' barns with a howziter loaded to scatter; who show up at state encampments attired in gaudy uniforms that would make Solomon ashamed, and armed with so-called swords that wouldn't cut hot butter or perforate a rubber boot. And that's our immediate fighting force. Uncle Sam is a Philadelphia tenderfoot flourishing a toy pistol at a Mexican fandango. When I succeed Mr. McKinley I'll weed every dude and dancing master out of the army and navy and put on guard old war dogs who can tell the song of a ten-inch shell from the boom-de-aye of a sham battle. I'll call the attention of my Hardshell Baptist congress to Washington's advice that while avoiding overgrown military establishments we be careful to keep this country on a respectable defensive posture, and if that advice is not heeded I'll distribute the last slice of federal pie among the female Prohibitionists of Kansas. If this is to be a government of, for and by a lot of nice old ladies I'll see to it that none of my official grannies grow a beard or wear their bronchos clothespin fashion. And I'll warrant you that were this nation ruled by sure-enough women instead of by a lot of anemic he-peons of the money-power, Columbia would not be caught unprepared when "the spider's web woven across the cannon's throat shakes its threaded tears in the wind no more."

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To the American patriot familiar with the rapid development of his country it seems that the hour must assuredly come when its lightest wish will be the world's law—when foreign potentates will pay homage to the sovereigns of a new and greater Rome; but let us not be too sanguine, for nations, like individuals, have their youth, their lusty manhood and their decay; and despite the rapid increase in men and memory there are startling indications that Uncle Sam has already passed the zenith of his power.

"First freedom, then glory, when that fails,  
Wealth, vice, corruption—barbarism at last."

Freedom we have won, and glory, yet both have failed—we have become, not the subjects of native Ceasars, but the serfs of foreign shylocks. Wealth we now have, and oriental vice, and corruption that reaches even from the senate chamber thro' every stratum of society. That we are approaching barbarism may be inferred from the magnificence of the plutocrat and the poverty of the working people. The first reaps where he has not sown and gathers where he has not strewn, while if the latter protest against this grievous injustice they are branded as noisy Bryanites or lampooned as lippy Populists. To the superficial observer a nation seems to be forging forward long after it has really begun to retrograde. There's an era of splendor, of Lucullus feasts, of Bradley-Martin balls and Seley dinners; there's grand parade of soldiery and ships, miles of costly palaces, and wealth poured out like water in foolish pageantry; there's refinement of manners into affectation, dilettanteism, epicureanism—but 'tis "the gilded halo hovering 'round decay." The heart of that nation is dead, its soul hath departed, and no antiseptic known to science will prevent putrefaction. How is it with us? Forty thousand people own one half the wealth between the two oceans, while 250,000 own more than 80 per cent of all the values created by all the people. What is the result? Money is omnipotent. Power is concentrated in the hands of a little coterie of plutocrats—the people are sovereigns *de jure* and slaves *de facto*. A mongrel Anglomanism is spreading among our wealthy like mange in a pack o' lobo wolves. Our plutocrats have become ashamed of their country—probably because it permits them to practice a brutal pædocity—and now cultivate foreign customs, ape foreign fashions, and purchase as husbands for their daughters the upper-servants of European potentates—people who earned titles of nobility by chronic boot-licking or sacrificing their female relatives to the god of infamy. Year after year these titled paupers—these shameless parodies on God's masterpiece—paddle across the pond to barter their tawdy dishonor for boodle, to sell their shame-crested coronets to porcine-souled American parvenues who if spawned by slaves and born in hell would disgrace their parentage and dishonor their country. Our toadies and title-worshippers now have a society called the "Order of the Crown," and composed of puppies who fondly imagine that they have within their royal hides a taint of the impure blood that once coursed thro' the veins of corrupt or barbarous kings. Perchance these dudelets and dudines will yet discover that they are descended in a direct line from King Adam the First and are heirs to the throne of Eden. Our country is scarce half developed, yet it is already rank with decadence and smells of decay. Our literature is "yellow," our pulpit is jaundiced, our society is rotten to the core and our politics shamefully corrupt—yet people say there's no need of iconoclasts! Perhaps there isn't. The iconoclasts used hammers, while those who purify our social atmosphere and make this once again a government of, for and by the people may have to empty gattling guns and load them with carbolic acid.

(To be concluded in July issue.)

If the Spaniards in Cuba are anxious to shoot any American journalists they catch, the Iconoclast can furnish them with the names of a few coyotes and sneaks who would look better underground than anywhere else. The only trouble comes from the fact that they are never to be tempted within smell of burned powder. They belong to the class of which "Majah" Nat Burbanks, of the New Orleans Picayune, and the underpaid pinhead of the St. Paul Pioneer Press are distinguished exemplars—asses who bray at a dead lion, stronger in death than they can hope to become in life; cowards who spatter filth upon the white marble of a tombstone that marks the sleeping place of one who was everything that they are not; jackals that yelp joyously because he, whom they feared is no more; hyenas who gnaw the dead, knowing that the mighty hand and arm are still. This Burbanks, known for years in New Orleans as a lover of discarded soubrettes, a journalistic fool for pay, and a drinker of other men's whiskey, is not worth the space I have given him; but it is written and it goes.

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The frauds and fakes of this country will notice that the Iconoclast is not dead. It is too busy to die.

## INGRATITUDE.

"How sharper than a serpent's tooth, it is to have a thankless child."

Shakespeare puts these words into the mouth of Old Lear, as he bemoans the ingratitude of his daughters; but the ingratitude of the Misses Lear is not a circumstance to that of one H. Carroll White, a reverend saint, who wrote a letter from a theological school in Philadelphia to his mother in New York, who, old, poor and friendless, had appealed to him for help. The following, from the New York Journal, will be sufficient, without publishing his letter:

"A few days ago she found herself out of work and money and, tired out, she wrote to her clerical son, asking for help. In reply she received a cruel, heartless letter from the embryonic clergyman, filled with bitter reproaches, couched in the language of the learned and overflowing with rebukes—not gently worded—because she had dared to ask his assistance. The poor mother brooded over the letter, and died."

From his letter it appears that he had received a "call" from California, and expected to start soon to take charge of his church. He also gave as a reason for refusing to help his mother, that he was looking around for a wife, as he desired to settle down, and would need all he could get to secure a wife and provide a home. Take it all in all, it is the most cruel and heartless letter ever written by a son to a destitute, dying mother, and as several papers have published it, being found on her person after death, the Rev. H. Carroll White finds himself a much advertised minister looking out for a wife. How any human being could under the circumstances write to a mother as he did, none can conjecture, unless under a human form he bears about the hyena's heart.

I am sure, that if those stories of the people of India stealing children to replace dead whelps are true, then I venture to say, that not a child raised by a wolf dam would have ever shown half the ingratitude to its four-footed mother that this reverend scoundrel has shown to the mother who bore him.

As to his going to California to take charge of a church, I would suggest, that he pause and consider a moment to remember, that out there they have a way of hanging pious saints of his build—Durant for instance, and then refusing to give them room in cemeteries, where decent people are buried. The Rev. H. Carroll White had better be careful when he goes to administer gas-pills to the heathen. In fact, I think the best thing he can do is to come to Waco; I will guarantee that if he dies here, that he can save funeral expenses, as he is evidently "on the save," for there was never a buzzard, bred around the fens of the Brazos, that would stick a beak in his loathsome carcass, and if the jack-rabbits give out, the coyotes would starve before they would gnaw his bones. There is another thing that makes it peculiarly appropriate that he should come to Waco. He wants to marry, and I know a woman living south of Austin street that is the very one to take him in hand and hunt him up a proper bride. She would fill the bill herself, but is a little too old, and already has a "hubby," but as she worships saints something like himself, I am sure that the news of his coming would bring about that ecstatic condition on her part that befell the fair daughter of the immortal Sancho Panza, when she heard that Sancho had been appointed the governor of an island.

If he could get a chance to deliver a funeral sermon, in which he, with other deliberate lies, could charge that "they had been hounded to death," because they would not publish a slander, he would much endear himself to certain other saints of this city, and no doubt soon get a call to some church in Texas.

If this opportunity should be denied him, owing to that Sunday School guild of assassins, deciding that their most Christian business was not paying large dividends in Waco, and quit; there is still another opening for him. Surely he might get a professorship in a great Christian university, where he could gaze with delight upon mobs dragging over its campus men, whose statements could be answered in no other way, could by example prove, as others have done, that he held a mob as the highest form of Christian argument, an assassin the highest type of Christian courage, and that his motto, which I freely give to him and those here who are like him, "Shoot in the back, then lie in your dying declaration," is the highest exemplification of Christian civilization.

Come! H. Carro!, come! And bring a copy of the letter

you wrote your dying mother, and I will furnish you the names of a few, both of men and women, who will take you to their hearts and do all they can to furnish you both with a wife and a congregation.

## EDITORIAL ETCHINGS.

I draw the deadly parallel on the Rev. Samuel Jones of Georgia, and suggest that a man who will fling his slime and insults at other men as he does, and especially at those he delights in calling Infidels, and then steal the products of the brain of a man who has been more denounced by men of the Jones' stamp, than any other man of this generation, and palms these products off for his own, ought to be kicked out of any decent place, where he dares to show his blackguard face. The following is from Brann's lecture on humbugs, published in 1895. (See page 58, Brann's Speeches and Lectures):

"The place to take the true measure of a man is not the market-place or the amen-corner, not the forum or the field, but his own fireside. There he lays aside his mask and you may learn whether he's imp or angel, king or cur, hero or Humbug. I care not what the world says of him—whether it crown him with bays or pelt him with bad eggs; I care never a copper what his reputation or religion may be; if his babes dread his home-coming, and his better-half swallows her heart every time she has to ask him for a five-dollar bill, he's a fraud of the first water, even tho' he prays night and morn till he's black in the face and howls hallelujah till he shakes the eternal hills."

The following is from the Dalton (Ga.) Argus, March 19, 1898:

"Sam Jones is right when he says:

"The best place to take the true measure of a man is not in the market place, the amen corner, nor in the field or forum, but at his own fireside. There he lays aside his mask and you may learn whether he is an imp or an angel, king or cur, hero or humbug. I care not what the world says of him; whether it crowns him with glory or pelts him with bad eggs. I care not a copper what his religious belief may be. If his babies dread his coming home, and his better half swallows her heart every time she has to ask him for a \$5 bill, he is a fraud of the first water, even though he prays night and morning until he is black in the face and shouts hallelujah until he shakes the eternal hills."

Was there ever seen a more shameless theft. He who steals the product of another's brain is worse than he, who steals a purse. There might be extenuating circumstances for the one, but none can be pleaded for the other. Yet this brazen blackguard parades himself as a saint that has pre-empted a corner lot right up against the great white Throne.

\* \* \*

The Jefferson City Tribune (Mo.) has in it a notice of a negro sent to the penitentiary for two years for resisting an officer, and one, of a negro convicted of attempted rape, sentenced to jail for three months and fined \$100. How any court or jury could reconcile these two sentences, I for one, can not see. The negro that committed far the greatest crime gets off with the lightest punishment. If there is anything on earth, that makes men have a contempt for law and its enforcement, it is just such a thing as this. If the greater criminal is to receive the less punishment, shut up the courts and look somewhere else for justice.

\* \* \*

The Chicago Journal of March 17, has with flaming headlines a story about Mrs. M. E. Williams and Dr. G. B. Colby, who, it says are prominent in social circles in Waco, and are now airing their infamy in Chicago. No such persons are known here. If the Journal had suppressed Mrs. Williams name and called her Mrs. ———, of Waco, Texas, many persons would have instantly commenced to inquire about at least a dozen of the 400, to ascertain which of them was away from home.

\* \* \*

Parson Scudder of Jersey City has made an innovation on the old rule of letting the church lay idle all week, except Wednesday night and Sundays, and has opened a pool game in the basement of his tabernacle. A number of the elect were shocked at this, and clamored for the removal of the table; but the parson, who is evidently a true blue, refused to entertain the proposition, and put in another table.

"Have the table removed?" said Parson Scudder. "Nonsense! Why, that board is doing a grand work in the church, and every member who is not blind to facts knows

It is keeping the young men who might otherwise be tempted to visit questionable places in search of a game of billiards or pool right where we can place our hands on them."

The Iconoclast stands by the parson, and hopes that he and his board will win the fight, and then proceed to make other innovations that are badly needed, to learn bigots that the world is made for all the reasonable enjoyments of man.

\* \* \*

The Rev. J. K. Mathews of Jersey Shore, Pennsylvania, represents both the church militant and the church triumphant. He objects to persons bowing their heads in prayer; but requires all to get on their knees when he whoops them up before the throne of grace. A young gentleman failed to follow orders, and the parson with some members of the congregation attempted to eject the young man from the church. A lively fight followed, in which the head bower put a head on the parson and several others, but was at last put out, amid the shout of "Praise God From Whom all Blessings Flow." Surely the recording angel made a copious note of the pious doctor, and his truly pious ways.

\* \* \*

Supposing that the construction of law that hanged the anarchists in Chicago was put to work in Texas, would not the Rev. Cub Harvey Carroll find himself in great danger of an indictment, as accessory before the fact, to a murder, on account of that so-called funeral sermon that he preached in Waco, but which has been properly described as a crusade of blood against the then editor of the Iconoclast. There was no proof that the hanged anarchists ever participated in the murder that occurred, but they were hanged for the speeches they had made, and the articles they had written, which undoubtedly had gone far towards causing the murders that followed.

\* \* \*

There is a fellow "Col." somebody, who is lecturing up in Nebraska, telling how worthless he used to be, and what a bad man was Thomas Paine. The most charitable conclusion to be applied to this distinguished, military chieftain is, that he never read Paine's works. Any other hypothesis would convict him of being a deliberate liar. Paine believed in a God, the immortality of the soul, and in special providence; a thing that millions of intelligent so-called Christians do not now believe in. Well, it will do Paine no harm to have this Nebraska jackass bray at his memory, but the gallant "Col." would probably find, that he could confer a greater favor on the people of Nebraska, than lecturing, and that would be to hire himself out to be tied by the heels to a cart and dragged around Lincoln, so that his ears could sweep up the streets.

\* \* \*

From the report of three criminal cases, made by the St. Louis Star, all occurring in the court of a fellow named Judge Flitcraft, it would appear, that the court of this judge is one, in which every thief and murderer in St. Louis ought to pray to be tried in; for he will certainly have the assurance; that if he does not go "scot free" he will, at least, get the lowest sentence possible for the court to inflict. There is only one kind of a man that ought to have any fear of being tried in Judge Flitcraft's court, and that is a decent gentleman. It is probable when this learned and upright judge comes in contact with such a one, that he regards him as some kind of an outlandish beast, of which the world ought to be rid, and proceeds to go for him without bail, mainprise or benefit of clergy.

\* \* \*

Harper's Weekly of March, containing an article about the killing of the negro postmaster of South Carolina, admits that he was worthless and negligent of his duties, but says that he was killed because he was a nigger, and that the government, where such outrages occur, "even occasionally," has enough to do at home, and "should not meddle with affairs of foreign countries." Evidently Harper's Weekly is suffering from an acute attack of stomach ache, because the United States, in the interest of humanity, and the protection of her honor as a nation, propose to call the Dons to account. In the very next issue it has an article defending Sheriff Martin and his deputies for the cold-blooded murder of a lot of miners, marching peacefully on a public highway. It actually grows so eloquent over the defense of Martin and his deputies that it condemns every newspaper,

which dared to say one word against that foul crime, and asks that the court hold all such papers in contempt. It says:

"Sheriff Martin and his deputies are to be honored for resorting to extreme measures in upholding the majesty of the law. Such extreme measures ought to be resorted to very much oftener than they are in this country."

Great God! Has human nature sunk so low, or the power of money grown so great, that a newspaper can endorse such crimes and advise their repetitions? Yes, *vide* Harper's Weekly, the paper that does it should be held in contempt of all the decencies, both of law and morals.

\* \* \*

The superintendent of the Street Car company of Cincinnati has ordered all conductors to abandon the use of onions in their diet. This is probably a serious question to any street car conductor, who loves onions better perhaps than Pistol loved the leek; but the succulent tuber had to go. The reason for this order is to be found in a kick which the Cincinnati darlings, raised against having their olfactories saluted by the breath of street car conductors, who had mixed onions with their rations. The Enquirer is trying to settle the question by the invention of a muzzle supplemented with a sponge, that will cover the mouth of the conductors and carry to the noses of the dear ones all the perfumes of Araby the Blest.

It is well known that there are some women in Cincinnati, who, if they catch a good looking conductor alone on his car, always catch him and kiss him *vie et armis*. It is probably from this class that most of this kick is coming, and the Enquirer will find that its muzzle scheme will not work.

You may maul, you may muzzle, the vase if you will,  
But the scent of the onion will hang, 'round it still.

