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EDITORIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

The Iconoclast has changed its town of publication, but not its purposes. It will be—as it has been always—for free thought and free speech; for the betterment of mankind; for the masses against the classes; for the destruction of illiberal dogma; for the gospel of honesty and common-sense; for the religion of cold baths; for frequent shaves; for a hair-cut once a month for men, and never for women. It believes in clean linen and clean lives. When the head of a fraud or scoundrel is poked out of window, the Iconoclast will whack it. It will stand not for party, but for principle. It has been, and it will be, the champion of the people. It knows that a good thing to call a spade is "spade." Founded by W. C. Brann as a monthly protest against chicanery, political thuggery, fanaticism, bigotry, hypocrisy, social filth, thievery, cant, megalomania, warty conventionalisms and oppression of conscience, it has hewed to the line and the axe still swings. All communications intended for editorial handling should be sent to "Brann's Iconoclast, 186 Monroe street, Chicago, Ill." All business communications should be addressed to "The Blakely Printing Company, Chicago, Ill." Any paper wishing to be placed upon the exchange list should send in a cash subscription of \$1.

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Brann's Iconoclast does not wish to do injustice to any person or thing. Be sure that you have the facts; then write them fearlessly. Go after your man with rapier or bludgeon, as best suits you. It makes no difference, so that you get him good and dead.

THE IMPENDING PURIFICATION OF CHICAGO.

With a feeling of dread that approaches suffocation, I am compelled to announce that Chicago is to be purified. Morally, but not physically, we are to be cleaned. As of old, the river will wind its snakelike and semi-solid putrescence through the heart of the town and, as of old, the curlews will call above it for cologne or ammonia or anything to kill the stink, but inwardly we will be made whiter than snow and purer than the lily—almost as pure, in fact, as the Rev. J. Q. A. Henry himself, who is to do the purifying. The Rev. J. Q. A. Henry is the pleasant, placable and protrusive pastor of the La Salle Avenue Baptist Church. When asked what state he hails from, his worshippers, male and female, principally female, answer

"'Frisco." The Rev. J. Q. A. Henry purified 'Frisco, we are told. He broke up the "Cremorne," wherein men drank wine and girls danced the couchee-couchee and other heinous things were done. Following his lead, twenty thousand citizens of 'Frisco said they wouldn't vote for any man unless he was good. This resulted, as everybody knows, in making 'Frisco a model city and keeping it so. The death of the "Cremorne" killed the wine-drinking industry out there. It also killed the couchee-couchee industry and the other industries which made the "Cremorne" naughty but nice. The depraved stranger within the gates of 'Frisco to-day, or to-night, cannot get any wine, unless he produces his Bible and recites the story of Susannah and the Elders backward, nor in all that vast and holy city can he find a single bibulous maiden willing for a consideration to do the couchee-couchee. It is stated by those who ought to know that in 'Frisco, as a result of J. Q. A. Henry and his 20,000 voters, all of the gamblers have burned their faro layouts and are dealing "grab-bag" at church fairs, all of the barkeepers have doffed their aprons, donned red sweaters and are pounding bass drums in the Salvation Army marches, all of the kindly and high-colored ladies who couchee-couchee have fashioned unto themselves poke bonnets and solicit voluntary and involuntary contributions to the "War Cry," and the legs of all the pianos have been swathed in pantalettes.

Having done these things with his might, the Rev. J. Q. A. Henry, weeping for fresh worlds to conquer and sobbing for another go at the Rum Demon, sprinted eastward and broke the tape at the Chicago line. He is, it appears, the "Parkhurst of the West." He desires to tilt against crime, as that reverend gent tilted against crime in New York, and to reform Chicago, as New York was reformed. I hope that he will have an equal success. I hope, too, that he will adopt the Parkhurstian methods. The newspapers of Chicago like a thing the better if it be a little salty and they will pay much attention to the Rev. J. Q. A. Henry. It is true that the city does not contain Miss Hattie Adams, but a substitute for her might be found. It might even be possible also to find a Miss Hattie Adams young protégé, who would sit upon the clerical knee and curve a white arm about the clerical neck and paddle daintily with the clerical whiskers, so that a sermon might be preached upon the wickedness of it all and how it felt. That is the way in which Parkhurst went to work, and if the Rev. J. Q. A. Henry wants to be a Parkhurst he will be forced to go all of the Parkhurst gaits. I have no doubt that the papers of the city could be induced to be as kindly silent concerning the events immediately following the knee-pressing and arm-curling and whiskers-paddling business as the New York papers were silent in the case of Parkhurst. There is no telling to what length a clergyman on the still hunt for information may have to go, and there are certain moments in the clerical life which are, or should be, utterly sacred from the prying eyes and scooting pencil of the lynx-eyed reportorial roustabout.

The Rev. J. Q. A. Henry has not as yet amassed 20,000 voters in Chicago who will not ballot and repeat for anyone unless he is good, but he will have them. Already a start has been made. He can vote for himself and one is a whole lot more than not any at all. Furthermore, a "prominent city official" has gone on record with the startling statement that "something has got to be done. Chicago's increasing profligacy must be suppressed, else the city will wither and die." When a city official gets to emitting things like this, it is evident that a great hen is on. City officials hitherto have been chiefly remarkable for a willingness to take anything they could lift and an ability to lift huge weights. The diaphanously robed damsels in the vicinity of Armour—or Amour—avenue have known them. The musical glug-glug of the jug, as they have tilted and poured from its reluctant mouth the corn-

juice so loved of their souls, has been familiar to them and their intimates. The smell of the City Hall is distinctly a smell of mean whisky and tobacco saliva, shot about with a reckless disregard of the walls and floorings. There are city official wine-bills moldering here and there about the town. Once upon a time, long, long ago, a city official was heard of in a Cremonish sort of place, wherein a willowy and peroxidal blonde was couched-couching with much muscular elaboration and an enthusiasm born of mingled hops and hofbrau. There have been city officials of Chicago who were never so much at home as when not at home; others who could not think large thoughts outside of the musty back room of a gin-mill; others who could not sing outside of barrooms, nor dance save on the top of a bagnio piano, nor talk save in lewd companionship, nor exist away from the stimulating influences of a levee dance-hall; others who were busy in business hours manufacturing inmates of ill-fame houses and busy out of business hours in the houses whose inmates had been manufactured by the city officials of some other town; others, whose wives have sued them for divorce on the ground of seven years of continued and mysterious disappearance from the conjugal bed; others whose nights were filled with music, whose cares infested no days whatever and who, when asked to do something in return for their salaries, folded their tents like the Arab and silently stole away, as well as anything else they could reach. This city official, however, who is satisfied that Chicago will curl up and die unless he and the Rev. J. Q. A. Henry do something to it, is evidently of a different stamp. He is a highly moral city official. This being so, the puzzle is how he got to be a city official at all.

Standing alone the Rev. J. Q. A. Henry and the city official could do much, but they are to be assisted by the Young People's Christian Temperance Union. Ten thousand of them are in the push. They read the daily papers, they say, and they cannot shut their youthful eyes to the wave of extreme vice that is engulfing the city. They have resolved to fix it. They will attend the various meetings which are to be held every night in the week and sing things. Also they will wear badges and beseech papa and mamma to be good, so as to set an example to the bad people who, the daily papers say, are all around them. Also they will have picnics unless the weather prove too cool and consume vast quantities of pop and red lemonade and cake and sing lustily. Also they will pray every night that all of the bad folks be made good and all of the good folks be made better. Also they will hang metal boxes to all the lamp posts and stand them on the counters of hotels, and in other moral places, and each box will bear the legend: "If you want to keep Chicago from shriveling up and dying drop a penny in the slot." Also they will distribute tons of powerfully written tracts telling how the bad boys said to Elisha that his head was bald as a billiard ball and the bears came and ate them up. Also they will stay up much later at night than is good for them and will be cross and headachy in the morning and will miss their lessons at school and be kept in and weep because they cannot go out at the usual hour and reform two porch-climbers, three transom-workers, four safe-men and five murderers on their way home. The average age of the heroic members of this Spartan band is 14 years. They are just at the time of life when the childish passion for "all-day suckers" meets and wars with a desire for longer dresses, or longer trousers, as the sex of the sufferer may be. This always produces a great internal moral convulsion and a desire to reform things and sing about it.

As if the Rev. J. Q. A. Henry and the virtuous city official and the Young People's Christian Temperance Union were not enough to grab the Rum Demon by his caudal continuation and yank the vermiform appendix out of him, we are told that "scores of young men, many of them of wealth and social position, will secretly go about and assist in the procuring of damaging facts." That seems reasonable. I believe they will. Whether or not they will say anything about these damaging facts after procuring them is, as Woodyard Rippling would say, a horse of another color. Chicago young men, many of them of wealth and social position, have been secretly going about and collecting damaging facts against all-night saloons and all-night other places ever since there was any Chicago. Among other damaging facts, they have sometimes collected black eyes and mashed noses and swelled heads and rent coat-tails and \$36 thirsts next morning. I am satisfied that 5,000 of our young men of wealth and social position will

in the next three weeks go about secretly and collect enough damaging facts to cause the "Parkhurst of the West" to curl up on his hearth-rug and moan. These facts, retailed to the city official, will make him think that the good times have come again when he was not so virtuous and lonesome as he is now. These facts, dribbled by degrees into the budding minds of the young people of the Young People's Christian Temperance Union, will cause them to sing with a violence and protractedness hitherto unprecedented. These facts will do all of these things and a good many more, providing that they can be extracted from their burial place inside of the starched shirt bosoms of the young men of wealth and social position who have gone about secretly procuring them, which seems unlikely.

Even more, brethren! The Rev. J. Q. A. Henry and the good city official and the Young People's Christian Temperance Union are to be joined by many of our dearest, sweetest, purest, most charming and altogether desirable and energetic young ladies. These virginal Hebes of wealth and social position will not, as I understand it, go secretly about collecting damaging facts, like their brothers and sweethearts. They will not wander up seven flights of dark and dusty stairs, fall over four coal scuttles and six ashpans, rap three raps with the right hand and scratch twice with the left little finger on a door that has been freshly painted, stumble into a room that is lit by two coal-oil lamps and a candle, sit down at a long table and lose \$4.75 at "Senate poker" just to find out that there is such a thing as "Senate poker." They will not lift their dainty skirts and go secretly about North Clark street, collecting damaging facts to the rag-time accompaniment of a wobbly piano, an asthmatic trombone and a mandolin that sounds like pouring shot into a tin pan. They will not weave their tortuous and meandering way along State street at 11 p. m., caroming from pedestrian to pedestrian, call up a cab-driver, hand him \$2 and say: "Any plaish good (hic) 'nough f'r me, ol' man—jush any ol' plaish." They will not sit for long hours in the close, ill-smelling back room of a deadfall, listening and laughing vacantly at chestnuts so old that the worms quit them fifty years ago. They will not enter the department stores, order 10 cents' worth of something they don't want and spend a half-hour chatting with the shop girl in a fascinating manner. They will not, in short, go about secretly at all. They will procure their damaging facts by means of private detectives. Mrs. Matilda B. Carse, who is paying for the Woman's Christian Union's Temple in La Salle street with a rapidity so great that, in comparison with it, a mud-turtle under full headway looks like a flash of light, says so, and she ought to know.

"The young women," says Mrs. Carse, "will not go into the dives to use moral suasion, but have a scheme to secure evidence in another way and offer it to the grand jury wherever a lawbreaker is discovered. In that respect it will be a real Parkhurst crusade, and I hope it will do as much good as the grand campaign conducted in New York. I believe detectives will be hired. They will be private detectives, of course, and men will be engaged who cannot be bought off by rumsellers and dive-keepers. I believe there is special attention to be given to men who persist in breaking the law by keeping open after midnight and against these places where women and music are the chief attractions."

I must inform Mrs. Carse that if these young females are going to move against all places wherein "women and music are the chief attractions," they will be forced to begin with their own homes. I join with her in the belief that it will be a "real Parkhurst crusade" and in the hope that it will do as much good as the "grand campaign in New York." I believe that it will do as much good—just exactly as much. I hope also that everything the "private detectives" report to their fair young employers will be implicitly believed. How else is a "private detective" to make his living? Imagination is his stock in trade. The more imaginative he is, the better wages he can command. I trust that the young ladies when they have bought the "private detectives" will get their money's worth. Any good, active liar ought to be able to chill their juvenile blood with horror four times a day.

It will be seen that a condition and not a theory confronts Chicago. It has got to be reformed and might as well take its medicine gracefully. White as white samite will be its moral floor when the scrubbing is done. The methods to be adopted by the crusaders are in large part secret. I have given all that has been learned about them.

It has been suggested that a beginning will be made by running out all of the bawds and procuresses, and employers of procuresses and supporters of bawds, and divekeepers and gamblers, as well as burglars, highwaymen and people of that sort, and sinners in general. As, however, that would not leave anybody in town except the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and the Young People's Christian Temperance Union and the Rev. J. Q. A. Henry, some less drastic measure will be adopted.

At last accounts the Rev. Alphabetical Henry was happy. He has grabbed off a world of free advertising. He has made speeches and will make many more. Like others of his cloth, he adores himself all of the time, but most adores himself when he is spiffing. He is a "leader." He has been printed as "the Parkhurst of the West." He is surrounded, soothed, sustained by admiring females. I hope only that he will not tread too rapidly and openly in the footsteps of his brother minister, the Rev. Brown, who, by the way, also came from San Francisco.

HANNA'S MAN AND HANNA'S MAN'S MAN.

The American voting public is asked to pause in its mad chase of dollars and soubrettes long enough to cast a fleeting, searching glance toward the White House at Washington. There is nothing changed about the house. It looks as much like the residence of the leading saloon-keeper in a country town as ever, but its inmate has grown visibly older and more doddering. The once splendid intellect that was equal to remembering all of Mark Hanna's instructions without the aid of stenographic notes or a red string tied about the forefinger, is suffering from ingrowing fan-tods and a desire to chase its own tail. The task of pleasing the Republican party and paying Alger for his campaign contributions has proved too much for it. It is tottering to its fall, and when it crashes downward it will travel at least three feet.

Mr. William McKinley of Canton, Ohio, has not disappointed a single expectation of those who knew him. It used to be said of him in the little town wherein he lived that he was not much of a lawyer, but he could sling more words and say less than any man that ever swamped a justice of the peace in adjectives and participles. Since attaining his high office, through the grace of God and the boodle of Eastern millionaires, he has added to his other qualifications the capacity to do less. The stern command issued by Hanna in 1896, "Say nothing and leave us to saw the wood" has followed him to Washington. He has issued few pronouncements and he has done nothing at all that he has not been forced into doing. There was nothing in his lengthy Congress record to lead intelligent folks to think that he would be any more than a figurehead in the presidential chair. There was much which led them to believe that he would be at the beck and call of any person with money. He has not disappointed anybody at all, outside of the few ignoramuses who really expected him to develop some independence and Americanism. This expectation was unreasonable. How could a Prince-Alberted popinjay, who entered upon his high office absolutely the chattel of a slave-driver, develop either independence or Americanism? The two terms are nearly convertible. How could he be expected to resist demands for further prostitution, when the slightest rebellion on his part would have been met by his canceled notes of hand flaunted in his face? How could he say: "I am Chief Magistrate, and I will do this or that as pleases me," when he has been for years the creature of politicians and not a successful politician himself, only because he lacked the brain? How could an ordinary, weak, conceited country candidate for almost any office become a sure-enough man in a time of storm and stress? It was weak-minded to expect it. I for one did not expect it.

Entering upon his presidency with the indisputable knowledge that he had been elected by the free use of money and the most gigantic system of coercion which this or any other country has ever seen, Mr. McKinley settled down to a steady thing of doing what he was told to do and drawing his \$50,000 a year. He is still doing what he is told to do and drawing his \$50,000 a year. At the end of 1900 he will be doing what he is told to do and drawing his \$50,000 a year. That is what he is there for. He is the property of the Hannas, Belmonts and Pierpont Morgans of his party, and he will be their property so long as he is of any use to them. When they have finished with him he will be cast aside as an old shoe and allowed to return to the unpicturesque lands of Ohio and his country

courtroom oratory. He will have ample leisure in which to cultivate his fancied resemblance to Napoleon Bonaparte (God save the mark!) and ample opportunity to explain to his small circle of admirers how he saved the country in 1898.

The McKinley in the White House is the McKinley on the floor of Congress. The McKinley on the floor of Congress was a man incapable of inaugurating a policy, or framing a strong bill, or making anything save the most ordinary speech, or transacting any business outside of the business of trotting to the various departments and obtaining minor snaps for his home adherents. He was an exceedingly well dressed man, with a dapper figure and assured way of buzzing about among members as if wrapped in affairs of giant importance. He had a judicial way of wearing his pince-nez, and upon the glossy left lapel of his coat a flower always bloomed in ruddy contrast to the faultless white of his linen. He was, officially and socially and politically known in Washington as a "lightweight." He is still a "lightweight." When it is said that he was sober, reasonably moral in a sexual sense, and well mannered, the sum of his good qualities has been stated. To overbalance these he was at all times devoted to party as against principle, was always ready to carry out the instructions formulated by unscrupulous chiefs, promptly surrendered any conviction inimical to party formula which in an unguarded moment he might have expressed, was a trickster in a small way and a time-server with all of his infinitesimal soul. In those days he was for the free coinage of silver at a ratio of 16 to 1, not because he understood the great question—he did not and does not—but because he supposed that a majority of the voters in his Congress district favored free coinage. He cannot be said to have changed his convictions now that he is a single-standard president, for he never had any. He has merely followed his life-long course and obeyed the orders of his proprietors.

After being pitchforked into approval of the declaration of the war against Spain—slung into it by the dynamic force of public opinion, Republican and Democratic alike—he was still the slave of party bosses and his slavery is directly responsible for all of the criminal errors and horrible negligences of the departmental campaign. There is no soldier dead and rotting from fever under the soil of Cuba for whom he and his directors are not responsible. McKinley and his owners did not appoint the "sons of their fathers," who were drunkenly incompetent to see that food and medicines were furnished to the volunteers, but they permitted them to be appointed and retained them in the offices they disgraced. The whole damnable, rotten, murderous botch is chargeable to the account of this Ohio "Napoleon" and the people who lead him about by a string.

In those early days it became apparent that Russell Alexander Alger had no more business with the portfolio of Secretary of War than a free nigger with a golf stick. It became plain that official favoritism was the dominant factor at Washington; that "deals" were to be made; that millionaire owners of yachts and other millionaires were flocking to the mulcting of the government; that the railway lobbies were stronger and more vicious than they had been in years; that every thieving party scoundrel with an axe to grind was in Washington to have it ground. Corruption reared its unshrinking head. It was proven that the first camp selected in Florida was selected in order to benefit a particular railway corporation which wanted the job of transporting the men and supplies. Other places offered had two and three lines of communication. This place had but one and on its single track food and medicines were blocked for miles. Before a blow had been struck or a shot fired in anger, Americans who had the welfare of their country and their country's defenders at heart demanded that Alger be summarily ordered out of the War Department building and kept out. It was not done. As time went on the sickle of death was sharpened and the harvest reaped. Men of good birth and breeding, young, strong, valuable men, sickened upon the bare Cuban ground, while the warm Cuban rain beat into their faces and the Cuban fever raged in their veins. There was no food, no medicine, no professional attendance, not a drop of cold water for tongues that had parched and swollen too thickly for intelligible utterance. So they died, deserted of God and man, and went into the foreign ground, died deaths a thousand times worse than the hangman gives. Their offense was that they had fought for their country. Meanwhile Alger remained in office and the "sons of the fathers" drew pay. Those who did not know

McKinley expected him then to demand the wood sawyer's resignation. I did not.

Time went on and the hospital ships and the troopships came to Montauk Point. Down from the gangways staggered gaunt and yellow forms, with burning eyes far sunk into the sockets, cheek-bones which seemed to start through the parchment skins, shrunken limbs—old, old men were they, who three months before had been young. They laid them down upon ground that was naked, but was at least that of their country. The cold winds of the North Atlantic coasts swept across them and chilled them to the heart. The penetrating, blanket-like fogs of the Long Island coast wrapped them as in a pall. Emaciated by famine, burned by fever, neglected with a brutal negligence that has not a parallel in history, they looked about them, not for luxuries, but for sustenance and warmth, and found them not. So they died—died in scores—died deserted of God and man, and went into American ground, died deaths a thousand times worse than the hangman gives. Their offense was that they had fought for their country. Meanwhile Alger remained in office and the "sons of the fathers" drew pay. Those who did not know McKinley expected him then to demand the wood-sawyer's resignation. I did not.

