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TALKERS AND TALKING.

(Address which Mr. Brann was to have delivered to the New Orleans Press Club).

Ladies and Gentlemen—Members of the Press Club: If it be true that brevity is the soul of wit I may fairly hope to win your favor; for I propose to "blue pencil" myself, to condense, to "boil down." Instead of making a page "spread," with war headlines and chalk photo illustrations, I shall confine myself to about half-a-column and put it in nonpareil. Talking makes me very tired. And I may add that it usually has a like effect upon my listeners. It is not good form, I'm told, to "talk shop" at a social function, but I have an unhappy predilection for doing the wrong thing in the right place. I propose to talk to you a few minutes about talkers. No, I'm not alluding to the ladies. I refer to people who stand up, as I am doing now, and carry on a single-handed conversation—people who spend an hour beforehand wondering what to say, and a week afterwards wishing they hadn't said it. In this connection I have a criticism to offer of newspaper critics—have a gentle seal-brown roast on the copy-hook for my fellow craftsmen.

Few newspaper men seem to appreciate the difficulties under which a public speaker labors—the critic is quite apt to be either rankly eulogistic or flagrantly unjust. Hearing a speaker for the first time, he coolly proceeds to estimate his mental calibre and take his oratorical measure; yet he would not think of determining a man's journalistic ability by reading a single article, for he knows that the veriest bungler may make one happy hit, while a Dana or a Greeley will occasionally "pi" his premises and tie a double bow-knot in his sequence—that the ablest of editors will occasionally write an article that's awkward as a dodo and idealess as an oyster. The daily newspaper man, whether juvenile reporter or lord of the leaded page, is frequently compelled to work under terrific pressure. About 12 o'clock p. m. the city editor puts on his Nessus' shirt and proceeds to agonize, the night editor begins to sweat blood, and the foreman shuffles off his perch in the "buzzard roost" and paddles into the "brainery" to ask, with a Machiavellian sneer, whether he's expected to get out the morning paper or an annual almanac. Tortured by these intolerable Pharisees, the scribes proceed to grab the English language by either end and tear it in twain, feeding fragments thereof on the installment plan to the copy fiend and wondering in a vague tired way what in blue blazes it's all about. And the chances are that after reading their stuff in the paper next day they have to hang onto the bromo-seltzer bottle to keep from jumping off the bridge. A man writing under such conditions will sometimes mount the empyrean, for Pegasus is an indolent animal and requires the spur; but much of his work is ill-considered and crude. But the pressure under which the newspaper man sometimes works is to that under which the public speaker always labors as the bashful caress of a debutante to the Ella Wheeler Wilcox hug of a Polar bear. The speaker is editor, compositor and pressman all combined, and if this trinity in unity gets tangled up with itself for one blessed minute the whole edition goes "bump."

Now mark you, brothers mine, I am not pleading for toleration of my own multitudinous mistakes; I am simply

calling attention to a common error of the craft. I have become so used to "roast" that pastry gives me dyspepsia. My wife has a scrap-book made of all the good things that have been said about me and I have one made of all the bad things that have been said about me. Hers is about the size of an old-fashioned blue-back speller, but we have to employ a block-and-tackle to move mine. "So persecuted they the prophets." It has been made so hot for me here that I'll need an arctic overcoat in the hereafter.

But seriously, I lay it down as an infallible rule that the man who writes no insufferable rubbish never writes anything really worth the reading; that the orator who makes no poor speeches never makes a great one. Mediocrity pursues the even tenor of its way—is always mediocre. It neither rises very high nor sinks very low—it is always safe; but genius vibrates between hades and heaven, touches both the zenith and the nadir of the intellectual universe. The muses do not come at every call; the gods turn their faces but seldom to earth's unhappy sons; the bow of Apollo is not always bent—only once in a long years does the shining shaft leap from the quivering cord. The fame of most orators rests upon one or two great efforts. An epoch-marking oration requires both the man and the occasion; yet we hear a Bryan address a lot of farmers at a country fair, and, because he fails to set the woods aflame, we advise our readers that "he has been greatly over-estimated as an orator." We expect him to fly a kite without an atmosphere, to sail proud argosies upon a painted ocean, to give us the glorious pomp and circumstance of war in a period of profound peace. We expect Antony to supply a new edition of his Caesarean oration every time he staggers to his feet at Cleopatra's banquet board, and Webster to reply to Hayne whenever he comes before a jury to defend a man who has stolen a forty-dollar mule.

I'm not a professional "barker"—I'm by trade a copy-builder. My thoughts flow easier from the nib of a goose-quill pen than from the point of a jawbone. I like to break off in the middle of a discourse and go out and see a man. I want time to look up data and take a sly glance at the dictionary—to turn the stylus, erase and interline; to be sure that my conclusions correlate with my premises. I take great comfort in the sanctum, with a corn-cob pipe on my imitation mahogany desk and a pitcher of cold tea on the side-board—in close communion with a breech-loading shotgun slugged for Baptists, and a muzzle-loading bulldog with an abnormal appetite for bores; but the rostrum is a weariness to the flesh, an aggravation to the soul. While but an awkward amateur in the esoteric art of thinking upon my feet and filtering my lucubrations through my lungs. I know that like electricity and love, oratory is a something anent which nothing can be known. Bryan's great Chicago speech will not stand the crucial test of cold type; yet it is said to have cost the bonded interest and tariff beneficiaries millions of dollars to turn it down. It rang on the ears of the common people like a bugle-call—made the great heart of the world to beat like trumpets blown for war.

Four years previously, in the same place, Bourke Cochran furnished even a grander example of the matchless power of eloquence. Bryan aroused to the highest pitch of enthusiasm an audience in sympathy with himself; Cochran dominated a mighty multitude that was not only tired of oratory and restless, but rankly antagonistic. Bryan addressed sane people anxious to hear him, Cochran compelled a half-riotous mob to listen to him after it had done its best to howl him down. All day long it had been twisting the tail of the tiger. In every battle it had triumphed gloriously by sheer force of numbers, and was full to the muzzle with native impudence, reeling with enthusiasm, imported and otherwise. The hour was late, the night sultry, and it wanted to sing "Four more years of Grover," yoop like a drunken Piute and go lick a policeman. All evening it had been drowning even the bawling

of Cleveland eulogists with its unbridled Bedlam; yet in that confusion worse confounded Cochran arose to plead the cause of Tammany, to rub a little Balm of Gilead on the trampled tiger. It was then that the delegates, sent by the Democratic party to represent its manhood at the national convention, displayed their chivalry. They brutally insulted Cochran because he was not a devout worshipper at the shrine of Cleveland. They howled, sang, danced, and conducted themselves as men might be expected to who were idiotic enough to nominate an intellectual tomtit for the most exalted office on the earth. Cochran waited until they had worn their foul lungs to a frazzle and could only gasp; then his powerful voice rung across the mighty auditorium like the sullen roar of a siege gun. A great hush fell upon the assembly—the half-drunk hoodlums sank shame-faced into their seats. They had found a master and were compelled to sit silent and digest their spleen while he laid on the lash—to see the sawdust kicked out of their joss and make no sign. It was one man vs. 20,000—and the many-headed monster had to take its medicine. Many a better oration, from the standpoint of the critic, is delivered every day; but I doubt if in all America there was another man who could have dominated that mob. Eloquence, like poetry, is not abject slave to the "unities." A man may be both a vigorous thinker and accomplished elocutionist and still be no orator—may lack that strange and undefinable power which newspaper critics so persistently ignore, yet by means of which men sway the multitude as the moon compels the waters of the sea, as the winds of heaven bend the mountain pines.

Many editors have advanced the peculiar idea that the printing press is destined to relegate oratory to the lost arts, because by its aid those with a message to mankind can reach infinitely larger audiences. That is another grave mistake of the "public opinion moulders." We are not satisfied with reading beautiful verses—we insist that Patti "lend to the charm of the poet the music of her voice." For a few pence we may purchase Ingersoll's grandest oration; but reading it only makes us long the more to hear it flow like a Grecian epic from his lips of gold. Like poetry and song, and all other blossoms of civilization, eloquence is but made the more popular by the press.

What is eloquence? Unfortunately, I am unable to illustrate—to furnish an example; but I am not obligated to build any rainbows because I talk about 'em sometimes. True eloquence is the most precious gift of the immortal gods. It is the perfume of the jasmine bud and the languor of the lotos. It is life's sunshine and its hopeless defeat. It is deep calling unto deep, the song of the morning stars, the language of the soul. It is all of love and hate, of poetry and of passion, of rejoicing and regret. It rings in the trumpet's blast, throbs in the mother's lullaby and glistens in the lover's tears. It is at once Golgotha and Grove of Daphne, Gethsemane and the Garden of Gul—the highest heaven and the deepest hell. Sometimes it casts a Circean spell upon the souls of men, and again it binds the great round earth every way "with gold chains about the feet of God." Its potent charm, its wondrous power, will survive even the printing press, that wonder-worker of the modern world—will live, "as long as the heart knows passion, as long as life has woes."

OUR WONDROUS "BOARDS OF STRATEGY."

The American people should learn one lesson from the present trouble: The "Strategy Board," whether naval or military, is an unmitigated sham and a nuisance of 8000-horse power. It was proven so, to the woe of the North, in the struggles of the sixties. It harrowed the souls of the generals. It drove Lincoln to the borders of insanity. It drove Grant to drink. From the inception of that memorable struggle to its pathetic close the "Strategy Board" was the concentration of assinnity and the incarnation of dampfoolishness.