\* \* \*

I see it stated in a paper that there is much rejoicing over a Baylor cadet getting a place in the United States army to go to Cuba to fight the Spaniards. I hope he did not belong to the gang that helped to mob Brann, and he surely did not, for the only weapons that are dear to them, are ropes, backed by overwhelming numbers. There is another reason why he could not be one of these, for if he was, he would well know that one Spanish dago with a sawed off shot gun, and a double edged knife could run a thousand of such into the waters of the Gulf of Mexico, or the Caribbean sea.

\* \* \*

The Carnival has come, and the Carnival has gone, but with its coming and going, it has surely brought some happy moments to hearts wearied with toils of life, and will carry into the future, especially with the young, some tender memories of the past. Some decry all such festivals; but for myself I have ever loved them. They break for a brief hour among the many dreary scenes from which life is made, and will for a moment turn away the most sordid from that unceasing struggle for gain, that is slowly but surely eating out a nation's heart. To me all such days of mirth and revelry are dear. Christmas, Easter and the spring festivals, bring back the old pagan days, from which they sprang and in which men never forgot, amidst the busy hurry of life, either in war or peace, their homage to the God of Nature, that has in his wisdom, given so much to make the life of man so happy, and so beautiful, if he could only lay down his undue worship of gold and hate of his fellows.

The Carnival in all its details was alike creditable to the management and to the city, as a welcome not only for the homefolks, but to the strangers within the gates.

Last month I attended the Battle of Flowers in San Antonio, and without the slightest wish to disparage the beautiful parade that graced that occasion, I must say that, except the crowd, which in San Antonio was something larger, Waco's parade was the best. But San Antonio possesses attractions to gather a crowd superior to any other city of the state, for around it are gathered memories that make it a Mecca to every Texas heart, and dear to every lover of liberty throughout the world. I witnessed the parade from a gallery fronting the old Alamo, and for a time the parade and the happy thousands were forgotten as from the chambers of memory "In dim procession led" came that scene of the long ago. I heard the roar of the Mexican cannons, saw Santa Anna leading his four thousand against the one hundred and forty devoted to death and liberty. Again and again the swarming thousands were driven back, as from every window and loop hole leaped forth the flame of death. I could hear the voice of Travis, as he cheered

his heroes on to die, that from their martyred blood might rise the men, who on San Jacinto's plain gave to the American union a grander empire than Caesar's legions won for Rome; but at the exclamation of a fair young girl by my side, the past faded into the present, with the echo in my ears. "The old man thinking of the past, the young girl of the future." Outside of its historic memories, San Antonio possess another attraction unequalled by any other city in the union; and it is, that no matter how often you visit it, you can find scenes that ever whisper of the isles down in the southern seas, where the fire flies flit through the orange groves, at night, and the heaving bosoms of black-eyed beauties rise and fall, as they list to the words of the old, old story, mingled with the murmurs of the moaning sea.

\* \* \*

It seems that the state of Ohio is in hard lines. Senator Foraker, who evidently desires to sustain the decencies of his state and his party, is trying to have proper men appointed to Federal positions, but every time he does so he bumps up against Mark McHanna, the slave driver of Cleveland, Ohio, and the originator of riots and strikes in his coal mines, in order to beat his poor employees out of the humble homes for which they had nearly paid. Senator Foraker wanted Hermann Goeppel as surveyor of customs, a man satisfactory to the business men of Cincinnati; but Mark says no; it must be Louis Voight. The fact, that Voight has no qualifications, and is not wanted by anyone outside of the McHanna gang, cuts no ice. Voight seems to be a fair sample of many of the patriots, whom the unknown providence of God and the work of some scheming ring of politicians, so often foist on the Texas legislature. For he was a member of the Ohio general assembly that elected McHanna to the senate. When the time came, two of McHanna's henchmen, Eshelby and Sam Bailey, Jr., blew the whistle and Voight trotted up to the trough and put in his vote.

No one ever accused McHanna or his henchmen of having bought Voight; he is one of those fellows that can always be settled with by the promise of an office, and do not require the cash in hand, and McHanna is one of the patriotic sons of Ohio that would rather pay out of Uncle Sam's pocket than his own, and of course he will stand by Voight.

Senator Foraker also desired E. W. Poe, formerly auditor of the state, and a man against whom none can speak to his discredit, except the McHanna gang; but Mac says it must be Sam Bailey, Jr., probably because of his help in bringing Voight up to the trough. Yet there are men in this country, who say that McHanna is no statesman; but we see him settle his political debts, out of the pockets of Uncle Sam, with the same ease and grace that has ever characterized him in robbing and plundering the many poor devils that have from stress of poverty been forced to become his employees.

#### THE BRANN MONUMENT ASSOCIATION.

The association to erect a monument to Mr. Brann has been organized. It is apparent from letters received, that a sufficient number of his friends desire to join in a testimonial to his memory. The names of the gentlemen who compose it are as follows: G. B. Gerald, president; Dr. R. W. Park, secretary and treasurer; Dr. D. R. Wallace, Hon. W. S. Baker and I. D. Shaw. These parties compose the executive committee. This committee has taken it in hand to accomplish the desired end. If enough money is sent forward, the suggestion made by me in the May Iconoclast will be carried out; if not, a more simple memorial will be erected. I hope that enough means to erect it, as suggested, will be furnished, as the plan seems to meet the universal approval, of all that have written, and the only suggestion of a change to be made is to have the words "Brann's Iconoclast," inscribed instead of "Iconoclast," as I first proposed.

Some have suggested that all subscriptions should be limited to a certain amount, this it is thought would not be well to adopt. It is a free offering and like the widow's mite, will not be measured by the amount. No person will be asked or urged to give a cent outside of what is written here, and it is best that all be left to contribute what they desire, be it much or little. It is the wish of the association to carry out its object as soon as possible, and I request all those, who wish to contribute, to send in their contributions within the next thirty days. A record will be kept of the names and amount, and a receipt of the secretary and treasurer will be returned. When sufficient funds have been received, to justify action, the committee will

immediately decide upon the style of a monument, and proceed to carry it out.

After the contributions have come in sufficient to accomplish the object, there will be published a list of those contributing, their postoffice and amount given, unless parties should desire their names withheld, and if they will so state, their wishes will be respected. Several have written to me for pictures of Mr. Brann. We can arrange to furnish cabinet photographs, at 50 cents, or the large photos at \$2.50. If the lithographs are preferred, such will be furnished for \$1. All above the cost of the pictures is to go to the monument fund. The pictures, except the cabinet size photo's, could not be furnished at once, as it would take some time to have them made. The large photo's and lithographs would be about 14x17 inches. Remember that no picture includes a frame. If enough persons desire a large picture, either photo or lithograph, they should make up clubs at places, where there is an express office, as they would certainly be damaged and sometimes completely ruined in the ordinary mail. Of course, the cabinet photos could easily be sent by mail. All directions regarding the large pictures are only by way of suggestion, and no steps will be taken to provide such, unless it is found that a sufficient number would want them to justify the expense of getting them up. Persons sending their contributions can do so, either to the secretary and treasurer, Dr. Park, or to me, and receipt for the same will be forwarded.

G. B. GERALD.

#### THE WAR.

The war with Spain is progressing probably as rapidly as the best interest of this country requires. War, no matter how holy the cause, is a calamity to any nation, and the less of maiming, loss of life, ruin and desolation follows it, so much the better for humanity and civilization. That it will not last a great while, all indications point to, unless some other government becomes involved; an event highly improbable; for there are few nations, if any, that would seek a war with the United States without just cause, and if we continue in the future as in the past on this matter, no good cause will be found.

It is to be regretted, that some, unmindful of the fact that we are in honor bound to give to the people of Cuba liberty under a government of their own, are evidently leaning to the idea that Cuba is fine material, out of which to make a state of this union. No greater mistake could be made; for it is utterly unfitted for any such purpose, and would be a calamity, such as has not fallen upon this country, since the war between the states, and the reconstruction, which followed. While the people of Cuba are entitled to the birthright of every human being, "Life, liberty and pursuit of happiness," restricted alone by reasonable laws, in the protection of the rights of others, it has not a single right that should guarantee to its citizens a place under our government. Its people are foreign to us in ideas, language, race and blood, and have all the characteristic features of the other Spanish-American races; among which the most prominent is, the idea of the majority; that whenever a man can gather around him a few hundred men, and a few breech-loading guns, he can issue a pronunciamiento, and start a revolution, and they have all proved, as in Mexico, that it takes the iron hand of the soldier to guide them to the highway that leads to peace and true civilization. If ever the time comes that any portion of this country, has to be governed by the sword of the soldier, instead of the law of the civilian, then the great republic dies.

As to the Philippines, if any portion of them suits as a naval station in the Pacific, and we certainly need one there, then appropriate it; but only so much as is necessary for the purpose, and let Spain or some other country redeem the balance under the rule of war indemnity, which among nations reverses the rule as to the rights of property acquired by individual violence.

Some doubt the justice of the war with Spain. I do not, and have never felt for a moment since the destruction of the Maine, but that this country was fully justified, and in honor bound, to avenge the dastardly murder of her sailors, and the insult to her flag, which, if not done at the direct instance of the Spanish government, was surely aided and abetted by Spanish officials in Havana; but the Spanish government instead of instantly hunting down the perpetrators, as she could have done, and handing them over to be hung on a floating gallows, stationed over the wreck of the Maine, tried to break the force of the infamy by claiming that it was an accident, and intimating, that it was caused by the

inefficiency of the officers of the destroyed vessel. Nearly two generations ago, men were shouting "Maine has gone hell-bent for Governor Kent, Tippacanoë, and Tyler too," and the present generation are justly shouting, "Remember the Maine and to hell with Spain."

As to Spain as a government, she deserves neither sympathy nor respect, for over two hundred years her colonial policy, has been a reproach to humanity, and a blot on civilization. Her arms have ever carried ruin and desolation into every land where her flag has triumphed, and her course has ever been as in the Low Countries where Alva swept with fire and sword, amid the screams of ravished women, and the blood of slaughtered non-combatants, where thousands with Egmont and Horn were doomed to the headman and the stake, for no greater crime than fealty to the land of their birth. Where the silent Prince was forced to contemplate loading his people on their ships, cutting the dykes, and giving the land back to the sea from which their ancestors had redeemed it, and founding in Africa another state, where civilization might live, free from the barbarism of the Spaniard, who with all their boasted "blue blood," are outside of their Iberian population, but the progeny of barbarians and the slaves turned loose at the break-up of the Roman empire, who have demonstrated more than any other so called civilized nation on earth, the truth of the doctrine of Atavism; for whenever and wherever, they have had the opportunity, they have instantly reverted to pillage, bloodshed, spoliation, desolation and desecration, the salient features of the ancestry from which they sprang. Who stands before the world in the closing hours of the nineteenth century, as the nation, that holds the sickening, bloody, butchery of beasts in the bull ring, as the highest form of civilized enjoyment? But with all her dark past and nearly as dreadful present, when she recognizes Cuban independence, and asks for peace, this country will deal fairly and justly with her, and let her off just as easy as her transgressions will permit, for the United States can not afford to play the bully with any nation, weak or great.

Some think that Cuba should have been invaded ere this; but they forget that a successful and quick ending, as far as Cuba is concerned, of the war, depends upon the fact of which fleet rides in triumph over the waters of West Indian seas. At this writing they have not measured strength, but I hope will do so before this sees the light, and if ours is triumphant, as it surely will be, then that part of the war can be quickly settled. Some of us have learned in the bitter school of experience that starvation and want of military supplies are harder to face than the battalions of the foe, and have no desire to see our men left on an island, desolated by war and cut off from home communications, with probably plenty of bananas and plantains to eat, but they are not good soldier fare.

This war will surely accomplish one thing outside of Cuban independence, it will lay to rest that sickening story of the bloody shirt, of which we have heard so much, the garment that the politician loves so well, that he has so often stripped from the ghastly skeletons of the battlefields, dragged in joy along the pathways of a nation's peace, and with it blocked the gateways of a nation's love.

If the south has not proved her loyalty to the flag of our common country, has not proved, that while true to the memory of the new born nation, that in the cradle of war was rocked, and on the bed of battle died, that she stands as one who in his young manhood at the altar pledged his troth, to some fair girl who in her early beauty died, yet in after years can stand by her grass grown grave and on the lips of the second impress the kiss of love and faith, as he drops a tear to the memory of the loved and lost, then she ought to be remanded to the condition of a Spanish colony, instead of being styled sovereign states, for the very fact of her fealty to the one, is the best evidence of her loyalty to the other.

#### DON'T.

The Iconoclast has been furnished with an article published in a paper called the Epworth Herald, headed "Avoid the Army Boys." As "grim visaged war" stalks abroad, it may be well to see whether the advice given should be taken. The writer gives six reasons why young men should avoid the army; the fifth and sixth are given as they really include the other four:

"5. The private soldier is degraded below anything known to the customs of civil society, even below that of the most menial servant. Most employers will say "Good morning," or use some other respectful salutation to his servant. But

an army officer rarely gives any recognition other than the regulation salute. Arrogance, the persistent indoctrination, in the name of discipline, of the superiority of the officer over the soldier, are so repugnant to the mind that no self-respecting young man can long endure the degradation.

"6. The moral tone of the army tolerates without abhorrence the vices that shock the sensibilities of the Christian young man. Gambling, drunkenness, profanity, Sunday desecration, and other sinful indulgences do not degrade those who practice them in the eyes of the military community, as they would do among even ordinary civil communities.

"Avoid the army, boys! There is nothing in the life of the private soldier which should attract an intelligent, moral, and industrious young man. On the other hand there is much to repel. Do not be deceived by the dazzle of the brass buttons and the shoulder straps."

As little as the writer probably thought when writing, he has come back to the main proposition that about seventeen hundred years ago invoked against the Christians, the bitter antagonism of the Roman people, and made them call the Christians "pestiferous fellows." The early Christians, who believed in the doctrines of non-resistance as taught by Christ, held, that in accordance with their faith, it was wrong to go to war, and slay and kill their fellow men. The Roman people ever having been warlike, and recognizing that their existence as a nation could not be perpetuated except by the sword, naturally took umbrage at the position of the Christians and persecution followed. The writer complains that in barrack life the Christian is beset with various temptations that spring from bad association and evil examples of ungodly men. There are no doubt evils connected with the life of a soldier, and so there are with many other professions, and if these evils are to be confronted by any set of men, it seems to me that those who believe in the Christian religion are peculiarly adapted to meet the evils. Are they not prepared to overcome temptation and resist evil in a way that the ungodly can not do. If in the soldiers' life they suffer, can not they immediately console themselves with the thought that "through long suffrance is the path to heaven." If they have to suffer the privations that come with camp life can not they solace themselves in the knowledge that these privations and hardships are but the refining of the true gold, and will better enable them to secure the reward there is laid up for them in Heaven. And if war comes upon us; and it now has come, who is so fit to march to the front as the Christian soldier, who so fit as he to face the bullets of the foe and the death that the bullets so often bring?

Now, if the advice: "Avoid the Army, Boys" is taken, what class of men are to go to make up the army, or will any go at all? The ungodly, who have been furnished with free passes to hell, will certainly hold back if the other side refuses to go; for the man who has to go to hell in a cause ought at least have the right to expect the man, who has driven a pre-emption stake on a corner lot in paradise, to share in the defense of a common country and take his chances of going from the army to tramp the streets of the new Jerusalem, while they take their chances on the other path.

While armies and war are both evils, still they never can be avoided till mankind has become civilized, and that is a long way off, for the best of us are but slightly removed from our original ancestors, who stepped about with a club sans breeches and boots ready to slay any other fellow that could not handle a club as deftly as themselves. The Epworth man has mistaken the whole view of the case, there is not half as much demoralization from drinking and gambling, either in barracks or camp, as in our towns and cities. There are not as many characters ruined from the vices of the army as there are from the vices of the 400's in social life. Let every boy learn that one of the highest duties of the citizen is to serve his country honorably, either in peace or war. Let him learn that the only way to be ready for war is to prepare in time of peace.

Congress has begun already to dish out medals of honor. By the time this thing has ended few will have escaped. As an appropriate decoration for some of the "journalists" now with the army of invasion, I would suggest a large, bright, circular tin affair, with a jackass rampant on one side, and a comode squattant on the other. This has no reference to Mr. R. Harding Davis.

## AS I WAS SAYING.

By M. W. Connolly.

And fools rush in where angels fear to tread.

—Pope.