Time went on. Rich, tender and loving women—having, thank God, no relation to the Department of War!—came to the aid of the sufferers. They ministered to the sick and soothed the dying and wept with forlorn mothers who hung upon the still forms of their murdered children. In companies and in regiments the men who had survived Spanish bullets and Cuban climate and deadly Algerism, were deported to their homes. Death has overtaken them in tens. Even now it is impossible to glance through a daily paper and fail to stumble upon the curt mention of some soldier's demise, slain not by a foeman, but by the political corruption of McKinley and his official. How many more of these unfortunates will be compelled to go into their long rest no one can say. How many of them will drag through life poisoned by their dreadful stay in Cuba no man can say. There will be hundreds of them. The account has not yet been settled in full. Algerism will be killing Americans three and five years from now. What has McKinley done?

Why, in response first to pleadings and then to open threats, and, last of all, to assurances that unless action were taken his party would be kicked out of power in the House of Representatives, he has ordered an "investigation." Anyone familiar with past affairs of the kind—affairs with which American history is rife—knows what this "investigation" will amount to. It is a mere sop thrown to Cerberus. It is not intended to investigate. It is not intended that the whole of the black truth shall be dragged out and aired in the light of day. It is not intended that the guilty parties shall be identified and then promptly punished. It is intended that Russell A. Alger, lumberman, millionaire, fat-headed politician, worker of Grand Army votes and presidential aspirant, shall be covered with a coat of whitewash so thick that a pick-axe could not penetrate it. It is intended to formulate a verdict to the effect that the thousands of deaths from disease in Cuba and since the army's return from Cuba were due to the will of God, and that, taken altogether, a more princely gentleman, sincere patriot, honest man and competent executive never lived than this same Alger. That will be the result of it, supposing that a sitting is ever held. Those who expect anything else are akin to those who expected McKinley to be anything other than he is.

The entire administration force, with the President at its head and a fourth-class postmaster at its tail, is arraigned against any man, or men, who want the truth. The entire administration's power will be devoted in the next six weeks to the covering up and whitewashing process. The Congress elections occur in November and the hope is that some announcement may be made to influence voters who will desire to rebuke a barbarous venality and its deathly results. A desperate effort will be made to muzzle Miles or place him in a position where he cannot command evidence. It is gravely charged against him by administration organs that he is a military dandy and a "press-worker" and uses a powder puff. In the name of God, what if he owns \$10,000 worth of uniforms and wears them all at once, or imprisons himself in stays, or swabs himself with a powder-puff until he looks like a flour-mill hand? What if he has presidential aspirations and a boom-let all to himself? It would weigh nothing with me if the

man desired to be the Ahkoond of Swat. He has seen things—things striking and horrible—and he has told of them with soldierly frankness. In that much, whatever his personal failings, he has been of benefit to his countrymen. Those countrymen—who pay him and pay Alger and pay McKinley—are entitled to the truth. They will not get it from any board of "investigation" appointed by the President. But in the newspapers and magazines, in talks by men in position to know, and, most of all, from the outraged private soldiers themselves, they will get it in chunks. They will get it in so many chunks and in so frequent chunks that the party of Alger and McKinley will be sorry that those rascals are alive. Once in a great while a situation comes when the Lincoln aphorism is brought to mind. This is one of them. You can't fool all of the people this time. The men are dead in hundreds and thousands. The survivors are recovering slowly from sickness uncured because of lack of medicine and from starvation, though food in tons had been bought and paid for and should have been theirs. These are facts so plain that no packed "investigating" committee is needed to elucidate them. They do not have to be exploited. They have come forth of themselves and stalk among us.

But Alger has paid in hard dollars for his job, and William McKinley has been instructed to see that he gets what he paid for.

A TOAST OF TARSUS.

By Ernest McGaffey.

There were six strong men of Tarsus
Did feast, and drink, and dine,
With song and oath, for they were frown
With insolence and wine;
And up they stood together,
And drank this ribald toast,
"Here's a health to the Son and the Father,
But to Hell with the Holy Ghost."

They swore that there were no spirits
Save those that lurked in wine,
Born somehow of the magic
And the glamour of the vine,
"And however it be," they shouted,
"If for this our souls shall roast,
Here's a health to the Son and the Father,
But to Hell with the Holy Ghost."

Their goblets dinted the table,
Their fists smote sharp on the board,
As they quaffed to the Man of Nazareth
And his Father, our gracious Lord,
But they flouted the apparition
As a scurvy shade at most,
"With a health to the Son and the Father,
And to Hell with the Holy Ghost."

There were six rude men of Tarsus,
Grim, rugged, fierce and bold,
They feared not man nor devil
And freely spent their gold,
And aloft they held the wine cups
And again rang high their boast,
"Here's a health to the Son and the Father,
But to Hell with the Holy Ghost."

All accounts due to Brann's Iconoclast up to October 1 of this year are due to Mrs. W. C. Brann, Waco, Texas, and should be remitted to her at that address. All orders for back numbers of the Iconoclast, and all orders for Mr. Brann's writings, should be sent to her at Waco, Texas.

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EDITORIAL ETCHINGS.

If Republicans can successfully defend their policy of land-burglary against the sober second thought of the American people, they will accomplish a feat that will bring them even more fame than the Credit Mobilier or the whisky ring steals. The arguments against this policy of "annexation," as it is euphemistically called, are many. Some which will occur readily to every mind, succinctly stated, are: Annexation will beget a revolution in the sentiments of the American people which will prove fatal to our institutions. Annexation is a violation of the declarations of purposes contained in the war resolutions. Annexation is an abandonment of the Monroe doctrine, under which we enjoy immunity from European encroachment. Annexation will produce a spirit of militarism which will seek to dominate this government. Annexation will embroil us with European and other foreign nations. Annexation will cause a tremendous expense in maintaining a largely increased army and navy. Annexation will result in the absorption of alien races, useless and dangerous to us, incapable of becoming American citizens and a constant burden and menace. Against all of these reasons, any one of which should suffice for a sane man, is to be set the simple cry that when we take the land we will own that much more land. That is all there is in it.

The Times-Herald of this city has announced in double-leaded type that the silver battle must be fought all over again. This statement is valuable, both as a bit of news and as showing that the Times-Herald has opened its eyes long enough to turn over and ask what o'clock.

As the Iconoclast understands it, every daily newspaper in Chicago, except one, is thirsty for the blood of the Allen bill promoters. As the Iconoclast understands it, only one daily paper in Chicago was let in on the deal.

An American real estate firm has opened an office in Havana and is selling corner lots below cost. Following them will be the lightning rod agent, the sewing machine agent, the book agent, the life insurance agent, and the bicycle installment man. Rapidly but surely, the Cuban will be jerked up to a realization of all of the blessings contained in the one word, "libre."

Representative Bailey of Texas has coined a phrase: "The Democrats have the credit of declaring the war; the Republicans have the credit of mismanaging it."

Theodore Roosevelt has been nominated by the State Republican convention to be Governor of New York, and the probabilities are that he will be elected. An article on another page of this issue tells the kind of man he is. It may be predicted that he will make a good executive. The only danger lies in the fact that he may attempt too much. Roosevelt's worst fault is a flamboyant enthusiasm and an unshakable belief that he is able to file his large front teeth and chew down a mountain.

A band of government engineers, who have been doing Nicaragua at national expense, have returned with a report that the canal can be dug for much less than \$125,000,000. It is a singular fact that every government engineer sent to Nicaragua has said that the canal could be constructed for comparatively little money, and every other engineer sent to Nicaragua has said that it could not be constructed at all, or could not be constructed and made permanent, or could not be constructed except at a prohibitory price. The explanation of it is to be found in the government engineer's constant, unappeasable yearning for an appropriation, just as the army man yearns for an increased army and the naval man for an increased navy. There is as much sense in accepting the report of a government engineer upon the feasibility of the Nicaraguan route as there would be in accepting the report of Captain Mahan on the necessity of a larger navy.

The Iconoclast desires to say right here that Mayor Ziegenheim, of St. Louis, is right. He has refused to wear a dress-coat at the Veiled Prophets' ball, the one swell event in St. Louis, and will be absent unless allowed to appear in an \$80 Prince Albert and tall hat. Ziegenheim's function at the function is to deliver the keys of the city to the Prophet. He is there, not as a guest, but as the Mayor of St. Louis. His presence is purely official. The spectacle of a Mayor in swallow-tail, white choker and

dancing pumps turning over the keys of anything except a conservatory or a wine room would be extremely ridiculous. The trouble with the St. Louisans is that all summer they go in their shirt sleeves and at other times the de rigueur costume is plug hat, bob-tailed coat and yellow shoes. This Veiled Prophet affair is the only occasion upon which they climb up as high as a dress-suit, and naturally they get fanatical about it.

The indignation aroused by every report that Wilhelm is going to grab the Philippines and the enthusiasm aroused by every report that we are going to grab them are among the funniest things of the times.

Bismarck once said that it is unwise to confound the Berliner with the German or the Parisian with the Frenchman. They are distinct peoples. It was one of the wisest of his many wise saws. People should not think that all France is convulsed by the Dreyfus affair. In much of France it has caused scarcely a ripple. In other parts of it the business has been discussed calmly. It is Paris and Paris only, Parisian newspapers and Parisian boulevardiers that are frenzied.

Many thousands of people in many countries earnestly wish for the speedy recovery of William F. Cody (Buffalo Bill), who is in Kansas City suffering from typhoid fever. Cody is a good man and a genuine man—the last of a splendid race of explorers and fighters. There is not a worse place in the world to be well in than Kansas City, and a man sick there is doubly sick.

The death of the Arena is in no way traceable to its advocacy of the cause of free silver. It was kept alive for years by its advocacy of free silver. It is dead, because, whatever its income, its outgo was invariably larger. Expensive offices, expensive printing, expensive business methods and alleged editors finally wore it into the grave. Every month the people who owned it took a bellows and blew it full of hot air. If, by accident, one of the contributors spattered a spoonful of common sense over his copy, the eighteenth assistant editor carefully scraped it off with an eraser. Any man who went to the Arena offices with sane propaganda got no further than the elevator boy. Any man whose hair squirmed in nineteen ways for Sunday, whose skin was yellow and whose finger-nails were black, who wore eyeglasses and frayed lavender spats, whose pockets bulged with undecipherable manuscript, and who bore the word "Crank" written all over him in circus-poster letters, was taken to the editorial bosom and cuddled, while his hair came off in tufts upon the editorial vest. Enough hair of that sort has been rubbed off on Ridpath in the last three years to make a mattress. The death of the Arena is not at all singular. The fact that it lived for a while and exerted a certain influence—would have made money, in truth, if properly managed—is a phenomenon.

To Joseph E. Bailey: You are not the wisest or the prettiest man in the world, Joseph, but in fighting this Hawaii-Cuba-Porto-Rico-Carolines-Guam-Luzon-bondholding-yacht-selling-eastern millionaires-spoilsman's-land-burglary scheme you have the stick by the right end. Hold on, son, with all your tightness.

It may be said for Richard Malcolm Johnston, who died in Baltimore the other day, that he was a writer of negro stories that were negro stories. Unlike nineteen out of twenty of the magazine contributors, he held it to be necessary to study the negro in order to write about him. In consequence, his dialect was negro dialect. It was not confined to a few "yassirs" and "Lawdys" and "dats." The paper upon which he wrote did not look like somebody had tacked it to a barn and shot it with a shotgun loaded with inverted commas. He was not a great artist, but a genuine one and a kindly. Like most southerners of the upper rank, he liked the negro—knew his faults and foibles and had a strong appreciation of his virtues. The man who "hates a nigger" is almost invariably a Northerner, and the further north he was born the more intense is his dislike. He, or his forbears, fought to free the negro, not because he loved him, but because he objected rancorously to somebody else owning him and making money out of him. The propelling cause behind the abolition movement was not humanity, but jealousy of the old Southern "aristocracy." Johnston was one

of these "aristocrats" and he was fond of the humble, mirthful people whom he had owned. It is a fact to-day that any negro of Southern birth, stranded, friendless and despairing in one of the great northern cities, knows that he has only to find a Southern white man to find a friend. Any Southerner will buy him food for the pleasure of seeing him eat, and will give him clothing and a ticket to his home just to hear the old blurred accent again.

* * *

Up to date the Rev. J. Q. A. Henry, "Parkhurst of the West," who is reforming Chicago, has visited thirty-two saloons, and in each one of them he has drunk ginger ale in order to show that there is no coldness. The reverend gentleman is warned that it is not a far cry from ginger ale to soda water. With soda water comes chewing gum, and with chewing gum madness and death.

* * *

Roger Quarles Mills has his faults. Perhaps it is better that he retire. Politics is a thankless thing at best, and Mills is too fiery and too sensitive to be happy in it. But his hat will come down over the ears and eyes of any other public man in Texas like an extinguisher over an altar-candle.

* * *

Sampson may have been entitled to the credit for the victory off Santiago harbor and Schley may have been entitled to it. It is a matter that will never be definitely settled to the satisfaction of all. There is some difference in the men, however. Schley goes to Porto Rico as a member of the evacuation commission and in ten days the Spaniards begin to get out and keep it up. Sampson goes to Cuba as a member of the evacuation commission, and the Spaniards are no nearer to a move than they were a month ago. This remark has been ascribed to Shafter: "Put \$100,000 prize money for Sampson inside of Santiago harbor, and he will come in after Cervera within twenty-four hours." Probably Shafter didn't say it. He hasn't sense enough.

* * *

Striking an average on the theories advanced by Chicago's distinguished detectives, it becomes clear that Jennie Hickey, the 14-year-old girl, who was found in the lake with her skull smashed, died of tuberculosis.

* * *

Chaplain McIntyre, of the battleship "Oregon," who came back to this country after the Santiago campaign and played wild tunes upon his mouth at a string of one-night stands, stretching from the Atlantic to the Rocky Mountains, has recovered from his attack of "nervous prostration" and is worrying through with a court-martial. The Reverend McIntyre is like a good many other reverends. He talks too much. When he has opened the door to his face and the words begin to tumble out, he loses all sense of time, distance and place in the sweet intoxication of listening to the mellow thrill of his own bazoo. He is not the first parson whose tongue has grabbed him by the basement of his trousers and flipped him out of a job, and he will not be the last. Whenever one of these numerous cases of vocal hysteria comes to the front, it recalls a passage from the Congressional Cachinnations of the Hon. Jerry Simpson, of Kansas, the Sockless One. It was in response to some turgid and turbid remarks by "Sunrise Stove Polish" Morse, of Massachusetts, that Jerry reared his angular form from his chair, pointed his spectral forefinger and said in his squeaking way: "Mr. Speaker—The brain of the honorable gentleman from Massachusetts, and the mouth of the honorable gentleman from Massachusetts, and the connection that does undoubtedly exist between the mouth and brain of the honorable gentleman from Massachusetts, remind me of a ferry-boat that used to ply the raging waters of the River Kaw, out Kansas way. This ferry-boat, Mr. Speaker, had an engine four feet long, and a whistle seven feet high, and every time the whistle blew the engine stopped."

* * *

The removal of the Iconoclast to Chicago has been demanded for a long time, and has at last become necessary through the paper's increasing business and influence. Chicago, of course, as a distributing center, is so far superior to Waco that they are not to be mentioned in the same day. The Iconoclast has 10,000 regular subscribers, but the bulk of its circulation is from the newsstands of the country, and it is the object to reach these newsstands as promptly as possible. Furthermore, it was deemed better that the great religious organ be brought

into closer touch with the rushing life of American civilization. Chicago is the representative American city. It stands as such to the nations of the world. No men could have a deeper faith in this city's future than the owners of the Iconoclast. They desire to be not only for it, but of it. The magazine will be found to be the organ of advance. It believes in rationalistic progress and it will push all that it knows how. When harmless cranks, like the newly-born Parkhurstian reformers, pirouette along the highways and byways it will have fun with them. When a scoundrel steals, his thefts will be exposed. Organized robbers of the people will be fought to the end. The Iconoclast has its faults, but lack of courage is not one of them. It will help Chicago, but it will not lose its national or international character. It is for the punishment of the wrong-doer and the upbuilding of the American people all of the time.

* * *

Mr. Evan P. Howells, of the Alger "investigation" commission, will not succeed in convicting that timber-selling and timber-headed ass of patent incompetency, but his associates on the commission will hear some of the most remarkable Rabelaisian stories that ever poured from the lips of a tale-teller. Before Howells dies it is hoped that he will put all of his recollections and reminiscences and "That reminds me's" into book form, print one copy and express it to Miss Anthony Comstock.

* * *

It is supposed that Jim Hogg, of Texas, went to Honolulu, firstly, to see if Dole needed any advice or assistance in framing a railway commission bill, and, secondly, to prove, or disprove, the truth of the rumor that the hoola-hoola dance is a religious ceremony derived from the rites of Isis. The fact that there are no railways in Hawaii did not discourage him any. James favors the commission under any and all circumstances. It is to be feared, however, that he found the hoolahoola, while graceful and sympathetic, to be of deterrent effect upon any man who wishes to be good and grave. It is to be feared, in fact, that he found it that way a half-dozen times or so.

* * *

One idol which the Iconoclast would like to see shattered and its broken bits swept up for the rubbish heap, is the idol of dead languages in our colleges. There is no earthly reason for teaching a boy Greek, other than the fact that it trains his mind, and his mind can be trained upon much more useful things. This nation is branching out into the world's commerce and a knowledge of the leading modern languages is becoming more necessary to Americans every day. One pound each of German, French and Spanish is worth to an American forty tons of Greek. The university which first has the sense to make its modern languages course its leading course will be the university to gain prestige and make money. It is not known which one of them will be first, or whether or not there will be any first. Universities are not remarkable for possession of horse-sense. As storm-centers of ignorance and damphoolism they are inferior, indeed, only to the theological seminaries. Of the graduates from these latter time-wasters Bob Ingersoll once said: "They remind me of the upper lands of the Potomac—almost worthless by nature, and rendered wholly so by cultivation." The university graduate who goes out into the world with a pale blue ribbon tied about his diploma and pebbles of Greek and Latin rattling around in his otherwise empty skull, is in little better condition. His salvation is that he will be forced to rub against men and have some know-how whipped into him. The theological graduate does not have to rub against men. He is fed and clothed by parishioners, most of whom regard him as another form of gold brick and help to pay for him in order to be in the fashion. His only business is to talk about vapid dogma and non-sensical creed, to poke his nose into the affairs of other people and to subject some one unfortunate woman to incessant child-bearing. He falls naturally into his place as a non-producer of anything worth having, and grows more tiresome with the passing of the years. Studying the dead tongues can be of no sort of advantage or disadvantage to this sort of fellow. The chances are that he has no mind to train and, if he has, will not use it for fear of losing his job. But it is a pity that young, strong, hopeful, brainy American boys should have a lot of rubbish jammed into them, when the room could be devoted to something that would be of benefit to them and to mankind.

MATRIMONY ON THE DISSECTING TABLE.

By Madame Sans Gene.

The binomial theorem, we are taught, is an algebraical expression, consisting of two terms, connected by the sign plus or minus. The matrimonial theory is similar in many ways, but the sign plus, seal of the church, is too often followed by the sign minus, seal of the court. And the present matrimonial idea is a theory but not a theorem.

Theoretically, it is an excellent institution. In the old Biblical days it was considered so excellent an institution that they kept right on marrying unto the fifth and fiftieth wife, an' the Scriptures lie not. Though in these modern times even one liege lady seems one too many in a large percentage of cases, according to the divorce court and historians.

Marriage is an excellent institution theoretically. But as it is demonstrated there is something woefully wanting.