No photographer has had the nerve to attempt a composite negative of our present boards. For reasons of humanity, the camera men have let them alone. Any one, however, who has seen a print of Balaam and his talkative companion knows what the picture would look like. It would look like the companion. The "Strategy Boards" pulled themselves together when Polo was handed his passports. They said to themselves that their opportunity had come. Surrounded by maps, models of battleships, globes, astrolabes, compasses, blank paper, lead pencils, algebraic formulae, trigonometrical calculations, barometers, ane-

mometers, thermometers, ballistic statistics, hospital reports, pipes, tobacco, matches, spoons, sugar, glasses and anything else they could beg, borrow, steal or make requisition for, they set to work to fight and win on paper. There was money in the strong-box with which to pay for telegrams and they were happy. From that time until the present they have kept the wires hot instructing men who have forgotten more about war than they have the capacity to learn in a thousand years. Their lengthy probosces have been inserted into everybody's business. They instructed Dewey before the battle of Manila and, when he had acted with a fine disregard of their maunderings, they instructed him afterward. They cabled Sampson five times a day that Cervera was off Havana and, when the Spaniard was corked into Santiago, they demonstrated to the satisfaction of themselves that they had known it all along. They have wired Schley just when, where and how to strike, and that seasoned warrior has used the telegrams for recondite purposes when other paper ran short. They have ordered Shafter to go back and go forward and sidestep and duck, and the general commanding has sworn until the tent-sides bulged out like a balloon and longed for the "Boards of Strategy" that he might plant them in front of the Spanish trenches and prod them forward with bayonets. They have filled the Washington correspondents with guff until their jackal sides swelled to the bursting point, and they rushed to the Western Union deadfall and wired the Golham press that the "Strategy Boards" were the entire thing. Meanwhile the men in the field have gone ahead, killing people and getting killed, and winning a mile or so of ground, and fighting as only the roused Anglo-Saxon fights, and bringing the war to a close. The men on the sea, prayerfully muttering, "To hell with the boards," have accomplished a series of feats without parallel in the naval history of the world.

It was mathematically demonstrated by the naval board that Dewey could not sail over submarine mines and blow Montojo's squadron off the world without losing a man, but he did it. It was mathematically demonstrated by the military board that Shafter could not storm the strongholds of Santiago in the face of a breech-loading fire and march his men up the hills as steadily as if on dress parade, but he did it. It was demonstrated by the naval board that a phantom Spanish fleet, of which nobody had ever heard a word, patrolled the coasts of Cuba to the imminent peril of any American fishing smack which left Key West five miles astern. It was demonstrated by the military board that the possession of Santiago was of supreme importance to us, whereas we have as much use for it as a hog has for eleven legs, and both Miles and Shafter have said so repeatedly.

All of these things the "Boards of Strategy" have done. Things like them they are doing and will continue to do until the end of the ruction. When that time comes; when Spain beaten and humiliated has sued for and obtained peace; when the mists of the firing have joined the cloud-mists above and the stench of the corpses no longer hangs blanket-like upon the air; when all of the brigadiers have been made major generals and all of the colonels have been made brigadiers; when Majahs Julian and Dickinson and Reedy, of Mizoorah, have been advanced thirty-six numbers each and the swart irrestrainable maids of Cuba have borne them away to a month or so of languorous dalliance; when Johnny comes marching home and the pension agents are getting in their work, the most dizzily happy beings on earth will be the members of the "Boards of Strategy," for in them will be the chest-inflating knowledge that they have been the whole push.

SOUTHERN METHODIST SCANDAL.

There is a royal legal row on in the Methodist Episcopal Church South, the storm center of which seems to be located at Nashville, Tenn., although its cyclonic skirts reach out all over the South. The story was told in last month's Iconoclast and need here only be summarized. When the Yankees entered the city of Nashville they occupied a printing office for a time which belonged to the Methodist Episcopal Church South. The building and property were worth perhaps \$75,000. Several years afterwards a claim for \$225,000 was filed which, with interest, amounted to \$288,000, and this was paid recently. When the money had been paid over some of the sage senators discovered that they had been misled by lobbyists and lying agents of the church and the explosion followed with which the country is familiar.

There is a lot of choice and juicy history connected with

this case that has never been printed and is not likely to be very soon because the church is very powerful. There is much connected with the case with which thousands of sincere laymen in the church are unfamiliar. Grand, good, noble souls are these thousands and in their interest and in the interest of good morals the Iconoclast will give the truth—not the whole truth, for that were impossible, but nothing but the truth as far as we go.

The Methodist church, North and South, is ruled by politicians and these politicians will be dealt with as an abstract entity, separate and apart from the church and its great body of members.

The politicians in the Methodist church brought on the late civil war. It might have come any way, possibly would have come, but the exhorter and pulpiteer hastened it.

After bringing about the war and a decade after the war was over, the Methodist politicians suddenly discovered that they were non-combatants, followers of the prince of peace, and that therefore the damage to their property while occupied by the Federals—\$20,000 would be a liberal estimate—should be paid. They filed a claim and besieged every Congress for twenty-five years without result.

Meantime the publishing house grew. It was the Methodist Vatican and Quirinal combined. It was the political Methodists' Propaganda, Bank of England, earthly paradise. It ruled the roost. Made and unmade bishops and preachers. Made and unmade politicians in the larger lay world.

The Publishing House printed Bibles, hymnals, Sunday school literature, religious stories, and all manner of printed matter which it sold as best it could. Its favorite way was the padrone system, such as is in vogue on the streets of Chicago, among the newsboys. The Publishing House, or, rather, the book committee, which was the imperium in imperio, made a peon of every preacher whether he was a circuit rider or the pastor of a local church. Each had to sell so many books and turn in so much money. Success in turning in cash won the favor of the book committee and opened the door to advancement. Failure to turn in money meant obscurity, or a retirement from the ministry to farm, teach school or practice law. The book committee was exacting, absolutely despotic. It had every one hacked. It was the idol before which every one bowed, the goal of every one's ambition, the bright star of hope, that cast its beams far out into the darkness of remote recesses. When the circuit rider with passionate voice sang "Over There," he meant the Publishing House; when he sang "Rock of Ages," he meant the white limestone of Nashville; when he sang "Nearer My God to Thee," he felt himself being carried on the wings of the wind towards the book committee. The patronage of the book committee was enormous. Every school, college, church or other institution that had a soft berth to give away was controlled by the book committee. Even the Episcopal appointments gravely read out by the bishops were but a transcript of a "slate" prepared by this all-powerful organization. Hundreds of thousands of dollars were handled; the graft was great.

All who desired them could not find fat places and of course there were "outs" as well as "ins." The outs were impotently numerous and active; the ins were wary, well fortified and powerful. Dr. Barbee was one of the ins and for a number of years the bell-wether of the flock. The doctor was a man of God, pious, eloquent, insinuating, and with an eye to business. Brother Smith blew into Nashville some years ago on his uppers. He took in the situation at once and became ultra-pious. He wasn't a preacher but he was a shrewd talker and before you could say Jack Robinson he had a Sunday school class and from there it was only one jump into the superintendency of the school, a position which he still holds. Brother Smith could sing like a thrush and cry real tears when reflecting on the wickedness of the world. He was soon cheek by jowl with Dr. Barbee and both were appointed agents of the book committee. They looked upon this luscious plum hung up in Congress and pronounced it good. They strove to reach it and scored a succession of failures. They wanted the money of God, but Congress would not pay it. Then they bethought themselves. Among the brethren was one E. B. Stahlman. This suave and unctious individual came to Nashville at the close of the war. He was not engaged in any occupation. He attached himself to the church, the flash church of the organization, and he was a regular attendant. As Brother Stahlman moved down the aisle on a Sunday morning a nimbus of glory encircled his head and an oleaginous sanctity oozed out of the pores of his skin and glorified his face. He was a saint, uncannonized, it is true, but a saint awaiting tardy recognition. He

toiled not neither did he spin but he was always arrayed in modest elegance. For a quarter of a century his business was to debauch legislatures in the interest of the Louisville and Nashville railroad. Stahlman, with his railroad passes, and Manny Schwab, a wholesale liquor dealer, with his whisky, controlled all legislation. Every disreputable defeat of a deserving measure could be traced to this pair. For a legislator to be seen in the company of either meant, in public estimation, that he was degraded and that his integrity was deflowered. Manny Schwab kept away from the synagogue but Stahlman clung with admirable tenacity to the church. He could debauch a legislature on Saturday morning and on Sunday morning appear in church beaming beatitudes. He was known as the most unscrupulous and successful lobbyist in the country and he had that valuable faculty of making the railroads believe that he accomplished much more than he did—not an unusual trait among this class of cattle.

Brother Stahlman was appealed to by the agents of the church, Messrs. Barbee and Smith. He knew the ropes and God wanted the money and he—unscrupulous Jesuit that he was—knew how to utilize satanic resources in order to serve Omnipotence. He was a loyal son of the church and he had his weather eye skinned for Stahlman at the same time. He secured a contract, signed and sealed, and by expending \$30,000 to \$40,000, according to the saintly Barbee and Smith, he corralled the coin and pocketing his "bit" which amounted to \$100,800, turned the balance over to God, or to his authorized vice-gerents, Messrs. Barbee and Smith. Stahlman lied in lobbying for the money. It was a good and a profitable lie and he has lied out of it. Barbee and Smith wrote and telegraphed lies, admitted that they did so—they were cornered and couldn't get out of it—and they attempted to justify their course by claiming that they were under the impression that Senator Bate needed the lie in his business to use as leverage in "prizing" the money out of Uncle Sam's Coffers. All this appears in the Congressional Record.

Not long ago the book committee of the church met in Nashville and prepared a statement purporting to give all the correspondence. The statement is a fraud. It does not give the correspondence. It garbles and suppresses. It does not give the inquiries sent out from Washington asking if "40 per cent or any other sum is to be paid to lobbyists." It refers to Stahlman as an "attorney." He was never before accused of being an attorney. He has never practiced law. He has been known as a professional lobbyist ever since he reached the state. He has no law office and he has never had a law case. It is a white-washing business from first to last and the agents are exonerated from any attempt to wilfully mislead members of Congress. All the members of the book committee have signed the report. Three of them attended the hearing in Washington and tried to bulldoze senators and stifle the investigation. They had lawyers of every political faith to work on the grave and venerable senators. In spite of it all they have printed enough to show that their agents employed an unscrupulous lobbyist; that this lobbyist lied to senators and members of Congress; that their agents, good and holy men, wrote misleading and dissimulating telegrams; that their agents, good and holy men, wrote lying letters and telegrams. It is included in the statement that the agents who employed Stahlman told him to be good and not bring disgrace upon the church. They told him, however, to collect the money, because it was God's money and should be paid. Good Brother Stahlman winked the other eye and thought of champagne, terrapin, cigars and other Washington delicacies. He collected the money. About disgracing the church there is some division of sentiment. Nine bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church South read the report of the book committee. The bishops could not swallow the dose, and while reaffirming the justice of the claim declared that "the church cannot afford to accept it as a gratuity or on conditions that reflect upon its honor. Inasmuch, therefore, as some senators have affirmed on the floor of the Senate, that they were induced to support the claim by misleading statements on the part of the representatives of the church—statements, however, which did not affect the merits of our claim—we hereby give this assurance: that if the Senate, by affirmative action declares that the passage of the bill was due to such misleading statements, we will take the proper steps to have the entire amount returned to the government." The Senate, of course, will not say it was misled. Only a few members were misled.