Should women write? To ask this question is not to answer it, for present purposes, at least, in spite of the reckless temerity of the admission. Has all that women have written benefitted or injured mankind? The question may be considered with profit. Let it be remembered that the scribe feminine is something comparatively new under the sun. The literary efforts of Miriam, I fancy, did not extend beyond chanting improvised hymns and songs of praise or in crooning dirges over the dead who went into battle under the inspiration of her martial songs. Sappho may have been a maiden, as some say, or the mother of six children, as some say; or, she may have been a foolish fatalist who flung herself from the Leucadian rock in despair over her unrequited love for the Lesbian ferryman, Phaon—a fish-blooded ninny—or, whether she loved her school-girl pupils more than was prudent, matters not. Her fragmentary works that have come down to us, garnished and patched and dovetailed by the ablest writers, express "heart-devouring passion," or crass licentiousness, and nothing more, and the world would be none the worse wanting them. Aspasia was wise and learned and licentious. It is not improbable that much of her fame rests upon the fact that her beauty and diplomacy won the heart of Pericles. He had to give the Athenians a reason for marrying a foreign school teacher—a Yankee school marm, as it were—and history records the claim that Aspasia taught eloquence to Socrates—and history is chiefly a record of lies. Aspasia probably wrote some of her husband's speeches—his were the first written speeches—and fussed with him when he suggested changes but, taking the daughter of Axiochus, "by and large," there is no very good reason for believing that she was of any benefit to mankind.

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To discover good in feminine writers we must come down to a later day, to a day not at all remote, and here we are at first pained if not disappointed.

\* \* \*

Mary Wollstonecraft was conspicuous among the early English writers. She was a school teacher, conducting a young ladies' seminary, in conjunction with her sisters. She first attracted attention by her "Thoughts on the Education of Daughters," a book that had a large sale. It shows a sad disparity between theory and practice to know that while Miss Wollstonecraft became famous by telling other people how to rear their daughters, she could not make a personal application of her teachings and take care of herself; for, the veracious chronicler hath recorded, "While on a visit to Paris she formed an alliance with an American named Imlay, who afterwards deserted her," leaving her to become a mother, in the fullness of time, without being a wife. Rising from her temporary disgrace, and no doubt soured and rendered fierce by the perfidy of her erstwhile lover, she wrote a "Vindication of the Rights of Women," and thus became the first woman's rights exponent and advocate. In this book all that has been said on the subject before or since is contained. All the arguments are set forth. It is the fountain from which the Susan B. Anthonys, the Lillie Devereux Blakes, the Mary Elizabeth Leases, the Anna Digges and the rest of what ex-Governor Barnett Gibbs calls "the short-haired women without babies," obtain their ideas and other munitions of war to be hurled at horrid man. Consciously or unconsciously these amiable elocutionists crib from Mary Wollstonecraft's book with as much sang froid and nonchalance as Frances Hodgson Burnett cribbed "Little Lord Fontleroy," as Burns cribbed Scottish folk-songs, as Lew Wallace cribbed the chariot scene in "Ben Hur," as Longfellow and Poe cribbed from every unprotected source. If woman's rights, so-called, and practically manifested in the new woman, have benefitted the world, Mary Wollstonecraft deserves whatever credit there is for giving voice and cogent form to the aspiration and for bodying forth the movement "for the emancipation of the female sex." Of her other writings little can be said and that little might, perhaps, better be left unsaid. Her reply to Edmund Burke's "Reflections on the French Revolution" was splendidly audacious, if nothing more. It is comforting to reflect, although at the expense of the ideas of morality prevailing in her day and time, that in spite of her missteps she married well, was much respected and lived happily.

The next notable and the first novelist of her sex who braved public displeasure at seeing a woman in print, and especially an unmarried woman, and more especially as a writer of fiction, was poor little Fanny Burney; a little dunce at 8, who could not learn her letters and who remained at home, a drudge, while her bright sisters were sent away to be educated; a surreptitious authoress at 15, whose writings when discovered were cruelly destroyed; an author at 26 and famous immediately. "The History of Evelina" appeared. One of the burned romances which the inhospitable fire could not burn out of her memory was re-written and re-named. The great Burke sat up all night reading it. The great Johnson pronounced the still unknown author "greater than Fielding." Every one voted the novel the best book ever written. She became Madam D'Arbly, wrote a "Diary" which was published after her death and which was highly esteemed; wrote "Memoirs" of her father, after she became eloquent, and made an execrable failure of her magniloquent effort; was lost to view for forty years, when she died peacefully, arousing a regretful reminiscence in the minds of the older people then living. If the entrance of women into literature was beneficial, Madam D'Arbly deserves much credit; if she merely brushed the bloom from the peach. Fanny Burney deserves much censure. Fortunately or unfortunately her influence was limited and localized by the fact that there were few readers in her day and while she has become a classic, the classics are little thought of in these days and have been little thought of for some time. But whether her influence was for good or evil she suffered much in the flesh and atoned for her acts. She surely did expose the shallowness and seeming and the cruelty and dissoluteness of the nobility of more than one country.

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Among feminine writers George Eliot holds a unique position. Judged as an author, she has no sex, no time, no rival, no imitator, no predecessor, no successor. She "stands alone, like Adam's recollection of his fall." Of keen preceptions and analytical mind, she is also constructive and creative. Forceful and almost ferine in dealing with social conditions, she is tender and sympathetic. It has been said that she teaches more charity than do all the sermons of all the sermonizers. I have no means at hand of disproving the assertion. In picturing life she is gloomy and hopeless and for this she has been condemned; but this is because she is true. Her pigments are carefully selected, her colors are natural, her fidelity unquestioned. To the thoughtless, there may be in life a mirage which looks like brightness and gladness and hope; but to the serious and reflective, what are there but gloom and hopelessness? To those who think, life is a comedy; to those who feel, a tragedy, says some one. Hope? Nonsense! Why should there be hope when we know the end is death? Why rejoice when each day brings us nearer the cerecloths and the grave-worms? George Eliot is sublime and even encouraging in her hopelessness. She dares to tell the truth, the fearful, the terrible truth. Her pictures are not etchings or silhouettes; the dimmest of them stand out boldly from the canvass; the best of them are sentient, living, breathing flesh and blood and bone. Rosamond, twitching her rebellious shoulders; Stephen Blackpool, whelmed in mystification, finding a "a muddle." Bulstrode, rent by contending passions; Felix Holt, philosophising, striving manfully, fruitlessly; these are as real as any human beings we know. Like the Washington monument, the ocean, Niagara Falls—once seen, never forgotten. There is probably not in this or any other language as pathetic a piece of dramatic writing as the death of Millie Barton—wife of the amiable and stupid Rev. Amos. It is the death of Dickens' "Little Nell," it is the death of Flaubert's "Madam Bovary," it is the death of Tolstoi's "Anna Karanina" rolled in one and sublimated. To look upon this deathbed scene with its environments, from the proper view-point and under suitable lights, is to enjoy or suffer a sensation that no other written words can produce. George Eliot tells us what her characters do as well as telling us why they do it. No subtle subjectivity escapes her scrutiny. She plunges into the deepest deeps for motives and, taking them by the throat, brings them to the surface in triumph. The synthesis of her teachings and the soul of her philosophy are encouragements and the wisdom of making the best that can be made out of this sorry phantasm called life. Therefore, while hopeless, she may be conceded a protagonist of hopefulness; while gloomy, she may be called a harbinger of light. Is the world the better or the worse for her life and writings? The worse for her life, the better for her writings. She has contributed to literature what no one else has done or is likely

to do. Perhaps it was better that she consumed herself in the effort. The swan enraptures us with its song, but yields its life in the singing.

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After these, whom? Charlotte Bronte, the flighty and impulsive daughter of a country clergyman, astonished the literary world with "Jane Eyre," a book of great power and inflamed with passion, without being erratic. The goose-gabble of the gossips condemned her, and the vinegary virgins of uncertain age were of opinion that no really pure and modest woman "could know so much;" and it was the general opinion of quilting bees and tea-drinking bouts that "a young woman who will do that much, will do more; a woman who will go that far, will go farther. Time has vindicated the aspersed. Charlotte Bronte—and she includes her sisters—she is the Nirvana—wrote as she did because she could not help it. She could no more help it than she could resist the crazy impulse which once seized her when she startled a good Catholic priest by pouncing in upon him and pleading that he hear her confession instantly. Jane Austen, of whom there is a renaissance just now, among several enterprising book-sellers, entertained and amused with "Pride and Prejudice," and stories less commendable. Maria Edgeworth wrote books that do not have to be concealed from the prying scrutiny of the ubiquitous "young person." She might have written more harmful stories. The chief praise due Miss Edgeworth is that she departed, radically, from the style of the then popular "Children of the Abbey" and rigorously refrained from creating a fainting, fluttering Miss Amanda Malvina Fitz Allen. Rhoda Broughton was the favorite twenty-five years ago when the school girls pored over her pages while eating bread and butter, or chewing gum. No school girl's outfit was considered at all complete in those days unless it contained "Cometh up as a Flower," "Red as a Rose is She," "Goodbye Sweetheart, Goodbye," or one of the dozen others from this prolific authoress. Miss Broughton's female characters are real and wholesome; less refined and less restrained than those of Howells; a trifle given to exuberance, but natural. The matrons of to-day are few in number who cannot recall the time when they wept while reading of "Naney's" return to the little room and calling for her sister Barbara, who had slipped into the dumbness of death. Rhoda Broughton's unsuccessful imitators are Helen B. Mathes who wrote such stories as "Cherry Ripe," "Comin' Through the Rye," etc.; The Duchess in "Phyllis," "Molly Baron," etc., Bertha M. Clary in "Dora Thorne." Three sensible and pleasing writers, Mary E. Wilkins, who writes New England village stories; Miss Murfree, who writes of Tennessee Mountain life and Octave Thanet, who writes from the alluvial soil of Arkansas, must be considered helps to mankind. The first is natural and simple, the second romantic and rich in coloring and the third touchingly pathetic.

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The world would have been much richer in literature if the Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworths, the Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilsons and—if the disembodied spirit of that once popular writer will permit me to place him in petticoats—the only place where he belongs—the E. P. Roe's had died teething. This school of interminable story tellers not only prevented good writers from obtaining recognition but they vitiated public taste to such an extent that good writers could not be appreciated. No one who has read "Ismael," "In The Depths," "Vashti," "St. Elmo," "At The Mercy of Tiberius," "He Fell in Love With His Wife," "Barrier's Burned Away," etc., need ever hope to return to the intellectual integrity with which he began them. A barrel of bilge water added to a pint of blue milk is a nutritious diet in comparison. Gracefully inane and severely if not aggressively chaste, these books cloud the mental perceptions and cause the reader to ask himself: "Where am I at?"

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Trite platitudes are tiresome but extravagant hyperbole is harmful because it is the prodromal stage of the febrile eroticism which is sure to follow. Sarah Grand in solving the sexual problem and Olive Schreiner, working along the same lines, have paved the way for the Amelie Rives and the Gertrude Atherton schools. Sarah Grand explains "Our Manifold Nature" and tells of "The Heavenly Twins," and opens to us the "Beth Book" in all of which we see lubricity thinly veiled; Schreiner in "The Story of An African Farm" deals with more boldness in the risqué and exposes human nature innocent of draperies. Amelie Rives is the victim of a perverted hysteria and her passionate pilgrimage through the garden of Eros is a mere intellectual dissipation, just as

one may obtain from reading Boccaccio. Gertrude Atherton is not satisfied with being merely suggestive or openly epithumetrical; she riots and revels in wanton and shameless nastiness, all the more harmful because it dazzles and beguiles. "The Quick or the Dead" is a subjective study of libidinosity; "Patience Sparhawk" is the recorded cogitations of a cunning procuress, of a she-pander. Both books should be formaldehyded and thrown into a catch-basin with tongs.

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Mrs. Ward and Margaret Deland dabble in polemics with an amusing confidence in the prowess of their own talents. Of "Robert Elsmere" Walter Pater justly observes: It strikes us as a blot on his philosophical pretensions that he should have been both so late in perceiving the difficulty and then so sudden and trenchant in dealing with so great and complex a question." But all difficulties look alike to Mrs. Ward. The children's stories of Louise M. Alcott are good; clean and true to nature. The children's stories of Frances Hodgson Burnett are from fair to forgivable. At the head of the Silly school is Laura Jean Libby. She has many followers, some feeble, all florescent. Any one who reads Mrs. Cagie's, "The God's, Some Mortals and Lord Wickenhams," "Some Emotions and a Moral;" or Elizabeth Stuart Phelps's "Gates Ajar," "Life of Christ;" or Beatrice Harridan's "Ships That Pass in the Night," will be fully convinced of this. Roumanias queen, "Carmen Sylvia" writes regal rhodomontade on the order of Mary Cholmondeley's "Diana Tempest." The shambling stupidity of such books is pitiable, but they are saved from being pronounced the very worst of literature by the existence of Mrs. Mannington Caffyn's "Yellow Aster."

Through the grace of the Harpers Maria Louise Pool is in great vogue just now. She is evidently a country woman who writes what she sees and as she sees it, and her powers of perception are not mean. She is a sort of rustic realist to whom a cow is a cow, a primrose by the river's brim is a primrose. Her forte is in telling about the woman with the check apron who picks up the crying and dirty baby, spansk it and puts it to bed; of the soiled sheets and pillow cases that could not be changed because the socks had to be darned. Maria Louise always has a woman in deep trouble undergoing fearful suffering, bearing her crosses in silence, refusing to speak—an impossible but very interesting woman. Mrs. Pool always reminds one of Jules Valles' "Refractaries"—she is so different. There are scores of modest writers like Kate Sanborn who write on subjects of which they have some knowledge. There are scores of clever translators like Isabella Hopgood who gave us an English rendering of some of Tolstois' books. There are scores of deft and delicate artists like Gertrude Hall whose translation of Verlaine's "Clare de Lune" is a gem, and infinitely superior to either Symonds', Robertsons or Fields' rendering of the same exquisite poem, and these mitigate the miseries produced by Marian Harland's and Mrs. Rorers' learned disquisitions on pea-soup; and of Jenness Miller's sparkling lucubrations on neither garments constructed to cheat the washerwoman in the count. Welcome, too, is that new school of female writers now coming into prominence who write rationally and instructively, in prose and poetry, on subjects of interest and use, but this article is already long enough to give the business manager an internal hemorrhage, when he measures it up and the question must remain: "Should women write?"

Memphis, Tenn., May, 1898.

#### THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

By Beccy MacIntosh.

Hoo daur ye—little Texas scorch  
Frac little Texas Waco—  
Mak' sic cracks about the Scotch,  
An' a' the folks ye talk o'?

Ye say: "The Scotchmen ha'e their itch!"  
I read it in yer paper.  
Compare them tae a mangy bitch  
That roond yer feet weed caper.

The itch is bad, but I've heard tell  
O' a heap waur thing in Texas—  
Yer lice'l beat the itch tae hell  
An' a' the ills that vex us.

For Texan's lice are big an' stoot,  
An' fat wi richt quid feedin;  
An' Texan's hides beyond a doot  
Are jist the place for breedin.'

An' Texan's shirts for want o' washin',  
Are jist the place for nests;  
O' lice, an' fleas, an' maggots—clashin,  
A commonweal o' pests.

Puir things—ye hinna' got mae scryptchin'  
posts,  
Nor "Argyles" for tae plant them,  
Whaur they could ease a Texas' hosts  
That verra sairly want them.

Noo wally laddie ye maun try  
Tae no be sae saxcastic—  
As ower the manuscript ye fly  
Yer pen wi' mind elastic.

An' mak sic' awfu adjecteeves,  
Deemeenutive—prodeegevees—  
Wi subjectives an' objecteeves—  
Agnostic' an' relugivus.

Of course ye ken—yet no be takin'  
Umbrage at this scribble—  
It's a' in fun—I'm no for makin'  
Bad freens or huntin' trouble.

Here's tae yer health noo Weelly Brann  
Staum' tae yer guns my litte man—  
Ye'r jist the stuff tae see the'r bluff—  
Gar 'Baylor's yaps" tae howl enough  
Nae quarter noo—but roast them broon  
Mak' them the first tae "scoot" the toon.

Butte, Mont., February 8, 1898.

#### BRICHANTEAU, ACTOR.

By William Marion Reedy.

I want to tell, as I have read it, the story of a story which is to me as fulfilled, almost, of subtle sweetness of sadness in humor as the tale of that adorable madman, the Knight of La Mancha. It is the story of "Brichanteau, Actor." For him M. Jules Claretie, general manager of the Comedie Francaise, academician, member of the Legation of Honor, has performed the service rendered Don Quixote by Cervantes. And in Brichanteau, as in the Spanish hero who has been called "the Christ of fiction," we find, each one of us, a great deal of ourselves. He is another of the Immortal Fools. He is the Actor of all time. He needs no other touch than M. Claretie has given him to make him typify the mummer. He will take his place, unless the world has forgotten the piteous beauty of truth, not only with the Don of the Sorrowful Countenance, but with Falstaff, Micawber and Porthos and all the characters which arouse our mirth only to turn it, at second thought, to tears.

Whoso knows the actor as he is will find embodied in Brichanteau all that is best, brightest, bitterest, all that is trivial and vain, in the profession which is devoted to the amusement of the world. And as "all the world's a stage and all the men and women are but players," this poor, brave, absurd, noble, piteous Brichanteau typifies us all. I know no sadder man, no gentler soul than his, in modern fiction. His story is the story of each man. It is the tale of the vanishing ideal over again. It masquerades as comedy but the center of its charm is the old complaint against the irreconcilability of dream and deed, the old disappointment of grasping at gleams of "the light that never was on land or sea."