Imprimis: If we consider the sacred ordinance from the cold, clear, unbiased and unvarnished standpoint of a statistician, we admit that marital infidelity is the rule, not the exception. As this is so, it follows naturally that matrimony does not accomplish what it promises—theoretically. Consequently, as matrimony is not synonymous with fidelity, it makes of men who weary—and of women—prevaricators and hypocrites. Of course, we would like to look upon these things through the rose-tinted glasses of the optimist, but it is sometimes a healthy experience to spend an hour in the dissecting room and look upon our dead minus their odorous exotics and the satin trappings of the Sarcophagi. For life, as it is, undecked and unadorned, is like unto the grim Fact that is stretched on the dissecting table, staring with glazed eyes of mute irony at the flaring gaslight of the iron chandelier. It is not beautiful, this strange, silent Fact. The blue lips curl back in an unpleasant smile, that chills a little the human heart-hunger for human love that pulsates in our breast. The greenish hand lies, thumb down, in mocking reminder of the inevitable end of all things when the Ruler of the Arena shall have wearied of our shallow comedies and pitiful tragedies and made the Sign. The triangle of breast-bone, sawed neatly and lifted, shows the heart as but a flesh and blood organ that responds to neither prayer nor curse, that neither gives nor asks, that neither suffers nor consoles, that knows neither love nor desire. The brow is serene and austere, and the acid of the Vat has washed away its wine-wet rose leaves, and the warm kisses of women and the chaplet of the wanton, Fame, who quickly forgets. The arms are inert and the eyes stare on in mirthless mirth. And the caress dies upon our lips, the warmth of love and yearning chills back around our stunned heart "as milk comes when the babe is dead," and we are awed and still. It is unlovely, this naked Fact. But it is not uninteresting, if we will have it so. It is a marvelous piece of mechanism, an endless study, a scientific wonder. And if we would understand it, we must enter the dissecting room, we must trample upon the roses and the satin, we must endure the acid of the Vat, we must gaze upon the Fact, naked—and we must cover our nostrils as best we may while we try to comprehend.

This dead Thing is life, for life is but living death, "a dream within a dream," Carlyle, I think, calls it, for we begin to die as soon as we are born.

And to turn from the dissecting room to the Hymeneal altar. Modern matrimony does not bear the test of the Vat. This is admitted fact, the statement as well as the Vat, and while I do not approve the failure of the former, nor the evidence of the latter, it is so just the same. Men do not know anything until they are thirty. They have then a lot to learn to unknow, and they struggle out of the last confining tapes of their swaddling clothes into the firm yoke of manhood at forty. But they have generally married long before this, and in the majority of cases they then begin to wonder vaguely what for. If there be not a quiescent sort of philosophy about them, they do not wonder vaguely, but profess their wonder audibly and sometimes profanely. And then there's trouble. And it is the same with women, though less frequently. For, accepted ideas to the contrary notwithstanding, our girls of twenty are very old women of the world indeed and know exactly what they are doing. Consequently, from the standpoint of pure sentiment, men of comparatively immature years take greater chances when on matrimonial thoughts intent. The marriage service, as a legal provision for offspring and for the support

of the wife, is admissible, as would be any other civil contract to make binding where man's honor might be lax or absent. But as a divine ordinance, it is an absolute farce and becoming daily more evidently a colossal absurdity. From the point of sentiment, of physiology, of psychology, of mentality, it is absurd. For it is a step that is of the most vital importance in the life of man or woman, and, as now taken, it is a step in the dark. Stretch the Fact on the dissecting table, strip from it its mummy wrappings of Custom, tear away its bewildering bridal veil, cast aside its heavy-odored orange blooms, and see what this Thing is when quite naked and chill and smiling ironically, with its Sphinx-eyes staring at the gas flame, while the knife slips quickly and skillfully through flesh and muscle and tendon. Something more than "a rag and a bone and a hank of hair" is this mysterious Subject. Lying there beneath the scalpel, is a Service in whose Vat-stained hand are crushed the hearts and lives of human beings. It has smiled mutely at the terrible bitterness of woman's tears and at the slow agony of man's despair. It has caused more bloodshed than the Reign of Terror and more deaths than Madame Guillotine. It has made liars of honest men and wantons of good women. It has brought into the world children with twisted bodies and distorted souls. It has stained the cheeks of more maidens with horror and loathing than all the Haunts of Shame. It has caused more suicide, murder, maiming and madness than any other creature or condition. It has made mockery of Holy Writ, chaos of Moses and Mount Sinai, and marble dust of the Mosaic Tablet. It has done all this and still it smiles there where it lies staring dumbly at the gas jet.

"But what would you substitute?" exclaims a censor, wrathfully.

When Ingersoll gently endeavored to demonstrate that neither Heaven nor Hell were proven facts, whatever might be held for us beyond the Isis veil, his critics cried also wrathfully, "But what would you substitute?" It is not clear why the genial Colonel Bob should substitute anything. If we wander hopelessly over the burning sands of a great desert, an agony of thirst torturing us to madness, a sun of molten brass pouring its fire into our reeling brain, and suddenly on our aching vision dawns a mirage of purling brooks and waving palms and cool, wind-swept rushes—if we stagger on and on toward that vision, that is ever a vision, and a firm hand touches our own and a low voice says, "Nay, that is but a mirage! Follow the trail without fear or favor. Live thy life as manhood prompts. Aid, with no thought of heavenly bribe. And if there be God, as Hope whispers always, leave the rest to him." Would we turn wrathfully and demand, for our mirage, a substitute?

Colonel Bob, at last accounts, had offered no substitute for Heaven.

At the time of going to press there has appeared no practicable substitute for matrimony. At the same time that very important ordinance requires revision, expurgation and several other things. The increasing number of divorces—and suicides—testifies that there is something out of joint in the holy bonds. And it is not heresy to suggest that one does not altogether believe in an ordinance that is proving, as it now stands, anything but productive of peace and amity and fidelity. Theoretically, "until death do us part" is very beautiful. In its highest interpretation, the blending of thought with thought and life with life gives meaning and sense and solution to this otherwise chaotic and senseless Via Dolorosa that begins at the cradle. It opens to our wonder-stricken and enraptured eyes Deity and Design, and as we live and love so can we endure and—wait. Its Hope is an axis upon which turns the universe, it is the lode-star to the drifting sailor, the anchor to the rudderless ship, the one good left in the empty Pandora-box of human existence. The Shylock "meum et tuum" that battles for precedence and pelf and debases us to beasts of prey is absorbed and lost in the tenderness and the sweetness of "mine is thine." And in such blending of spirit, through the clash and clamor and turmoil and shriek and curse and din around us, there steals the soft rustle of an angel's wing. In this unity there is something divine. It has "the sweetness of a god about it." And while Ingersoll and Tom Paine and Science and Methodist and Romanist and Baptist dig and search and extol and exhort, the tender baby fingers of the little Eros lift alone the black pall of Doubt, and in the golden glory that floods our hearts, Life at last has Meaning.

But this is not modern matrimony.

Address all editorial communications to Brann's Iconoclast, 186 Monroe Street, Chicago, Ill.

THE CATNESS OF TOM PLATT.

By William Bangs.

You put an old, gray, sly, emasculated cat in a sober coat, vest and trousers, mount glasses upon his nose, seat him behind a roller-top desk, so placed that the light from the window will fall upon the faces of his visitors, call into his brain the memory of all the misdeeds he has done and all he hopes to do, give him the smirk which comes from knowledge of things shady, and you have Thomas C. Platt to the life. The quadrupedal cat has no chin whiskers and Platt has; the cat is not bald and Platt is; the emasculated cat is always fat and Platt is thin; the cat has hairy ears and Platt's barber attends to all that; the cat's eyes are yellow and Platt's are gray; nevertheless, the likeness is so strong that one expects Platt to wash his face with dry paws, whisk his tail over his back and vanish. The feline squint is there, the feline purr, and, under the edge of the desk, are the velvet-shod claws.

As the cat, Platt is cleanly and secretive. He moves softly. His voice is never raised above a monotone. He lies in wait. He has been likened to a spider, but there is nothing repulsive or spidery about him. He is not poisonous. He is carnivorous. He likes meat and blood. He delights to gnaw bones. Above all, he likes to play with a victim. The death is certain, and when it comes is swift and terrible; but he gambols about and pretends to go to sleep and stretches himself and yawns and looks the other way with a carefully simulated carelessness. When the unwilling sacrifice has almost reached the door and sees life and liberty outside, the fur-clad arms close about him again and he shivers in dumb fear. One never knows what to expect from Platt. It may be a scratch, it may be a caress. There is no right way in which to rub his fur. It grows in all directions. A man who does political business with Platt should carry his pockets filled with brickbats and heave them at him frequently. He can be made safe in no other way. It is good also to obtain an active, snarling ward-worker to chase him up a tree occasionally. Anybody who knows cats knows Platt, or ought to know him. If admitted to terms of close companionship, sooner or later the claws will be buried in the shrinking flesh. Bootjacks are good for Platt and walnut shells fastened over his feet and hot water.

Since his entrance into politics many years ago, his pathway has been strewn with the corpses of his friends. He goes out at night when other folks are asleep and hunts for them. It is popularly supposed that he sees in the dark. It is a certainty that if dropped from a sixteenth story window in a high wind, he would light on his feet and be yowling about the corridors of the Fifth Avenue Hotel a half-hour later. He has 900 lives. He always comes back. He sings at unlikely moments in a voice that yawns. When silent he is dangerous; when singing he is ferocious. He is incapable of strong attachment to persons, but he loves places—political places. He is not remarkably intelligent, but he is cunning. People have trusted him and have been sorry for it. Others have attempted to pet him, and bear the scars to this day. Others have persistently pelted him and those are the only ones for whom he has any respect. There is a man something like him in New York. His name is Hill. He, also, is catlike in a coarser way. If these two could be tied together by the tails, swung across a clothesline and left to their own society for twenty-four hours, it would be a good thing for the country.

The fattest, sleekest, most silvery gray and altogether lovely mouse that Platt ever caught was Roscoe Conkling. Conkling believed in Platt. He thought him clawless. It was through Conkling's influence that Platt was elected to be his colleague in the United States Senate. It was Platt who told Conkling that Garfield was not regarding him with the awe due to the greatest man who ever lived. It was Platt who suggested that an open demand be made for senatorial control of certain of the federal offices in New York. It was Platt who inspired the ultimatum which was sent to the White House. It was Platt who said that there was nothing to do save to resign and go before the legislature at Albany for a re-election, thereby demonstrating to the world that he (Conkling) was greater than ever, while he (Garfield) was a niederling and a traitor to his party pledges. It has been asserted that it was Platt who engineered Conkling's defeat before the legislature and insured his retirement to private life. It is true that when Conkling resigned his senatorial seat Platt also resigned,

thereby earning the title of "Me Too" Platt—a title which stuck to him until he had demonstrated to certain asinine editors the manner of man he was. He did not want to be a senator, anyhow; but it is somewhat notable that not any one of those editors has since done well. Some are dead and others are jobless, and the entire crowd is not competent to capture a fourth-class postmastership.

Conkling, however, was merely one of many. It has been Platt's policy to use men as he found them, exhaust their capability to be of service and cast them aside as a worn-out glove. In his capacity to fasten upon the shoulders and suck the life from the brain, he resembles the fabled Succubus. He has grown strong upon the vigor of others. Like a wrinkled woman of 70 who marries a lusty man of 25, he has gathered a new lease on life from each meeting of the lips, but his bridegrooms have become thin and wan. Any fat man in this country can get rid of twenty pounds a month by sleeping with Platt, and any fellow with too much political substance can shed it as a snake sheds its skin by going into the United States Express building on Broadway and asking to see the president. He will feel tickled at himself for the first fifteen minutes, but he will come out of there wearing a pained, lost look and his subsequent years will be spent in wondering how it was done. More than once, New York politicians have endeavored to delude Platt into drawing a straw loaded with nicotine through his mouth. That is said to be instant death to any member of the cat family, but they have never been able to disguise the straw. His sense of smell is acute.

Thousands of voters in New York regard this man's will as law, but the sentiment which dominates them is fear and not love. Many dread him who have never seen him. Those who once come within the circle of his influence are unable to get out until they are thrown out. He has no magnetism. It is not affection which keeps them there, but cowardice. They do not know what he will do to them, but they do know that it will be something dreadful. They have listened to the cat's purr, have fondly stroked its soft hide, have gazed into the shifting glare of the cat's eye and have been given a fleeting glance of the curved scimitar claws. It has been said of Platt that he is true to his friends, but the statement is a manifest absurdity, because he has no friends. It is a sentiment he has never inspired in any human breast. To take a familiar instance: His company has thousands of offices scattered about the country. Nobody ever heard a United States express employe speak of his executive in terms of liking, or of dislike. They do not mention him at all. The subordinates do not know him. Those high in authority are close-lipped. It is a powerful corporation and he has done much to make it powerful, but the men brought into daily contact with Platt do not take his name in vain. The reporter does not live who can go to any one of them and get a flattering, or unflattering, or even a non-committal expression about his personality, his business methods or his politics. They vote as he says, and he knows it. That again is fear.

Outside of Platt's office, lounging along the walls of the hallway, at almost any hour between 10 in the morning and 5 in the afternoon, is a string of keen-faced, well-dressed men, silent for the most part and intent. They are professional political writers for the New York papers. They will be admitted one by one, will ask their questions, receive replies and hurry away to their desks. These replies vary little. Almost always they are "I have nothing to say," or "I don't care to talk about that," or "You can quote me as saying that I don't care to say." Occasionally, however, the feline jaws open, the purr deepens into a snarl and out comes a declaration of policy, or a savage attack upon some prominent man that sets the nation to gabbling. No man chooses his words or his time better. He is anomalous, in that, being treacherous, he is highly courageous. When the attack is to be delivered it is delivered promptly and effectively and apparently with a reckless disregard of consequences. There are men in power to-day who tingle whenever Platt's name is mentioned. It is their involuntary memory of the time when they were the subjects of some of these talks.

An open letter published by him previous to the Republican convention in 1896 will be remembered by all. It was printed in every large daily paper in the country and was read by hundreds of thousands of people. It was cabled and appeared in the London heavies. It was translated and read along the boulevards of Paris, Vienna, Berlin and St. Petersburg. It said things of William McKinley

which, if said of a statesman fifty years ago, would have placed the author at a pistol's point in the Bladensburg road. On this occasion, the claws were inserted into the Ohio man's cuticle at the nape of the neck and dragged slowly and savagely down to his heels. That was an instance of the Tioga man's venomous audacity. After McKinley's nomination, election and inauguration he became speedily one of the most influential visitors to the White House. He bossed the federal appointments in New York state. He held New York's federal patronage under his thumb. Having forfeited all right to consideration, he received undue consideration. He was more powerful than ever. He owned both the state and national politicians of his party. He owned all this part of the earth. So far as offices are concerned, he still owns it. His accomplishment of so much under the weight of a handicap that would have bent another man's knees to the ground is only another proof of his remarkable adroitness; also of the remarkable intensity of the alarm he is able to inspire. To assume his proper place as chief pie-carver for the administration, he had only to say that he feared he had been mistaken in his estimate of the president. Against the wishes, and even against the threats of Mark Hanna, McKinley's little vanity prevailed to this extent. Having heard the great man declare that he thought it possible he might have spoken too strongly and hastily, he was ready to embrace his calves and osculate the dust from his ample shoon.

Platt has all of the cat's watchfulness, aural and visual. He hears and sees all things. Two years ago he made Black governor of New York. Black is a narrow-beamed country lawyer. As Sam Jones would say, a fly roosting upon the bridge of his nose can bite one eye and scratch the other. He has as much business to be executive of this commonwealth as I have to be cuneiform translator for the university at Heidelberg. Nevertheless, Platt wanted him for Platt purposes and Platt placed him in Albany. Now, the man who never sleeps, and always listens, and sees in the dark, has discharged Black. He will not support him for a renomination. He will defeat him. He has heard and seen that Theodore Roosevelt, Colonel of the Rough Riders, is the man to head the Republican ticket; that with Roosevelt heading it, success is practically certain. He does not like Roosevelt, has said things about him, has decried him; but he has straightened his tail, cat-fashion, and lightly vaulted into the band-wagon. He does not admire bands, admires no music, in fact, save his own nocturnal hullabaloo, but he is going to ride with Roosevelt. Feeling that the popular wave is too strong even for him, he will gluttonously swallow all that he has said and forget all he has done and bend his forces to making Teddy governor.

I believe that he will succeed. I believe that Teddy will be the next executive. I hope with intense hope that he will be. I want to see Roosevelt as Governor and Platt as tentative Boss. The legendary rencontre between the monkey and the parrot won't be a circumstance to it. Roosevelt is a brick thrower. Roosevelt, despite his forty years, is still a good deal of a bad little boy. Roosevelt will chase him up trees and across back lots. Roosevelt will squirt hot water on him and see how many times he can light on his feet when dumped from the roof of his Broadway building. Roosevelt will treat him to spoonfuls of "Pain Killer" and joy to watch him tear madly round and round the room and carry out a pane of glass when he goes. The nomination and election of Roosevelt by Platt influence will be the punishment of Platt. There is some satisfaction in that. A more self-willed, self-opinionated, energetic, straightforward, combative man than this soldier-politician never lived. He is one person not afraid. He has also the cowboy sense of humor largely developed. It will happy him to bury Thomas head downward in a boot. It will be pleasant for us all to hold stop-watches on the good gray night-prowler as he careers through a back alley, filled with catnip and mental anguish. The gin of Time runs slowly, but it gets there by and by; though with patience we stand waiting, we shall see the pale fur fly. That is so.

New York, September 25, 1898.

The Americans were able to kill only a mule at Matanzas, but 10,000 people have died there of starvation since hostilities began. The man behind the gun is a great man, but the man beside a butcher's block and the man beside a baker's oven are greater.

"ALGERISM" FROM A WASHINGTON VIEWPOINT.

By Junius.

I premise with the statement that, outside of the war department and a few old barnacles, fastened to office or but recently detached and still in hopes, the Secretary of War has not a single sympathizer in Washington. I follow with the statement that, outside of Alger himself, there is not a man in Washington who believes in his competency and but few who believe in his honesty. He has been here long enough to make himself well known and the result is especially unfavorable to him. He has, indeed, been a familiar figure in the capital for many years. He has held governmental office before now, but was never given the opportunity to work wholesale and irretrievable mischief. Consequently, he was regarded as a sort of weak-brained and harmless person, who had made money and was willing to spend it in furtherance of his ridiculous ambitions. For twenty years the presidential bee has buzzed in the Algerian bonnet. When this insect gets into the hat of even a sensible man, it causes him to talk through the hat. In case of a non-sensible man the result is nothing short of disastrous. The sentiment in favor of Alger's presidential aspirations has been confined wholly to men within his pay and to Grand Army of the Republic nuisances. These fellows indorsed Alger, I suppose, because their "posts" contain many bounty-jumpers and three-months men, and his war record was bad. A fellow feeling has made them wondrous kind. Then, too, the Grand Army has been kept together since the war merely by its unanimity in pension-grabbing, and Alger, for political purposes, has howled for pensions until he grew black in the face. The difference between the Grand Army of the Republic and the Union Veterans' Legion is the difference between a political organization, subsisting mainly upon pie and the hope of pie, and an organization of gallant and war-worn men who went out and shot for their duty as they saw it. The Union Veterans' Legion is not backing Alger. The Grand Army of the Republic is. These "posts" have met at their "campfires" (rats!) throughout the country and, with scarcely an exception, have indorsed his criminal mismanagement of the War Department in the trouble with Spain. The Grand Army's official head has been appointed a member of the white-washing commission by William McKinley.

Washington is tremendously interested in the outcome of this business. It generally recognizes, of course, that the result has been foreshadowed and that the work of the commission will be a farce as an investigation, but it will watch the developments with an amused care. It has seen this sort of thing before. Governmental investigations of prominent officials have never amounted to anything and never will. They do serve to convince the people, however, that rottenness or incompetency has existed, and the blessed American press may be depended on to give all of the details as they are developed and a good many more. The town will be filled with witnesses. The air will reek with scandal and interviews evidencing rascality will be printed on every page of the morning dailies. Washington loves scandal as it loves its life, and though but little of the black shame of the thing will be allowed to show on the records of the court, it will all come out in the wash.

It should be said that Alger is badly frightened. A more uneasy man does not live. He has been assured that he will be "cleared" all right, and that it will be the duty of the administration to see that he comes out of it "with flying colors," but he never had any nerve, even when he was a much younger man than now, and he is shaky. I don't blame him. A guilty conscience makes cowards of us all. If I had done the things that Alger had done, if the ghosts of more than a thousand men, murdered through my incompetence and political trickery, were knocking at my door, I would feel shaky myself. The unfriendly glances of the public, too, have done much to disturb him. He has not met a genuinely kindly look in six months. Coldness and aversion toward him began to manifest themselves before the war was twenty days old. They have continued to increase. The air is decidedly chilly about Alger these days. Therefore, he has gone away for a while in search of something warmer. He will not find it, I think, anywhere in America, and when he comes back he will drop into an atmosphere of several degrees lower

temperature than anything Walter Wellman ever found on his opera bouffe expeditions to the north pole.