But the outs are up in arms. They are not only hungry

but they have the right side of the controversy and the people will be with them. The crowd that has ruled with a rod of steel so long; the crowd that has been so arrogant, so despotic, so selfish, so exclusive and aristocratic, has been caught in a case of plain lying and the hoi polloi will now have its inning and the hair will fly.

The money is now on hand and there will be a scramble for the boodle. To get the ins out and the outs in will require the discrediting of the agents, Barbee and Smith, and the book committee that has whitewashed them.

Meantime Brother Stahlman attends McKendree church, drops hard money into the contribution box, looks saintly and felicitates himself on possessing more of God's money than any other man on earth.

IT IS A DEMOCRATIC WAR.

It is evident that the managers of the party of bigotry, violence and fraud do not wish the war to cease until after the fall Congressional elections. It is their intent to delude the people into the belief that this is a holy war wrought by holy Republicanism. There was a time in our history when this would have been possible. Newspapers were scarce. Even the weeklies found their way into few homes. The people was not a reading people. It was not informed. It did not understand government. A Congressman was a superior being whose acts were above the criticism of the ordinary mortal. Things done at Washington were all right, whether they were right or wrong. The president was a demigod. The ministers were only a half-degree lower than the archangels. That time has passed. Few of our noted men are great men, and the proletariat knows it. The daily paper invades ten million homes at daylight. It tells people the things that were done on the day before. It discusses them. There are few more corrupt things in this world than the American press, but of the value of its work as an educator of the commoners there can be no measure. The consequence of its ceaseless ministrations is that the voter of Oregon now knows William McKinley as well as the voter of Louisiana knows him, and they both know him as well as the voter of Ohio knows him. The acts of Congressmen—their legislative acts—are laid bare to the public vision. They are weighed each day and each day they are found wanting in greater or less particulars. Lincoln's maxim must be changed to fit the modern conditions. It is no longer possible to fool all of the people some of the time. The leaven of the press works in an unmythical way its wonders to perform. Even the dough-brain is permeated by it and "rises" into something like lightness.

There is not an act in the preparation for and the declaration of this war with which the people have not been made acquainted. Their memories are short, but they are longer than a few months. They remember that the opposition to the war came almost wholly from the moneyed men of the East who, with scarcely an exception, are members of the Republican party. They remember that for weeks these men had their personal representatives at Washington doing everything within their compass, legitimate and illegitimate, to prevent war. They remember the cowardly cry against avenging the national honor that went up from the "business interests." They remember that those "business interests" sent delegation after delegation to the White House urging the president to "stand firm." They know that dozens of leading millionaires, every one of whom was a Republican, published and paid for "interview" after "interview" in the press declaring that we had no cause for war and beseeching the outraged American nation to "keep cool and wait"—to "keep cool and wait" while the corpses of 266 murdered American sailors rotted in Cuban soil or rocked in the slow-swinging seas of the western tropics. They remember that "Dr." Chauncey Depew and his fellow jack-rabbits wailed over the prospective severance of friendly relations with our frank, kindly, chivalrous, peaceable, loving and lovable neighbor. They remember that, time and again, the Democratic members of the Senate and House of Representatives endeavored to force an instantaneous declaration of war in the hope that hostilities might begin before the deadly rainy season in the Antilles. They remember that these attempts were defeated by administration-truckling Republican Congressmen, headed by that venerable bearded semi-goat semi-ass, Grosvenor of Ohio. They remember that, maddened at last by the deep-voiced threats of their Republican constituents, even Republican Congressmen forsook the Republican administration and joined with the Democrats in pitchforking William McKin-

ley into a combat absolutely necessary to the preservation of our integrity as a nation. They remember that the delay in the invasion of Cuba, which means the sacrifice of thousands of valuable lives, is due directly to the delay in beginning hostilities. They remember that war was not begun until the Maine sailors had been dead men for more than two months, and that for this infernal fact a cowardly executive and his Republican money-hugging friends are responsible.

The people remember these things and many more—the McCook bond syndicate scandal, the president's personal arguments for peace, the criminal incompetency of the secretary of war, for which he should now occupy a cell in a federal penitentiary. Why, at this moment, nearly six months after the destruction of the Maine and three and a half months after the war declaration was flashed around the world, thousands of our troops in Cuba are without blankets or shelter from the rain, are ragged, hatless, shoeless, medicineless! Yea, these things be fixed in the memory of the American voter and Republican campaign managers will have a hard time digging them up or uprooting them. It is a good war, now that it is under way, and it is a Democratic war.

A GAY ARMY CHAPLAIN.

On the 13th day of the month of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight, the Second Tennessee regiment, Colonel Kellar Anderson commanding, and stationed near Washington, at Camp Alger, Va., found itself without official spiritual consolation and any praying that was done had to be done in guerilla fashion, each one for himself and the devil take the hindmost. The reason of this was that Chaplain Harris, the official Grace-of-God purveyor, was not present, was preparing to "resign," and hereby hangs a tale. Harris was on a drunk.

Chaplain Harris is a finely built man, full of life and vitality, popular with the sisters, and a power at a camp meeting. He is one of that class of young men—not a small class in this country—who are too good to act as managing editor of a mule, or chief engineer of a cylinder escapement hoe in the cotton patch; who are not good enough or smart enough to make their way in town and who, consequently, hang about cross-roads groceries, gossiping, drinking cheap whisky, studying human nature, after the manner of Sam Jones, and developing into rurigenous sharpers or bunco-steerers. Such men have plenty of time and they become preachers or politicians. Harris chose the latter and for his services as an actuary about elections wherein he showed a superior skill in making the figures agree with the desired result, he was appointed a deputy revenue collector. For Harris this was heaven. Access to all the stills, all the whisky he could drink, the borrowing privileges of the community, all were his and he made of his term in office one grand sweet drunk. When Cleveland went out Harris went out and woe was him. He had been accustomed to high life. He could go into any store for four years and eat all the brown sugar he wanted, free of cost. He boarded at the "hotel"—\$8 per month—and could go to the grocery and feast on cove oysters and crackers at any time. The fat of the land was his. But, alas! He had to forego these luxuries and return to the paternal roof, to his plebeian corn pone and "pot licker." He had no money. His salary had always been anticipated by borrowing twos and fives from any one who had them. His whisky rations were nil. The regular dealers had no use for him and the Moonshiners whom he had been hunting down for four years would have none of him. He suffered and pined for the good old days and when this world had no more joys to give he thought of the next. He was a confirmed sot and a confirmed sot unerringly drifts into the intoxication of plety as soon as his whisky-guzzling days are brought to an end. It is a milder and less satisfactory form of dissipation but it is cheaper and that is everything to a "busted" man.

Revenue Collector Harris "got religion," went up to the mourners' bench in the good old way, prayed in agonized appeals to the throne of grace, blurted, cried, shook hands with everybody and, presto! was "saved." His sensibilities, long dulled and deadened with whisky, became inflamed and exaggerated, he was what Professor Paul Mantegazza of Turin, denominates a hyperaesthetic; and surrendering to his emotionalism, he fancied himself in a celestial yacht floating adown the river of saving grace. He felt spiritualized and glorified and an overflowing heart gave language to his lips. He had a message to bear those

who are in sin and in delivering it he opened wide the sluice-gates of his grateful heart and became eloquent. He was sincere, as sincere as any one over whom the last emotion always exercises the most powerful influence. He was supremely happy, disturbed only by ghastly glimpses of the horrible nightmare of his past life.

He told the brethren of his dark days of sin and of the glories of his conversion. He was in no way restricted as to facts because, being a hyperaesthetic he was "a creature always outside the truth," and gave his fancy a free reign. His story made a "hit," as the vaudeville singers say. He was urged to repeat it, time and time again. His fame spread. He could outpray the oldest brother in the amen corner. He could outtalk the preacher. Conscious of his own power, proud of his superior talents, he saw his destiny, he received a call to preach. In the pulpit he ranked a major general. He was a whirlwind, a cyclone. He called sinners to repentance as no one has done since John the Baptist preached in the Judean Wilderness. Brother Harris was a revelation and the brands that he snatched from the burning would build a wall around a whole county. Like Joseph Jefferson, in Rip Van Winkle, and Joe Murphy, in Kerry Gow, he seldom ventured outside the role in which he scored his first success. He told of his former wickedness and later conversion. As he went from place to place his story was new to his auditors and he was given the glad hand. His fame spread. He was in demand. A sermon by Brother Harris meant a full house. Finally he received a call to a fashionable church in Jackson.

His first sermon in Jackson set the town afire. It was his same story well amplified and decorated. He was in new ground; he was where there was no one who had ever heard him speak his piece and he could add to or take from as he pleased. The following Sunday he was begged to repeat it. He did. The third Sunday it was the same thing, and so with the fourth and fifth. Force himself as he would into new fields of thought he was sure to drop back into the old rut. Finally the sensible communicants who had wives and daughters began to wonder if they could not do better than listen to some one who had nothing to commend him excepting that he was a reformed drunkard. The brethren became lukewarm. The contributions fell off. The graft was growing grouchy. Then the war broke out and Brother Harris joined the Second Tennessee regiment as chaplain. With new material to work on he was a success. He was an exhorter for your lilac galways. He was a Methodist, but liberal minded, and the boys of all creeds and no creed loved him. He told them frankly that he had been once immersed to the eye brows in sin and that the miraculous power of Omnipotence yanked him out and saved him. He beseeched the boys to "come to Jesus." He warned them against the seductions of wine and women. Young men who were known to keep bottles in their tents he stayed with and prayed with; finally he began "noticing," and later he took just a drop for the stomach's sake, as is authorized by holy writ. The regiment was in a bad fix. There was no money excepting the sick fund raised by the ladies at home and sent to the chaplain to be used where it could do the most good. The regiment was not equipped. Young men who left home without a change of clothing were compelled to remain without a change for six weeks, until the camp smelled like a woodpecker's nest and Hood's lines could be aptly paraphrased:

It is not linen you're wearing out,
But living creatures' lives.