To Brichanteau his illusions were the only realities. He lived up to them. His life and his acting were one thing and the same. He was to himself not a hero but *the* hero. He was the incarnation of the heroic. He was every grand part he ever enacted. He was the very spirit of the art mimetic. His life was a long romantic delusion with himself. He was a creature compact of the imaginings of other men. He spoke, even, in the language of the poets. He lived in a world of dreams out of which hard knocks in contact with facts, "the brute, beasts of the intellectual domain," could not shock him. To him was denied the curse which Bobby Burns implored. He could not see himself as others saw him. He was loveable because he did not know himself

as he was. Could he have done so, he would have hated himself and mankind, as would we all. To be sure he was preposterous, living in this hard world as though it were a world of mighty shadows of men and women, mighty thoughts and deeds. His living close to the ideal, however, purified him of all malice. His heart was as a little child's. He knew not that he was the victim of Life and of the best thing in life. The world of real men did not exist for Brichanteau. Subjectively he reduced them to the idealities to which he was himself devoted. A glamour of gentle madness was over him and, blessed by the gods, he never knew the pain he represented to his fellows. He was the soul of failure, yet in his own world he never truly knew he failed. Illusion beatified him. And reading of him you will find, dear readers, that your pity for him is, in the last analysis, more than half envy of him.

Those who know actors know that vanity is about the essence of the actor's life. It is common comment that the actor never ceases to act. The star and the tyro are alike in their concentration upon their own importance. They "read nothing but their own press notices." They become absorbed in the unrealities to which they are professionally devoted. They accept flattery as if flatterers mean what they say. They are critically disparaging in their loftiest flights of praise of each other. They are composites of their make-ups. Something of all their impersonations sink into them with the grease paints. Their acting becomes the actual. They live in an atmosphere of simulated emotion so that they seem, at times, to know none other. In Brichanteau you may see them all to every little quiddity and oddity, virtuous or vicious, down to the stride and even the inevitable fur-trimmed great coat. You may laugh at him, may despise him at times, but in the end you are sure to love him. Let's to the book!

We are introduced to Brichanteau standing in a quizzically critical attitude, yet with a certain dignity touched with the comic, before the statue of "The Roman Soldier Humiliated Under the Gallic Yoke." The statue stands in the Garden of Sculpture at the Salon, in Paris. The sculpture of the Roman Soldier reveals the lineaments of the man who stands before it. It is plain that Sebastien Brichanteau was the model. It was a statue that barely had been accepted. The Failure stood before a failure—before a failure to express in sculpture the tragedy of defeat. Yes, Brichanteau had posed for it. And he tells the author that his "intelligence is at the service of the poets in their interpretation" and his body "always ready to guide the inspiration of painters and sculptors." How he talks Brichanteau is the model for elegant and refined bombast. It would grow fearfully tiresome but that his good kind heart breaks through it and you find under his delusion of greatness true nobility of soul. After celebrating himself and all he meant to express in posing for the Roman, as if the model were not altogether an inferior factor, in a work of art, to the artist, he tells the story of the artist of the failure. So, you see, the book starts out with a perfect riot of the symbolism of Defeat. Montescure was the artist. He had played the horn in the Theatre de Capitoile. Only a horn player, you say. Ah no! Brichanteau says "All callings are honorable; monsieur, when art is their goal." He came to Paris. He played the horn at night, and, playing, dreamed of his true work of sculpturing during the day. At the Theatre de Montmartre, Brichanteau was playing and Montescure tooting the horn in the orchestra. The twin souls in delusion rushed together. Something in the horn's notes, plaintive and vigorous, struck Brichanteau. He looked at the musician and he found him a consumptive. Why, he was taken with fits of coughing even during Brichanteau's strongest scene in "La Tour de Nesle," and a gallery god told the cougher to "Get out of the orchestra, *sirap de cadavre!*" Brichanteau saw him leave, put his handkerchief to his mouth and, taking it away, reveal the stains of blood. After the show they meet, the musician to apologize to the actor. Brichanteau received his apology as homage. He didn't mind coughing. Has he not been bombarded with green apples, "those vegetable bombshells which, the soldiers of art defy?" You must read Brichanteau's own words to get the exquisite flavor of his actoresque self-appreciation. It is delicious in its serenity. His speech is essentially florid and extra-theatrical. It reeks with stage mannerisms and, as M. Claretie reports it, you have no difficulty in filling in from your own recollections, all the shabby gentility of the talker and all the mock elegance of his manner. Montescure's story, as he told it, is rehearsed by Brichanteau, from the time he was born in Garigat-sur-Garonne until the grand event—his meeting with Brichanteau. The actor agrees to pose for the Roman, in the statue to

which we have been introduced. He will do it without pay, for Art's sake. As he declares it, you realize that in his ridiculous sincerity there lingers a touch of the sublime. Brichanteau poses for the Roman. He tells us all the expression of greatness fallen he tried to put into his pose and as he tells it with extravagant absurdity, he threads the revelation of his own vanity with a touching description of the consumptive, half-starved sculptor at work, sustained only by the force of his dream that the completed sculpture will give him fame. The contrasted delusions of the two men make a powerful appeal to one's pity. The ridiculous stilted speech in which the tale is told is peppered with sentences of rare beauty and insight, flashes of sure criticism, wit, humor, eloquence, graceful allusion. Brichanteau's talk is a generous stream of the wisdom of the fool. It is a marvel of practical sense pouring from the most impractical of mortals. The sculptor is in love with the ingenue of Brichanteau's company—it is a vain love that glorifies his vain life and vain ambition. When he played in the orchestra she made fun of him in the wings, saying his tunes "made eyes at her." Brichanteau pities the artist, sympathizes with his dream, supports him and dreams all the while, to himself, that the famous "Roman under the Yoke" is to immortalize him too. The actor sells his clothes to help the sculptor. He reads poetry to him, he confesses with shame, to put him to sleep. The sculptor dies murmuring and mumbling of "Glory"—"the great mirage that leads us all on," says Brichanteau. The ingenue laughs, when invited to the funeral. The sculpture was sent to the Salon and put away in a corner where none could see it. Brichanteau took up a collection, bought a wreath and placed it on the statue. He declares his intention of having the statue set up in the sculptor's town, Garigot-sur-Garonne, of doing all in his power to realize for Montescure, post humously, the dream of Glory. He was chasing another chimera, a chimera created out of the goodness of Brichanteau's heart.

Can't you imagine Brichanteau? No? Well, take the figure of the typical actor in a Puck picture. Extract from it the vulgarity of the cartoonist and substitute a little dignity and pathos. Then you have Brichanteau, kind-hearted, tall, shiny as to coat sleeves, smooth-shaven, deliberate in movement, pompous, grandiloquent. Fool that he is, still he is a hero for he lives up to his ideals of art, of friendship, of personal worth, regardless of all the world. Generous simpleton that he is, he forgives the world for not taking him at his own valuation. He lives bolt upright, denying strenuously to himself that verdict of the world, written all over him—vanquished. All his story, as M. Claretie tells it, is a song for the vanquished.

The incident of the lasso, in this story, is a bit of Cargantuan fun, broad yet toned by an artist's true sense of restraint. It is a gorgeous example of the bathetic, of the anticlimactic effect of taking art too seriously. The incident occurred at Perpignan, where Brichanteau found himself. It is one of his reminiscences for it must be remembered Brichanteau, who deems himself a great actor, has reached the stage in his succession of failures at which he is a starter of bicycle races. This book of M. Claretie's is the reminiscences of a "crushed tragedian" on the last of his uppers, still satisfied of his own superiority and content to start races because he knows he does it in the grand inimitable manner. It is art to him. Well, at Perpignan Brichanteau was acting. One acts where one can. Even there, there were lovers of art. For them he acted, so what did he care? The Perpignan "Argus" had an art critic, "the Jules Janin of Rivesaltes" he was called. The critic "roasted" Brichanteau, called him "a strolling player." Brichanteau was advised to make terms with the critic. Never! He would not sue for mercy. He recognized the critic's duty. But Brichanteau's portrait of the critic is admirable in its searching sarcasm. You have the motives of the French critic laid bare. This one was practicing in the provinces before going up to Paris to terrorize the great ones of the stage. Brichanteau seeks out the critic, stares him in the face and passes on. The critic flays Brichanteau's acting in "The Pirates of the Savane," tells him to "go be a vacquero in a circus and ply the lasso." Worst of all the critic captures Brichanteau's sweetheart, Jeanne Horly, and leads her away to his rooms. This was one of the critic's perquisites. Women gave themselves to him for "nice notices."

"The Jules of Janin of Rivesaltes" "roasts" Brichanteau steadily, but nevertheless Brichanteau receives his wreath. He will not play in any theatre if the manager will not let him be presented with a wreath. Brichanteau carries his wreath with him. He writes the speeches with which it is presented. He eulogizes himself in the language of chas-

tened reverence, through the lips of the girl who delivers the address. He is the priest of himself, apotheosizes himself. It is all done in a serious way, too, with just a little wistful laughter coming out now and then from under his heroics. What! The world will not recognize Brichanteau? Very well. The world is a dolt. It doesn't know art or artists. He recognizes and celebrates himself. This incident of the self-presented wreath is as funny as, and much finer in fun than, Smolletts "Dinner of the Ancients." It is the touching minor chord of megalomania in the man. As Brichanteau describes it, it is simply the acme of delicious self-deception. His speech to himself reminds one of Falstaff's praise of himself when he speaks as the king to the wild Harry. It has not Sir John's unction but it has an unction of its own, although it is rarer and along more ideal lines, half-unconscious of sarcasm. The critic assails the presentation. Brichanteau hunts him up and challenges him. Brichanteau as the aggrieved person, chooses the lasso as his weapon. In a play called "The Gaucho" Brichanteau has a part in which he has occasion to apostrophize the lasso. He thunders the lines, lines of awful, yellow dramatic topicality, at the critic who watches the play in a box. Here is one of the lines: "I will use against thee the weapon of the peons and the Gauches, vile wretch, and I will drag thee to my hacienda, hanging from my saddle, like a strangled jaguar." The audience went wild. Brichanteau had scorned the critic and larruped him metaphorically, with the lasso. The critic demanded an apology. Never! Brichanteau would have to fight. Very well, then; he would fight, with the lasso. Of course the critic would not fight that way. His friends "posted" Brichanteau. But Brichanteau was satisfied with himself. He has crushed the critic who went to Paris and grew rich, deserting Brichanteau's sweetheart, Jeanne Horly. Contemplating the critic's success, later, in Paris, Brichanteau says, "All the same, had it not been for the lasso, the Jules Janin of Rivesaltes might have stayed down at Perpignan. It was I—I, Brichanteau, who enriched Paris with him." He forgave his enemy, this hero of the mock-heroic.

Another farcical incident is the incident of the card-photograph. That is to say, it is farcical to the reader but it makes you pity poor Brichanteau. It is just a little romance of his that turns out to make him ridiculous. It is what we might call the story of an actor's "mash." He gives his picture to a woman. He thinks she recognizes him for what he thinks he is and loves him. His capacity for idealization comes into play to build up around himself and the English lady a grand romance. She asks for his photograph. He dreams of a duel with her husband and the end of his fancies is that he finds her husband regards the picture of the great Brichanteau as a mascot to enable him to "break the bank at Monte Carlo." Gamblers regard all "freaks" as mascots. What, says Brichanteau, at the farcical ending of his romance? Only this sentence of pathetic-humorous regret "Although a fetich for him, I have never, alas, brought myself any luck."

There is a chapter devoted to Brichanteau's triumph as Louis XI that is rich in sarcastic portrayal of the difficulties of provincial presentation. Of course Brichanteau's triumph is a triumph chiefly to himself. As he tells it, it is great; but beyond him you can see and hear the crowd laughing at him for the way he "chewed up the scenery." Today and in this country we would call Brichanteau a "bum" actor and that he surely was, but not in his own opinion. The irony of the approval he received escaped him. At best he was a "hit" only in an out of the way place, at Compiègne. But to him the praise, the bravos, the compliments were as sweet as though he had won them at the Comédie Française. Sincere, pitifully sincere, as he was himself, he was blessed with the insanity of believing that he attained the height he craved and that all around him were as sincere as he.

Brichanteau's sally from besieged Paris, his capture by the beleaguers and his wild scheme to kidnap the German Emperor and enforce a raising of the siege—these are all incidents which, to be enjoyed, must be read in full. His scheme failed, of course, but Brichanteau lived in a dream of immortality as France's savior, while the ridiculous project occupied his fantastic mind. He had it all figured out like a play, the things he would do, the attitudes he would strike, the fine lines, like those of Molière or Hugo or Shakespeare, that he would say on this occasion or in that situation. The failure did not deceive him. He felt that he would have accomplished his end but for the capitulation. He had lived it to successful accomplishment in his dream, anyhow, and it was one of his treasures of glory. Brichanteau could not conceive of a universe without himself as the heroic center

thereof. How young his heart was; just like the boy who is the hero of each novel he reads.

The story of Brichanteau's trial as an actor at the Conservatory, when he first took to the stage, is a graphic picture of an important function in the artist-life of Paris. It is given with rare humor and irony and with a fine sense of pity for those who are mistaken in their estimate of their vocation or of their abilities. Brichanteau had a tremendous voice. He bawled before the judges. He could see that his teacher was jealous of his voice and that made him roar the louder. You can hear the authorities of the Conservatory laughing at Brichanteau's fustian, but he could not. To him they all recognized his greatness and conspired against him. He repeats their ironical compliments. He sees the tragic and the comic in all the other candidates and hits either off in most telling fashion and this it is that really makes touching his inability rightly to estimate himself. Now and then there drops into his recital a little note that finds your heart, as when he thinks, on the day he gains only "mention," that his parents are happier dead, that they do not witness his failure. He could think of this even while he felt that his failure was due to jealousy on the part of his judges. His only comfort was little Jenny Valadon. They lived upon love in a garret. His career as a bad actor is recited in terrible detail, when you think of the heart-break in it all, which he conceals beneath a sort of wistful humor. But he consoled himself. He had imaginary triumphs. He had been kings, heroes, geniuses, all the characters of great associations in the French drama. They were all true to him. The imaginary glories fattened him. They gilded his destitution. Truly comical as the delusion seems at times, one almost can cry for Brichanteau, ranting through life under the impression that he was an unappreciated Talma, and all the crowd giggling inextinguishably at his immense voice and giving him jeering applause. That voice! Little Jenny killed herself trying to act up to it. Brichanteau roared on the stage. She tore out her throat and lungs to equal him, for what he did was right. They had to part and whither she went before going to the grave, one may guess. Brichanteau mourned her as a sweet sacrifice to his voice, to Art.

Of course Brichanteau admired the Great Napoleon as a true Frenchman. His admiration for Napoleon was great, not only because Napoleon was a grand character but because he had appeared in plays in which Napoleon was a character, and once or twice had played Napoleon himself. There is a fine scene in the book, in which our hero quarrels with another disappointed actor over Napoleon. The other old actor Dauberval denounced Napoleon as an enemy of art. The scene in which the two actors develop their quarrel is well contrived to show us Brichanteau's loyalty. He said that if Napoleon liked old tragedies and stuff, it was not Napoleon's fault that Victor Hugo came later. Dauberval maintained that Napoleon was an idiot. Brichanteau leaves his house. "I am not a Bonapartist," he says, "but my heart remembers. So many recalls in that roll! I, who had played Remond in *L'Empereur et le Soldat*, say that Napoleon was an idiot! Wipe out my past at a single stroke!" Brichanteau was Napoleon, the happy old hallucinant.

It was a great day when it came, the day for the casting of Montescure's statue of "The Roman Soldier" or of Brichanteau, for had not the actor vowed that he and the sculptor should be immortalized in bronze at Garigat-sur-Garonne? The town had agreed to purchase that work. The mayor had the idea that the event would bring a minister to the town for the dedication and the minister would give the mayor the Cross of the Legion. Montescure, who had asked for bread, was to be given a stone, like Butler, author of "*Hudibras*." It was a great day, not only that Montescure was to be avenged, but because it was Sebastien Brichanteau they were going to cast. He knew that all present knew that the statue was he. He mused: "That metal, Brichanteau, is your image still in liquid form. That bronze in fusion is your statue. That blazing stream is perhaps your forehead; those bursts of flame are from your eyes." An excellent Brocken scene, should he ever play "*Faust*." What if the metal should give out? He remembered Benvenuto Cellini in like case, for had he not played Benvenuto once? He enacted the part of all over again. Ah, if ever he should play it again, what new meaning he would be able to put in the line, "Ah, if blood could but be hardened into bronze!" At last it is over. Brichanteau exclaims: "I was cast like Cellini's Jupiter." When the mold was broken he gazed upon himself and rhapsodized. Hope was high. He was to conquer Fate. But the statue never was dedicated. Brichanteau never heard himself apostrophized in the Roman.