There have been American secretaries of war within the past decade who, placed as Alger is placed, would have gone to the President long ago and demanded an instant and searching investigation. There have been others who, guilty as he knows he is guilty, would have handed in their resignations and taken a trip abroad. He is not made of that sort of stuff. He has not had the nerve to demand an investigation, nor the sense to get out and stay out. He prefers the whitewashing process, which, so far as his political and social prospects are concerned, will be just as bad for him as a conviction.

It is said of him that he has lately complained that the American press has "abused" him. I would like to know how anyone would set about abusing anybody with his record. He has favored railway corporations. He has filled the offices within his gift by the sons of men to whom he owed political debts, or from whom he hoped to obtain support. He has manifested an entire incompetency to attend to the business in hand. He has killed more American soldiers than the Spaniards ever did or could. How are you going to "abuse" a man like that? The fact is that the English language is not competent to say just what Alger is, what he has done and what he has failed to do. The English penal code does not provide a punishment to fit his crime.

Despite the verdict of the whitewashing court, Alger, so long as he remains in office, will be taboo. I don't think that people outside of his department will care particularly to meet him. I had a woman tell me the other day that shaking hands with him at a reception gave her a shudder. She would rather have shaken hands with a corpse. This feeling of aversion, born of the knowledge of the horrible things for which the man is responsible, is not confined to the softer sex. I don't want to shake hands with him myself. When I think of the hundreds of gamecock youngsters who have been done to death by his outrageous carelessness, favoritism and doddering imbecility, I feel like taking a shotgun and putting him in a fix where baled hay could be sifted through him in a stream.

China is a heathen nation. It is a weak-kneed, non-progressive senile nation. It is a nation of devil-worshippers and rotten morals and assassination by poison. But in China Alger's head would have been chopped off six months ago. The Chinese do some things better than we.

I believe that the social pressure of Washington will prove to be stronger than anything that has been said of him or printed in the papers. I believe that the determination of the decent men and women of this city to have nothing to do with him will drive him out of office. I believe he will take advantage of the verdict of the court of "investigation" to write something like this: "Having been vindicated in the eyes of my countrymen by the finding of the court which recently sat in painstaking investigation of the governmental conduct of the war, and feeling that I cannot in justice to my private interests continue longer to hold the portfolio of war, I desire to hand you herewith, Mr. President, my resignation of that portfolio, accompanying my request for permission to retire to private life with assurances of my thanks for the uniform courtesy with which I have been treated by you and the hope that the remainder of your term in office will be as productive of good to the American people as it has been in the past." Alger has the gall to say about this sort of thing and, unless somebody stood behind him with a club and a blue pencil, he would write about that kind of sentence. I feel assured that Alger will go out of office within three weeks after the findings of the court are handed in. He will be forced out by Washington society, and Washington should be given the credit for it. This has happened before. Behind the resignations of more than one cabinet official has loomed the shadow of almost universal public disapproval. The women have been in large part responsible for it. One cannot fight the women, more particularly when there are women in one's own family who are made to suffer continually for one's misdeeds. The social prestige of any secretary is strong. He can command social influence. But there are inimical influences that will prove too strong for him when he has done certain things. Alger long ago passed the line where his offenses could be condoned or defended. He will have to go. The Washington taboo is a terrible thing. It is coventry in its most malignant form. It is a social boycott which does not relax for an hour. There is absolutely no standing up against it.

Against the finding of the whitewashing court will be put the daily unconscious and unspoken testimony of ten thousand American soldiers returned from Cuba and a hundred thousand American volunteers who suffered in the home camps. Every man who went to Florida under arms witnessed the terrific incompetency of the official head of things. Every man who was at Chickamauga knows that the deaths there were traceable to official mismanagement and that the germs of the sicknesses had their birth in the War Department at Washington. Every man who sweated in Camp Alger, with fresh water five miles distant and the dust caked in his throat, knows that the Michigan wood-merchant is responsible for his ailments. Men who are wrecked, and will remain as wrecks through all of their after years, know that the fever which baked their bones, the starvation which gnawed their vitals and the brutal absence of necessities in the hospitals wherein they lay and groaned were the fruits of this political blatherskite's idiocy and chicanery. Those who are dead through him and his lazy or drunken assistants talk more loudly from their hollow beds than if they lived again and walked among us. The worms that batten upon their once firm cheeks speak for them. They cry aloud from the clinging cerements of the grave. Their memories are with us. In the spirit they revisit us. They stalk along the city's crowded pave. The march of those ghostly legions shall cease not until Alger and Alger's men and Alger's official superior have made requital.

As for the political results of Algerism, they can be stated in few words: He bought his place and he has proved a burden heavier than his party can bear. His appointment was a mistake. His money should have been returned to him, and he should have been kicked from the door to which he had come demanding recognition. Even when the war had been begun and ten miles of cars containing food and medicinal supplies were jammed upon a single track in Florida, Republicanism could have been protected if McKinley had grabbed his portfolio from under his arm and batted him over the head with it. That was not done, and the party cannot carry him. Any Republican campaign orator can be stopped in full flood by the simple query from an auditor: "What is the number of volunteers who have died from disease since April 21?" Fronted by a query of the kind, that orator can only gape and stare and swallow. He cannot argue against corpses and dead men who still walk about, having forgotten to have themselves buried. Probably in that audience a hundred gaunt and yellow faces will stare at him with dull eyes and point trembling fingers at him. There is not a politician in Washington to-day, Republican or Democrat, who does not know that the fall congressional elections have been lost to the Republicans, and lost because of Alger. There is not one who does not know that the Republican majority in the House of Representatives will be reversed and that McKinley must serve out the remainder of his term with one branch of the Congress in opposition to him. There is not one who does not know that henceforth the Republican executive must work with one hand, and that his right hand, tied behind him. There is not one who does not know that the most savage blow administered to Republican success in the Republican presidential campaign of 1900 has been given by the retention of Alger in office. I say that the memory of these murdered men will not down. That their influence will grow stronger with the passing of the years. They are their own avengers. They will not cease from their efforts until the Republican party has made expiation.

Personally, I think this is no bad thing. The Republican party is the party of bigotry, violence and fraud. When slavery died it had not an issue upon which to exist except the issue of plunder. It has been held together by plunder for thirty years. If subjected to the successive defeats from which the Democracy rose fresher and stronger and more triumphant, it would have fallen like a house of cards before a gale, and been scattered to the corners of the earth. It has never been of good to this country. It has never formulated a law or committed an act that has been of benefit to the country. It has done nothing since the inauguration of William McKinley save to fasten upon the American people the infamous burden of the non-revenue producing Dingley tariff and botch a war which the Democrats brought on. The tying of one of McKinley's hands will be of value. The less power he is given, the better off Americans will be. He is not naturally a vicious man, but he is weak, and he is owned by the party bosses, who are the bond-owning, yacht-selling, people-macing million-

aires, plunderers of the poor and robbers of the national treasury. Algerism has been a good thing for Democracy. That is a fact recognized here. It was to have been wished, however, that Republican punishment for manifold crimes could have been accomplished in some other way than by the slaughter of more than a thousand brave men whose only crime was that they loved their country.

For those dear dead the American people mourn. But they are angry too—angry on the farms, in the workshops, in the counting houses, in hundreds of homes—angry with a deep anger that will not grow less with time, that is hot with regret and shame and a sense of outrage, that will make itself keenly felt.

Washington, D. C., September 24, 1898.

MEN WHO LOATHE THE DRESS-COAT.

By Ralph Bowyer Thompson.

Man's duty to his neighbor in the matter of full-dress obligations is a question that raises considerable trouble in the social swim at brief intervals. The last flurry in that quarter is at St. Louis. The Veiled Prophet's ball represents the most swagger function of the ultra swagger set. On that occasion, the mayor of the city is supposed to be present to welcome the king to the city and turn over to him the keys of the burg. Mayor Ziegenheim of St. Louis says that he never wore the bone of contention in his life and he evidently considers himself too old to alter now the even tenor of his way, much less the cut of his coat. He is modest and prefers the clinging skirts of his frock to the airy and frivolous sweep of the swallow-tail. Consequently, there is heaps of trouble in St. Louis. The Veiled Prophet insists on the conventional after-six décolleté, while the mayor clings modestly and madly to his Albert Edward. The Veiled Prophets threatened that if he did not wear the clawhammer he would have to stay home, and the mayor hugs his skirts and says, all right, he'll stay. The Prophet wants the city keys delivered with all the pompes and ceremony befitting the occasion, and the mayor don't see how he's going to get 'em and don't givadam. And so it is.

While Mayor Ziegenheim has every right as a freeborn citizen to stay away from the ball rather than dress as required, the managers have also the right to insist, if he attend, that he dress as convention dictates. Officials and representatives of the people of the United States are expected, by the people who have given them that honor, to dress as is fitting the dignity of their position, and the people they represent. This is expected of them. When elected, they belong to the people officially, and appear for and as the people personally. As a sequence, private preferences and idiosyncrasies should be relegated to the garret during the term of office. The responsibilities are of a many-sided nature. A glaring case in point is that of the governor of the state of Idaho—Governor Steunenberg. Elected to represent a wealthy and influential western state, Gov. Steunenberg first made himself and his state ridiculous by flatly refusing to wear a necktie. Pictures of the official head of the people of Idaho were scattered to the four points of the compass, and in them he appeared garbed as the proprietor of some backwoods village "store," with a large bone collar button painfully in evidence. On the streets, the Governor appears with yellow gloves of the very shiny, village-store variety, and always minus the necktie. When taking the inaugural oath, a necktie was worn, but that was the only time on record. The family of a public man is also expected to do credit to the people who have placed them "in the public eye," and while ostentation and display are bad taste, the other extreme is unpardonable. Yet the wife of Idaho's governor appears regularly on the public streets with an untidy-looking calico Mother Hubbard wrapper flapping dismally and limply around her not too graceful figure, her hair "done" in a grotesque little wad, and wearing a cheap-John straw hat of the dusty bargain-counter variety. She answers the courteous invitations of the society women of Idaho on 15-cent per box note paper and dresses the small progeny of the Governor in blue overalls without the accessories of either shoes or stockings. While economy is praiseworthy in its place, there are circumstances where it is carried to an extreme when it is designated by terms not so polite. The salary of a state governor will generally permit of his family dressing according to its station. When this is not done and when the family is garbed in a manner that would shame down-East farm hands, it

causes comments not only of derision but of contempt, and casts reflection upon the state and its people, rather than upon the official so offending. A man's house is his castle and his private affairs are his own. But when supported by and representative of a people, his public appearance and that of his family and entourage generally becomes the business of the people, and his obligation to appear as befits his station is an unwritten and recognized law. Idaho is peopled with miners and with sheep-herders, and it is also peopled with gentlemen and gentlewomen. It has men and women of culture and of breeding—men and women whose names are becoming recognized in literature and the professions. It has homes that are both artistic and palatial in its mountain cities and towns, and the arts are not unknown in its confines of rugged and isolated grandeur. But Eastern people, judging by the present occupant of the gubernatorial chair, still labor under the impression that Idaho is a howling wilderness inhabited by half-breeds and unwashed natives, who classify civilized attire as "fol-de-rols of a tenderfoot" and bracket manicuring with sunflower æstheticism. Leading citizens and officials writhe under this knowledge, but are helpless. And Caldwell, the representative headquarters, gives no hopes of a balm in Gilead, but still flourishes airily, Mother Hubbard and all.

Representative Jos. E. Bailey of Texas, leader of the Democratic minority of the U. S. House of Representatives, is another public official who believes in the single-strap-suspender-blue-jeans sort of land of liberty, and won't wear a dress suit. Representative Bailey is long, lean, lank and not pretty. He has his ideas on the question of dress on any and all occasions, and goes also on the old and eminently satisfactory and philosophical public-bedamned principle. When Grover Cleveland became mayor of Buffalo he ate with his knife and regarded the mysterious uses of the finger-bowl with grave and profound distrust. But in accumulating a several-million fortune he also managed to scrape up a little veneer, and when he is in Rome endeavors earnestly to at least appear the Roman. In the let us give the devil his due. And in this, the gentlemen who appear for the people of the United States would do well to emulate his example.

Lewiston, Idaho, Sept. 20.

POLITICS AND PULL IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

By H. Johnstone Graves.

The Texas public school system is rotten, and unless the Pearly Gates are even farther from the state than commonly alleged, St. Peter must find it difficult to attend to business and get a good grip on his nose.

With the largest school fund in the United States, Texas should be at the front. Instead, it is conspicuous for the combination of pull, politics and school. Teachers, principals and superintendents are chosen, not for their ability, but for the probable influence they may exert in a coming campaign. The are discharged perhaps for a fancied influence some forty-second cousin exerted in a late one. The mayor of a prominent Texas city answered a friend's petition for restoration of a teacher, dropped without charges, thus: "Not a friend of the administration. Have plenty of friends to whom I can give places." This was scrawled across the petition and returned to the sender. This mayor does not object to announcing that "politics" is the necessary consideration. This same mayor dropped female teachers because they rode wheels, and warned others of a similar fate unless they gave up bicycles. I say advisedly "the mayor" did these things. He dominates his council, and, as the board is appointed by him, he selects those who spit when he coughs.

The attempt is being made in some of the cities to separate the schools from the council. Let us hope that it will be done.

With a surplus of more than \$300,000 in the treasury, teachers have gone unpaid for nearly the whole year. City blames state, and in return state blames city. Meanwhile teachers are pawning watches or standing off board bills. Cases are known where landlords have signified in no weak terms their willingness to part company with them as tenants, and have actually ejected them. The boodling officials all of this time are handling the money. The faro-table sees its share of it. The race course is not neglected, and the demi-monde prosperous. No wonder that the report comes of the fullness to overflowing of the private schools and the falling off in the public schools. When a person of

education and refinement wishes to enter the corps of Texas teachers, he thinks not, "how shall I demonstrate my ability?" but, "what pull can I get?" His education and refinement count for very little without the "pull." If he has some political boss as his friend he may succeed. His efforts must all be made toward "fixing" the mayor.

The rottenness begins with the state legislature. There is a bond of fellowship between them, as a body, and the mayors of the different cities. Each does dirty work for the other. The legislators, for instance, have a desire to please a mayor by whom, when they visit his town, they are entertained at his club with an orgie, and from which club a line of hacks runs all night to the bawdy houses. It was one of these asses who, in discussing salaries of teachers, said that he could hire a good, strong man as field hand for \$15 a month. He could not see why a teacher should have more. Take these as the head of the "crack the whip" game, fasten on the municipal members of the board, some of whom can hardly write their names, then the superintendents, who stand around shivering like dogs in a norther, and, lastly, the principals who have to stand on their hind legs and bark when their masters command, and the poor teacher, who is afraid to call his or her soul his or her own—and it is easy to say who will be "cracked off."

The people of Texas are not all idiots or criminals. We must try to abate this nuisance. What we should do is to rise en masse, cut off the heads of every official connected with the schools from the top down—and take the business into our own hands. Separate them from politics, select officers and teachers for their ability. Let them be Democrats, Republicans, mugwumps—or, better still, of no politics. Let them hail from the south, north, east or west. Don't say: "We will have no teachers but residents," and then retain all teachers from the south (residents of their city or not) and drop all from the north under cover of this rule. Let teachers ride wheels. Let them get out and fill their lungs with the fresh air of God's world, and come back better able to instruct those under their care. Let us drop the one-man rule and show our manhood.

Would that I could add womanhood. I am not an advocate of "woman's rights" in the common acceptance of the term. As a rule, I believe, woman does not care to mix with politics. But she should have a hand in school matters. Who knows better the needs of a child's education than the mother, whose whole being is centered in its interests. How much better to allow her a voice in regard to who shall educate her child, and how it shall be done, than the illiterate Mexican, who has been run over the river to vote. The politicians do well to keep her out. She would institute a cleaning up that would make their hair curl. These foul smelling booze-fighters would have to change their linen at least once a year at house-cleaning time, and would probably grow wan from lack of nourishment, but the "young idea" would be showing a more vigorous growth.

Texas boards are not satisfied with delaying payment of teachers in order that someone may use the money. They must institute a cut in salaries. Teachers who were earning a bare living before have now only a pittance. Schools in our climate cannot remain open longer than nine months. With only enough to keep soul and body together during these nine months, teachers must seek other employment during the remaining three. They should be selected for their ability and then paid for it—paid enough to enable them to rest during the hot summer—to get away and attend educational gatherings elsewhere—to mingle with other people and broaden themselves. It is a question of investment. The more money invested the greater the return in the way of information to give to our children—raise the salaries and the standard will rise proportionally.

Texas has many teachers who are not fit to teach a cat to drink milk. They get certificates by "pull"—they get positions by "pull," and they retain them by "pull." And we who put into power the corrupt officials who can be pulled are responsible. Where there is one "strong" teacher in our schools, who has individuality and is conscientious in her work, we have ninety-nine who are there for the money in it.

They care nothing for the future of the child. Their work consists in trying to dodge the principal's and superintendent's visits, and in teaching only just what they have to. Pupils under such teachers will do only as much as they are obliged to, and they will do only just what they have to through life. Get better teachers—then pay them what they are worth—when we get this kind let us not part with them on account of politics.

Our school fund is derived from the rental and sale of

school lands, of which Texas has an enormous quantity. The school fund had, in 1876, more than eighteen millions of acres, since then thirty-six millions of acres have been added to it, making over fifty-four millions of acres in all. With this at our backs, and no tax burden to carry for our schools, why cannot we have the best schools in America? The answer is: "Politics." Until politics and schools are sundered we shall continue to be behind the procession when we should be in the band-wagon.

Our appropriation for normal schools is insignificant. With it we maintain one miserable institution for a state whose area is more than that of the New England states all put together. This normal is thirdclass. Its graduates cannot pass city examinations for teachers. How can it amount to anything with nothing to support it? Give us an appropriation for four normals—one each in north, south, east and west Texas! Give us something beside superannuated instructors! Infuse new blood into our training schools and we will have a new class of teachers as a result. Even our "summer normals" are merely stuffing places for certificates. To possess a "summer normal" certificate means nothing but that you have passed a six-weeks' term in coaching under teachers who make good guesses as to what the questions in the examination at the close are to be. It gives one no standing among educational people. If, at these normals, a course of university extension could be given, there might be some good in them. This could be carried on during the year by correspondence, and teachers would not go home from one of these sessions and forget even what they stuffed, before they have drawn their first month's salaries.

Occasionally a good man is elected as alderman and he may get on the school board, but his reign is short. Perhaps once in a decade and a half a collection of respectable men form a school board. In the two years they are allowed to remain, they can do very little in the way of reform. About the time they begin to see their way clear to making things better, they are returned to private life. The average alderman is elected from the saloon, butcher's shop or some similar social position. I recall one German butcher who could scarcely talk English. He understood one tongue well, however—profane language. Respectable women crossed the street to avoid his shop, where his voice, always elevated, could never be heard without an oath attached. Another alderman in the same city was wholesale keeper of saloons—had one in every tough neighborhood in town. In appearance he resembled a beer keg—with an apple representing the head. The grand viceroy or mayor was so ashamed of having him on the school board that he prohibited him taking his seat on commencement day with the other members. What can we expect with such material?

One mistake made in our schools is a direct result of incompetent management. The teacher is overworked. A course is laid out that none but embryonic Aristotles, Tyn-dalls and Spencers could follow, and the teacher is held responsible for the failure. We cannot in this climate use the course of the northern schools. Less must be expected of the primary work, and more of the mature mind. Put competent people in positions to judge this, and results will be difficult. Don't keep teachers and pupils shut up for long hours! Pay less attention to "fads!" Make the courses in our schools such as to produce an all-around man or woman, able and willing to think for himself or herself, with a good idea of right and wrong, and the ability to use what he or she knows! The teacher is not employed merely to teach books, but in her hands lies the power to make or mar a life. We do not often enough think of the fact that our children are under the care of their teachers at least half of their waking time. Their physical wants are, or should be, looked after by this guardian, as well as their mental wants. And by far the most important is the moral training. Our boys and girls grow up largely what their teachers make them. In God's name, then, let us make our schools pure by separating them from ward-heelerisms. Instead of politics and pull, let us have purity in our public schools.

Houston, Texas, September 25.

It is an outrage that no Kansas regiment was permitted to invade Havana. The gallant defenders of the short-grass country and the gallant friends of Governor Leedy would have made the recent removal of the bones of Columbus an impossibility. These bones as articles of commerce possess even a higher value than the gold-filled teeth of dead Confederate officers.