Through all this Brother Harris was the cornucopia, the good samaritan, the almoner. He did everything he could for the boys, and was a friend indeed to many.

Pay day came at last, back pay and all. Every Tommy Atkins of them had money and Chaplain Harris had more money than he ever saw before in his life. On Saturday he went to Washington with three privates. None of the party returned. On Sunday a detail was sent to hunt up the truants. The police had seen the quartet during the day "bowling up." They had "money to burn," and all were "tanked." Search was made in the "red light" district and when the detail entered through the stained glass doors of a maison de joie they heard Chaplain Harris' voice, a trifle maudlin, but recognizable, assuring some one that "I'm the doggondest, outbeatenist chaplain in the whole damned army."

* * * * *

A halt was called. Chaplain Harris and his three companions marched out from the glitter and gaiety into the

darkness of the mournful night. All were obstreperously and riotously drunk—too drunk to be taken to camp. They were taken to a hotel and given a room. The detail returned to camp. The party could not sleep. They were too busy. They "pushed the button" and more beer and booze came. Chaplain Harris was the warmest number that ever came down the pike, and he declared himself in favor of having the loudest time that ever happened. In a little while all the furniture in the room was smashed into smithereens and the "hurry up" wagon was at the door. The "man of God" and his companions were sent to the police station. Chaplain Harris encouraged his companions with a recital of the story of Paul's imprisonment. He told them that this was not a punishment of the wicked but a chastening of the just. He would put up a forfeit for all hands but when he felt in his pocket he discovered that the "star-eyed goddess of reform" with whom he tarried had despoiled him of his finances—"swiped his roll," as the police sergeant classically put it, and he denounced her as a "painted harlot of protection," that didn't protect even those who believed in her. The privates put up forfeits and then chipped in and put up for the parson. On Monday Colonel Katzenjammer ruled and the chaplain resigned.

What Chaplain Harris will do in the future is not known, but if he has the nerve and brass he can yet become an ornament to society.

He has a plastic future before him which his potter's hand can mould into vessels of honor or dishonor and fill each to the brim with fun. Just now he is down and out but, what t'ell, Bill? What t'ell?

THANKING GOD.

President McKinley has requested that the faithful in America give special thanks to God for the success of the American arms in the naval fight in front of Santiago. Captain Phillips of the Texas when the battle was over piped all hands about him and generously told his crew that he wanted God to share the honors of victory with Sampson and Schley. Cardinal Gibbons has issued a circular calling on Catholics to thank God for the success of the American arms. McKinley is a politician and must court the pious element. Captain Phillips was excited, or jealous perhaps, and did not want Sampson to get all the credit. Cardinal Gibbons wants to keep his church in touch with American sentiment and silence the goose-gabble of those who are claiming that Catholics are disloyal.

Thanking God for our success is absurd from a reasoning standpoint. We peppered the Spaniards because we had the best tools for the business and because the Spaniards did not come out to fight but to make a run of it and get away.

Thanking God for our success from an ethical standpoint, is savage and unchristianlike. Pray we and our prayer in substance must be:

"We thank Thee, Oh, Lord! for Thy infinite mercy and justice in so directing the bullets from our guns as to kill the Spaniards and sink their ships. We beseech Thee to continue assisting us kill Spaniards, and save us for Christ's sake. Amen."

What a silly sacrilege this, to be sure! Are we going to "jolly" God by telling Him that He steered our ships, fired the furnaces, aimed the guns and directed the bullets when we know in our hearts that we are lying, and that these things were done by trained human beings? Is God to be pleased and flattered by praiseful and prayerful prevarications? Not in a thousand years. An ordinary mortal could not fail to see the falsity and hypocrisy of such diaphanous delusions. If the preachers who know God personally and intimately have given us a fair description of Him, He is not so easily "joshed." Trying to give Omnipotence the bull con is not an enterprise that gives luxuriant promises of success. Filling a long felt want with a patent outside country weekly is more encouraging.

It is not Christian. It is not Catholic. It is not humane. It is Jewish or Jahvist ferinity from the old testament where God is said to have commanded armies to "go up against" unsuspecting peoples "and put them to the sword, the men, the women and the children." The idea is revolting to modern civilization.

Father of all, in every age, in every clime adored," pardon those who would thus insult Thee! They know not what they do! The God that takes notice of the sparrow's fall claims also as his children the swart sons of Iberia and they are as near and dear to him as are the Americans who

are claiming Him or their side. If He has any time or desire to turn from the glory of His infinitudes, and aeons and systems that extend beyond the beginning and beyond the end of endless time, to concern himself with this interstellar speck of mud called earth, and with pigmy man who, crawls and cravens upon it—which is to be very seriously doubted—He would not assist in the shooting, drowning, burning and blowing to pieces of one set of his children by another set of his children. He would not permit or referee the fight. He could not in justice and in love take advantage of His position to strike down the Spaniards in order to please the Americans, and to assume that He did so, or to thank Him for doing so, is an outrage and a sacrilege.

War is international homicide—the taking of life on a large scale. If we admit the fatherhood of God we must also admit the brotherhood of man. The son who would go to his earthly father and say: "I have killed brother Jim, your son, and I thank thee, oh father, for having assisted me" would probably be spurned and the assumption contained in his prayer indignantly scorned and repudiated.

Alack and alas! There has always been a god of battles and there always will be a god of battles—a mere slanderous figure of rhetoric—as long as the human heart is instinct with savagery. God will be appealed to for personal favors and thanked for personal benefactions. The prayer of Christianity still is: "God bless me and my wife, my son John and his wife, us four and no more. Amen." Emerson says a prayer that is less than universal is little less than a sin. Right. Prayer and piety are largely inspired by selfishness. I must do this for my own good. I must see to it that I save my soul. I must get to heaven, no matter where others may go. Yea! and my heart will swell with supremest bliss "When I can read my title clear to mansions in the skies." I will cling to the rock of ages because it was cleft for me, personally. It is my affair. *Judica me, Deus, et discerne causam meam de gente non sancta: ab homine iniquo et doloso erue me, says the Vulgate.* Save and deliver me. I am of more importance to myself than is the rest of the human family. What profiteth a man, etc., if he lose his own soul. Thank God that I escaped where so many were lost. Thank God my child was not there when the ship foundered. By the providence of God I escaped from the wreck unhurt. Merciful God! I thank Thee for saving me from the flames where so many perished. And, in war: We ask Thee, oh heavenly Father, to help us kill our enemies, our brothers, Thy children. Amen. Or we thank God for having so gallantly fought on our side and for His valuable assistance in helping us put the kibosh on our enemies. What barbarous bosh and balderdash! What strange impudence! What unmitigated selfishness! What feverish and insatiate egotism!

Woman, why should thy child be saved and another's lost? What can the anguish of thy heart be to a just God any more than the poignant pains of any other mother-heart? Man, why assume that thy life is more precious in the sight of God than the life of thy fellow man? Could infinite justice spare thee while slaying thy brother? Warrior, why should God protect thee from harm while enabling thee to kill thy fellow man? Who are ye, miserable wretches, who presume to be the special pets and favorites of an impartial Ruler who must love all his children alike? Out upon such ignorant rot! It is unworthy the age!

Call it patriotism if you will, and be done with it. Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel, according to gruff old Johnson. It may be, but it is the refuge also of many good and noble men, as men go. Patriotism is selfishness extended over the entire surface of one's country. When threatened from without every man is a patriot—unless he gets a bigger price from the other side. When a country is at peace, section arrays itself against section; the ego in man asserts itself. We are always trying to "do" the other fellow and when in war we "do him unto death" we raise our eyes and hearts and bloody hands to heaven and by thanking Him, accuse God of being an accessory before, after and during the fact of the homicides we ourselves committed.

Was is necessary at times but it is never a religious service. War means that we cannot live peaceably with certain of our neighbors in the world and that we must kill them. God does not help us in these homicides and we should not offer Him accusing thanks.

EDITORIAL ETCHINGS.

Young Alger, son of the secretary of war, appears to be acquitting himself like a man. He seized a rifle and went forward as a private with the first of the troops to disembark and has since done good service in attacks on Santiago. It is singular how strongly some boys take after their mothers.

It is especially desirable that some giant powder should take a baseball bat and swat the W. C. T. U. across the bustle. I would like to see that organization put into condition to take its meals from the mantel-piece for a year. For of all the infuriatingly meddlesome, pushing, inquisitive, unreasonable, impertinent, voluble, shrewish, vindictive, rasping, waspish, buzzing, prying, self-seeking pharisaical aggregation of female cranks and nuisances with which the world has been cursed, it is the chief and the worst. Just now it is spinning about like a teetotum filled with the anguish of the army "canteen." It has made speeches, written letters, wired telegrams, sung hymns, prayed long bad-Englished prayers about it. It has given General Brooks, who commands at Chickamauga, a month of bad dreams. It has stormed the White House. It has infested Congress. It has slopped all over the newspaper offices. It has in a word fulfilled its mission to make a fool of itself and worry its victims into spasms. The army "canteen" is a temporary shop wherein the men may purchase such small luxuries as they desire and which are not supplied regularly by the government. It is owned by the men themselves and the profits, if there be any, go into the regimental or company fund. Beer is the only intoxicant sold and it is impossible for any one man to get enough of it to make him think that he would like to get drunk. It has done, and can do, absolutely no harm. As its successful conduct occupies part of the leisure time of the men, as it affords them a general meeting place, as it stands to them as a sort of club and keeps them out of the downtown saloons and other dissipations, it has done great good. The infinitesimal sales of beer, however, stick in the craw of the W. C. T. U., and that sacrosanct collection of petticoated pismires gags. General Brooke is much too tender of the conveniences to tell it to point its lean and protrusive nose in the direction of sheol and step lively, but he should do so.