He had no chance to read a poem. The statue remains in a shed. Still Brichanteau never despairs. He will arrange a benefit to raise Montescure's disguised statue of Brichanteau in the bright sunlight.

Brichanteau's sketch of an actor's funeral is a marvel of what bitterness may underlie even the pathetic note in fun. The actor Panazol is buried with services at which what was to be a eulogy is a criticism and a cruel one. Another actor arises to say something over the grave, forgets his place and begins to disclaim from a part he is then studying.

We may pass over the glories of the old days, as Brichanteau remembers them with all their roles. He goes to America, but is taken with cholera at Havana. He returns to France. He is getting old. He goes down hill, but the hunger of the ideal, the appetite for applause does not die. He still stood erect in his pride. He was, he declared, steadfast to art. "Even when you play subordinate roles," said he to himself, "you play them in genuine theatres and in works of art. You will die with the drama Brichanteau. You have and you will keep immaculate your self-esteem." He would not take a pension. He would not appear in a cafe chantaut. But he became a starter for the bicycle races. He shouted "Go!" That grand voice had not lost its magnificence. "Go," he says. "You hear that note? Go! Yes, the voice still has its trumpet tone." It is Art even to start bicycle races. It is to be done with all one's soul. He shuts his eyes as he says "Go," sometimes, and imagines that he is giving the signal for an epic duel as in "*La Dame de Montsoreau*." And he listens for the clash of swords, the resounding roar of applause. He starts by firing a pistol, and he breathes the powder of the old days. Then he tells a story of a tenor with a bad memory who, on his first night, being billed in the Huguenots rushes on the stage and sings *Robert le Diable*. This tenor he knows well. He laughs at the tenor's idea that he was crushed by a conspiracy. The tenor is now a policeman and he maintains that he gave a rendition of two of Meyerbeer's operas at once. Brichanteau winks in his sleeve at the delusion but he is certain that he was kept out of the *Comedie Francaise* by Beauvallet's jealousy of his voice. He sees the mote, not the beam.

Old and still older he grows, more shabby-genteel, but with a knightly manner of leaning upon his umbrella as if it were a rapier. There is sadness in his eyes. But he still remembers "The Roman Under the Yoke." That statue will yet be dedicated—dedicated to the long dead sculptor and to Brichanteau his model. He bestirs himself for that end. He will arrange a benefit. He finds an old sweetheart in a madhouse. She does not know him. She has forgotten the old days. They had been happy together, he and the grisette who was the victim of a drunken husband. He rehearses her story. The woman had loved him. She had sworn by her father's head that she never loved but one being in the world, himself. He would add his old sweetheart's name to the benefit program. He would raise funds to dedicate the statue and to keep her in tobacco and a few delicacies. He tells of his petitioning the great, climbing the staircases of the successful actors. He describes their willingness to aid and, incidentally, their vanity and mercenariness, 'Tis a pretty yet a sad tale of devotion. The benefit is arranged; he has secured a lot of great names. The day arrives. The audience gathers. The owners of the great names withdraw. They will not appear with certain other successes. They will not come after rivals on the bill. Brichanteau undertakes to take the places of them all. Such a performance! He is the Porteus of the evening. But the affair is not a success. He has not made any money for the statue or for his old love's easement in her madhouse. He is in despair. An old actor friend appears. It is Lanteclave. He has a pension. He will contribute to the benefit performance, for his pension comes from the "Association of Artists" which Brichanteau never would join. Lanteclave will do this for Montescure's statue and for Virginie for our Virginie. "Our" was the word. Lanteclave recalls Lyon of the old days when he was in the company with Brichanteau and Virginie who had sworn on her father's head that she never loved any one but Brichanteau. "Yes, yes, yes," says Brichanteau.

"Do you remember that, sometimes, when you were waiting for the mistress over Perrache way, she told you that she had a tooth to be looked after and that she had been detained at the dentists?"

"Do I remember?"

"Look you, Brichanteau, she no more had a tooth to be attended to than you had. The dentist, my dear boy, the dentist!"—

"Was you?"

Another illusion swept away. Says Brichanteau: "He had the good taste to assure me that Virginie passed her sessions with him protesting that she adored me and that she did not know why she deceived me. Perhaps it was simply because Lanteclave sang Beranger's songs extremely well." Brichanteau held music an inferior art to acting. He admitted it seemed a bitter thing to have climbed so many staircases and to have played "Le Beneficiare" without profit to find that "the last little rosy dream was a soap-bubble, which burst like the others." This is the end. He abandons the statue, leaves himself to be tossed about as old metal in the foundry. His illusions were with his youth, in the ash-heap. The bicycle races would give him bread.

Illusions all—love, glory art. Poor Brichanteau! And yet not poor either. He had possessed them all, in his dreams. He had had them in and of himself. Are not the illusions of all of us the only realities? Are they not better, to those of us who have such illusions, than the realities of others? Only the ideal is eternal, untouched by the corruption that is in the clay and only to be found, if at all, when we are gathered to the bosom of "just and mighty Death." Only our dreams, if anything, come true. They are ours, ours only while we have them. Awakening cannot rob us of them. Brichanteau's dreams were true. Only the realities on which they were built were false and faded away. Why should we pity him, after all? Were it not better that we should emulate him? He dreamed dreams that transmuted all his dross to gold, changed the cup of gall to wine, ennobled even his own pettinesses, brightened and touched to charity all about him. The world did not come up to his conception. So much the worse for the world. Come, let us dream!

St. Louis, April 14, 1898.

#### THE CITY EDITOR AS HE IS.

By Robert Lee Wyche.

This is my time to tell what I know about city editors. I have been due for two months past, but have had things of more importance to write about. I did not enjoy writing of them so much as I shall enjoy this article, because I may claim to know really a good deal of the city editor. I have met the insect frequently and his peculiarities have afforded me much pleasurable study. In a newspaper life of something near thirty years I have worked in all of the large cities of our country. One year in Boston, I have covered assignments the next year in San Francisco. These cities differ much topographically and in character, but there is no change in the city editor, save only a change in degree. He is everywhere a time-serving lickspittle and generally an incapable. In Chicago he is a sort of enlarged reporter. He handles only the matters which come within his immediate domain, and he leaves nothing undone to curry favor with the managing editor, who, in turn, leaves nothing undone to curry favor with the owner or owners. In New York he dives into most realms of news, gives his opinion unasked about everything connected with the paper and is a slightly bigger man—in his mind—than the managing editor. In both places he is a despicable searcher after social filth, a destroyer of reputations, a "grafter" in some form or other and almost always a personal coward.

I have met in course of my experience a great many city editors. I can truthfully say after thirty years of work that I have never met but two whom I esteemed to be gentlemen. One of these is dead. The other is now on a morning paper in New York city. When I say a man is a gentleman, I mean that he is a gentleman in thought, in manners, by birth and in education. When one understands just what a city editor is and just what a man must do to be made a city editor, the dearth of gentlemen in the position will not seem at all strange. Indeed, it is a difficult thing for a gentleman to become a city editor and trebly difficult for him to remain one. In just so much as a man is a gentleman, in just that much is he not a city editor. The New Yorker to whom I referred a little way back is a gentleman sure enough, but he lacks a heap of being the best city editor in the world.

To become a city editor a man must have been a reporter. He must have been a reporter of the kind who advances himself because of his obtainment of news. To so advance himself he must obtain his news in any manner that is possible to him. The reporter who has in him the making of an ideal

city editor, the reporter who has the ambition to be a city editor, will not hesitate to listen at a key-hole, to hide under a bed, to steal papers, to lie like a dog, to accept gladly any amount of contumely and abuse, to crook the pregnant hinges of the knee, to sneeze when his official superior takes snuff, to be in short a sneaking, conscienceless, sycophantic thieving hound. When he is all of that naturally, or by dint of practice has become all of that, he is ready to be the city editor of one of our morning or evening panderers to the worst elements of the population. I know of but one city editor in the world whom I would introduce to my wife or daughter or allow to eat at my table. I know several who are not good enough to dine with my dog.

In your state there are no city editors. The people of Texas are not acquainted with the genus. The men called city editors in the towns of Galveston, Dallas, San Antonio, Waco and Houston are merely reporters who do a good deal of reporting themselves and read the copy of other reporters. They are directly under the eye of an official chief. They make little attempt to lay out the news of the day. Their opportunity to do mischief is comparatively nothing. I presume this is so of Texas because all of your cities are small as cities go and it is only in the centres that the city editor bourgeons and blossoms in perfect rankness and stench. In New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore and San Francisco, however, his power for evil is great. As he had slight moral stamina to start with, and speedily used up what little he had in accepting and covering all sorts of prostituting assignments, it follows that by the time he is safely ensconced in the coveted chair he is a rascal of the first water. I assert unhesitatingly that there are not five city editors in the United States who can not be bought and bought cheaply. In most cases the sum would be ridiculously low if he were given guarantee that he would not be found out and was not imperiling his job. It is a fact that nine out of every ten reporters have a contempt, voiceless but deep, for the man under whom they work. The contempt is always justified.

It will be understood, of course, that these men have in their keeping the reputations of citizens, male or female. It should be understood also that in publishing information brought to them they are never restrained by any feeling of pity, nor dominated by any sense of fairness. They publish or withhold damaging knowledge solely because of the victim's inability or ability to hit back. If the man or woman be rich or powerful, the news will be suppressed. If he or she be poor or weak, it will be published, no matter what its horror, as inevitably as the sun rises and sets. The city editor sees first that his own skin is safe. He determines that there is no possibility of reprisal. He becomes satisfied that the person whom the news concerns does not possess sufficient influence to have him bounced or to land him in jail. That much being settled, the stuff is printed, no matter what its effect may be. The fact that it ruins a man or a woman or a family does not weigh a feather's weight with him. He does not ask even that it be true. He asks only that it seem true. How often in my long work have I seen some reporter ordered to write a column about a poor devil of a shoplifter known to the police! How often have I seen the "kleptomaniac" of some rich man or woman hurriedly suppressed! How often have I seen the black, cruel head-lines written and printed above an account of some girl clerk's lapse from virtue! How often have I seen the local columns bare of all mention or hint of a scandal with which the town was ringing because the drunken harlot implicated was the wife of a large advertiser! How often have I seen the sly printed insinuation blast the reputation of some man just rising into prominence! How often have I seen the boudling politician, with whisky on his breath, diamonds in his shirt front and places to give away, swagger into the city editor's room and order the publication or suppression of a certain story, meeting with a slavish deference and acquiescence. The newspaper business is a great business. It would be the best business if it were demanded that its members be gentlemen first and newsmen afterward. The newspaper profession is a great profession. It would be the noblest of professions if there were not so many scoundrels in its places of trust and so many scoundrels striving to force their way into its places of trust.

There is but one city editor in America who is not the peon of the business office. I do not give his name for the very obvious reason that he would lose his job. He is pretty sure to lose it anyhow if he continues to be a gentleman much longer. A composite city editor is the peon of the business office, not because it increases his salary to yield a doggish deference to the lightest command of the commercial nin-

compoop who runs the counting room, but because, in the first place, he is afraid he will lose his position if he runs contrary to the desires of the man who furnishes the money with which wages are paid and, in the second place, because he believes in the innermost soul of him that the object and mission of a paper is to make money first and be decent afterward. There is not a story in any New York or Chicago paper this morning that would not have been left out if the business manager had expressed a wish for its suppression. There is almost nothing that could be printed that would not be printed if the business manager hinted a desire to see it among the other lies that make up the issue. With the possible exception of the New York Sun, there is not a daily paper published in any large city of the country that is not dominated by the business office. In yielding joyfully to any suggestion that comes from the counting room, the city editor is no better and no worse than the managing editor and the night editor and all the other members of the executive staff. They are all smeared with the same oleaginous and vile-smelling compound. It seems a shameful thing to say, but it is the truth, that to such an extent does the business office master the paper that a heavy advertiser is safe from richly deserved exposure no matter what his offense. A member of the firm of Macy, or Wanamaker, or Siegel & Cooper, in New York, or of Carson Scott Pieri & Co., or "The Fair" in Chicago, can commit any crime in the calendar, from rape down to plain drunk, and keep his name out of print. If through some unforeseen and inconceivable, concatenation of circumstances it was decided to mention the story, the columns would contain next morning a statement to the effect that some damsel infuriated by lust had attempted to rob Mr. Siegel or Mr. Cooper of his virtue, or that Mr. Macy had been attacked by a sudden faintness and there was not a suspicion of liquor about him. Following this, the policeman who made the arrest would be fired over six counties and land on his head in the next state.

The city editor is a man who cannot write. His occupancy of the position is evidence of that fact. I have never known a really excellent writer to be made a city editor. In nineteen cases out of twenty he is crassly ignorant of the literature of his own or any other language. He is rarely a collegian and is unable to distinguish between Latin and Sanskrit. He is no judge of style or finish. He has certain rules for the presentation of a story, many of them absurd, and by their observance or non-observance he judges the product of his men. He is almost invariably a bully, being saturated with the belief that he can maintain discipline among his men and preserve their respect only by speaking to them as if they were roustabouts and he a steamboat mate. The result of this is that he excites only secret rebellion and ill-concealed disgust. He has won his way by his eager acceptance of insults and desires to repay mankind for the abuses which his spirit was too low to resent. He is a petty tyrant within his restricted domain, but louts cap in hand before any man strong enough to injure him, or influential enough to repay his service with a little political sinecure of some sort. He is generally a lecher and has his eye upon any female reporter whom he thinks approachable. I have known deserving girls to be discharged because they refused to yield to his requests. He is, in a word, a despicable, dirty, foecal-minded, venal, oily scoundrelly human, of the kind which makes a woman shiver and a gentleman's right toe itch.

New York, April 24, 1898.

### SODOM AND GOMORRAH OUTPOINTED.

By the Colonel.

There was a priest of the middle ages who passed his life in the seclusion of the cloister. A hair-shirt was next his skin, self-inflicted blows made his hours one long agony and the stones on which he slept mocked his wounds. Tossing upon these stones, visions came to a brain not nourished by his starved belly and sometimes he wrote them down. One of the visions he left us was of a vast city of sin, a city of moral and physical filth, a city of murder, theft and lechery, whose inhabitants were fiends in the guise of humanity, whose laws were as naught and whose people were finally destroyed in a rain of fire. Chicago was not built then, or the brethren might have accused this reverend idiot of straying from the monastery walls at night and visiting strange places. With the exception of the fiery rain, the monastic vision is duplicated upon the shore of Lake Michigan, and the rain may come in time. Surely, it is needed badly enough.

It is supposed by those who do not know any better that Sodom and Gomorrah were record breakers in the way of municipal wickedness, yet it is a certainty that neither of

them was within a stone's throw of the state to which Chicago has sunk. Since the days of those burned cities of the plain mankind has been busy inventing new crimes, and of them all not one has escaped the acquisitiveness of Chicago. There is no offense against morals, decency or right with which history is blackened that does not find its counterpart here, and there are things done every night for which history furnishes no parallel. I believe, for instance, that Chicago is the only city in the world and I know that it is the only city upon the Western Hemisphere—which can furnish such a spectacle as this.

Running south from the site of the new postoffice, which is in the very heart of the city, is a street called Custom House place. The Union League Club fronts upon it where it leaves Jackson boulevard. Three blocks away the cyprian district begins. These houses are of modest red brick and excite no special attention. A block below them begins the infernal district. These houses are one story in height and are built against the sidewalk. Their fronts are cut into spaces of two feet by windows in a row, for all the world like a child's toy house. In each of these windows at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, with her painted face within a foot of the passerby, sits a woman. Her bosom is bare far below the modesty line and when she catches the eye of any one of the dozens of men hurrying along she sticks out her tongue, inviting him to things bestial. One may see upon any afternoon a row of these Jezebels extending over two blocks, each with her tongue out and horribly leering. Policemen are on the corners but never an arrest is made as the women pay a certain monthly toll. The offices of the Monon railway are on Custom House place, there is a depot at its south end, and business calls many men to it in the course of a day. Whether they be old and hardened or young boys just setting their feet upon the pathway of a business life, they are forced to pass by the windows of the parisians and to see the shameful spectacles therein. Occasionally a decent woman, who does not know the character of the street, strays into Custom House place and is immeasurably shocked. I saw one not long since taken by a negro drayman and led into a saner part of the town. The negro knew that she had no business there. The fact that the advertisements of this shameful traffic are exhibited in broad daylight in Chicago year in and year out is proof enough of the character of the city. It would not be tolerated anywhere else. It would seem that any one here may engage in any sort of pursuit, provided that hush-money is forthcoming.