BRIEF OF THE CASE AGAINST THE EAST.

By James Otis.

The lot of the Western and Southwestern native writer has been hard and he harbors many resentments. He gathered these resentments from the mouths of his old men, who perished as he is perishing. Thus planted in his heart, they have grown into more steadfast contempt, and hatreds watered in the tears of his own disappointments.

The West had vacant lots and farms. It wanted opera-houses, churches, schools, red barns. Whosoever came was doubly welcome—but he was here. Like the wife that the bull-seal throws up on his rookery, she is there with the other three hundred wives; it is the foolish approaching female that must be cooed to. Thus for fifty years the West has been cooing to the outsider. Get him in! Worship his gods. "It is not the coat that smells; it is me that smells!" Yet out of this soil arose its bards and writers. They sang of the soil; they, of course, told the truth; they told of empty visions of prairie, and the dreary front street of town No. 51 on the railroad. Every boomer, railroad magnate, population-pusher and hew-gag sounder in the land was aligned against them. There was no room for truth or art. Describe Rome, Florence or Turin if you wished to boast; denounce London, Erzeroum or Khartoum if you wished to denounce; but let alone the development of our glorious country. Stop writing in imitation of the way our people talk, or, above all things, increase the population—recruit from the imagination the innumerable caravan that must come.

Thus literature began. It was frowned upon at home. Its ardent sons arose, hoped, failed, cursed, and died. Their disciples and apostles buried them tenderly and pondered on their wrongs—on the wrongs which served as the estate to be divided among the inheritors.

Meanwhile, how had literature fared at the eastern side of the new world? We possess, in James L. Ford's wonderful book called "The Literary Shop," a record of the editorial methods of the American magazine editor from Robert Bonner to R. U. Johnson; that is, from the New York "Ledger" to the date when Munsey tipped over the editorial joss house and Kipling swooped down on namby-pambyism. What the regulation Eastern publisher has done to restrict the mentality, to preserve the barbarisms, to develop the natural hypocrisies, to exalt the mediocrities of the American people, is such a mountain of accomplishment as to discourage the most industrious calculator who should set out to state it. Beginning with Robert Bonner, who must have good bad poems, that is, bad poems that would seem good to hired girls and sentimental men; who must have horses that walked with solemn step in the "Ledger," in order that he himself might buy all the fast horses produced by the racetracks of America; beginning with this union of ignorance, bad taste and hypocrisy, the line of editors that has followed (until Munsey and Kipling broke in) has, each in his turn, increased the index of puerilities and maudlinisms, falsifications and stupidities which must go forth to the reader as things to be admired by the adult and imitated by the youthful.

To meet the Egypt-like conventionalities of these editors conversation between characters in a Western novel must be carried on in stilted English, or in the fashion of knights and ladies of the middle ages. When it came to writing the accounts of battles in the civil wars, generals who desired to narrate truthfully the manner in which they had skedaddled were compelled to picture a glorious advance to victory under a starry banner. The brooding magazine editor, extending his wings over his narrow circulation, feared that a less bumptious recital would further cut down his subscriptions. Ford says that an author, portraying a railroad accident, wrote that a dozen brandy flasks were extended toward the dying man. "Can't you make it one or two brandy flasks?" asked the great editor, looking for the jot and the tittle of mean prejudice and sectarian criticism. Thus a Jesuitical hatred of the truth, a distaste for facts, a desire to convey a sort of horse-doctored ethics, has pervaded the printed matter set by the East before the nation.

And this literary god, too, has been a jealous god. One such god, in its divine opinion, would suffice for the whole land. How were the works of Western authors to be placed before the public without profanation of the worship thus established? If the Western author desired to rise, let him come eastward and burn incense; let him begin with

huzzas to Jay Gould, Russell Sage, Ickelheimer—to the beauteous daughters of plutocracy who have served the land of Jefferson by marrying the Duke of Marlborough or the Count of Castellane—anyhow, let him perform some promising feat of toad-eating that should some day advance him amid the incredible donkeys and eunuchs whose faculties are stirred only by mention of church tickets, snob shows and Hamburg edgings.

Note here the interesting experience of Ambrose Bierce, a San Francisco author. On the fly-page of his first edition you will find his printed testimony, that the publishers united against him, declaring his sketches were unworthy of publication; that this may be true, but the world would never have been able to judge for itself if So-and-so, an honest dealer in sugar, leather, or some other commodity, had not determined that the world rather than the publisher ought to pass the verdict, and had thereupon generously borne the expense of printing the book.

To prevent such insurrections of the Western author in his own province, where he might perchance uphold the mirror of real human life and unfetter the intellects first enchained by Robert Bonner, what has been the chief arm of the Eastern literary power? It has been the blockhouse—call it better the blockhead-house serving as blockhouse—erected in every large Western city under the name of bookstore; whose proprietor has in each instance waxed enormously rich; whose proprietor has enacted the rôle of prominent citizen, one of the circle of unofficial persons who aim to secure the booty growing out of government on its established lines. This man, or this firm, has, almost without exception, shot down every aborigine who ever approached his blockhouse with a white flag. He has always founded literary societies without a Western author in them. He has hailed as a Western author the Eastern write-up who has latest arrived and will soonest leave. If he has printed a book that was written by a Western man, he has first ascertained that the Western man lived in Italy when he wrote it, or will give bonds to at once leave the region; or has gained celebrity in some profession other than writing. He will readily engage the author of "How I Obtained the Money to Pay for My First Two-Page Ad."—a book that had a good sale—he will readily engage this corn doctor or clothier to write a book of moral essays, or, better yet, a critique on William Shakespeare; and he will add to the avalanche of monarchical reprints which have made American girls desire to marry princes; but the real, genuine campaign of the blockhouse commander is entered on when he puts out the posters and personally extols—and sets his daily papers extolling—the last example of docking, falsifying, monarchizing and toad-eating which has been produced under the sharp and tyrannical eyes of the Eastern magazine editor and publisher.

If a real author arise in the West, the blockhouse commander must give an adequate excuse for himself—why he did not kill that author off. For it is easy to see how mediocrity may become famous. The dull fellow writes. The editor and publisher cut out or blue-glass the little gleams of light that entered the creating mind. The literary critics, measuring the length of the advertisement, stretch out their songs of praise, the posters flaunt, the liars lie, the stickers stick the newsstands; the word is given; "anon the perfect phalanx moves to Dorian mood of flutes and soft recorders." Fame sweeps sweetly and gently over the dull ass who brayed so softly, and the small and conventional edition is sold, or stuck on newsstand dealers.

But your Western author, Mr. Blockhouse Commander, how was it his books got on every railroad train and every newsstand? Over him not even the dismal knell of the literary critic-sexton announced the burial or burning of the book. Against that Western author the ban of Silence was pronounced. When the illuminati and the literati performed high mass and had \$500 to spend, did not the blockhouse captain always send East for the fetich, so that when he returned East he might earn \$40 more for an article, "My Visit to the Stockyards," or, "Odd Social Scenes on the Great River?" It is assuredly no fault of the blockhouse captain, for a more sleepless foe of the natives has not been recruited—nor a more valiant slayer of native literary genius. Our cemeteries are populous with the tombs of teachers who sought hard to teach liberty, to denounce Prince-of-Walesism, Oscar-Wildeism, golfism, footballism, assism, lady-managerism, and all these teachers met their literary death or mortal wounds before the loyal blockhouses set by the East in the land

of the infidels. Let the captain show his roster of rebels put to death—the beadrill of our immortal heroes—his hairs grown white in the battle against Western literature can avail him little now in the outcry of his clients, the Eastern hierarchy of letters, that he let some live whom he could not kill, whom silence, absence of eulogium, poverty of setting out, rude illustration and feeble distribution could not altogether paralyze and benumb.

As a result of the last thirty years of literary and moral asphyxiation in our republic, the East is well lost to the principles of social equality on which the government was founded. The so-called best classes are ashamed of visitors like Joseph Arch, and tingle with pleasure to the tips of their fingers when a prince of whom they never heard before is ushered over their welcome thresholds. One of the recent Presidents of the United States was praised all through the East whenever he gave an additional expression of his personal ambition, and while the King of France was beheaded for once using the right of veto, this President vetoed more acts of Congress than all other Presidents put together. The worship of wealth and the eager desire for monarchical titles in the East is the outcome of the battle waged by Eastern editors and publishers to throttle all literary creation in the West, where liberty sprang up, ever fresh-born out of the soil.

Unable to carry the day alone, the outposts and vomitories of literary Europe have been opened, and while a thousand high-browed, educated, noble sons of America have humbly waited, manuscript in hand, hoping to entertain and instruct their brothers, such works as "Ships that Pass in the Night" have been reprinting at the blockhouses, to hold the attention of men, to be sold in innumerable quantities, to destroy the selling value even of Herodotus, and to drive the rising generation in disgust to football and golf.

Yet, now that our houses are built, and that few of us desire more outside population, it will not be possible for the Eastern editor to longer wield the scepter. The people read McClure's Magazine because it is modeled on Western ideas. Its matter may be ancient, may have been used elsewhere, yet let him read it who has not read it before. The whole age of science—Andree, Edison, Langley, Doctor Roentgen—must be put before us as the railroad engineer told us his story. The social inanities of snobs, toad-eaters and money lenders must depart from literature, or that literature must disappear out of the West—no place for it here! There may be a Duke of New York, thanks to Eastern editors, but there will be no Duke of Kansas, no Earl of South Dakota—bet your life on that! There are thousands of writers in the West who never yet kowtowed to Eastern mandarins, and if they die defeated, their apostles will rise beyond them to victory. It cannot be done—the sores of the Old World cannot be inoculated upon the strong arms of the New. The taint on the Eastern edge of the continent can be burned and purged away. He now lies dead who sang this proud song from the depths of his liberty-loving soul, but his words burn in the hearts of a vast people. He—Teddy McPhelim—who flung back their "bitter, taunting jest," "The West, the West, the rowdy West!"—he saw Abe Lincoln, "gentle-handed, write a line—on history's face a smile divine." He died, but he voiced what they of the supercilious East must face in the rowdy West.

Here lives the force that long will shield
The sacred shrine where Freedom reigns;
A force to fight in hall or field

With ballots, bullets, bayonets, brains.
Chicago, Ill., Sept. 29, 1898.

SALMAGUNDI.

The nomination of Carter Harrison of Chicago to be Governor of Illinois would mean the election of Carter Harrison to be Governor of Illinois. Stick a pin here.

No apologies are offered for this issue of the Iconoclast. There have been delays and hurries inseparable from the removal of a large plant and business from one point to another point more than a thousand miles away, but the paper is worth twenty times the price asked for it. Before three months have passed the nation will recognize that it gets more in the Iconoclast for less money than in any publication run off an American press. They will find things in it they will not find elsewhere. Quality before quantity has been always a fad with the Iconoclast, and it has paid. Moreover, Chicago is a bigger town than

Waco and a better town to live in. It has cost some pangs, of course, to sever close and amorous relations with Baylor University, but this is a life of separations and the best of friends must part. I can only hope that the venerable and ridiculous institution will not feel the blow too keenly.

It is reasonably certain that the poetasters, doctrinaires, boodlers, trust-thieves and coercers will find free silver to be the liveliest corpse with which they ever sat up all night.

Mr. Hamlin Garland has returned from Alaska with his valuable life intact. One side of his whiskers froze and thirty-one pounds of them broke off and scarred the face of a precipice as they fell down, but the rest of him is as sure of itself as ever. I am delighted to announce that a palpitating public may expect from Mr. Garland an early serial and serious romance entitled: "Hootalinqua Ham; or, What I Know About Mining in Magazines."

When Thomas F. Bayard went over to the majority America lost its worst professional statesman and best terrapin cook.

I am an admirer of the Chicago Evening Post. It is a paper which has the nerve to ask two cents for itself, and nerve is needed in American journalism. I would suggest to Mr. Roswell M. Field, however, that cocksureness is not always commendable and the constant carp is cloying. The editorial "we" and the "Amalgamated Association of Cook County Poets" may be worked to death. Something good said of a man or thing occasionally gains force from contrast, and that is the reason I am trying to say something good of Roswell.

I am requested to say that a Chicago publishing firm will issue late in October a work of local and thrilling interest. Much time has been spent in preparing it and the material has cost large sums. It will be printed on uncut Japanese parchment, will be hand-bound and tooled, will be illustrated in the highest style of the wood-craftsman's art and will be limited to an edition of two. One copy will go to the White House in Washington and the other will be retained by its author. It will be entitled, "Why Was I Made Secretary?" Its author is Lyman J. Gage.

I hope that our standing army will be increased to 300,000 men. Lon Stephens of Missouri should be given the chance to make some more appointments. There are still several newspaper men left in St. Louis, dubbing along on the usual St. Louis salary of \$8 a week.

Democratic attempts to prove the ineligibility of Theodore Roosevelt to be Governor of New York will result only in making them ridiculous. New York Democrats, however, are used to that.

Among the charming serial stories to be printed by the Chicago Chronicle I am pleased to note "Gold Bricks I Have Bought," by Hermann H. Kohlsaat.

China's emperor disappeared just after he pulled off Li Hung Chang's yellow jacket for the second time. China's emperor did not know enough to know that even the most exquisite jest becomes wearisome after a time. He is a remarkable old man, that Li Hung Chang, and it would pay us if we had two or three of him in Washington. If Bill McKinley were immured and Alger were immured and Mark Hanna were immured, we could all sing the "Gaudeamus" with taste and expression.

The winter season is approaching and Charles T. Yerkes is preparing to handle the North Side crowds in his usual masterly manner. Two new straps have been hung in each car and the ceiling of the La Salle street tunnel will be raised a foot for the benefit of those who ride on the roof. A bill will be introduced in the City Council providing 50-year franchises for horse lines along all streets that have not cable lines. Open-air coffee stands will be erected at intervals along North Clark street, and when passengers are delayed for more than one hour in the unavoidable jams hot coffee will be furnished them at 20 cents a cup. One of Mr. Yerkes' nineteen private secretaries, speaking ex officio, announces that under no circumstances will the fare be increased to more than 5 cents, with an additional 5 cents for each transfer not

covered by the law. For the benefit of aldermen, Mr. Yerkes has devised a coat of arms which will be painted on the dashboards of all the cars and emblazoned on the stomachs of his conductors. It consists of a mule azure rampant on a field d'or, with prickly pear leaves and a rattlesnake in quarter, crossed shotguns in demipoint and a bowie knife in chief. The motto is "Noli me tangere," which, freely translated, means: "I am not to be touched."

* * *

The miners' riots at Pana, Ill., in which Winchester rifles and shotguns have been trumps, are due directly to the brutality of capital. The time has passed in this country when a capitalist can be persuaded that a workman has any rights he is bound to respect. The Pana "operators" first refused to pay the scale they had agreed to pay at the Columbus convention and then refused all overtures looking toward arbitration. They brought in negroes to take the places of their white employees. Poverty-stricken, ignorant laboring men on both sides have been shot. The "operators," the moneyed bloodsuckers, have gone scathless. They are the fellows who need shooting up. There are men in this country so brainless or corrupt that they can see nothing in such occurrences. They could see nothing in a Pennsylvania sheriff and his armed myrmidons, backed by a federal court injunction, murdering inoffensive workmen marching along a public highway. I see grave danger, I see the approach of the time when it will be necessary for the working, producing, honest American men of this nation to take the millionaires in hand and teach them once for all that they do not own America.

* * *

Ehret, a beer maker of New York, whose millions have been amassed from the thirsts and drunks of the people, is frenzied because his eldest son has married an intelligent, cultivated actress and threatens to cut him off without a dollar. The player's art is as legitimately an art as writing, painting or music. It is an honor to the Ehrets to be connected with it in any way. This marriage is a mésalliance, it is true, but the bride's family should do the kicking.

* * *

Former Governor Drake, of Iowa, has given \$1,000 to Mrs. Matilda B. Carse, who is making a yank-us-out-of-the-hole campaign through the West. This money is to be devoted to paying the debt on the Woman's Christian Temperance Union building in La Salle street, this city. The W. C. T. U. has as much use for the building as a hog has for eleven legs. It has always mismanaged the structure, and if it were deeded to them in fee simple to-morrow they would continue to mismanage it. It could be made a sensible, paying property. There is a saw about the rapidity with which an intellectual pervert is separated from his sesterces, and it is commended to Drake's prayerful consideration.

* * *

The saddest feature of the war, from the Republican viewpoint, is the fact that William Jennings Bryan, a man with a wife and children, went to the front like a patriotic citizen and did his duty as a soldier in the place where the commanding power saw fit to place him. There isn't anything in Bryan except brain and honesty and clear grit and Americanism, and, judged by Republican standards, he is a very dreadful person, indeed. The war is over and he wishes to return home to resume his law practice. This is a crime.

* * *

For President in 1900, Joseph E. Medill, of Chicago; for Vice-President, Joseph E. Medill, of Chicago. Platform: I am something of a liar myself.

* * *

The "Democrats" of New Jersey have refused to admit a free silver plank to their platform, and no one expected them to do anything else. The Democrats in New Jersey, a state of trusts, millionaires and monopolies, could get into a one-horse carriage and rest their feet upon the front seats. A Democrat in New Jersey is lonelier than an eagle on an Alpine crag or a prohibitionist at a sangerfest.

* * *

The Iconoclast cares nothing about the social throes of St. Louis and it records no general protest against the exclusively-dress-coat rule formulated by the managers of the Veiled Prophets' ball. It must insist, however, upon at least one exception. Mr. William Marion Reedy, of

the Mirror, desires to appear in a pale blue flannel outing shirt, cut low in the collar and bulgy under the arms, no vest and no coat. Further down he will be clad in sailor trousers, tight as to hip and bell-mouthed at the bottoms. They will be of elephant's breath gros-grain silk and sustained by a belt of crushed strawberry webbing. The scarf will be four-in-hand, of extra width, tied loosely, bright yellow in color and adorned with large red bird-egg spots. He has been telling us all summer that he is more rounded and svelte and graceful and fetching in this costume, and he is. Mr. Reedy has done enough for St. Louis to be allowed to make a killing.

* * *

I am pained to learn that General Shafter is again ill. He is confined to his cottage at Camp Wikoff, and ten electric fans are shooting cross currents of cold air over him. Five sergeants are called in every fifteen minutes to turn him over and eight corporals are required to put the jackscrews under him and handle the blocks and tackle when he wishes to sit up and take a drink. The only trouble with Shafter is fat. He was stationed in Texas for a long time and knows how to cure himself, but lacks the nerve. He has only to sentence himself to three months' confinement in a Texas hotel.

* * *

It is pleasant to know that Dr. Frank Gunsaulus, of this city, may resume the pastorate of the Plymouth church. It is pleasanter to know that we may be favored with a series of sermons on Gladstone as a demi-god. I suppose that, taken all in all, Gladstone was the most inactive, indecisive, cowardly, conceited, ponderously ineffective human that ever became Prime Minister to England. D'Israeli said of him, in imitation of his oratorical style: "He is a sophisticated rhetorician inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity, and gifted with an egotistical imagination by which he is at all times able to command an interminable flow of tropes, metaphors and similes with which to malign his opponents and confound his friends." D'Israeli knew him well. It is good to reflect, however, that Dr. Gunsaulus still lifts his hat when Gladstone's name is mentioned and still kotows when he passes Gladstone's portrait.

* * *

Alger is back in Washington and says he is pleased with the condition of the camps. It is a splendid commentary upon the discipline of the American volunteer that nobody in those camps hit him with a dead cat.

* * *

Smith, Governor of the Pacific branch of the Soldiers' Home, has been shot by an inmate. Smith was investigated when Governor of the Leavenworth Home. He had pull and was punished by being given a better job. Smith was drunk for fifteen years. The amount of his own and other men's whisky he consumed is fabulous. At the end of the time he took the gold treatment for inebriety. It erased his thirst, but gifted him with an intense contempt for anyone who would take a drink to save his life. It acts that way sometimes. Smith began punishing inmates for drunkenness, according to ideas of his own. He confined them in the hospital wards for the insane; he held out their pensions on them; he forced them to take the "gold cure." There are many people in this world who will not monkey with the "gold cure," because they are afraid it will cure them. Some of these old soldiers were of that kind. They shot at Smith once or twice, but, owing to the fact that they were disastrously sober, missed him. The wonder is that his hide was not converted into a soup-strainer long ago. A man may be robbed of wife, family, home, credit and friends and smile superior to Fate; but when he wants a drink he wants a drink. Personally, I believe that the gold treatment is a good thing, but there isn't any sense in going about the world poking shotguns under men's chins and backing them down to Dwight to be squirted full of remedies for something they like to have. Smith is a martyr to his enthusiasm as a reformer, and his inborn yearning to boss things.