Though he has suffered from a temporary absence of sanity, Ben T. Cable, of Illinois, who is an intelligent man and a good man, has come back to the party of his younger manhood. He was one of the so-called "gold Democrats," who deserted the banner of the Democracy and assisted in the election of William McKinley. He called on Mr. Cleveland at Princeton not long ago and told him plainly that they had been both mistaken. Mr. Cleveland, the report avers, said nothing. Mr. Cable, who was a Democrat and a good Democrat, was mistaken in his refusal to endorse the Chicago platform. Mr. Cleveland was not mistaken, for the reason that the fat rascal was never a Democrat in his life and is incapable of becoming one. The men of the party will welcome the return of Cable. They will rejoice to have him among them. As a party worker he is a wheel-horse. He is honest and personally no man is more popular. But the men who followed William J. Bryan to defeat in 1896 do not want Cleveland and they would not admit him if he stood at the door and wept. He is now where he should have been twenty years ago, with his Republican associates, friends and owners, and it is best that he stay there. There is no room for him as commander or as scullion in the Democratic camp.

The expected has happened. The troops at Santiago have been stricken with fever. Their vitality has been lowered by needless exposure to bad weather and the lack of sufficient food. They have been able to make only a feeble resistance to the attacks of disease. Therefore, the war department announces that "while General Shafter is an excellent man when it comes to leading troops into the jaws of death, he is a poor man to provide for them, or to take proper care of them when they are not engaged in fighting." The gall of it! Shafter is in no way responsible for the wretched provisioning of the first army of invasion. It was no part of his duty to see that the proper complement of medicines and blankets was sent along. That work belonged to the fatally incompetent department of war, headed by that senile ass, Russell A. Alger. The Santiago troops are not properly munitioned and have never been. Neither is any other part of the regular or vol-

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unteer force. Alger's cowardly attempt to shuffle the responsibility onto Shafter will meet with the public contempt it deserves.

A writer in the July Iconoclast, in speaking of the criminal delay in declaring war and the criminal delay in preparing for war, said some things that are reprinted for the benefit of Americans who did not read them, or Americans who did read them and have forgotten: "As a result, the troops have been held until Cervera's squadron could cross the wide wastes between the Cape Verdes and the Antilles; have been held until the Spaniard, after days of chase, was fastened in Santiago harbor; have been held through other days by rumors of 'phantom fleets,' cruising hither and yon along the Cuban coasts; have been held until the rainy season has grown into full strength and skeleton death stalks abroad over the marches and beaches; have been held until the invasion of Cuba became a criminal folly, so vast, so inexcusable, so surely fatal as to be almost without a parallel in the history of the world. For every man whose burning eyes close upon a waste of dune and shallow, never again to see the pleasant fields and green swelling hills of his home; for every man whose panting bared chest heaves under the knee-pressure of Yellow Jack; for every man from whose throat bursts the horrible black vomit William McKinley and the Honorable R. Aleck Alger are as directly responsible as if they had murdered them with their own hands. The invasion of Cuba at this season of the year is unnecessary; it is brutally foolish; it will carry woe into ten thousand homes; it will cost us more in life and money than twenty pitched battles. It would have been accomplished and the war would have been ended in due and proper season, but for the truckling, time-serving instincts and hollow deceit of William McKinley and his aids in crime. I want the future widows and childless mothers of America to place the responsibility for this where it belongs." The mantle of prophecy has not fallen upon the shoulders of anybody connected with the Iconoclast, but there is not a misfortune intimated in the quoted lines which will not happen before this bitter summer is ended and the shadow of those many deaths will fall upon the thresholds of McKinley and his creature.

Congratulations to the Rough Riders! They have shown that they are fighters. They seem to be good for something outside of terrorizing the effete police of effete San Antonio. I judged their probable efficiency in Cuba by the record made in the Texan city, where they slew enough beer to drown a like number of Heidelberg students and chased street walkers with a ferocity which spoke ill for their soldierly qualities. Evidently, however, they are diamonds in the rough. They are in a place where good shooting is demanded and a man's morality, or lack of morals, cuts no ice. They fit their environment. Congratulations to Theodore, "Teethadore," "Teddy" Roosevelt. He is much of a grand-stand player, but he has lassoed the Mustang, reputation, at the Mauser's mouth. Unable to control his men in Texas, he is doing excellently with them where they need no control. They fight Spaniards as hard as they fought booze, and no more need be said.

According to the most sensible and conservative of our journals we have "adventured into the world's politics." That is to say, we have branched out in a self-assured way, prepared ourselves for grabbing some outlying territories for which we have no earthly use and, from this time on, will have much to say as to how things should be run on the other sides of the Atlantic and Pacific. I suppose that this means the abandonment of the Monroe doctrine. I do not see how we can absorb slices of the other hemisphere and refuse to foreign nations the right to rake clams off the coast of Patagonia. I do not see how we are to fondle the Philippines' pot and deny England or Germany's right to come in when a part of Venezuela or Brazil or Nicaragua is on the board. I do not see how we are to jam our active jaw into every discussion of the Eastern question and reach for our hip-pocket when the European powers offer a suggestion about the governance of the Mosquito coast. The fact is that we are about to bite off an unchewable hunk of something that will make us sick if we swallow it and ruin our molars if we don't. However, as the policy seems to be firmly settled upon, as the nation, mad with desire for illegal gain, seems determined to prize up everything whose roots do not go clear through the earth, on with the dance. Personally the Iconoclast cares

nothing about it. There will be some more thieves to pillory and fools to flay.

The war has served to show at least that the downtrodden Cuban for whom we are dying is not worth two pinches of the powder it would take to blow him into the uttermost depths of Hades. He is dirty, lying, thieving, lazy, gluttonous, cowardly, swinish, mongrel, without pride of manhood and, if his conduct is an index to his virility, without hope of posterity. We have met the "Cuban patriot" upon his native heath, and we smelled him a long time before we met him. We have poked beans and corned beef and pork and white bread into him until his facade stuck out like a sore thumb. We have given him arms and ammunition and clothing and liquor. We have admitted him upon terms of social and military equality. We have coddled and pampered the hog while our own men went hungry. When we asked him to help build roads, he stretched his undersized person at length, blew a whiff of poisonous cigarette in air and muttered that such work was beneath him. The first act of the American army when Blanco has surrendered should be to strip the "allies" of every vestige of uniform and put them to grubbing roots, with a white overseer, bull-whip in hand, standing guard over every twenty of them. The first act of the men left in this country should be to grab the "junta" by its legs and beat carpets with it.

A correspondent named Gladys drops the scalding tear on a letter to the Icon. in which she wails piteously over the "gallant soldier boys that are marching away, perhaps to death," and calls them splendid heroes and says that their magnificent courage will help to make history.

Come off, Gladys, and moderate your transports. All the brave and manly men haven't gone to the war, not by a good deal; and among those who have gone is many an arrant knave for whom the pillory would be too good. The mere physical courage which makes a man steady and cool under fire is really a very common attribute, possessed very often by men whose average in other respects is exceedingly low. I know we make the welkin ring on Decoration Day with eloquent tributes to our dead heroes, blue and gray. They are all heroes when they fell in battle, you perceive; and we march and shout and perspire and bring flowers as though we believed the whole thing. But when we get back to the office and take off our coat, we know that this is not thus. We remember then that some fellow who died with his face to the foe, cheering his comrades on, was in the habit of breaking his wife's face whenever she didn't agree with him in the olden time. We recall pensively that one of those flower-strewn graves belongs to a contemptible cur who robbed widows and orphans and ground the faces of the poor; who always borrowed his paper instead of subscribing for it, and who wouldn't tell the truth unless he were cornered up and couldn't get out of it. We reflect that the "gallant old veteran" with the artistic ability to draw a pension from a grateful country is a rank old fraud, sneaking out of the consequences of his own acts and always working under the surface.

Nay, nay, Gladys, they are not all heroes, and they are not out on a search for the Holy Grail; not by any manner of means. Taking them "by and large," they are just about what they were before the first call for volunteers was made. Some of them are all right, some fair-to-middling, a number are decidedly "short" and there are several dozens who are hoodlums from hoodledom, and whom the country could lose with a thrill of gratitude.

There is Majah General Otis, for instance; the pusillanimous coward who a few months ago accused the Southern women of the most revolting crime the human mind at its grossest could conceive, a crime too gross for a Caliban to utter. This is the editor of a filthy sheet published in Los Angeles, who dared to publish in the columns of his paper that Southern women invited the attentions of negroes, and then when they were liable to be discovered they cried out "Rape fiend," and the poor, innocent negro was mobbed. This is one of your heroes, Gladys; this repulsive brute who cannot be fitly described in any language known to mortal man. Remember that during the late war he was promoted seven times for bravery on the field of battle;—and get your tear-jugs ready. Some heaven-sent Spanish shot may yet enable the American nation to arise and deify him because he can pull a trigger without shutting his eyes; but that doesn't alter the fact that he is a black-hearted reptile whom we could not call a toad because it would be an insult to the toad. Be calm, Gladys. You can't always tell.

WHERE ARE THE ANGLO-SAXONS?

By Harold Godwin Steele.

A man named John J. Bealin, who describes himself proudly as a Celt of the Celts, has been writing to the Eastern papers and inquiring anxiously what has become of the Anglo-Saxon race, where it is at, and in what quantity it is to be found in the secreted neighborhood wherein it vegetates. It is the remarkable claim of John J. Bealin, Celt of the Celts, that the Anglo-Saxon race does not exist and has not existed for more than five centuries. He declares that the Anglo-Saxons lived in England up to the middle of the eleventh century, were conquered by William, the Norman, and subsequently were "absorbed and otherwise extinguished by the hordes of foreigners which poured into the country in the days when the laws of England were written in French and the legal and court language was French." While his letters are sufficient proof of the fact without further statement from me, it is as well to say here that John J. Bealin, Celt of the Celts, is a double-barreled, multiple-actioned, ball-bearing, 120-gearred ass.

This fellow is one of the many Irishmen who for more than thirty years have been attempting to induce the United States to pull their chestnuts out of the fire for them. Able to assist in the governance of all countries except their own, they have come to America, opened saloons, gone on the police force and broken into aldermanic circles, always filled with guff about the woes of Ireland, the inhumanity of England and the duty of Yankeeedom to waste some thousands of lives and millions of treasure in giving them control of a land they would promptly wreck. It is men of the Bealin class who bring discredit upon industrious, sober brainy Irishmen, who ask nothing of America save the privilege to live here and contribute to the common prosperity. Whenever I see or hear of one of these nuisances I am reminded of a San Francisco happening.