In proportion to population Chicago contains more street-walkers than any city of the globe. I don't think that it is surpassed in this respect even by London, which has no regularly organized houses of prostitution. Chicago has both. Of these tireless bitch-wolves of the night there are thousands. Michigan avenue, Wabash avenue, State street, Dearborn street and Clark street are thronged by them, not to mention the cross streets. They are diseased, many of them, drunken many of them, and practically all are thieves. No attempt is made to suppress them, or to check their traffic in any way. The police know most of them and at any hour after 11 of the night you may see a burly "guardian of the peace" standing on a corner and deep in converse with one or more of them. The women pay a small bribe occasionally and this places them at liberty to fleece the unwary by any means at their command, from the sliding panel in the wall to knock-out drops. To this army of female buccaners of the pave must be added the hundreds of prostitutes herded under the watchful eyes of "land ladies" and the thousands of "kept women," type-writers and shop girls who swell meager incomes by selling their bodies for a weary night after a devitalizing day of labor.

In this vortex of hell there is no respect for religion, or for moral obligations, or for the Sabbath. The city does not contain a saloon which closes on Sunday. Their doors swing wide open in church hours and the few church goers hear the coarse song and the coarser jest come hot and roaring from the liquor sinks. The theaters hold their largest audiences on Sunday nights. In hundreds of places lewd dancers are in progress while bells are calling to prayer. Prize fights, cock fights and other fights are "pulled off" on the seventh day. No keeper of a crap-joint or "senate-poker" room thinks of closing because it is Sunday. It is the one day of the week on which the workingman is at entire liberty to get drunk and throw his money away and beat his pale wife because she points to children crying with hunger, and the many harpies are waiting for him. The police know it all, but have received no instructions to make arrests. Five-sixths of the things which are done openly under the noses of officials are against the state or city statutes,

but one would suppose them not only to be authorized by law, but to be encouraged by it. The worst thing to be said about Chicago is that its population knows of these things and does not care. Parkhurst was a fraud, of course, and no one who knows anything of the man cares for a reproduction of his methods, but there is room here for 10,000 able-bodied reformers, who do not seek the impossible and will unite to correct the more flagrant abuses which make the town a stench in the nostrils of civilization. The police system of Chicago is every bit as brutal, as corrupt and as degraded as was that of New York when the celebrated preacher began his raids, and the day is coming when there will be such another upheaval and cleaning-out, unless the rain of fire comes first.

Leaving for awhile its utter lack of morality, the first thing in Chicago to strike the stranger is its dirt and the next is its coarseness. There is but one adjective in the English language to describe its winter climate and that is "atrocious." The air is black with coal dust, it is rasping with rawness, it is damp with the mist of the lake and the wind blows always. Any man who desires to present a semblance of cleanliness must change his linen twice or three times a day, and the result of this is that nobody in Chicago has any such desire. The collars of the men are grimy with soot and the finger-nails of the women are like ebony. The standard of dress is distinctly low. The visitor sees once in a day a well dressed woman who probably is from some other city, and once in a month a well dressed man. The street crowds have no kindness whatever. A woman, be she as fragile as a flower, must fight her way along the sidewalks with the strength and ferocity of a tiger. She is lucky if she returns home with no ghastly rents in her garments. If a Chicago man were ordered at the point of a revolver to give a seat to a lady in a street car he would probably obey, but he would drop dead from the singularity of the request. If she, being a Chicago woman, were polite enough to say "Thank you," he would be shocked back into life. Such amenities do not go in this forest of brick and stone and morass of selfishness. New York is not by any means a well mannered town, being almost as deeply tinged with sordidness, but its people who come here stare in astonishment at the utter lack of the softness of life. In this respect, Chicago stands pre-eminent and alone. There is no Philadelphian who could be hired to live here, unless, like Charles T. Yerkes, he has a home record which makes things unpleasant. The Bostonese, being pushed, hauled, jostled and knocked about the streets for half a day, take the return train, coldly horrified. There is not a southerner detained here by business who does not hate the place and all that there is in it. We had an amusing instance of this last summer when there were hundreds of them who had fled to Chicago from the yellow fever districts. They wandered about in a state of semicomatose, their ribs constantly sore from rasping elbows and their ears filled with all sorts of shouted profanity and obscenity. They discovered speedily, after one or two experiences, that they could not shoot everybody merely for a lack of gentility, and when newspapers and private telegrams told them at last that it was safe to go back to God's country they boarded the cars in droves, literally scraping their shoe-soles upon the steps to get rid, as much as possible, of Chicago dust.

The town would be better and would do better if it had any ideal save the commercial, or any aim save to grow rich. The trail of the dollar is over it all. The pigment of its artists is mixed with hog-fat and its literature smacks of the packery. Its heroes are thieves of the stock exchange or bandits of trade. It measures success only by the pile of gold at a man's command. It worships only such persons as P. D. Armour or Joseph Leiter or Marshall Field or George Pullman. It is crass. Not one in a hundred of its older citizens can bring himself to feel at home in a dress suit. Its fathers are men who have come from the commonest walks of life. Its mothers are more comfortable in the kitchen than in the drawing room. Its sons and daughters have the coarseness of both parents, without their strength or industry. It is pitiful to see them affecting culture, with their low-bred origin showing in hand, foot and feature. They have the insolence of the newly rich, the presumption of the parvenue, with the intellect of the plowman and the tastes of the barkeeper. One may see them on any summer afternoon, whirling along Lake Shore drive, in English-built barouches, drawn by dock-tailed horses which cost thousands, but the silks of the women smell of beef-blood and the voices of the men have the ineradicable note of the hog drover.

Chicago, April 25, 1898.

## CONCERNING THE HEATHEN.

By Diogenes.

THE season of the strawberry festival and the Japanese lantern is upon us, and consequently the guileless heathen of the Solomon Islands are soon to be yanked from the brink of perdition with the proceeds of the two being worked in conjunction.

How the idea of selling sloppy ice cream and sour strawberries for the glory of God and the salvation of the unbelievers ever started, deponent cannot affirm. Probably in the cranium of some sky-pilot who had wrung the last copper from the children of the Sunday-school, and who was threatened with the outpourings of vials of wrath by some presiding elder,—and that meant the loss of his job as a leading, knightly light, so the said preacher made haste to bring his "foreign mission fund" up to the designated amount. Then, with misbegotten zeal, he opened the flood gates of his think-tank, and lo, we have the abomination thereof with us, even unto every denomination.

The virus has gotten into the veins of each creed and sect. Sterling innovations have been introduced upon the original idea,—from auctioning off old maids and the selling of kisses, to running a sort of sacred midway plaisance,—with somewhat restricted anatomical features. It manifests itself in the selling of sandwiches and lemonade and sundry other indigestion producing truck on all public occasions when people do congregate, and it bases its claim for patronage upon the ground that it is all for Christ, and the benighted heathen.

The same sort of a crew is to be found running all these glory-hallelujah guzzling and stuffing affairs. There are the long-faced old ladies who dote on funerals and occasionally drop into obituary poetry and bedevil the editor into printing it free. There are the old maids of the congregation who have finally transferred their unsatisfied yearnings to the cute little cannibal children across the far South-seas, and who are the mainstays of the sewing society, which is for the pronulgation of gossip for its members, and red-flannel nighties for the savages. There are the postponed brides who are verging upon the sere-and-yellow, but who dish out the ice cream with frantic energy,—especially if the preacher happens to be unmarried, and is in the habit of dropping in at their homes for consultation about missionary work, and incidentally, the consumption of choice job-lots of grub. There is also the choir, and sundry buxom dames who are, perchance, presidents and generalissimos of the missionary, and other kindred aggregations.

And the victims who attend in order that they may imbibe, absorb, and dispose of frozen skim-milk and embryo berries for the furtherance and glorification of the kingdom of Heaven,—they form an interesting study by themselves.

Chief among them are the pious youths whose faces are adorned with pimples and unctuous smiles, and upon whose coat lapels float the white ribbon of temperance, and bear silent evidence that the weaves thereof are constructed strictly in accordance with the Moody and Sankey plans and specifications. They consume prodigious amounts of the eatables, do these he-virgins, and are exceedingly merry in a high, strained tone of voice, and laugh hysterically, and a great deal. They are also used as decoys, to lure the ungodly and unregenerated young man into the camp, where the consecrated maids with the fading charms may seize upon him and entertain him, while the grim and ancient females with the hearse-plume headgear and the cemetery countenances, deftly relieve him of his spare change. The other participants are equally divided between members of the congregation who are in business and want to keep the trade of that particular branch of brothers and sisters in the Lord, and business men on the outside who are trying to pry loose the other fellow's lead-pipe cinch. These are the mainstays of the festival. There are others, but none so constant, or who spend so freely.

And who has not seen the shepherd of the flock, urging the bell-wethers onward, that the benighted man-eaters may be weaned from their lust for "long pig," and may instead, turn to the more civilized bibles, and ruin? His face is oily with anointed holiness, and sanctification enfolds him like a mantle. There is an expression upon his countenance that says plainly, as did the Reverend Job Stiggins to Mrs. Weller, "it's all wain,—it's all wanity." But as it is for the suffering heathen, he will let the temporary levity and departure of his choicest children of the Lord from the regulation "I-am-a-miserable-worm" role pass unrebuked, but on the morrow the cholera-morbus look upon the faces of the truly-good must be resumed in all its severity.

At last the crowd begins to thin out, and the candles in

the gaudy lanterns to splutter and cease to burn. The scorbatic youths have departed with their best girls; the rival tradesmen have declared an armistice, and the others who casually dropped in have left the festive scene.

The Shepherd has seated himself at a table to enjoy a plate full of the largest and most luscious berries, picked out beforehand and saved for him by a devoted follower, while the main guys of the berry-and-cream debauch flutter about him and count the cash that is to convey the cannibals to celestial climes.

Outside the fence in a dark corner, with eager eyes, and wan, pinched faces pressed against the palings, stand three miserable little wretches from a tenement house located in a squalid street just back of the church. Mother and father were enjoying a nocturnal drunken fight, and during the melee the children made their escape from the scene of battle. There they stood, dirty, unkempt and ignorant, their empty bowels even then yearning for something more substantial to digest than curses, and more satisfying than kicks. Every mouthful that disappeared into the pious face was followed with hungry glances by the poor little gutter-snipes. When he had finished, then out of the fulness of the stomach, the mouth spoke, and the pious Shepherd arose, and surrounded by the cream of his flock he prayed, and gave thanks for the success of the festival and petitioned that the money so gained, might be the means of leading some savage soul across the seas to a knowledge of the beauty of religion.

And as the three children slunk away in the darkness to the filthy rooms they called home, where parents, exhausted with fighting and cursing, lay sleeping the sleep of the drunken upon the bare floor, one of the brats asked:

"Say, Jen, w'ats dat 'God' de fat duck wuz er talkin' er bout?"

"Aw, wot t'll,—I dunno. Come on, youse kids,—guess de ol' folks is too tired ter lick us now."

Jackson, Mississippi.

#### W. C. BRANN.

Assassinated April 1, 1898.

Strike low the harp—for Truth hath lost  
Its champion,—Round the grave a host  
Dismayed, shed futile tears,  
No more his clarion notes will wake  
Responsive echoes—at the stake  
Of creed they slew a seer.

They say, that Judas did receive,  
Some thirty pieces—I believe  
They never stooped below  
The price of Judas, and perchance  
Did add some shekels to enhance  
The sum.—They only know.

I pledge you in a cup of blood;  
Assassins! Cowards! you dare not  
To meet like men a foe.  
Your prototypes applied the rack,  
But you shoot heroes in the back,  
Then swear it was not so.

E'en from your paling, dying lips  
A lie more smoothly glibly drips  
Than truth you never told.  
When you descend below the sod,  
May then your vengeful Baptist God  
Embrace you in his fold.

L. EYTH, Waco, Texas.

#### THE OPINIONS OF DECENT MEN, NOT GHOULS.

Below will be found extracts from various papers touching Mr. Brann's death. These are selected, with one exception, from papers willing to do him justice. The exception is from the *Guthrie Capital*, of Oklahoma, and after paying the high tribute the words express, proceeds to malign his memory as falsely and vindictively as any of that class of writers who have slandered Mr. Brann, both living and dead. The article is followed by one from *McMaster's Globe*, which paper reproduced the article from the *Capital*, and commented on it. The quotations noticed in it are from the *Capital*. I could have selected other extracts from many other papers paying a just tribute to the dead, but these seemed sufficient, scattered as they are over such a vast extent of country, to let the readers of the *Iconoclast* know something of the estimation

in which its dead editor was held by fair and impartial minds.

\* \* \*

He was a versatile writer, a strong thinker and a profound historian. A million readers will mourn his loss. He has no equal and his successor can not be found.—*Shawnee* (Okla.), *Daily Chief*.

Whosoever is to blame for the result, and whether this conflict had the element of religious bigotry in it or not, it is to be hoped that we have now seen the end of it. Four lives have been sacrificed already, and it is to be noted that in all cases, the enemies of Mr. Brann were the aggressors.—*The New World* (Cath.), Chicago.

Brann is dead; his voice is silent forever; the sword of his matchless intellect is sheathed in the womb of the grave, but who—among all the barking "fices" who howl above his remains—has done more than he to expose the sins and shams of the times, and who more than he has torn from the face of rampant hypocrisy the dissimulating guise in which it masqueraded?—*Weekly Chronicle*, (San Antonio, Tex.)

He stood as the defender of womanhood and virtue. He roasted the millionaires of the cod-fish order and threw the flash light of truth upon the half-dressed women of "Sassiety." His keen and cutting shafts of wit and sarcasm landed many an ass on its hind legs again. It was a delight for him to picture the jack-leg shyster lawyer—the species that becomes the pimp for his client—but he knew his subjects well, and when he got them on the dissecting table, his demonstration was complete. His last and best in this line was in his January number, under the head of "A Couple of Unclean Coyotes."—*The Farrago*, (Danville, Va.)

In this city the news of the death of Brann was received with sadness, for Knoxville was a great "Iconoclast" city. Three and a half months ago Mr. Brann was a visitor to this city. He delivered a lecture at the theatre on the subject of "Rainbow Chasers." The weather was stormy, but the young Texan had a good house, and every one present was highly pleased with what they heard. Mr. Brann came to this city from Memphis, and was accompanied by his business manager, W. H. Ward. A party of newspaper men visited the "Apostle" at the hotel and he talked long and interestingly of the Baylor affair. To have heard the tall, angular and rather feeble looking man talk about the affair, which has sent him to his grave, one would have thought that he could not have written the scathing articles about the Texas school or anything else, but on the contrary his words could have been only those of kindness.—*The Knoxville* (Tenn.), *Sentinel*.

Only persons who have read his articles know how deep he could go into such affairs, and no doubt all such persons will say "Amen," now that he is dead, but there will be other Branns, others that will prove just as willing and ready to show up the rottenness and evil that is gaining a foothold in this country, in cities, large and small, it goes on without any check.—*Ohio Vauley Workman*, (Wheeling, W. V.)

Mr. Brann in many respects was the greatest genius of his day. He was an accomplished linguist, a broad and comprehensive scholar and a bold and independent writer. His research and reading seemed universal and his power of expression was phenomenal. But his greatest strength was in controversy and disputation. He was a complete master of pungent, cogent, red hot English and his bitter invectives, and diatribes were as daggers of burnished steel, plunged into the body of his antagonist by the hand of an Hercules? He was misunderstood by the majority, and misrepresented by many. By nature he was kind and affectionate; simple in tastes, truthful in character, philanthropic in his views; enthusiastic in friendship; terrible in hatred of enemies; bold in beliefs; refined in intercourse; a genial companion; a modest gentleman; a devoted husband and father, and an open, frank manly man.—*The Truth*, (Corsicana, Tex.)

We know nothing of the rights of the quarrel, but it occurs to us that a supposed Christian university which resorts to such unlawful means of retaliation is worthy of no small censure.—*The Herald*, (Oregon.)

The brilliant Brann is no more. The reign of envy ceases; the object of its tyranny is dead. The merit which went down, the victim of envious rage, will in time be raised by the hand of truth. The reproach which his genius and courage continually cast on the mean and degenerate, is forever silenced by his death. If he be remembered only in the character of his intellectual work, his fame will increase with the successive generations of mankind, to whose enlightenment and adornment his pen has so lavishly contributed.—*The News*, (Mineola, Tex.)

W. C. Brann, the fearless editor of the "Iconoclast" is no

more. The Iconoclast assailed every form of avarice, hypocrisy and infamy.—Dexter, (Mo.) *Messenger*.

While many will condemn his life, yet his footprints on the literary world will petrify the sands of time, and many of his works become an English classic in an age to come, and his peculiar characteristics like Edgar Allen Poe, be a subject for criticism and diverse opinions. "He was a man to take him all in all; we shall not look upon his like again."—The (Okolona, Miss.) *Sun*.

Mr. Brann deserves the highest praise for his labors as an editor; and his eulogy should be sung by every paper in America—Loveland (Colo.) *Reporter*.

You may say what you may of Brann—you may denounce his intemperance and imprudence, but the man who would say he was a coward or a craven—was moved by selfish interests and an insatiable thirst for notoriety—little, we think, understands the true motives which moved him and the stern stuff of which he was made.—The (Greenwood, Miss.) *Commonwealth*.