* * *

Senator McMillan has been "mentioned" for the ambassadorship to England, but it is not likely that he will be appointed. He is several times a millionaire, and always puts up when Republican campaign managers call, but the administration is not under pledge to him and it has had enough of Michigan in high office. If McMillan wanted to be advanced, he should have secured something

in writing, thereby following the lead of his friend and state-mate, Alger. Of course, some prominent Republican millionaire or trust-boss will fill the post vacated by John Hay, but he will come from some other section of the Union.

* * *

Speaking of this man Hay, who was ambassador to St. James and is now at the head of America's diplomacy factory, I would like to be told what he has done or attempted to do which warrants the remarkable favors conferred upon him since McKinley began to rattle around in the rooms once inhabited by sure-enough presidents. His literary fame rests wholly upon "Jim Bludsoe" and "Little Breeches." He is the joint author of an alleged life of Lincoln, which raised a hollow laugh and then died. "Little Breeches" is the not wholly attractive picture of a small boy who chewed tobacco and got lost in the snow. A truly artistic poet would have had his father trail him by the saliva stains upon the pure surface. "Jim Bludsoe" bears irrefragable interior evidence that Mr. Hay sat down when the fit was on him and wrote frenziedly through his hat. Being a "journalist" and not a newspaper man—he had never in his life been on a steamboat when this "poem" was fathered. He had seen small ones plying up and down the Ohio river, but had not taken the trouble to go on board and ask a few questions. Your "journalist" is always a God-gifted mortal who does not have to ask questions. "Jim Bludsoe" was an engineer on a Mississippi steamer which caught fire, presumably from an explosion which would instantly have put the engines out of action. Nevertheless, he lost his life by holding her nozzle agin the bank till the last soul got ashore. He had frequently announced his intention to hold her nozzle agin the bank till the last soul got ashore and his ghost went up alone in the smoke of the "Prairie Belle." It did not occur to Journalist Hay, and it has never occurred to him, to inquire just what an engineer would have to do with holding her nozzle agin the bank. That is the pilot's job, and many Mississippi pilots have quietly gone to heroic death in this way. Mr. Bludsoe's engines, being set to run ahead under such a pressure of steam that a negro was sitting on the safety valve while the furnaces were choked with pine, would have gone on running ahead regardless of his desperate resolve to swim out to the stern, grab hold of the rudder and hold her nozzle agin the bank. When the fire burst out as she cleared the bar and burned a hole in the night, Mr. Bludsoe was at liberty to take a header, or go up to the booze-mill and chin the mixologist, or do a hoe-down on the hurricane deck, or dispose of himself in any manner that suited him. His presence in, or absence from, the engine-room could have had no possible effect upon results. Mississippi engineers after crises of this character have returned always wet within and without to their wives in Natchez-under-the-Hill, where no man ever had a wife, or in Pike County, which is the last county in Missouri in which a steamboat engineer would be likely to have a wife. Little considerations of this kind, however, did not affect the afflatus of Mr. John Hay, journalist and Secretary of State.

* * *

Little Jimmy Echols, Cleveland's attenuated Comptroller of the Treasury, has been favoring us with some more of his "views." This time the sufferers were members of the "Underwriters' association," otherwise known as fire insurance agents. They met recently at the Chicago Auditorium and Jimmy "viewed" at much length. He did not tell them, unfortunately, of the time when he scooted up a Washington street at 1 o'clock in the morning, grasping his dress-suit case in one hand and his wee trouser-leg in the other, filled with frenzied fear of a hack-driver who had gone to sleep on his box, but might wake up and take something from him—possibly his innocence. He told them other things, however, among them that the country was all right so long as he and they lived and that prosperity was here. Having said these says, he sent type-written copies of them to the daily papers and settled down to think about himself. I do not know what America would do without Echols and his occasional appearances to set everything right. Physically a stud-snow-bird, intellectually a tomtit, and orally a parrot, he occupies and deserves a unique place in the national aviary.

* * *

Some people are surprised that Kansas sent to Honolulu for a Queen of Beauty to preside at the Topeka festival, but they are not people who have been in Kansas.

The flat female chest of New England women, the red hair of the Celt, the tan of the hot winds and the freckles of the plains, joined to a lifelong diet of soggy bread, fat salt pork and black coffee, have made of the Kansas virgin a thing which outsiders are willing should remain virginal.

* * *

Lyman J. Gage will preside at the Chicago peace jubilee banquet. He is not graceful, fluent, witty, humorous, handsome or especially well mannered. A more ordinary man never sat down in his shirt-sleeves to a dinner of pork and beans. He has absolutely no interior quality to commend him, but he is president of the First National Bank and is many times a millionaire. Therefore, he is Secretary of the Treasury and, therefore, will be toast-master.

* * *

The "Oregon" is ready to leave for the Asiatic station. She and the "Iowa" will be sent to the Philippines because the administration fears trouble with Germany. It would be in keeping with the previous management of the war with Spain if we should become embroiled with a powerful foreign adversary and offer up more thousands of valuable young lives upon the altar of dampfoolishness. If we are not forced to fight Germany we will be forced to fight Aguinaldo. In any event more blood will be spilled. This is all for the retention of islands that are separated from our western coasts by eight thousand miles of salt water, which are inhabited by Spaniards, Spanish half-castes, Malays and Papuans, which are of no value to us and to which we have no earthly right beyond the right of might.

* * *

While we are discussing the murder of the Empress of Austria and deploring the strength of anarchy in Europe with a sort of smug satisfaction that there is little of it here, it is well, perhaps, to remember that two of our presidents have been assassinated within the past thirty-five years and that this country has lots of troubles of its own.

* * *

The governorship of Texas has usually proved a stepping stone to the United States Senate, and in the case of Joe Sayers I hope that it will once more serve in that capacity. Mr. Sayers is a man who deserves to be in the Senate. He has earned the promotion and is in every way fitted for a seat in the upper chamber of the national legislature.

* * *

For Governor of Illinois, John R. Tanner, of Springfield; for Lieutenant-Governor, Chas. T. Yerkes, of Chicago. Platform: Boodle and bluff.

NEGRO GROWTH IN A KINDLY SOIL.

By Harold Godwin Steele.

When the war closed negroes from Virginia and Maryland flocked into the District of Columbia by thousands. It was the home of the Freedmen's Bureau, and they wished to sleep in its drawers. It was the main ranch of Uncle Samuel, and they wished to snuggle to him and lay their kinky heads against his bosom. They rubbed off a good deal of smell and left it concealed about his person, but the old gentleman stood it. He even said that he liked it, though he lied.

Like a swarm of black locusts, they settled upon the land and every living thing paid them tribute. They said "Feed us," and they were fed. They said "Clothe us," and they were clothed. Just at that time the schoolmaster was abroad. He was abroad to educate the negro. Lately rescued from a slavery so dark and dread that he got too fat to work under it and sang all day and danced all night, the negro was an object of sentimental interest. People who had splashed large tears upon the pages of Mrs. Harriett B. Chertow's "Tomtit Tom; or How Little Eva Evanesced," said: "He is a man and a brother. Let us give him a chance." It seemed to be the popular belief that when given the chance, Ephraim Africanus would go forward in leaps and bounds, progress so fast, in fact, that he would have to sit on the side of the road and wait for his white comrade to come along. Those were the days of long-haired, clean-shaven, cherubic-faced prattlers of the Henry Ward Beecher type, and short-haired, sharp-featured busy maiden ladies, who wore corkscrew iron-gray curls and spectacles, and loved Ephraim for the baths he had

not taken. So it was determined to give him his chance and the District of Columbia seemed to be a good place to do it in.

Many of him were given office. Others were hired by white men in office. Night schools were established as corollaries to the day schools. Houses were built for him. People talked to him about bathtubs and sanitation. Appropriations were made for his sustenance. Charitable societies gave him clothing and encouragement. He had a good thing and he pushed it along. He is still pushing it along. In the course of time he was joined by men of his race coming from all the states of the Union. The Republican party, which said proudly that it had freed the negro, was obliged to provide for him in so far as the offices would go. It was in power for nearly twenty years after the surrender at Appomattox and, not being remarkable for the violence of its scruples, it made the government do more than its share toward providing for the "nation's wards." It appointed black clerks who could not read nor write. It appointed black messengers who could never remember a street or number. It placed blacks in every department. It carried hundreds of them on the rolls who never struck a lick of any sort of work in return for their pay.

The negro was given his chance. He lived in a community where he could not be kulked or oppressed in any way. The ægis of the government was over him. He had been made legally the equal of the white man. Not a Washington restaurant could refuse to serve him. Not a Washington hotel could deny him a bed. He had free ingress to and egress from all public buildings and conveyances. Though he did not know a ballot from a piece of wrapping paper and was utterly ignorant of the principles of parties and the policies of men, he was made a voter. Of that stupendous crime it is not my purpose to speak. I wish merely to draw attention to the truth that in the District of Columbia the negro for a quarter of a century has been given every chance to develop and to state what the results have been. The average negro of the district to-day is the mental superior of the negro in any other part of this country. I want to tell just how good he is; to say just what has been the effect on him and what his effect has been upon the District.

The population of the City of Washington, which is the District of Columbia, is about 250,000. Of these more than 80,000 are of negro blood. They live for the most part in South Washington. Whole streets belong to them. They may be seen all summer lying around with the earnestness that is characteristic of them when doing nothing. That part of the town is much cut up by alleys and they have peculiar names. There is "Pork Steak" alley and "Fighting" alley and "Louse" alley and "Blood" alley and "Bloodfield" and "Dead Nigger" alley, "Melon" alley, "Lost Chicken" alley, "Coon" alley, "Yaller Dog" alley and so forth and so on. It is not necessary to say that these names have been conferred by themselves, and every one of them is picturesquely expressive.

The houses are shanties that let in the wind and the rain. They are foul with dirt and evil smelling. They are surrounded by the refuse of years. Sanitary inspectors apparently pay no attention to them. Wholly naked children swarm in them. Combats are of frequent occurrence. Drunkenness is common. Prostitution is the rule. But one other American city contains an eyesore so vile. That is San Francisco, with its "Chinese quarter." The Chinaman, as we all know, is not only forbidden to vote, but to come to this country at all. The horror of the negro quarter in the District is accentuated by the fact that the remainder of Washington is by long odds the cleanest and handsomest city on the continent. There is no reason why it should not be, since nearly a billion dollars of the people's money has been spent to make it so.

Numbering approximately one-third of the District's population, the negroes furnish seven-tenths of its crime and eight-tenths of its illegitimacy. These figures are taken from statistics, carefully collated and published in brochure form by Johns Hopkins University. The crime is composed largely of petty thefts. The world never contained a full-blooded negro who would not steal little things. Big things generally appal him, more particularly as he has no use for them. Occasionally there are graver offenses—murder and the like. Nearly all of the time of the criminal courts is taken up in consideration of negro cases. This costs money and vexation of spirit. The jails are filled with the dusky nuisances, who must be fed. The emergency hospital is run largely for their benefit. They are almost wholly charges

upon the nation, because the taxes they pay are of considerable amount.

Washington has a kindly climate. Winter lasts not more than four months of the year. For the remaining eight months a man who can beg, borrow or steal enough to eat can live, sleeping out-of-doors, or in some wretched hovel not so good as out-of-doors. During the four months of rigor, however, the charitable societies of Washington are rushed to death. The negroes must have coal. They must have blankets. They must have hot soup. Otherwise they die. That would be no bad thing, but not in line with the Washington experiment. The offices of the association are run far into the night. Long lines of suppliants shiver before them. Food and clothing are given with prodigal hands. Pretty nearly everyone contributes. Subscription lists are circulated freely through all of the departments. The total cost runs into the tens of thousands. It is not begrudged. This winter caring for destitute negroes has become a custom. It is as inevitable as winter itself. It is an incubus, but it is permanent. It is believed that the census of 1900 will show a negro population in this city of more than 100,000.

In spring, summer and autumn this population will not work. It is a hand-to-mouth population. Deeply grained into its nature is the philosophy of the "Arkansas Traveler," whose acquaintance of the night could not put a roof on his house when it rained, and when it was not raining did not need a roof. Washington housekeepers will tell you that in the milder seasons it is almost impossible to get a good servant. The wages are not bad. For ordinary housework \$10 a month and food and lodging are paid. Several times movements to import Swedish girls by wholesale have been begun, but they have fallen through. If they had been successful, it would have become necessary to feed the negroes all of the time instead of part of the time. It should be said that some of the girls work the year through, and almost all of them are willing to do something when they have to. The bucks, of course, live on their earnings. The few exceptions to the general rule—the negro lawyers, doctors, dentists and ministers, scattered here and there—serve only to accentuate the somberness of the picture. They are so palpably exceptions that they go far toward proving the rule that the only thing to do with a negro is to fasten him between the handles of a plow and belt him over the buttocks every time he stops to explain that he likes to work but has "de miz'ry in his laig." Ask any intelligent resident of Washington what he thinks of the capability of the "Afro-Americans" to become valuable citizens as a class, and he will laugh in your face. A quarter of a century of experience has taught him that the negro was intended by God to be a domestic chattel and will never reach his highest development as anything else.

Washington, D. C., Sept. 28, 1898.

IN-AND-OUTBREEDING DOWN EAST.

By Ernest Marsh Williams.

The Bridgeport murder in Connecticut—the slaughter of a young girl by means of a "criminal operation," performed by an incompetent female physician, the dismemberment of her body in the female physician's bathroom and the subsequent concealment of the remains in Yellow Mill pond—is one of the many evidences of decadent New England society. For more than two centuries the chief object of pursuit in this section of the Union has been the dollar. Ancestor after ancestor, ancestress after ancestress, have chased it. The natural result is that the present generation dreams of the dollar and will do anything to capture it. From five years of age until they reach manhood, New England boys have the doctrine of the dollar preached at them from morning to night. They must get rich. Within the narrow horizon of these people there are no such things as art, literature, science, philanthropy, the uplifting of the masses, the betterment of the world. Health and strength and brain are given to their possessor only that he may amass wealth. The girls must marry wealth. That is the sum and end of it all. There is still human passion in New England, though comparatively little of it, and a young girl, like the Wills girl, goes astray. She must not, however, be suffered to give birth to the child, because its coming into the world would injure her chances of marrying money and injure her seducer's chance of getting money. Therefore the female malpractitioner, death and disgrace.

The cities of New England are the abiding places of American capital. The farms of western farmers are mort-

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gaged to Bostonese. The rural communities of New England are made up of pale, thin, ascetic, joyless folk, leading hard, grinding lives, pinching, scraping, saving, unable through environment to chase the dollar, but gripping it tightly when it comes their way and saving it with a desperate saving. These people marry each other and their children are themselves accentuated. They are the true Yankee type, and the Yankee type is a type which must have the dollar, honestly if it can, but dishonestly if it must. It was the Yankee type which invented the maple nutmeg and the white pine ham. It is the Yankee type which is manufacturing shaky sewing machines and cast-iron bicycles. It is all a question of dollar.

The settlers of New England led hard lives. It is a fact that if the western coast of this continent had been discovered first, there would not now be any New England. Its stony hills would still be covered with rocks and its forests would bend beneath the snows of winter in undisturbed solitude. It has a population only because its inhabitants were born there and lack the enterprise and courage to go away. Some of them have gone away, and wherever they have pitched their tents they have chased, or saved, the dollar with their old persistency and have left their unlovely marks upon the states wherein they dwelt. Take Kansas, for instance. A portion of that commonwealth is settled almost wholly by New Englanders and the descendants of New Englanders. It is the only section of this country wherein a weary wayfaring man will be charged money for a glass of water. It is the section which produced the "soldiers" recently court-martialed for desecrating the graves of Confederates who fell at the first battle of Manassas. They said they wanted the bones for relics, but they lied. They were looking for teeth that might have gold in them.

The settlers of New England led hard lives. They wrestled with unkindly nature and grew thin and angular in the wrestling. Poor as was the land, it afforded them sufficient nourishment. They were ugly and scrawny, but tall and strong. Then they moved into the cities and the degeneration began. The intermarriage of these people has produced a race that is still scrawny and ugly, but is undersized and weak. It has the large joints, the big hands and feet, the awkward movement and narrow forehead of its progenitors, but it is of lower height and much lower vitality. It is consumptive. The east winds of the New England bays bite into its lungs. It becomes hectic before its fortieth year and dies, hacking horribly, but clinging with sweat-moistened palms to the dollar. Its passion for money-getting has grown in inverse ratio to its power to earn money. Where its forefathers labored and conquered the waste places—places, in fact, that were nearly all waste—it sits in offices and spins webs. It is growing steadily weaker and more narrow between the eyes. A composite photograph of 10,000 New England men and women would show a face whose eyes almost touch. That face would express cunning, secretiveness, power of concentration, but no force and no sex.

Almost every American criminal who works in a line that does not require strength and courage is born in New England. It gives us our forgers, confidence men, hotel sneak thieves, gold-brick purveyors, pickpockets and fellows of similar classes. It does not breed house-breakers or bank burglars or highwaymen. It is the home of green-goods dealers, counterfeiters and fake advertisement men. Nefarious schemes for obtaining the property of others are born in New England at the rate of a thousand a day. A vast majority of them are still-born, because their creators lack money or nerve or ingenuity, but many of them blossom and bear fruit in wrecked homes. If a man has a bogus railway to promote or a bubble to exploit he goes to Boston, if he has sense. His office paper will bear the Boston date mark. He will find hundreds of trained swindlers to assist him for a percentage of the stealings. He will be in little danger of arrest, because every other man he meets will have something of the same kind up his sleeve. If he hasn't it, he would like to have it. The amateur or professional rascal is at home in the East. He will have no trouble in finding society to his taste.

A lack of morals in one thing argues always a lack of morals in others. I have said that the average New Englander in the getting of the dollar has no sense of morality whatever. It follows, almost as a matter of course, that in this portion of the United States sexual morality is low. There is your city of Chicago, for instance. I have lived in it. I know it well. I would like to see the color of the hair of the man with nerve enough

to stand near the entrance of one of your big department stores at 6 o'clock in evening, when the girls are pouring out from work, and begin accosting them haphazard with a view to ultimate lechery. I know, and you know, that the fellow would be arrested in five minutes, if he did not receive worse treatment. In Boston that sort of procedure is common. No male displays any hesitancy whatever. He is aware that if his first overture is unsuccessful, his second will have the desired result. He is aware also that the girl who declines his advance will keep the matter to herself. She will see nothing out of the way in it. If she has worked in a Boston shop for three months and is of sufficient age, she will be used to it. On the part of the girl who accepts the invitation from a stranger there will be no love, of course. There will not be even a faint stirring of lust. She has been reared in a dollar-worshipping atmosphere, and she wants the dollar. It is undoubtedly true that in proportion to population Boston contains more unchaste young and old women than any city in the world. In this respect it does not stand apart from other New England towns. It contains more fecalism only because it is bigger. New York is immoral. Broadway, after dark, is a long, vast shifting mass of prostitution. But the immorality of New York is frank and above-board. It is the immorality of the professional. Courtesans have been driven from the bagnios and by Parkhurstian apes forced to ply their trade upon the streets. At least seven of ten New York women are virtuous. In New England towns the immorality is not frank, and is not professional. It is secretive, and it is incidental to the pursuit of the dollar in other trades and professions. It is terribly widespread. It invades all classes, but its home, as I have said, is to be found among the workers. These girls are voluntary sacrifices. They earn little money behind counters or in factories. They must have more. They have been taught from the cradle that it is the only thing of good. The only male human being able to achieve in Boston or Bangor a course of amorous successes with no cost of pocket is the negro—and the bigger and blacker he is, the more successful he will be. Among the lower white women of these towns—the slim, angular, flat-breasted women, with pale blue eyes, set close together, and straw-colored hair—the African buck is a thing desired. They will favor him gladly and will even marry him if he insists, though they would rather keep their freedom, since it is a source of income. The explanation of this outrageous truth is not far to seek. It is the result of New England decadence and another evidence of it.