Dennis Kearney, the flannel-mouthed sand-lot agitator was in the height of his notoriety. He met one day on Market street a Chinaman, richly dressed, who was pacing slowly along intent upon his own business. His costume proclaimed him a man of wealth and position. He was, in fact, prominent in the Five Companies, a person of affairs, a colossal merchant, with warehouses in many ports and ships on every sea, a financier, a linguist, and a globe-trotter. To Kearney, however, there was but one class of Chinamen, and he stopped the merchant by laying a red, dirty, hairy paw upon his silks.

"Phat, ye haythin," he said with a leer, "wull yez do whin we r-run yez out o' th' coontry?"

The Celestial disengaged himself and looked at him calmly and coldly. "Why," he said in better English than Kearney ever spoke, "I guess we'll go to Ireland. That seems to be the only country in which the Irish haven't anything to say." Then he passed on.

It is, of course, evident that John J. Bealin knows little of history and less of contemporary things, else he would never have asked his idiotic questions, and then proceeded to answer them to his own satisfaction. The facts as given by every historian worth the name briefly are these: William the Norman landed at Pevensey, in Sussex, in October, 1066, with 60,000 men and the battle of Hastings, or Sang du Lac, Senguelac, Senlac, Lake of Blood, was fought October 14. The Normans lost 15,000 men, leaving William 45,000, which number was afterward considerably reduced by the deaths of those who perished from wounds and sickness. At his coronation the conqueror swore to abide by the laws of Edward the Confessor, an oath taken by English sovereigns to the present day. Some ten years later Hereward, the squat son of Earl Leofric, made his last stand in the Cambridge fens. Thereafter, save for an occasional insurrection, which resulted in the execution of many Saxon nobles, the country was utterly peaceful. It was quiet when William met with his miserable death, choked by disease and alone. The laws made by William were rigorous and cruel, but he and his hirelings made no attempt to exterminate the people. Numerically they were so inferior that the feat would have been impossible to them. The invaders ultimately were absorbed by the people, and became more English than the English themselves. In the reign of Edward III. French ceased to be the official language of the court and judiciary, and its place was taken by English. Says a writer in the New York Sun, which,

despite its political erraticism and eroticism, is still the representative newspaper:

"The Anglo-Saxons rose triumphant over their Norman conquerors through their innate virility and their sturdy opposition to the cruel and unjust laws imposed upon them, and they eventually won from the tyrant, John, the provisions of the Great Charter, which guaranteed their liberties to the people. Take the majority of English names, how many of French extraction do we find? Very few, and those mainly among the aristocracy. Look at some of the names prominent in English history and literature: Chaucer, Brakespeare (Adrian IV), Fisher, Wareham, Wycliffe, Wolsey, Shakespeare, Spencer, Fletcher, Sydney, Waller, Hampden, Cromwell. How solidly Anglo-Saxon these names are, without a taint of French extraction. Thank God the race did not die, but lived to proclaim freedom and liberty of conscience to the world."

The foreign influxes to England, all of them small, have occurred as follows: Invasion of the Normans; minute but steady immigration of Norman adventurers during the reign of William and Rufus, his son; a few Flemish workmen brought over by Queen Eleanor; importations of French mercenaries by John, only a few of whom remained after the ending of his wars; a limited number of French along with the French favorites, to whom Edward II. was so fatally attached, and the large, but comparatively unimportant, incoming of Huguenots following the revocation of the edict of Nantes by the Maintenon-bossed Louis XIV. These individuals were absorbed so readily by the fructile, giant laboring race around them that they left scarcely a trace upon the stream. Even Henry I, a son of the conqueror, took for his queen a pure Anglo-Saxon, a granddaughter of Edmund Ironsides. The only race which has ever been exterminated upon English soil was the British, which was effaced by the Angles and Saxons. The descendants of these people today rule the empire upon which the sun never sets. By a circuitous route even the blood which flows in the veins of Victoria has come back to the scene of its source, for she pridefully traces her ancestry back to Egbert, the first Saxon king, the friend and protege of Charlemagne and the grandfather of the great Alfred.

Another great empire, stronger than its parent, is peopled and dominated by the Anglo-Saxons. With this empire Spain has lately made acquaintance and Mr. Bealin is permitted to live in it, though he does not seem to appreciate the value of the permission. It contains more than 70,000,000 people, this empire, and it is run by the Smiths, Jones, Browns, Thompsons and others, not any one of whom is a Celt of the Celts, nor at all anxious to be. They prefer to owe their breeding to a race which for more than seven hundred years has been free of itself and has carried freedom into the uttermost parts of the earth—the race which in all the years the Valkyrs have wafted from the war-decks, have hailed from the holmgangs or helmet-strewn moorlands; the white-skinned race which fought at Senlac, at Crecy, at Agincourt; which broke the Old Guard at Waterloo; which rode up the slope at Balaklava; which went down with the Cumberland in Hampton Roads; which charged with Pickett at Gettysburg; the race of the trader, the financier, the statesman, the colonizer, the inventor, the creator, but, before all, the fighter. Bealin, Celt of the Celts, whose name is pronounced Baylin and should be Balaam, will wake up some day and look about him and find out where this race is at.

Boston, Mass., July 25, 1898.

The Reverend Archbishop of Cincinnati has established a diocesan commission to give the church music a going over. "All operatic and undignified compositions will not be tolerated," says the reverend archbishop. This is welcome news indeed to the weary sojourner who is a stranger and a pilgrim, as all his fathers were, and who would willingly stroll into the sanctuary once in a while for the renewal of his strength and to hear how alertly the minister can catch onto the pet sins of Smith and Jones, and what a going over he can give them. It is a weariness to the flesh when the soprano and the tenor and the bass and the alto all in turn conjure the sojourner to "Take thy pill!" and urge it upon him with a sad insistence that finally becomes highly personal; and the gray has settled itself in his hair and the furrows have begun to line his face before the entire aggregation advise him to "Take thy pilgrim to his home." If the diocesan commission will perform its duty well and faithfully, church-going may yet have its attractions to people who are of the earth, earthy; but who would rather go to the opera for their operatic music.

Address All Communications to Brann's Iconoclast.

PATRIOTS FIRST, MILLIONAIRES AFTERWARD.

By the Colonel.

The Jekyl Islanders are at it again. Readers of the Iconoclast may remember that, three months ago, I took occasion to direct attention to this collection of curios and stock-yard of asses. I told them how Jekyl Island was a wind-kissed ideal spot, a little way off the harbor mouth of Brunswick, Georgia; how it had come into possession of a lot of millionaires and government bondholders; how its owners were worth collectively much more than \$500,000,000; how they drew down annually from this government millions of dollars in interest on their bonds; how they besought the government frenziedly to fortify their island, with its spacious lawns and summer "cottages," against the ravages of a phantom Spanish fleet instead of spending some of their own ill-gotten wealth for the purpose; and how William McKinley did fortify it and send down some of our needed men to work the guns and guard the patriotic proprietors. They were made safe at government expense and were happy.

One of them, however, is not a true Jekyl Islander. I do not know how he broke into the sacred gang, but certainly he has no business in it. He thinks occasionally of some one other than himself. He does not lie awake at night figuring upon how he may mulct the government. His name is King—David H. King, Jr. He owns one of the "cottages," which, by the way, to the mind of the ordinary man are all palaces. He offered this "cottage" to the Red Cross society as a hospital for wounded soldiers and sailors. Since the air and the climate are all that they should be and the house itself is admirably adapted for such a purpose, the Red Cross people accepted gladly and arrangements were made to transport the wounded and sick to the island and there nurse them back to health. Then the other patriot owners arose in protest. They could not see what Mr. King could have been thinking of. Did he know that the sacred lawns would be trampled by the piebald feet of common soldiery? Did he know that coarse untutored sailors would hobble about the holy walks and squirt tobacco juice upon the aristocratic grass? They would not, should not, could not have it so. The storm raged for a week. At the end of the time Mr. King capitulated. He withdrew his offer. Had he not done so his fellow islanders would have made life unbearable to him. They would have forced him to sell out. The Red Cross society in disgust has made other arrangements to care for the men wounded or diseased in Cuba in defense of the American flag and in upbuilding the honor of the nation. Once again Jekyl Island is safe. Once again its plutocratic owners have vindicated their right to the title of Chief Hogs of the Universe.

Published in Chicago is a Scripps-McRae paper called the Journal, an evening issue. Its managing editor is named Dunn—called "Pete" by his intimates, Mr. Dunn by his official inferiors. I don't think much of Scripps-McRae papers as a general proposition. There are several scattered about the country and, in the main, they are made up of nine-inch headlines and half-inch news stories; but Scripps and McRae, or McRae and Scripps (I don't know which is Spenlow and which is Jorkins), have the ability to recognize a good man when they meet him in the road and they hire him if they can. Dunn is a good man. He writes matter that has sense in it. Formerly on the Times-Herald, he had no opportunity to show what was in him because the Times-Herald is a paper that never sleeps for fear that it might say something. In these days Dunn speaks his mind and he has this to say of the patriots of Jekyl Island:

"Before this war broke out there was not a more deserving and industrious band of patriots in the land than the millionaire owners of Jekyl Island. What they had done for the government was beyond estimating. The most benevolent impulses of the human heart had new birth in their breasts and compelled them to incessant toil for their fellow-man and their common country.

"There was John D. Rockefeller, who owns about nine thousand out of a total of seventeen thousand shares of stock in one of the most ruthless and unscrupulous monopolies in the country. There was J. Pierpont Morgan, the eminent bond broker; Charles Lanier, the banker; Cornelius N. Bliss, who has something to do with the cabinet; N. K. Fairbank, George Gould, Calvin S. Brice (formerly a senator from Mark Hanna's state and just as good a one as Hanna), "Jim" Hill of the Great Northern railroad, and

Pierre Lorillard, who gathers his money in America and makes it circulate in England.

"These men were members of the Jekyl Island club, and to the island they repaired when it was necessary to recuperate mental and physical energies exhausted in toiling for the people. That's what they kept Jekyl Island for, and the club thought if war should come the services of its members to humanity ought to entitle it to the best protection the government could afford. There were no guns too good and no troops too fine to defend Jekyl Island from the Spaniards.