Editor Brann was absolutely fearless. Not only in a physical but in a moral sense. Endowed with a wonderful intellect, he used his full powers to portray shams and frauds of all kinds with a merciless hand. The hypocrite, the liar and sleek scoundrel—whether religious or political, received no mercy at his hands. He told the truth without gloss, without fear and without favor, as he understood it. His fault was in calling a spade a spade, and exposing the moral rottenness of any hypocrite—high or low—Saunders County (Neb.), *Journal*.

Brann was one of the most fluent and caustic writers of the age; a man of wonderful memory and who had almost complete control of the English language. His writings did infinitely more good than either Shakespeare's or Longfellow's works.—The Oberlin (La.) *News*.

Brann as a writer was forcible, vigorous, caustic, truthful; exposing wrong wherever found, expressing truth no matter how unpopular. Journalism can ill afford to lose such a man.—The Salisbury (Mo.), *Democrat*.

Journalism has lost one of its foremost members. He was as fearless as a lion in his nature, and would never hesitate to publish the truth as his unbiased mind viewed it, whether good or bad, for friend or foe. He was no doubt one of the greatest editors this country has ever produced.—*Valley-of-the-Teche*, (Baux Bridge, La)

In Brann, Texas has lost one of the finest journalists of our time. We were a sincere admirer of the "Apostle," notwithstanding he gave our church a preliminary roasting with a charitable intention of getting some of its members used to fire. We wish we could truthfully say that we believe our preachers to be all good Christian men, but to tell the truth, we honestly believe a large number of them to be faking hypocrites of the lowest type, and in our estimation Brann was a demi-god as compared with these holy scoundrels.—Bartstow (Tex.), *Times*.

The heart of this man must have been as tender as the dawn to those he loved, for as he lay dying, he said to his heart-broken wife: "My dear, sweet wife, all this will pass, and we shall walk together again on the lawn as we used to do." When he lay in state, surrounded by hundreds of costly floral emblems, the stricken wife said to callers—"Have you seen him?—a king lies there."—Sullivan (Mo.) *Sentinel*.

In the death of Brann, the country has lost a writer without a peer, an intellectual genius; a man of that force and power which always brings the warmest friends and bitterest enemies. Outspoken in everything, deceptive in nothing, he was confronted alike by words of applause and expressions of disapproval.—Morgan (Tex.) *Weekly Times*.

Mr. Brann was a remarkable man, one of the most brilliant and original characters ever born, and his command of wit, satire, invective and the most beautiful flowers of language was something marvellous. It can be said of him that his lance was always levelled against the wrong, and in his fearless scorn of evil he spared neither high nor low.—Ocala (Fla.) *Banner*.

In the death of Brann the literary sky loses one of its brightest stars. Few men combine such surpassing mastery of English with such fertility of ideas and such breadth of information.—Jackson (Mo.) *Herald*.

Brann the man is dead, but Brann the author will live on in the hearts and minds of the American people long after Baylor and its whole contemptible gang of hypocritical bigots have crumbled into dust and their contracted souls have worn themselves out sliding down the spiral of retrogression.—*People's Champion*, (Gunnison, Colo.)

There are some people who are glad that Brann is dead, but Lawrence Clancy is not one of them.—Oswego (N. Y.) *Palladium*.

He was a man whose opinions were formed in the practical school of life, so that he could instantly detect right from wrong, evil from good, falsehood from the "bright diamond of truth."—Shoshone (Idaho) *Journal*.

W. C. Brann was a man of remarkable intellect and tireless energy. Possessed of a keen sense of the ludicrous and an ardent desire to expose and reform the flagrant defects which society is always so ready to pass over lightly, he wielded a daring pen in the defense of his true convictions and with relentless satire smote down sin and folly alike. He searched unceasingly the shadows of modern life and dragged forth from obscurity many a flagrant fraud and foolish foible and held them up in merciless ridicule before the world.—*De Pauw Palladium*, (Greencastle, Ind.)

He was a champion of the weak against the strong; of purity against vice; of christianity against hypocrisy—the implacable foe of everything that "maketh or loveth a lie." Brave as a lion in the prosecution of what he deemed the right and fearless in the discharge of what he considered his mission in life. He died a martyr to his earnest convictions.—Merkel (Tex.) *Mail*.

W. C. Brann, editor of the Iconoclast, was assassinated on the streets of Waco last Friday afternoon. Whatever we may say of his methods, the ends he aimed at were not the striking down of truth or oppression of the weak.—Iron County (Mo.) *Register*.

He certainly proved himself a man of true honesty and purest principles, a champion of the weak and suffering against the strong and heartless, in his glorious fight for little ignorant Antonio's rights. For that act alone, if for nothing else, a just God will crown him with a wreath of everlasting glory, while the shrieks of her infamous persecutors will resound for all time in hell—if there be a justice in the unknown beyond.—*Democrat*, (Centerville, Tex.)

We join with those who mourn the loss to the world of one of the greatest minds that ever found a tenement in a body of clay.

"Peace to Brann's injured shade! 'twas his  
In life and death to be the mark where wrong  
Aimed with her poisoned arrows; but to miss.  
Oh, victor unsurpassed in modern song!  
Each year brings forth its millions; but how long  
The tide of generations shall roll on,  
And not the whole combined and countless throng  
Composed a mind like thine! Though all in one  
Condensed their scattered rays, they would not form a sun."  
—Childe Harold, *The Aquilar* (Colo.) *Sun*.

The man had such power of commanding the full resources of his varied reading—such marshaling of language drawn from the different departments of learning—such an individual gift of imagery, color and form, coupled with a vivid imagination, that there is not a man in the United States to equal him.—*Guthrie Capitol*.

In the death of Brann, journalism finds another martyr. The question of Brann's offending against the niceties of criticism is not involved. His attacks may have been brutalisms and his sarcasms unjust inflections. But he was either a violator of the law and subject to its prosecutions, or he was pursuing a legitimate occupation. His methods might have been distasteful, but neither merited the assaults which preceded, nor excused the vicious manner of his ending.

As a fact, his statements regarding the Baylor university, were libelous, if untrue. If libelous, they were a crime and the temper shown by that locality would warrant the conclusions that he could not have escaped the consequences of a prosecution. If the statements were true, and therefore criminal, assassination was had to shield reputations which dared not face the courts for protection. In either view his murder was as cold-blooded as the slaughter of the innocents. If he violated law he should have been punished by law. If he was guilty of no infraction of the law then the guilt of his taking off is another sin added to the crimes of Baylor university and its kindred.

If he lied, the law would punish him for lying. If he told the truth, all fair men will say the innocent man was sacrificed to cover the guilt of the real murderer. The man who fired the shot is nothing here. It is the known force behind him, which shrinking from the light of courts, crept into the darkness of death for a covering to its sins. Theology may support its action, but humanity will hate and detest it.

The real promoter of this killing was a defied theology. A continued hating and aspersion of churchism. A hatred and

condemnation of christianism, as separate from christianity. These did not strike the blow, but they inspired the actor and will defend the act. In this they erred. The blood of the martyr is the seed of the church. Brann had tolerators, who will become followers, now that it is a question of opinion and not the support of a personality. Brann living was an infant. Brann dead will be a giant.

If Brann "prostituted his talents" he did it in a broad sunlight of defiance. He struck in high places and defied the powerful. Whatever his purpose in attacking untruth he drew attention to the wrongs perpetrated in the names of Deities and the majesties of law.

It is a shameless and cowardly voice that speaks of "the consistency of his taking off?" It is the same voice of murder and mammon which has excused the martyrdom of every opponent of plunder, avarice and greed. The cause which is benefitted by assassination is the cause of devils and the voice which approves it is the voice of a partner in the crime. The men who rejoice over the death of Brann are the men who dread Free Speech and cower before a Free Press.

This territory has seen assassins of freedom on the judicial bench. It has seen the upholder of Davis throttle the exposure of villianies by the doors of the prison. It would have seen assassination a common profession if inclinations had been backed by courage. The Capital adds nothing to the good of the world by defending villianies which only find a savior in murder and safety in the grave.—*McMaster's Globe.*

### THE POPINJAY OF THE WHITE HOUSE.

By Junius.

No man is a hero to his valet, and no president of the United States is a hero to the people of Washington. They know his private life and his public life. They see him day after day. They visit him immediately after breakfast before he has put on his smug mask. They find him in the stress of official business. They mark the weariness of him and the petulance of him when the day's work is ended. They meet him socially and observe his shotcomings. He wears no halo. They understand that he is a public servant who works hard for his money. By the measure of his fulfillment of his duties they judge him. There have been popular presidents, like Arthur, and unpopular presidents, like Cleveland. There have been presidents who were neither one nor the other, like Harrison. There has been no president like McKinley. The Washington populace has measured him. It has weighed him. It has found him wanting. He is too small for the high office he holds. There are men in the Republican party who know more when they are asleep than he will ever be able to call to his assistance when awake.

There was some recognition of this fact before his election. There were murmurs of discontent. There were prophecies that his party would have enough of him before the end of his term. It has enough already—much sooner than the most pessimistic members of it expected. In the first year of his incumbency he has succeeded in disgracing his party in the eyes of the country. He has made that party's success at the polls next November an impossibility. He has added immeasurably to the obstacles which lie between it and success in 1900. That is a large score for one man to have made. Outside of his private secretary, he has not a friend on earth. His associates stand by him merely for what may be had out of him. They make use of him because they have bought him. But for the fact that they can use him in the prosecution of schemes most nefarious, Elkins and Hanna would bid him good-bye to-morrow. William McKinley will leave the White House stigmatized not only as a failure, but as a fraud. He will not possess the respect of any one. He has a certain power as yet, but the larger part of that will go from him when all of the offices are filled. Save for patronage he would not own a tithe of the influence which should attach to the presidency of the United States. He has no moral courage, no stamina, no force. He is wishy-washy. He is weak. He is dishwasher. His stand against congress in the matter of the Maine was not his stand at all. It was the stand of Elkins and Hanna and other representatives of the great money power. He did as he was ordered. What hold these men have upon him is not certainly known, but Washington contains a hundred quiet men who would be capable of a shrewd guess.

Democrats who knew McKinley expected nothing more nor less of him when the wires scattered the intelligence of his fraudulent election in 1896. There had been nothing in his record for the previous half dozen years to lead them to

expect anything else. He was born of obscure parents in an obscure Ohio neighborhood fifty-five years ago. He received a common school education and at the proper age enlisted in the army of the northern states. He served with neither more nor less credit than thousands of other individually unimportant soldiers. He studied law after the war and attempted to practice, but almost immediately turned his eye upon office-holding as a means of living demanding less exertion and less intellect. I do not know that his most violent admirer has ever called him a lawyer. Two years after obtaining his license he was elected prosecuting attorney of Stark county. This was in 1869, and practically he has been in office ever since. He was sent to the national house of representatives in 1878, and staid there for fourteen years. As chairman of the ways and means committee of the Fifty-first house he reported the infamous tariff act of that year and when he went home and appealed for re-election, the Democrats hung his hide on the back fence. His friends elected him governor, however, and he was serving his second term as executive when nominated to the presidency—a nomination which culminated in his election, I may as well say here, through colonization upon a gigantic scale and the wholesale coercion of the workingmen's vote of this country. He is to-day not any more legally president of the United States than I am.

It was during the first incumbency as governor of Ohio that Mark Hanna came to know him to see in him the proper instrument for the furtherance of certain ulterior schemes. He had a high popularity with the supporters of the robber tariff and many newspapers, paid through their business offices to support the infamy, were prepared to use their columns for his benefit. Hanna, who is a miner and manufacturer and railway bond owner and slave holder, desired the tariff restored to its outrageous prohibition of foreign goods. He wanted, moreover, to be president of this country, in reality if not in name, and he saw that McKinley was the man to help him to do it. He knew that he had a cheap politician to deal with and he attempted no finesse. He paid some promissory notes signed by McKinley. The sum was in the neighborhood of \$20,000. It was not much for Hanna to do, but from that time on he owned his man, body and soul. McKinley was Hanna's puppet. When one string was pulled he danced. When another was pulled he talked. When another was pulled he shut up. He was nominated by Hanna and told to keep quiet. He was childish and foolishly eager to go out and meet Bryan, but his owner told him no. He had nothing to say during the campaign. He remained at home, as he was ordered, and extended the glad hand to callers, as he was ordered. When his election was declared he came on to Washington and in due time entered the White House, still under the eye and massive paw of the Ohio magnate. Since that date he has done nothing that has not received Hanna's approval. He has said nothing that was not first submitted to Hanna. Early in April, during the ridiculous negotiations with Spain, you will remember that the presence of Mark Hanna at a cabinet meeting was reported. He had no more business there, of course, than a hog has in a porcelain bath tub. I wonder how many Americans, when they read that disgusting intelligence in the morning papers, felt like grasping horse whips in their right hands and boarding the train for Washington. Rawhide applied to the human cuticle is a primitive argument, but it might do both McKinley and Hanna some good. Also Elkins, than whom a bigger rascal does not remain unhung.

I ask, not with any expectation of receiving an answer: What was to have been looked for from a man who deliberately forswore every financial principle he had ever advocated for the sake of a \$20,000 bribe? McKinley, during all of his long stay in congress, was a free silver man. He is on record a dozen times in proof of it. He was a free silver man when elected to the Ohio governorship. He was a free silver man up to the time that Hanna paid his notes of hand. Yet this venal trickster is one whom the American people are supposed to have invested with the highest office of the nation. The word "supposed" is used advisedly. The being who will sell his conscience and his character is, in plain English, a rascal. There is no other term that fits him so well. It is a lucky thing for the American people that in his case the title of commander-in-chief of the army and navy is merely an honorary one. If he should attempt to direct our forces, as time and again Lincoln directed the northern legions, I believe that the citizens of the country would in response by thousands. There is a length to which McKinley, ordered by Hanna, dare not go.

I do not care to say to what extent he involved himself in his dealings with the bondholders, the Elkins gang, the

ciates of J. J. McCook and the fellow scoundrels of Hanna, because I do not know. I can tell you only the secret but strong belief prevalent in Washington, premising that many things are extensively known here under the surface which never see the light: If McKinley were impeached and put on trial the committee of the congress empowered to send for persons and papers could and would establish his guilt. The belief is that McKinley, through his connection with Hanna and Elkins and McCook and certain thieves of Wall street, will die a rich man. The belief—put in the strongest and plainest of language—is that he has been bought—has been paid to do the things he did. Indeed, it is true that more than once in the month of April he sailed perilously close to impeachment. One yard further would have meant for him a public indictment.

As for the personal disesteem in which he is held by residents of the capital, it need be said merely that the estimate of him has not changed in any way. It is only intensified. He was necessarily well known here before his occupancy of the White House. He is a popinjay—a self-centered, self-conscious, self-conceited weakling, unable to see the things around him because of his constant gaze upon himself. He cannot bear that any other should be, even for a moment, the center of public observation. He is at this day insanely jealous of the attention and praise excited by the sturdy courage of Fitzhugh Lee and his henchmen have left nothing undone to belittle Lee. He heartily dislikes Reed, because it has been borne in upon him that Reed is immeasurably a bigger man than himself. There is not an able and unsmirched leader of the Republican party to whom he is not inimical for the same reason. A vain man is bearable when he is a strong man. Napoleon was vain and strong. But the weak man, covered with vanity as with a cloak, in private life is a nuisance and in high public life is a menace. To call McKinley "Napoleon" in anything save jest is to call the skull-mush of a Baptist howler the brain of Voltaire.

The man's political course ends with his incumbency of the presidency. Never again can he be chosen as the chief magistrate of this nation. Democrats estimate him at his true worthlessness and despise him. His party regards him as one who has betrayed it. The bitterest things said about McKinley here—and they are many—the fiercest invective hurled at him—and it is bitter as gall—come from Republicans. Knowing that he has done his worst and that his course is run, his political opponents hold him in contempt, but his political associates hate him with a black burning hatred. I have no idea that he realizes for a moment the depths to which he has sunk, or the feeling with which he is regarded: Such knowledge is impossible to a man of his immense, though groundless, egotism. He is to-day, however, the best hated person between Canada and the Gulf of Mexico. So far as my knowledge extends, the Iconoclast will be the first American publication to tell the unvarnished truth about McKinley. There are many others, however, Democratic and Republican, which would like to do it if they were not afraid.

Washington, D. C., May 23, 1898.

#### SALMAGUNDI.

Admiral Dewey has done a brave thing, an admirable thing, an heroic thing. His entrance by night into the dark harbor of Manilla, sailing above, he knew not what submerged terrors, was an action that proved him to be in every way worthy of his high rank. But because he has shed lustre upon his country and his profession, the lick-spittles and Jenkinsons of the home press must rush to the front with praises that are to the last degree fulsome and annoying. If Dewey had them, he would force them to swab decks, and if I had them at my disposition, I would hammer them over the flat bosoms of their trousers with a rail-maul. Here, for instance, is an animal who lives in Washington and sends stuff over the wires to the Chicago Times-Herald. He says that Dewey is greater than Nelson, greater than Van Trump, greater than Perry. He does not mention Stephen Decatur, who, next to Horatio Nelson, was the greatest sea-fighter ever born. Admiral Dewey and the friends of Admiral Dewey would be the last persons in the world to advance such nonsensical claims in his behalf. He did his duty and has been given the thanks of his country for it, and that should close the incident. His deed and his name should not be beslimed by the hysterical newspaper panders who make themselves ridiculous. This country has the reputation among the enlightened nations of the East as being a blowhard and rough to the last degree. This

reputation comes from the writings of such idiots as the Washington idiot, and their publication by papers like the Times-Herald.