The outbreeding of New England has been even worse in its products than the inbreeding. Cross-breeds are of superior mental and physical make only when the outlander blood is better than the blood of the inlander. That has not been the case in this section. The admission of foreign strains has had distinctly a bad effect, and for this reason: The foreigners who have landed in Atlantic ports, competent to assist in the development of the country, have gone West and helped to develop it. No fair-minded man will deny that they have been of great value. Some of the strongest and most notable of our men and women show the Germanic, Scandinavian or English marks. The foreigners who have remained in New England have been foreigners of the cities, and, consequently, the worst products of Europe. Their ancestors have lived and struggled against even more savage environments than the ancestors of the New England natives; they are of even a weaker and more degenerate type; in nine cases out of ten they have even a keener worship of money; in nine cases out of ten they are more unscrupulous in the obtaining of money, and the depths of moral degradation to which they have sunk in the European capitals were undreamed of in this country previous to their arrival. Their blood is a weakening of even the thin New England stream. They are consumers and not producers. From their progeny nothing is to be hoped. They have brought to our shores the secret phallic rites which make of the Europe of to-day a cesspool more profound and foul than were the Orient nations of the long ago. They have brought an unbelief in God. Renegade Jews or Christians, they have no reverence for a Supreme Being, who, to their thinking, does not exist, and they are restrained in profligacy and dishonesty only by thoughts of the penitentiary's grim walls. They are the inferiors of the American as craftsmen, or makers of any physical or intellectual thing. They furnish no impulsive force. They are deterrent. Thousands of them have left wives and children in their own countries, but this has not prevented them forming new ties in com-

munities where females far outnumber the males. The results of these unions have been ill-formed, weak, brutish children, to be seen upon the streets of New England cities in hundreds.

Not long ago "Miss" Charlotte Smith, a female crank of uncertain age—who has been debarred the joys of matrimony, and no wonder!—started a movement in Boston which was intended to defeat every candidate for office not married or engaged to be married. She made a pathetic plea for legal cohabitation of the sexes, and, since the plea was of no avail, began to enforce her desires with a stuffed club. The stuffing came out of the club and Charlotte has retired into the limbo of forgotten things. Her "movement," however, served to call attention to a condition of affairs which is without a parallel in the history of this country. It showed that the New England man has little desire to marry and that the unmarried female population outnumbered the unmarried male population by thousands. This regrettable condition of affairs has prevailed for more than thirty years. It is the result, of course, of dollar-worship. Men will not marry because they are unwilling to divide their incomes. Setting aside only a small portion of their incomes will procure for them all of the physical benefits of matrimony without any of its attendant cares. The family is the basis of the state, and any state wherein the begetting of a family is looked upon as an idiotic and indefensible extravagance, is a decadent state.

In its onward march America need expect no propulsion from New England. This section is retrogressive. It is not only failing to keep step; it is marching backward. There is no hope for it, save its submergence beneath a powerful tide of desirable immigration, and there is no reason why desirable immigrants should stop within its borders. It will go from bad to worse. Men and women cannot worship Mammon to the exclusion of Apollo, Venus, Minerva, Vulcan, Ceres and all the rest of 'em, from generation unto generation, cannot mix their own bad qualities with worse qualities and remain strong men and women. Blood will tell. Inbreeding is bad, and unintelligent outbreeding is worse.

Boston, Mass., September 23, 1898.

POSTERITY WILL SUFFER FROM ALGERISM.

By Charles Luce Walker, M. D.

After we are through wildly applauding our returned war heroes, it may become patent to some of our thinkers that the end is not yet. The war is over, but there is a harvest yet to be reaped. Before the eagle began to scream, or such a possibility was thought of, the medicos mentioned the fact that, physically, men were deteriorating. They lead sedentary lives, while their forefathers wielded the heavy ax at the root of the mighty forest tree. They live faster, are thinkers and drinkers, and burn the candle at both ends generally. When war was declared the thousands of men chosen were the flower of the land. They represented brain and sinew. The physically imperfect were weeded out by rigid examination. Only the sound were chosen, and consequently a very heavy percentage of Uncle Sam's perfectly healthy men, already in the minority, were summoned to roll-call and marched away. The most of them have lived to march back. But what has become of the healthy sons of Uncle Sam? The war has given us back a pitiful band of yellow, malarial or rheumatic wrecks, with few exceptions, with anaemic bodies and shattered constitutions. Add these, the once healthy contingent of Uncle Sam's family, to the thousands who remained at home, refused by the examining board, and then begin to figure up on the outlook for the next generation. It is not cheerful, and, look at it as you may, posterity is going to have a hard time of it.

Never, in medical history, have gynecologists had the work they have at the present day. Women have ailments and complications of ailments unheard of a decade ago. Where one growing girl appealed to the village herb-granny for something for a "ring-a-round" on her finger in our grandmother's time, ten now regularly consult and receive treatment from the family physician. The athletic fad, calisthenics, golf, tennis, cycling, promised much, but the physicians tell an unpromising story when they grow confidential over their pipes, and the gynecological specialist is busier than ever. They report from the Pacific Coast doubled practice in two years. This doesn't look promising for posterity.

Then there is another thing. Women of the better class

will not have children. One or two perhaps. But that is all. Children are not popular. Aristocratic boarding houses taboo children. Apartment blocks advertise "no children." The present generation has nerves and cannot endure children. The motor bell and the cable car and the elevated can clang and bang and roar, but they are as the cooing dove compared with the noise of children, says the present generation. So the present generation absolutely declines to have children. That is, the gentle folk. Meanwhile, the Bohemian and the Slav and the Italian and the Huns and the Polacks and the mongrel aggregation of the hovel and the cellar and the tenement and the evil-smelling alley and the black and foul court increase and multiply and propagate their swarming progeny like black roaches, six and eight and ten and twelve to a brood. They live and thrive, they wax and grow fat, and for them death has no scythe, though sanitation speaks in an unknown tongue. They are of all sizes and conditions and shapes and odors. They are stunted and low-browed and cunning and ignorant. They hate soap and air and grammar. They love filth and vice and vermin and beer. They are vicious and sullen and vulgar and bad. But they give birth to their kind though kingdoms are convulsed and the earth rocks. Hungry or cold or naked it matters not. Have children they will and have children they do. Crime and viciousness and scrofulous diseases flourish as the green-bay tree, and spread like the plague. Inherited criminality cross-breeds with inherited blood and bone disorders; mental and moral perverses intermarry with physical degenerates; vileness and cunning cohabit with ignorance and stupidity and cast their spawn, legion after legion, upon the world, and the outlook is not pleasant for posterity. Intellect and culture and good breeding and good blood offer no counter-irritant—positively refuse to give a counterbalance. And if good breeding and good blood, according to ratio obtained from birth statistics and statisticians, are not on the decrease, as the latter say they are, they are certainly not on the increase. In France, the decrease in births, in the nation's entirety, is unquestionably proven and decidedly startling. In America, the decrease among the upper classes is more than balanced by the ever-procreative tenement element. This is cheerful for those who fear the race will die out, but not for those who prefer quality to quantity.

Consequently, all indications point to the probability that good blood and breeding will eventually go to join the many lost arts of the ancients. It is certain that we have lost much of the culture of the dead centuries. We know more things, but we do not know as much about many things as they did. The pyramids of Egypt are a puzzle, the Obelisk a problem, the Venus of Milo a study, and the Colossus all three. As the Celestial remarked, our street-cars with no pushee or pullee go like hellee allee samee, and we can boil our kettle without having to split kindling first. But grind our colors as we may, the graves of the dead masters hold their secrets well, and our Cloisssonne and Wedgewood and Doulton connoisseurs would give much could they instill life into the dust and bones of one of the old-time potters and learn of him many things of the oven and clay. We are more clever and more inventive than they who lived and breathed and had their being in the long dead ages. But they were artist colossi in those days and held the muses in reverence most pure.

And if we have lost so much and realize it so thoroughly what of the coming generation? What of the offspring of undermined constitutions returned to us from Cuba and the Philippines? Of neurotic and ailing women? Of the tenement, the slum and the gutter? Summed up, in toto, the outlook is not promising for posterity.

Albany, N. Y., September 27, 1898.

ROOSEVELT, FIGHTER, HUNTER AND OFFICE-HOLDER.

By H. S. Canfield.

It has taken the American people a long time to reach an appreciation of Theodore Roosevelt. He has been in the public eye as writer, politician and officeholder for more than ten years and he has been estimated at his worth only since the storming of Santiago. Because he was an active and outspoken member of the national civil service commission folks distrusted his professions.

The average American is not good enough to look upon a civil service man with liking. A suspicion of hypocrisy has attached to its adherents. It has been called "snivel service." It has been called other things uncomplimentary.

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war, which gave us title to California and the whole of the Rocky Mountain region, excepting Oregon.

The one man directly responsible for this enormous spread of our riches and power was Sam Houston, who has done as much for the collective building up of the Union as any citizen it has ever owned. Justice has not been done him. Judged by the standard of his achievements and the results of those achievements, he was a bigger man than dozens of others who occupy a more prominent place in the national memory. His fame is far inferior to that of his old intimate, Andrew Jackson, yet he did as much for the country, if not more. He was rewarded neither in place nor power. He died poor and his sons are now struggling for a living in various parts of the Southwest. The youngest and ablest, Temple Houston, is a lawyer in Oklahoma.

To those of us who knew Houston and his lifework the utter failure of some people to understand him and to appreciate him is inexplicable. His life was so open and the things he did so patent that there should be no difficulty in placing him where he belongs. Prof. Goldwin Smith, for instance, has written a book called "The United States—An Outline of political History." It is a readable book, but it is unsound and unfair. He is not only hypercritical in his treatment of the South, but is erroneous in his discussion of the period of Texas revolution and annexation. To him the whole of the unique struggle which brought to our country the great southwestern region had no other motive or incentive than the desire of vicious men to perpetuate African slavery. This misunderstanding leads him into three fundamental mistakes. These are:

- (1) That Texas was admitted to the Union after the Mexican war, as a result of that war.
- (2) That Texas revolted against Mexico and became subsequently a part of the United States as the result of an intrigue to add slave territory to the Union.
- (3) That Houston, "An American filibuster and an old comrade of Jackson, with a body of intrusive Americans, had planted himself in Texas, which belonged to Mexico, * * * and, probably, in pursuance of a scheme preconcerted with Jackson, threw himself into the arms of the American Republic, which could not receive him without going to war with Mexico."

The first of these statements is a lapse on the part of the Professor, whose exact knowledge of events would not have permitted it otherwise. The second is strikingly unjust and incorrect, though Professor Smith has only repeated an opinion which, through frequent repetition, has come to be accepted as history outside of Texas. At the period of the revolution against Mexico slavery had no foothold in Texas. The desire to perpetuate slavery was not the motive of a single combatant in the Texan war of independence, nor is there a particle of historical proof to substantiate the contrary assertion. It was an inviting frontier which attracted some adventurers. In the heart of the Americans engaged in the war may have been a natural desire to see the country for which they were fighting attached to the mother flag, but the overwhelming motive for that war was the justifiable desire for freedom from the dictatorial government of the greatest of all Latin-American despots, General Santa Anna. The period of American colonization of this portion of Mexico, and the subsequent struggles with the alien race that governed it, is an epoch of greatest interest, but Professor Smith would as well say that the desire for the annexation of Canada has for basis the perpetuation of slavery. The struggle of the Anglo-Americans against an alien Latin-Indian race was more worthily motivated. Alfred M. Williams, in his "Sam Houston and the War of Independence in Texas," says truly that "The war for the independence of Texas was not in its governing character a filibustering enterprise, whatever may have been the motives and purposes of some of its leaders, but was the result of the oppression and jealousy of the Mexican authorities, compelling resistance, and the conditions which inevitably brought the American colonists into conflict with those of an inferior caliber and alien institutions and habits. It was fought with courage and determination and, on the whole, with practical wisdom, and was creditable to the race as well as to the community."

Professor Smith has not only misunderstood the relations of General Houston to Texas and American history, but has represented the life and actions of this remarkable man in a manner exactly opposite to what they were. Houston's character was so radically unique as to forbid the supposition that he was, or could be, the emissary, or tool, or proselyte, or venal agent of any man—even a man

so strong and so admired as Andrew Jackson. He was unalterably opposed to the extension of slavery and fought secession with all of the rugged strength and bitterness of his nature. The foundations of the annexation of Texas to the United States were laid by the Austins and others before Houston had entered the State, mostly while he was leading a life of besotted self-exile with a semi-savage race of Indians. A man of the widest extremes of character, whose personal habits and bearing vacillated between the dignity and self-importance of an emperor and the vices of a sot, his chief trait was his absolute disregard of the advice of friends, which made him incapable of being the tool of any man.

The part he played in the annexation of Texas was one of patriotism and tact. Few readers of general histories are aware that England and other foreign governments did everything in their power to prevent annexation and made every diplomatic overture to thwart its consummation. Even the German Principalities tried to flood the Republic with their minions in an endeavor to fix upon American soil the feudal system of the Rhine. It was Houston's tact which saved this country from a British border upon the south.

The record of Sam Houston contradicts the assertion that he favored either slavery or secession. His first public appearance in Texas was at the San Felipe convention, where he opposed the slave trade and advocated a policy of conciliation to the liberal party in Mexico, instead of a declaration of absolute independence. He showed a desire to appear, not as a filibuster, but as a revolutionist on constitutional grounds. The gradual revolution advocated by him was as free from any scheme for the perpetuation of slavery as were the revolutions of Juarez or Diaz in later times. When the battle of San Jacinto had resulted in the formation of the Texas Republic, Houston's policy was patriotically American. The Republic was hopelessly bankrupt. It had no money and could not borrow. England, then the standard rival of American territorial extension, had, through Lord Palmerston, made overtures to recognize and maintain Texan independence in the hope of building up a country British in sympathy on the lower frontier of the United States. Houston opposed this, patriotically demanded and labored for annexation to his own land and people, and it was consummated chiefly through his skill and finesse. Had the splendid, drunken, savage, warrior American failed to balk Palmerston, all of the vast territory lying south of the Arkansas and west to the Pacific would, in all probability, be now a separate country. He outwitted such men as Palmerston and Aberdeen, and, instead of merely bringing in more slave land, brought to our flag one-fifth the area of its territory, an area which belonged to us by natural position and which none would now relinquish.

Houston's record in the United States Senate (1846 to 1858) shows that, in defiance of home opinion, he was a bitter opponent of the extension of slave-holding territory. In the teeth of opposition from his section, he voted against every movement tending to that end. He embittered the slavery element by joining Benton in his fight against the extension of slavery into Oregon and maintained that California should be admitted as a free state. He voted also for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia. So prominent was he as an anti-slavery man, that in 1856 New Hampshire urged his nomination as the people's candidate for President. The immediate cause of this was his outspoken opposition to any repeal or modification of the Missouri compromise. In 1860 he was elected Governor of Texas on the Union ticket and was driven from the chair by the secession convention of 1861. He sought the help of Lincoln to keep Texas in the Union, and his last public effort was made at Galveston when the hand of death was already upon him. On that occasion he gave utterance to words that have proved prophetic. They should be permanently a part of the patriotic literature of this country. Even to have given voice to such words at such a time and in such a place evidenced the possession of an unchangeable love of country and an untamable courage.

Sam Houston was not a model of nicety, but he was an American. He was Andrew Jackson's friend and had many of the stern virtues of that rugged statesman. He won that friendship by knightly bravery upon an early battlefield, and he preserved it, together with the respect which true friendship implies, to the day of Jackson's death. Among the winners of the West Houston and the Austins deserve places even above Daniel Boone and John Sevier. The battle which he fought amid the pines

and tangled swamp grasses of Southern Texas on the fateful 21st of April is second in national importance only to Bunker Hill and Gettysburg.

Through the years of his manhood he was a statesman and a patriot, his detractors to the contrary notwithstanding. The picture of him which hangs in the capitol here shows him as I remember him, wearing his wide hat and leopard-skin vest, with his long, heavy staff in his hand—a face of hooked beak and eagle eye and jutting chin; a harsh, rugged, resolute face; a face that stares at us out of history when we read of him on long marches, or heading his cheering legions, or wrestling in the embrace of a painted foe, or gazing unblanched into the muzzle of his enemy's pistol, or sitting stern and reposeful in the Senate chamber at Washington, or, half in shadow, half in the firelight of his tepee, made home for him by his Indian love, or pleading passionately with his people when the storm broke in 1861—the face of a soldier and a man.

Austin, Tex., September 27, 1898.

A TEXAN ARISES IN PROTEST.

A publishing house—Rand & McNally of Chicago—has just inflicted upon a patient and long-suffering public a new punishment for its sins, under the title of "A Maid of the Frontier." The maid is a coy and blushing debutante, fathered by some new novelist who assails the affrighted stars under the name of Canfield. The novelist stages his startling tales in the lurid splendor of Texan scenery and has evidently plagiarized royally from some second-hand bookstore nickel-library counter of Deadly Dick and Ted, the Texan Terror productions of red-fire and bullud illuminations. The Maid is a startling young woman, who wears cowboy hats and sings serenades of le Gallienne order, while she rides around on Mexican saddles and saves her lover from prairie fires and other things that are supposed to grow in Texas. The Maid we might forgive, for Texas is ever kind to the ladies, even though she will not admit the soft impeachment and accept the charge of maternity toward this particularly unique young person. But the male Texans, as word-painted by the aforesaid novelist, will not be accepted in brotherly love by the Lone Star State by a long shot. These swaggering, spurred and high-booted vilyuns, bristling with weapons and armed to the teeth generally, who seem to live on the warpath with a large and widely developed, and likewise chronic, thirst for gore, won't go down. It has been put to vote and unanimously carried that the novelist aforesaid never saw Texas and was born and riz down East on a New Hampshire farm. He has imbibed considerable hard cider through a straw and some ideas from the newspapers that his new jeans came home in, and he is anxious to tell Texans what he doesn't know about Texas, and incidentally set the Thames on fire.

The book is a collection of sketches, more or less blood and thundery, dealing with life around the Rio Grande, "State's Evidence" being a character study decidedly ghoul-like. "How the Good Saint came to Pancho" is still more ghoul-like, while "The Paint Horse of Seven Colors" is an alleged Mexican folk-tale.

In the name of Texas and the Texans I want to protest against this fellow's misrepresentation of an honest, moral and peaceable people. This state has been forty years living down its six-shooter reputation—a reputation given it by irresponsible scribblers who never saw it and never will see it. I would direct the attention of outsiders who may read this embryonic imitation of literature to the fact that every man in Texas does not wander along the highways and byways with a shotgun protruding from each boot and a bowie stuck behind his neck. Not every love affair down here ends in blood, and a corpse or two adorning the roadside. Not every married woman of Texas as is untrue to her spouse, or packs up and leaves him without provocation and merely for the fun of traveling. Men are not shot in this commonwealth for a white-handled six-shooter or the pleasure of seeing them kick. No other state in this Union has so stringent a law against the carrying of concealed weapons or a law that is so stringently enforced. Texas is a community of sober, respectable, hard-working, taxpaying, God-fearing citizens, and not a collection of booted and spurred desperadoes, or married women who ought to be in jail. The "Maid of the Frontier" imbecile should confine himself to exploitation of New Hampshire romance—if there is any romance in New Hampshire.

JOHN T. EMORY.

Dallas, Texas, September 23, 1898.

OTTO VON BISMARCK AND HIS BOSWELL.

By H. S. Canfield.

When a great man dies the outlines of him rapidly lose distinctness. They become blurred and in a little while he is merely a shadowy, impalpable memory. The world knows what he did, but it is unable to remember the manner of man that did. Once in a century or so a painter arises who fixes imperishably the portrait of his subject. Boswell did this for Samuel Johnson. Moritz Busch has done it for Otto von Bismarck. In all the mass of biographies written since the printing press was fashioned these two stand out utterly alone. There is nothing like them anywhere in the wide range of the literatures of the peoples. To have written them has required from the authors not only patience, long association, observation, facility of expression, admiration of and sympathy with the man painted, but self-sacrifice, abnegation, moral courage and a willingness to occupy a questionable place in the minds of the generations to come. To-day Boswell is looked upon as a servile flatterer, a toad-eater, the convenient butt of a great man's humors, one willing to be anything and suffer anything in order to retain the companionship of the worshiped one. It is probable that Dr. Busch will be regarded in that light. Nevertheless he has done a service to humanity. Between the covers of his book breathes and moves and speaks in all the lustiness of his mental and physical vigor the "man of blood and iron"—the giant figure whose shadow looms across the page of history.