"The war has come, and the work of one simple lieutenant from a little home in Alabama with a mortgage on it, has made Jekyl Island as safe as Posey county, Indiana. Patriot Rockefeller no longer fears for his summer home, Patriot Lorillard says the country is too coarse for him and goes to England, Patriot J. Pierpont Morgan returns to his ticker and tries to figure out whether there will be enough bonds left over from the popular subscription to yield him his legitimate profits. Everything is quiet at Jekyl Island. The summer houses are safe.

"David H. King, Jr., has a mansion on Jekyl Island, and he offered it to the Red Cross society for a hospital for sick and wounded soldiers. The society was about to accept the offer when the other Jekyl Island patriots began to object, and snarl, and growl, and complain, and finally the club refused to allow an unsightly lot of wounded soldiers to set foot on its piece of ground, even if Mr. King did offer his house. Old blue uniforms and brass buttons are not the proper dress for the island.

"They weren't asked to give up their palaces—Mr. King's was enough, and Mr. King offered it, freely and generously. The only burden the offer tended to impose on Mr. King's fellow-millionaires was the proximity for a time of a few American soldiers and sailors that had been wounded by the bullets of the enemy from whom the objectors a few weeks ago were imploring the government to protect their property. Yet Mr. King's offer must be withdrawn.

"Jekyl Island is free to Jekyl Island's defenders, but it is not open to the country's defenders. Soldiers can go there with coast-defense guns to protect it from the Spanish, but they can not go there to get well after they have been torn and crippled with Spanish bullets, nor to rest the fever-racked bodies that have followed the country's flag in the tropical swamp of Cuba. Men that have offered their lives to their country and suffered wounds and sickness for it are not good enough to exist on the same piece of earth with the peerless patriots of the John D. Rockefeller and the Calvin Brice stripe.

"No history of the war will be quite complete without an account of these great and generous men, who remembered that, literally and figuratively, they were patriots first and millionaires afterward."

I am glad of the chance to reprint the foregoing in a publication of the Iconoclast's wide circulation. I want the people of this country to read it. I want them to know something of the utter inhuman baseness of these jack rabbits of the stock exchange, these sellers of private yachts at double prices to their government in need, these macers of their nation, these excrescences upon the body social, these lowflung, selfish, sneaking, grasping, swindling, gold-bedaubed, cringing dirty hounds. Every unit of them should be taken from Jekyl Island, sailed twenty miles to sea and dropped overboard with a round shot at his feet. That is their only fitting recompense.

Chicago, June 26, 1898.

BARGAIN DAY AND ITS VICTIMS.

By Julia Truitt Bishop.

The old days of legitimate methods in business have utterly gone, and all methods now are hysterical and hectic to the last degree. The Sunday papers are crowded with lurid, full-page ads., descriptive of the week's bargains; the great sale of ladies' shirt waists on Monday, and of ladies' underwear on Tuesday, and of a thousand and one other things on the other days of the week, at prices which are an astonishment to all who read, and which set the average feminine heart beating high. Perhaps it is an essential part of human nature that people who do not really need these cheap articles must needs join this bargain day crush and buy, simply because they are so absurdly cheap; and so, all day long, the stores are thronged with a pushing, jamming crowd, who lose their heads and tempers, and grow red as to the face and blowzed as to the general ap-

pearance in their mad efforts to purchase a great deal of something for less than nothing.

"It isn't worth while for any woman to make her clothes, these days," declare they of the old regime. "She can buy them ready-made for about what the materials would cost her; and as to hiring them made, that is not to be thought of." And yet they will admit in the same breath that there was something like prosperity in the old days when people paid fair prices for work; and that times were never harder than now when one could dress so well for so little money, and clothing was to be had for a song.

There is little doubt that this condition of things has come on gradually; and there is still less doubt that it has not yet reached the end, and that end will be part of the grand upheaval of things for which this country has long been preparing, unless the thoughtful and the earnest join hands to stay the hour of destruction.

The sweat shops of the North and East have little meaning to us of the South, but we have not much room for boasting. I have heard the head of a great city department store assert with a look of conscious love of his kind, "Oh, I believe in patronizing my own city. So far as possible all the work from this store is given out among the working people right here at home." And the crowd of auditors looked at him with reverence; and thought what a good man he was, and went away sounding his praises. He absolutely gave out his work here at home when he might have had it done cheaper, no doubt, in the crowded sweat shops of New York.

But so much depends on the point of view, and I have discovered that the head of the great department store has one point of view, and the workers to whom the work is given may be excused, perhaps, for having quite another. A gaunt, over-worked woman, sitting in the office of a charity organization in that same city, admitted with trembling lips that she could get work—oh yes, she could get plenty of work. But then, there were six children, and how was one to support seven people, to provide food and clothing and fuel and shelter, by making ladies' shirt waists at thirty-five cents a dozen?

Thirty-five cents a dozen! This is the work so generously given out to home people! This is the patronage of home industry over which sleek-faced humanitarians plume themselves! Less than three cents for making a shirt waist—and all the while infamy is well paid, and every door leading to perdition is wide open! Think of it, all you multitudes who throng the stores on those hideous bargain days; and congratulate yourselves again that you are buying these shirt waists at little more than the cost of the material! Think of these meagre women, gaunt and hollow-eyed, who run the torturing machine all day and half the night, making these shirt waists for your bargain day at less than three cents each.

"I have just got a bundle of sewing from one of the stores," said another woman who had lost the habit of smiling, "it had been so long since there was time or heart for it. 'See—they are knee pants for little boys—and they are so much trouble to make! And I get thirty-five cents a dozen for them.'"

Thirty-five cents a dozen for garments that are so troublesome and so discouraging in the experience of every mother! And there were dozens of women like this who were slaving early and late that the bargain counters might be thronged the next week with eager purchasers who would be glad to give twenty or thirty cents for garments that were made for three. And doubtless the purchaser was sufficiently indignant afterwards because the buttons came off the first day and the buttonholes were poor and the stitch was long. Less than three cents apiece—think of it!—and the pale face growing paler, and the children shabbier, and the horror of unpaid rent driving her like a demon! And yet other women dare to complain that their bargain-day purchases are not well made!

A young widow, pathetically young and beautiful in her mourning garb, told me something of the work she had been doing lately. One of those humanitarians at the head of the department stores had given her a dozen infants' long petticoats to make; fine garments, and the work was to be finely done, with twenty minute tucks and an embroidered ruffle. And what were these garments to bring her in exchange for the human life she sewed into them? Twelve-and-a-half cents apiece, if it please you; and when she carried them in, why, the gathers were not exactly right, and had to be fixed over; and a slight variation in the width of the tucks was detected, and something was deducted for that. A whole week's work for less than a muscular negro laborer would earn in a day! And she

was young and beautiful, be it remembered, and the descent into Avernus is such an easy one.

I have seen women going through the streets, carrying such heavy bundles that they staggered under the weight, and must rest them on a door step here and there. While one of the bundles rested one day I stopped and asked what it contained. A dozen pairs of men's trousers;—and the seamstress was to receive three cents a pair. Three cents! It was impossible to believe it! But I asked many others of the burden bearers afterwards and heard the same story from all. The heart sickens at thought of it.

"Oh, yes, I have work now," said a pale woman, stopping the machine a moment to talk. "I am making mosquito bars at twenty-five cents a dozen. Well, yes, it's awful little, but I reckon it's better than nothing."

Better than nothing! No wonder they grow thin and old at such work as this—for it is not really work that saps the strength and takes the light from a woman's face and the fire from her eyes. It is the awful knowledge that with all her work she is not keeping her head above the waves, and that she and her children are slipping deeper into poverty with every turn of the wheel and every click of the needle.

And yet, they are keeping up the struggle, though the river is so near, and though a bodkin may be had for the asking.

And these are some of the victims your bargain day has made; the gaunt and shadowy specters hovering just beyond the counters that are piled with your cheap bargains. These are the home people to whom the work is given out, while millionaire merchants boast of it as though their benevolence had taken in the whole human family. And while these working women struggle and starve, while they give their earnings for rent and live on crusts, while they keep their children from school for want of decent clothes and books, and give their lives for the mere sake of eking out life a little longer; we are sending our missionaries abroad, so please you, and are founding public libraries, and are boasting to the world of our great spread-of-knowledge and wonderful twentieth-century progress. Call the missionaries home. Here is harder work than they can find in heathendom; for if this secret once went abroad, what would be left to preach to the heathen? Can any one doubt that there is a hell, while starved women, trying to be honest, slave for such wage, while the employers who have fattened on the fruits of their toil spend their leisurely summers dawdling about Europe and fare sumptuously everyday?

And it will be answered in reply to all this that it is but natural for purchasers to buy at the lowest possible price; and for merchants and manufacturers to buy at the cheapest possible rate; and that while this condition of things seems deplorable in the extreme there is apparently no way of remedying it.

But is there really no way? Must the great world-Juggernaut roll over these helpless human beings and crush the life out of them, and no one utter a word of protest or make an effort to drag them out? Men and women of the country who are always working at philanthropic schemes, is it not worth while to use a little exertion for the sake of the working women whom the devil of want is driving harder and ever harder?

It is part of the irony of fate, perhaps, that influential women have banded themselves together and are amusing themselves with this or that plaything which it pleases them to think is for the good of mankind. You will find them going about with long petitions and importuning merchants to close their stores at noon on Saturday; aye, and gaining their point, though the half-holiday means a distinct loss to the merchant whose Saturday sales have always been the largest of the week. You will find them going among these same merchants and raising money for charitable institutions and for monuments and memorials and what not; for they have but to ask and it is granted them. What a pity that it never occurred to them to ask a decent wage for the poorest hirelings that ever slaved for mortal man! The sales girls for whom the half-holiday was so sweetly asked and so graciously granted are paid little enough heaven knows, but theirs is a princely salary compared with that of the slaves who make the bargain counter garments which the sales girls sell. If the charitable fads of society women were only worth while, what might they not accomplish! What a pity it is that they are so seldom worth while; that women whose dictum means so much are pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw; while women with children dependent on them are making shirt waists at less than three cents each, and are

manufacturing mosquito bars at twenty-five cents a dozen.

The horror of it cries to heaven. The days of hysterical trade are upon us. With these facts before her how can any woman have the courage or the conscience to greet the daily and weekly bargains with a light heart, or to turn over the piles of garments with merry chatter and frivolous laughter? This is a mad world, my masters, and there is direst tragedy back of all this flutter of cheapness and unprecedented bargains.