\* \* \*

The war with Spain is only a little more than a month old, but already the party of violence, bigotry and fraud is claiming sole credit for it, and endeavoring to usurp its direction. You can't fool all the people all of the time, and it will be many years before the voters of America forget that the republican organization of money sharks and Wall street thieves was literally forced into the contest. It is democracy's war, and it is a holy war. The souls of the murdered sailors of the Maine would have revisited the pale glimpses of the Cuban moon many times and sighed in vain for vengeance if the issue had rested with McKinley and his associates.

\* \* \*

And now comes Chawncey Depew—Chawncey the peach—Chawncey of the side-whiskers, and the projecting nose and unctuous smile, and white flabby hands, and irrespressible mirth at his own feeble jests—in his customary interview, saying, that the soldiers and sailors of the country are all right and have his approval. Chawncey, like Pierpont Morgan, and the Belmonts, and Vanderbilts, and Goulds and other scoundrels, who have their fingers in the strongbox of the country, was a peace-at-any-price man two months ago. He did not want business disturbed. None of them wanted business disturbed. They dreaded e'en a momentary damming of the Pactolean stream, which pours into their coffers, directed by unfair laws and swelled by almost every form of public and private robbery. The soldiers and sailors of America do not need the approval of these jack-rabbits of the stock market. It is not for them they are fighting. It is not for their commendation they ask. If the question of war or disgraceful peace had been left to the votes of the Depew-Morgan-Belmont section of this country—the cowardly money-grabbing, dollar-branded East—there would have been no war. It has been declared and is being waged by the man-making parts of the United States—the South and West. The millionaires of the money centres have contributed to our success by selling their pleasure yachts to the national government at one and a half times their cost. They have made high-priced contracts for supplies. They have infested the army and navy departments at Washington with their agents. They have left no stone unturned whereby to earn a dishonest nickel. They have done nothing else.

\* \* \*

Of course, brethren, it is a long pull, a strong pull and a pull altogether just now. A united country flaunts its flaring flag in the faces of the hated Dons. In the hour of its struggle the government is entitled to, and will receive the loyal and unshrinking support of every decent American. All the same, it is to be understood that the Iconoclast has abated no jot of its expressed belief that William McKinley is a petty politician, and a jay jurist, with a watery brain and an india-rubber backbone. He is into this thing only because he was pitchforked into it, and for no other reason.

\* \* \*

Mr. Teddy Roosevelt's "Rough Riders," who have been browsing about San Antonio for the past month, are the opera bouffe feature of the war. There are genuine folks among them of course—men from the South and West—who know how to double-cinch a saddle, to tie a "Spanish knot" and to make a hackeymo or a pair of hoppers. Teddy's "leadership" is where the comic part comes in. They have been organized, I understand, upon the plan of the old Texas Rangers—the rangers of Jack Hayes and "Rip" Ford—but organization will be about the only point of similarity. There is one beauty about it, however: Service with Roosevelt's "Rough Riders" will be perfectly safe. Teddy will be there, and so will young Tiffany, whose father was a watch-maker, and who is now one of the New York aristocracy.

\* \* \*

Mr. Joseph Leiter, who is another patriot, sent wheat up to \$1.70 per bushel one day last month, making bread, of course, dearer to the poor man, and adding some thousands to his own bank account. Mr. Leiter lives in Chicago, but is out of place in the West. He should move East. Private yacht sellers and other hogs are all corralled over there.

\* \* \*

The number of Texas congressmen who have resigned \$5,000 a year, and \$100 a month governmental allowance, with which to hire a blonde typewriter, is alarming. The

fact has not been mentioned in the news columns, but it is nevertheless a fact, that the entire thirteen of them are now at home organizing regiments with which to go to the front and capture, kill, cook and eat fried Spaniards.

The country will have noticed with mixed awe and admiration that the first to throw themselves into the deadly breach have been the ferociously warlike male students of Baylor University.

\* \* \*

There are people who object to the Iconoclast. It has its enemies. But not one of them can say that this paper has ever printed the picture of an American or Spanish warship, upside down.

\* \* \*

Edgar Fawcett recently declared that as a poet, Walt Whitman was "a cumbersome, lumbering absurdity," and Fawcett was eminently correct; but they are still holding dinners in memory of the good gray nuisance in New York, just the same and mouthing his balderdash until the lights flicker. Whitman was an uncouth, obscene old bore, and all of the faddists between here and kindgom come can never make him anything else, but they are willing to die trying:

"Of the interminable sisters,  
Of the ceaseless cotillions of sisters,  
Of the centripetal and centrifugal sisters, the elder and  
younger sisters,  
The beautiful sister we know dances on with the rest."

There's poetry for you, and also for the New Yorkers, in whose city any fool who jingles his bells long and loud can command a following. Most of this mouldering frauds stanzas, or lines, are merely bloviating rant, with not anything of good about them, but, as he wrote steadily for years, he sometimes said things worth a busy man's memory. There are some words of his that have come to me often in the past month. They are so fitting that they seem to have been written in memory of the dead Brann:

"I'd rear a laurel-covered monument—  
High, high above the rest—to all cut off before their time,  
Possess'd by some strange spirit of fire,  
Quenched by an early death."

\* \* \*

The enterprise of our American journals is perhaps best demonstrated by the fact that it took them six days to get authentic news of the battle of Manilla, and ten days to quit blowing about it.

\* \* \*

One can't throw a brick in Washington after dark just now without laning a general of some sort or another, but as the wholesale creation of these strutting asses is one of the inevitable unpleasantnesses of a republic going to war, we will have to bear it. A year hence the names of many of those prancing along Pennsylvania avenue and giving the chippies a treat will be lost to sight, but any one who wishes may find them by going to the pension rolls. They will be there all right enough.

\* \* \*

### SHE IS IN DENVER.

The Dalton (Ga.) Argus asks:

"What's become of the 'new' woman. I haven't heard of her since all this war talk sprung into existence. Have you?"

Yes; she is in Denver, and her name is Shute, Martha A., and she is strictly on the shoot. Mrs. Shute is not one of those who sometimes shoot their husbands or the other woman that has loved "hubby," not wisely, but too well, especially if "hubby" pays well for the loving. But she wants to shoot Spaniards, and wants to shoot them at the head of a cavalry regiment, amid the orange groves of Cuba. Governor Adams looks rather kindly upon Mrs. Shute's proposal, and this is quite the proper thing to do, for no doubt Mrs. Shute "shot 'em in" on the election day for the governor. Mrs. Shute demands that she be allowed to appoint all the officers, and they shall be women; ordinary white men will be allowed to go as privates.

Probably the Epworth Herald man will see in this move of Mrs. Shute an opportunity to avoid the contamination that he so dreads for the Christian soldier. If Colonel Shute will permit an outsider to apply for a place in her regiment, I here make application for the position of chaplain. I received several votes for that office in the Twenty-second legislature, and think I can satisfactorily discharge the duties, as I learned them in our late unpleasantness. It was

principally to lay around with the officers when no fighting was going on, and when there was, to comfort the women in the rear.

\* \* \*

The following is from a Denver correspondent:

"That history repeats itself, if you only give it time, is certainly exemplified in Denver with a vengeance just at present. This city is to have a Joan of Arc' all its little own—one that would cause the original to turn over in her grave (if she had one), from very envy.

"Our modern Joan is to be nothing if not original. She has advertised for a charger—a single-footer, and one that has style. I do not know whether a single-footer can be depended upon to run faster than others in case of an emergency or not. However, let us imagine this Gigadier-Brindle,—or whatever she is to be—seated with her bloomers astride her Abelard horse (for such we hear from a private source it must be), her high silk hat on her head, and her long white veil streaming in the wind from a face that would be a protection against the whole Spanish army."

### A SPECIMEN LETTER.

From among the thousands of letters received, mourning the death of Mr. Brann, I cull an extract from the pen of the editor of the "Lincoln (Neb.) Freie Presse;" as the writer in his own eloquent way so aptly expresses the common sorrow of a multitude of others.

If the ghouls, infesting this community, who hounded Mr. Brann to his death and ostentatiously wore, as badges of honor, pieces of the rope used in dragging him around the campus of Baylor University, could read these letters, they would, to some degree at least, realize the loathing, in which the honest man and womanhood here and elsewhere holds them.

It were as vain to look for compunction on the part of a hyena, who digs a pallid corpse from a fresh made grave at midnight and feasts thereon, as it were to expect contrition on their part.

The best that can be said in their behalf are the words of Him, whom they pretend to serve:

"Father, forgive them;  
They know not what they do."

Office Lincoln Freie Presse, Lincoln, Neb.

Brann is dead! Recovering from a severe spell of sickness, the Iconoclast is laid into my hands. I had not heard, I had not been told a word, and I can hardly believe my eyes. Brann is dead! Woe to the men! who have brought this about! Woe to them! who, by fiendish plotting, have robbed the earth of a genius, born once only in centuries. I am a German, and to me, in his poetic language, Brann has been Heine, in his philosophical thoughts, Brann has been Kant; in his satyric humor, Brann has been Saphir. Brann had been my refuge, my recreation, my oasis in the barren desert of every-day life and toil. When all the world turned dim, when all the lights of joy burned low, I looked toward him. Brann is dead,—and even spring, with all its glory, with all its blossoms, with all its poetry—is naught. Thousands of my countrymen will mourn in the departed a friend. Thousands will search in vain; for a genius has been slain, and a martyr has been crucified, and a star has fallen from heaven. Brann is no more.



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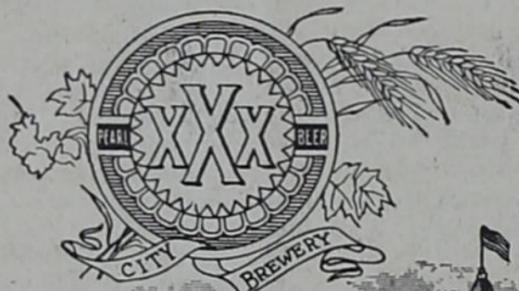
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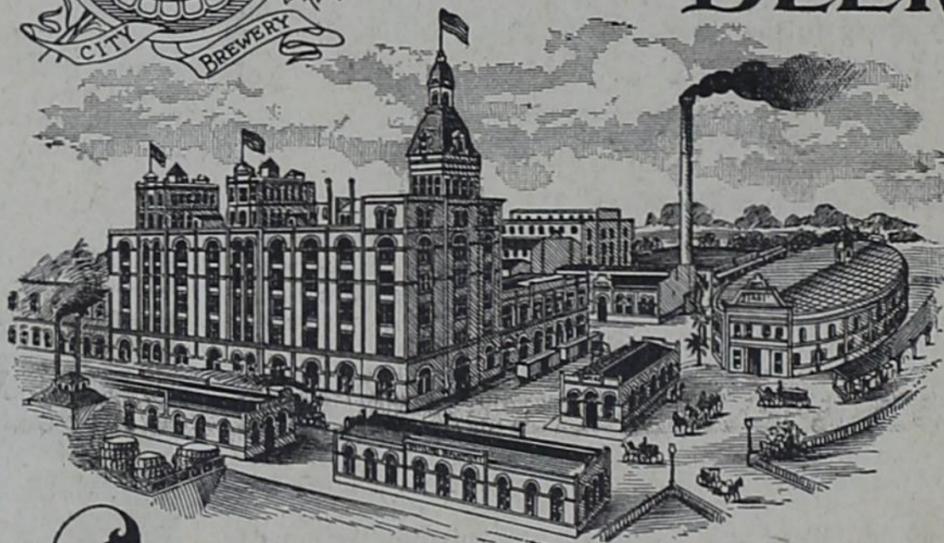
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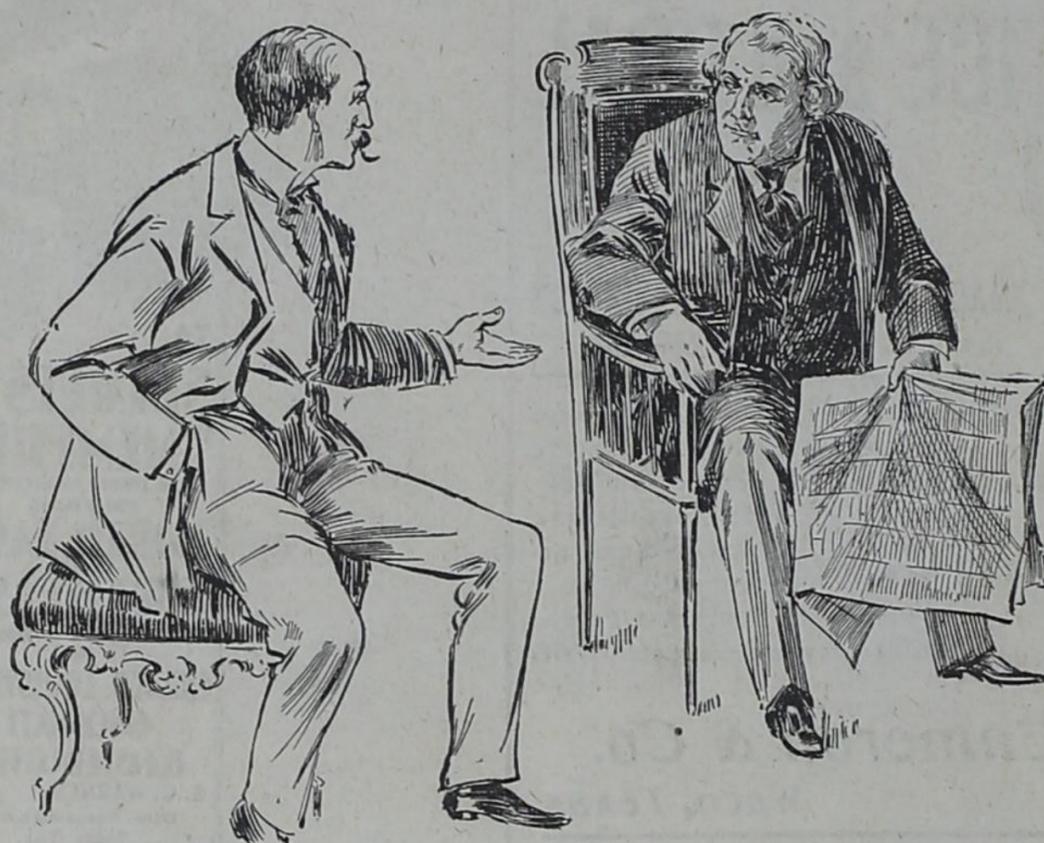
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I have recently read of four cases where Ripans Tabules relieved people from evere suffering which they experienced from the necessity of living in an impu re atmosphere. First, there was a man who kept a 10-cent lodging-house in the Bowery, New York. He found that a tabule taken now and then kept him from getting sick in that polluted atmosphere. Then there was a man who worked in a coal mine in Ohio, where the great distance under the hills made it impossible to get pure air, the air being forced to the men by great fans which would sometimes cease their motion on account of breaks in the machinery and then the air would become very bad indeed, causing pains in the head, dizziness and fainting, This man found a Ripans Tabule taken at such a time would preserve him from pain he had previously experienced. Another miner, well known in Scranton, Pa., suffered from the foul atmosphere he breathed for so many years in the mines resulting there from the gases and damp. "My stomach suffered most," said he, Finally he was induced to make trial of Ripans Tabules, and was so much benefited that he now makes a practice of carrying a few of the magic Tabules in his pocket, so as to be able to swallow one at the first sign of approaching trouble. The fourth case is that of a Philadelphia tailor who had charge of the manufacturing department, and was obliged to spend hours at a time in the pressing, sponging and ironing department in an overhead room where the atmosphere is very heavy and disagreeable. This resulted in giving him frequent headaches, from which he sometimes suffered great torture. The medicines prescribed by his physician brought no relief, and he was, he said, on the verge of despair when a friend one day advised him to try Ripans Tabules. He did so and the result was that the first two Tabules wrought with him an almost magic change. "I escape all headaches now," he writes, "and no matter how hot the room is, one Tabule does away with all suffering. I always carry some with me for an emergency and can sincerely recommend them."

A new style packet containing TEN RIPANS TABULES in a paper carton (without glass) is now for sale at some drug stores—FOR FIVE CENTS. This low-priced sort is intended for the poor and the economical. One dozen of the five-cent cartons (120 tabules) can be had by mail by sending forty-eight cents to the RIPANS CHEMICAL COMPANY, No. 10 Spruce Street, New York—or a single carton (TEN TABULES) will be sent for five cents.