"Bismarck: Some Secret Pages of His History," is published by the Macmillan Company in two volumes. Its typographical workmanship is, of course, all that could be asked. No expense has been spared to make it artistically dignified and sound. It is not cluttered with illustrations. There is an absence of uselessly explanatory footnotes. It has been edited with rare skill. It is a strong sober frame for a portrait that is destined to last so long as the German and English languages last. It is an almost complete translation from the original work published only the other day in Berlin. Some passages, it is explained, have been omitted because they were "defamatory." One imagines that these are too frank utterances of Bismarck concerning England's queen. The first volume of the work contains all that was valuable in an earlier publication by Busch, called "Prince Bismarck and His People During the Franco-German War." The second volume takes the reader far into the retirement of the great chancellor. Its close, read now that earth has wrapped the rugged form, is oddly pathetic: "In the meantime, may God protect our dear old master from his new friends—his business friends! Amen!" There was some jealousy in Busch—"Buschlein" (little Busch), as the prince fondly called him. The book is accompanied by a complete and well arranged index. By turning to this index one may find the Bismarckian understanding of any event of importance to the German Empire that has happened within the past quarter of a century.

The opportunities afforded Dr. Busch for the preparation of a work of this character were of the best. In 1870, while living in Leipzig and engaged in literary work, he was called to Berlin and made the confidential agent of the chancellor. It was his duty to write from suggestion, or dictation, articles for the German press, setting forth the imperial policies, defending them, and otherwise placing them in a favorable light before the people. He maintained friendly relations with a number of powerful German dailies and weeklies, and his "copy," he relates, in most instances, passed unquestioned. Many of the articles sent to the composing-rooms were written by Bismarck himself. The editors may, or may not, have suspected whose hand they came from. Busch was thus a sort of sublimated "press agent" for the chancellor. He was intimately associated with him up to the time of his death, and came to have an almost idolatrous faith in him and worship of him. This naïf adoration is one of the most perfect and attractive things about the work. Like Boswell, Busch could see no flaws in the idol. Its feet were not of clay. Even the great man's petulances—sharp expressions acidulated by mental or physical pain and approaching at times perilously close to brutality—were received with a delighted submissiveness. If the little diarist felt hurt he did not show it. Now and then, again like Boswell, he showed a temporary desire to think for himself and to say something that was not inspired, but, once again, like Boswell, he was immediately relegated to

his proper position of listener. The parallel between the English and German chroniclers might be continued indefinitely. They lived in different times, when men had different methods and manners, but they were essentially similar. One of the chief values of the Busch book is to be found in its freshness. The flowers have bloomed but once since Bismarck's death. It is so recent that the German nation has not yet grown accustomed to the thought that he is no longer at Friedrichsruh.

"On the 21st of March, 1891," the author says, "during one of my last visits to Friedrichsruh, the prince—apparently prompted by a notice he had read in the newspapers—remarked: 'Little Busch (Buschlein) will one day, long after my time, write the secret history of our time from the best sources of information.' I answered: 'Yes, prince, but it will not be a history, properly speaking, as I am not capable of that. Nor will it be long after your death—which we naturally pray to be deferred as long as possible—but on the contrary very soon after, without any delay. In these corrupt times the truth cannot be known too soon.' The prince made no answer, but I understood his silence to indicate approval." So far as the first volume, at least, is concerned, it must be understood that Prince Bismarck was really Busch's collaborator. He furnished the material, read the copy, and looked over the proofs with such closeness that he even corrected unimportant typographical errors. Busch's account of this remarkable association is interesting:

"The prince pointed out, in regard to the co-operation which I requested, that if he were to read through and make alterations and occasional additions in the proofs he would be regarded by the public as one of the authors of the book. I overcame his scruples on this head by assuring him that during his lifetime no one, except the publisher, a friend upon whose discretion I could rely, would know that he had permitted and assisted the publication within the limits laid down—not even the printing office, as I would have two proofs sent me, one for him and one for myself, and would reproduce in my own proof any excisions, corrections and additions he might make in his, and only send the former to the printer. On these conditions he agreed to this part of my request." No arrangements were made for the destruction of the proof, read and marked by Bismarck, and Dr. Busch has kept them. In some of them the chancellor has made no corrections at all, in others only a few, while others are scored with markings. Excisions were made, of course, but the part excised was not more than one-fiftieth of the whole. Sometimes short additions would be made to the text.

Bismarck as a collaborator was difficult. Even after the book was practically ready for the press he wished further elisions and emendations. Staring at some sheets spread before him he once said:

"H'm! 'That is boiling thought to rags—mere flatulence.' I know I said that, but everybody must know that it applies to the king (Wilhelm I). And Augusta (wife of Kaiser Wilhelm I) will read the book—carefully underline it for him and comment upon it. Of course I know I had a hard time of it with him at Versailles for whole weeks. I wished to retire, and there was nothing to be done with him. Even now I have often a great deal of trouble with him. One writes an important note or dispatch, revises it, rewrites it six or seven times, and when he comes to see it he adds things that are entirely unsuitable—the very opposite of what one means and wishes to attain—and, what is more, it is not even grammatical. He is always in favor of schemes that will not work and is willful and opinionated in maintaining them. Others, too, in his most intimate entourage, have to suffer from this aggravating peculiarity of his, which he calls conscientiousness. You should see them when they no longer have to deal with him. They look quite changed, just as if they had returned from a holiday."

On this occasion Busch inquired how he stood with the Empress Augusta, and the prince replied: "Just as before. She does what she can against me, and she is not always unsuccessful with the Emperor. She will ultimately drive Falk out of office."

All through this remarkable biography, in fact, whenever the women of the royal household are mentioned, the chancellor is brutally frank in speaking of them. Busch having asked what sort of woman the crown princess (Frederick's wife) was, Bismarck replied:

"She is a clever woman; clever in a womanly way. She is not able to disguise her opinions, at least not always. I have cost her many tears, and she could not conceal how

angry she was with me after the annexations (that is to say, of Schleswig and Hanover). She could hardly bear the sight of me, but that feeling has now somewhat subsided. She once asked me to bring her a glass of water, and as I handed it to her she said to a lady in waiting who sat near and whose name I forget: 'He has cost me as many tears as there is water in this glass.' But that is all over now."

The publication of the book, "Prince Bismarck and His People During the Franco-German War," Bismarck regarded with grave misgiving. He asserted that the comic papers would turn it into ridicule, that the ultramontanes and socialists would make capital out of it against him, and that it would earn its author many enemies. All of this proved true, but the book was a great pecuniary success. Some time after its appearance the prince sent for Busch and asked him: "Well, are you still of the opinion that you have done me a service in this publication?" "Yes, serene highness," was the answer, "with all right-minded and sensible people." "We are not numerous," the chancellor returned. "It must give others the impression that I am a bitter, censorious, envious creature who cannot bear the vicinity of any greatness."

In February, 1879, Bismarck said of Emperor Wilhelm I: "He has lost in energy and intellectual power and has thus become more open to improper influences." Of his probable successor, Crown Prince Frederick, he said: "He is more human, so to speak, more upright and modest. He does not say, 'I have won the battle; I have conducted the campaign,' but 'I know I am incapable of doing it; the chief of my general staff has done it, and he therefore deserves the reward.' The most gracious kaiser (Wilhelm I) thinks differently. He also cannot tell exactly an untruth, but he will have it that he has done everything himself. He likes to be in the foreground. He loves posing and authority. The crown princess (Frederick's wife) for her part is unaffected and sincere, which her mother-in-law (Empress Augusta) is not."

Concerning the signing of the first draft of the treaty between Germany and Austria the chancellor told his confidant that he wished to forestall a possible coalition between Russia, France and Italy. "The Emperor at Vienna," he said, "was strongly in favor of it, but our Emperor was not. He raised really brutal objections. He wished to sacrifice the welfare of the fatherland upon the high altar of his friendship for Russia, although the Russians had been as perfidious and insolent as it was possible for them to be. At that time I may have written, I should say, a thousand pages, but without the slightest result. The thing was at length done, and I believe it will last. The Austrians cannot help themselves now, and, taken altogether, the Emperor Joseph is honest and trustworthy."

Concerning the not infrequent statement that the emperor might in the exercise of his constitutional prerogative call upon the reichstag to meet in some city other than Berlin, Bismarck once said: "It would be as great a mistake to confound the Berliner with the German as the Parisian with the Frenchman. In both countries they represent quite a different people. There are other important considerations in favor of this plan. The independence of members and liberty of speech is better guaranteed in cities of medium size than in a great city of over a million of inhabitants. That was proved in 1848, when the radicals and democrats, who now style themselves the progressist party, had seized power. The mob threatened and indeed besieged those members of parliament whose attitude they disapproved of." Continuing with the statement that away from Berlin the members of the national legislature would not be coerced by the scandal mongering press, the chancellor said: "How many of them have the courage to despise that journalistic rabble? In revolutionary times how many of them would have the courage to hold their ground against intimidation and threats directed against their life and honor? In smaller towns it is much easier to protect them. In the United States Congress does not meet in New York, Philadelphia, St. Louis or Chicago, but in Washington, a town of medium size, which is usually very quiet. The legislative assemblies of the different states also meet in towns of medium size, or, indeed, sometimes in quite small places. The German people have a right to demand that the reichstag should not be Berlinized."

In May, 1885, Emperor Wilhelm I was ill, and it became evident that accession of his successor was near at hand. Bismarck did not know whether or not he would remain

with the new ruler, but he had positive views of the treatment accorded his old master by the women of his family. "They are to blame," he averred, "with their desire to give themselves importance. He was already ill, hoarse, when they talked him over into driving with them to church. And then the grand duchess (of Baden) wants to play the loving daughter before the people, and so she accompanies him when he, like everyone who works a great deal, would prefer to drive out alone; and at the same time she argues with him, even when the wind is in their faces, so that he catches cold if he answers her. As he sits at work, Augusta (the Empress) sticks her head into the room and asks in a caressing voice: 'Do I disturb you?' When he, always gallant in his treatment of ladies, particularly of princesses, replies, 'No,' she comes in and pours out all sorts of insignificant gossip to him, and scarcely has she at last gone away than she is back again, knocking at the door with her 'I am again disturbing you,' and so she again wastes his time chattering. Now that he is ill—you know what his complaint is—she is a real embarrassment and plague to him. She sits there with him and when he wants to be left alone he does not venture to tell her, so that in the end he gets quite red from pain and restraint, and she notices it. That is not love, however, but pure play-acting, conventional care and affection. There is nothing natural about her—everything is artificial, inwardly as well as outwardly."

Of his continuance as holder of the prime minister's portfolio after the accession of Frederick, the prince said: "There are many arguments against it and many also in favor of it, but at present I am more disposed to go and have no share in his experiments. What if I were not to have a free hand—to have colleagues like Forckenbeck and George Bunsen and ceaseless worries with them? Besides there is the coregency of the crown princess, who influences and completely governs him. Yet what will the result be if I leave them to themselves? The entire position of the Empire depends upon the confidence which I have inspired abroad. In France, for instance, where their attitude is based entirely and exclusively upon the faith which they have in my word. The King of the Belgians said recently that a written and signed contract would do less to put his mind at ease than a verbal assurance from me that such and such a course would be followed. It is the same with Russia, where the Emperor trusts entirely to me. At Dantzic the Russian Empress—the Danish Princess—said to me: 'Our whole confidence rests upon you. We know you tell the plain truth and perform what you promise.'" In these quotations is the chancellor's recognition of the value of his peculiar system of diplomacy, which consisted in telling the truth all of the time, and his pride in its results. As all the world has known for long, he decided to remain with Wilhelm's son and give to him the benefit of his experience; wonderful brain and gigantic capacity for labor.

Here is a characteristic bit from the chancellor's talk. The sentences were uttered just before Frederick's accession: "As to what you say about my work, it looks great, but after all it is of the earth and transient. Besides, what is the meaning of 'great?' Germany is great, but the earth is greater, and how small is the earth in comparison with the solar system, to say nothing of the whole universe. And how long will it last?"

Busch quoted Hesel to the effect that the earth was the sole planet having an intellectual life and history. Bismarck said: "Yes, because it was upon the earth that he philosophized. Certainly there are worlds where things of much greater importance are thought and done. But that is the way of these professors; they speak as if they knew everything. Undoubtedly they know a great deal in their own sciences, but even there they are ignorant of the real root of things; to say nothing of other matters. They go as far as the cell, but what causes the cell?"

Speaking of the illness of Frederick, even before he mounted the throne for his short reign, and referring to the popular rumor that the heir apparent had a polypus in his throat, the chancellor said: "It would be no wonder if he did not recover. She (the crown princess) never allows him to have more than eleven degrees (Reaumur) of warmth in his room, and obliged him at Ems to go into the cold and windy mountain districts and to cross the Rhine in storm and rain."

Bismarck's trouble with the new empress came mainly from his opposition to the marriage of her daughter, Victoria, to Alexander of Battenberg. He was sustained by Emperor Frederick, but the empress hated him cordially.

He had previously said of this royal lady and of her mother-in-law, the Empress Augusta, that they were not German at all, but English to the backbone.

Of the proposed marriage he remarked: "I have latterly been worried by the people at Charlottenburg—by the women. The doctors insist that I should go to the country, but I cannot leave, for who knows what they would do when my back is turned—the women who want to have a share in the government—the English women? The old queen (Victoria of England) is fond of match-making, like all old women, and she may have selected Prince Alexander for her granddaughter because he is a brother of her son-in-law, the husband of her favorite daughter, Beatrice. But obviously her main objects are political—a permanent estrangement between us and Russia—and if she were to come here for the princess' birthday there would be the greatest danger in the world that she would get her way. In family matters she is not accustomed to contradiction, and would bring the parson in her traveling bag and the bridegroom in her trunk, and the marriage would come off at once. Probably the Battenbergs, too, would have been here by this time if I had not stepped in, for they are in a mighty hurry over there in London." Bismarck admitted that Alexander was a handsome man, but averred that the young princess could be induced to accept anyone who was manly, "such was her disposition."

As things eventuated, the chancellor misunderstood Queen Victoria's earnestness in the matter. As Bismarck's private secretary described it to Busch: "Grandmamma behaved quite sensibly at Charlottenburg. She declared the attitude of the chief (Bismarck) in the Battenberg marriage scheme to be quite correct and urged her daughter (the Empress Frederick) to change her ways."

The old chancellor was at first immensely pleased with the behavior of Wilhelm II, but soon assumed toward him the same attitude of criticism which had marked his connection with Wilhelm I and with Frederick. He was as loyal and earnest in his service, however, and continued to manifest his unshakable devotion to the dynasty. Speaking once of some of young Wilhelm's flamboyant utterances, he said: "After all, that was a little too much of a good thing when he said 'If at last the whole nation lies hushed in the silence of death.' If every German soldier and civilian were dead, what significance could the independence and inviolability of Germany still have? But that is youthful vivacity, which time will correct. Better too much, than too little fire."

On March 15, 1890, Busch received a request to call on the chancellor. He found the old man surrounded by a litter of papers. He was asked to classify letters which were historically important, and were to be sent to Friedrichsruh. The chancellor said: "I now want to write my memoirs, and you can help me with them. That means I am going to retire. You see, I am already packing. My papers are going to be sent off immediately, for if they remain here much longer it will end in his seizing them. I cannot stand him any longer. He wants to know even those whom I see and has spies set to watch those who come in and go out. For that reason I do not well see how I am to get the papers away."

On the next day Bismarck said: "I thought he (Wilhelm) would be thankful if I remained with him a few years, but I find that, on the contrary, he is simply longing with his whole heart to be rid of me in order that he may govern alone—with his own genius—and be able to cover himself with glory. He does not want the old mentor any longer, but only docile tools. But I cannot make genuflections, nor crouch under the table like a dog. He wants to break with Russia, and yet he has not the courage to demand the increase of the army from the liberals in the reichstag. I have succeeded in winning their confidence at St. Petersburg and obtain proofs of it every day. Their Emperor is guided by my wishes in what he does and does not do. What will they think there now? And also other expectations which I cannot fulfill, together with the intrigues of courtiers, rudeness and spying, watching with whom I hold intercourse. My retirement is certain. I cannot tack on as a tail to my career the failures of arbitrary and inexperienced self-conceit, for which I should be responsible."

Long afterward, talking to Busch at Friedrichsruh about the memoirs he had intended and not completed, Bismarck said: "Ever since 1847 I have constantly represented the monarchical principle and held it aloft like a banner. Now I have seen three kings in a state of nakedness, and fre-

quently these three exalted gentlemen did not make altogether a good show. Still, it would not do to say that openly before the world—it would be inconsistent—opposed to principle." Herein, probably, we have the explanation of why the Iron Chancellor did not write his memoirs. His other declaration to Busch, that he did not write because he had no papers and could not remember details, had an element of humor in it. He had tons of papers and a phenomenal memory.

It should be said that the Busch book is largely a diary. In fact, nearly all of it is diary except the excerpts from his two previous works, "Prince Bismarck and His People During the Franco-German War" and "Our Chancellor," which was published in 1884. In proof that Bismarck authorized the publication of the diary as a whole Dr. Busch submits a letter dated at Varzin, September 14, 1891: "I have received your letter and will willingly accede to your wish that I should, before its publication, look through the work which you have arranged to write. I cannot as yet, however, place what I have myself written and dictated at your disposal. It is not possible at the present to publish any part of it, either directly or indirectly. Even if made public in an indirect way its accuracy would be questioned, and I should be challenged to produce my proofs. I should be glad to receive a short provisional communication, either written or verbal, as to the plan and contents of the work." If Bismarck ever made another reference to the matter it is not stated. There is, however, abundant interior evidence that he expected the publication of the diary and approved of it.

Bismarck was a many-sided man. The range of his information and the interest he took in matters the most diverse were phenomenal. He was utterly frank and said things that were not much to his credit as freely as he recited other happenings. For instance, he told his confidant of a woman coming to him during the invasion of France. She complained that her husband had been arrested for threatening a grenadier with a spade. Bismarck listened to her appeal with an appearance of kindest interest. When she had finished with an indignant request for the man's release, he beamed upon her and said: "My dear woman, I have not the slightest hesitancy in telling you that your husband will shortly be hanged." This assurance he accompanied with a suggestive drawing of his finger around his throat.

He said once that when at the university he had been kept out of a revolutionary society of students only because they frowned upon beer drinkers and duelists. Beer drinking and dueling were a large part of his university regimen. Talking to Busch of doctors and how nature many times comes to its own assistance, he said: "I was once with a shooting party for two days at the Duke of —'s. I was thoroughly out of sorts. Even the two days' shooting and fresh air did me no good. On the third day I visited the cuirassiers at Brandenburg, who had received a new cup. I was to be the first one to drink out of it, thus dedicating it, and then it was to go the round of the table. It held nearly a bottle (quart). I made my speech, however, drank and set it down empty, to the great surprise of the officers, who had but a poor opinion of mere quill drivers. That was the result of my Gottingen training. And strangely, or perhaps naturally enough, it set me all right again.

"On another occasion, when I was shooting at Letzlingen, in the time of Frederick William IV, the guests were asked to drink from an old puzzle-goblet. It was a stag's horn, which contained about three-quarters of a bottle of wine, and was so made that one could not bring it close to the lips, yet one was not allowed to spill a drop. I took it and drank it off at a draught, although it was very cold champagne, and not a single drop fell upon my white waistcoat. Everybody was immensely surprised, but I said: 'Give me another!' The king, however, who evidently did not appreciate my success, called out: 'No! No more!' Such tricks were formerly an indispensable part of the diplomat's trade. They drank the weaker vessels under the table, wormed all they wanted to know out of them, made them agree to things which were contrary to their instructions or for which at least they had no authority. Then they were compelled to put their signature at once, and afterward, when they got sober, they could not imagine how they had done it."

The anecdotes and conversations here given have been selected practically at haphazard. It has been the intent merely to give an impression of the character of the whole. To understand properly and to appreciate one of the most

remarkable products that ever came from any press it is necessary to read it, not once, but many times. Its chief value comes from the fact that through it all the figure of the chancellor rises in the vividness of life, stern, dominant, irritable, jovial, kindly, brutal, vain, modest, terribly strong, a man without a counterpart in all history, the chief diplomat of his century, the founder of the German Empire, the very incarnation of its aggressiveness, stolidness, cohesiveness, solidity, craft and enterprise. It matters nothing at all that Busch be called Boswell, and flunkey, and retailer of scandal and gossip and fishy anecdote. It is Bismarck whom the world wishes to see; Bismarck the man, the statesman, the citizen, the potentate, about whom the people are curious—and Bismarck is before them.—Chicago Times-Herald.



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