THOUGHTS CONCERNING THE WAR.

By John A. Morris.

We do not doubt the honesty of the average American citizen, though he is often sadly lacking in those primal requisites and qualities absolutely essential to normal intelligence. Seduced and hoodooed by the siren song of a histrionic patriotism, hypnotized by the fanatic emotionalism of huckstering political pirates whose stock in trade is sophistry garnished with a commodity of commercial lies, the American eagle finds itself burying its clumsy talons deep into the thick hide, hair and flesh of the ugly Spanish bull. And for what purpose? To relieve the starvation of a few thousand Cubans? We have as many people starving in one year in our own "free and independent domains" as Cuba at present possesses. If Uncle Sam is to become the savior of the world he should first be very careful to cast out of his own eye those mountain-hills of dirt that obstruct his vision ere attempting to remove the thimbleful of baked clay afflicting the optic nerve of some of our foreign neighbors.

If Uncle Sam is to be the inspired national savior of ail out-of-doors he can have all the fight he wants on his hands, and European diplomacy would soon unsheathe the sword of death and in our international pugilism America would have to play Corbett to European Fitzsimmons where finesse and soldierly training would place the first innings in favor of the carefully-instructed European war-dog. If mercy inspires America's act then greater distress than Cuba has yet known awaits its succoring hand in various parts of the world. Why does it not take up arms in defense of "gallant old Erin," who at the present time is in a famine-stricken condition? Why does it not bear arms in defense of the wretched Hindoos, of whom Julian Hawthorne, a brilliant American newspaper writer and novelist, said in the *Cosmopolitan* magazine last year, "8,000,000 people have starved to death during the present famine, and the number is likely to reach 10,000,000." While Lord Chamberlain talks of an Anglo-American alliance the squint in his eyes prevents him from seeing the immense amount of suffering and starvation in poor rack-rented Ireland and in that country over which the good Queen Vic reigns as empress!

Again, England, it is said, fervently sympathizes with America in her righteous crusade against misgovernment in Cuba but has not a word to say to the misrule of Italy; and while every daily newspaper of plutocratic persuasion in every civilized country of the globe is bellowing itself hoarse and beating the tom-tom over the struggle between Spain and America, how many, think you, have published aught of importance concerning the bread war which has been raging during the last few weeks on the streets of the poverty-stricken towns of Italy? If America have mercy in heart for "the oppressed of all nations" why should she not fly to the relief of the Italian peasant? Here, in fair Italia, have hunger and starvation dwelt during the past month actually making men, women and children so desperate as to cause them to hurl themselves against the cannon of the army until 1500 people were cut down in the streets of the city of Milan alone.

While the Irish peasant and the Hindoo dog starve to death under Britannia's rule interested classes are booming the alliance of Uncle Sam with good old Mother England in the name of patriotism and humanitarianism, compelling us to seek alliance with a country in whose dominions within five years as many people have died from starvation as would equal two-thirds of Spain's total population.

If our national debauch of blood and butchery, our ruby-hued carnival of cyclonic courage, our grand dynamic jag and patriotic razzle-dazzle denominated war is not for the purpose of setting the Cuban reconcentrados free what was the purpose of its existence and what cause has it for its continuance? Is it to give our disemployed johnnie boys employment, to show to the world what the great Ameri-

cans We, Us & Co. can do in the way of firearms, torpedo boats and destructive missiles? Or is it for the purpose of "Remember the Maine" in the way of retributive revenge? When I observe the great (?) journals of the day and see the sensational scarehead stretching clear across the page with a blood and thunder wood-cut probably gotten out by some dime novel artist, I come to the conclusion that the history of the present war as published by the yellow journals reads like some half-dime novel about "Daredevil Dick, the Indian Horse-Swiper." We rush like noble heroes to free fair Cuba, but on the way our acquisitive faculty compels us to "swipe" a few merchant vessels. Theoretically the American is a gallant gentleman; practically, I am sorry to say, he is the worst kind of a swaggering bully and pirate. Our national policy, dictated by a capitalist congress, is on a level with that of street arabs and burglars.

If we are simply giving it to Spain "where the chicken got the axe," because 266 sailors were blown up in the Maine, it is naught but a grand national vengeance on our part, a national tit-for-tat game and one which is unworthy for a great country's guidance. I thought this was America and the nineteenth century; that this was the land of books, not bombs; of debates, not dynamite; of libraries, not armories; and of thinkers, not drilled assassins. But it seems that the most of us are really glad of this reign of butchery because of the intoxicating effects thereof. Theater managers are in the rejoicing mood because they can get new war pictures for their bioscopes and projectoscopes. Storekeepers would like to buy a real nice live Spaniard and put him in the window to draw trade.

Miss H. P. Loud, editor of the *Rockland Independent*, a New England paper, speaks very sensibly upon the subject when she writes:

"The war resentment transforms every person whom it dominates into a Chinaman with a gong and red umbrella. Bang! Bang! Bang! We are wiser and better than all the world! Bang! Bang! Bang! We are always right and never can be wrong. Bang! Bang! Bang! We can wipe them out in a fortnight! Bang! Bang! Bang! We can wipe hardly conducive to thought or serious intention, but it is great fun to beat a gong and brag."

Again, I ask, what is this war really for? Such question I may attempt to answer at a future date only closing with this conclusion that if the United States had a grievance against Spain or vice versa let such grievance be shown before an international tribunal formed to settle these little differences of opinion between nations for in the long run the wisdom of arbitration is better than the insanity of international pugilism!

Los Angeles, Cal.

IF NOT, WHY NOT?

By Kyle Cummins.

A home on the banks of the Mississippi—which, if it be the "Father of Waters," is also the mother of mud. A cat-fish diet, striking all the chords of the gamut of preparation, from baked, with onion dressing, to French fricassee and fish-chowder; with turtle-soup on all state occasions, and a once-in-a-while drink of water, through which he can see the bottom of the cup from which he is drinking; and our friend, M. W. Connolly, of Memphis, ascends a bluff overlooking the turbid stream that has made his city famous, and, in the *June Iconoclast*, interrogates himself thus: "Should women write?"

Not receiving a satisfactory reply from the circumambient air, he soliloquizes himself into a state of agnosticism, hardly knowing whether they should, or should not. But with a leaning toward the shouldn't, that is too plain to need the aid of a telescope to discover, he argues the question pro and con, mostly con.

"Should women write?" The question is complex and being defined might read: Have they received a permit from the royal Don who controls the patronage in ideas, to use any stray ones they may find floating around without a male owner? Or, have they been served with a writ of injunction, restraining them from the use of the pen until such time as the masculine patent has expired? Transposed from the verb shalt thou, it might be construed to mean canst thou, i. e., are they capable? With this construction he seems content and gleefully prattles on, speculating as to the probable range and extent of Miriam's literary productions; tactfully avoiding a comparison of the effect of her teachings with that of Abraham and his Hagar

drama; Lot, in the tent episode, and David playing keeps with Uriah's "One ewe lamb," and his putting the said Uriah into the "fore front of the battle," to rid himself of a legal rival, in the form of the aforementioned "ewe lamb's" husband. Granting that Miriam only took her pen in hand to "improvise hymns and songs of praise," or, that she engaged in the mournful pastime of "crooning dirges over the dead who went into battle under the inspiration of her martial songs." Still, judging the two by the standard of the latter day taste, Miriam's "songs of praise" are, both in a literary and moral sense, several jumps ahead of Solomon's songs of lasciviousness, even though he has come down to us all through the ages, as holding four aces and three kings against any of his sex in point of wisdom.

"Should women write?" Be still, sad heart, and cease repining—or words to that effect. Who, but a discerning public, and the women who write to meet a demand for what they write, is to decide the question? As well ask: Should men cook? The parties employing men as cooks—a line in which they are said to excel,—usually settle that conundrum about the third day after they enter their service. Merit is the fulcrum to whose standard the leverage of success is attached, and considering not two decades have passed since women who attempted any independence had to brave everything but the approval of their own consciences, their efforts have met with a very fair share of public approval. The assumption that women couldn't write anything worth reading, has had more to do with their shortcomings in this direction than all things else combined—except the determined opposition of men to their entering the field of literature at all. For some reason, known only to the gods and Mark Hanna, women who have attempted to crawl over the fence surrounding their own potato-patch, have had a pretty rocky road to travel. If they knew but little they were twitted with being stupid, and unable to grasp anything of more intellectual force than a skillet-handle. If they showed any great desire to learn they were driven back to the treadmill, with the lash of being called mannish.

Alexandria ranked as one of the imperial cities of the Roman world. The Alexandrian school included among its teachers and lecturers, not only Egyptian priests and learned Greeks, but sages and philosophers from other countries, who had made the school celebrated throughout the world. But their glory was exceeded by Hypatia, who made the exact sciences the basis of her instructions and applied their demonstration to the principles of speculative knowledge and thus became the recognized head of the Platonic school. The most wealthy and influential thronged her lecture room, to hear her explain the literature of Greece and Asia, the theorems of mathematicians and geometers and the doctrines of sages and philosophers. She wrote several mathematical works of great merit, and was one of the most brilliant and successful lawyers in the new Rome, on the banks of the Sea. Her reputation for scholarship extended as far as the Greek language was spoken. Her beauty was of the highest type, her eloquence enthralling; her modesty sublime. But, her matchless mind excited the envy of Cyril, bishop of Alexandria, and of one Peter, the reader, who determined to put out this great light that was overshadowing their own tallow-dips. Together they instigated a mob that pulled her from her chariot and dragged her to the church named Caesarum, where they stripped and murdered her. Then while she was yet breathing, her assailants in a mad fury tore her body like tigers, limb from limb, and after that, bringing oyster shells from the market, they scraped the flesh from the bones, and gathering up the bleeding remains ran with them through the streets to the place of burning, and having consumed them, threw the ashes into the sea.

Most noble Caesar! Dost wonder that there was a great lapse of years between Hypatia and George Elliott? If so, then harken! The tariff levied on feminine brains was quite sufficient to prevent the market from becoming glutted. The "bulls and the bears," in the shape of male relatives, were in no hurry to second the literary aspirations of their mothers, wives and sisters; when the doing so would probably sprout a crop of he-idiot, whose slogan might be: "Exterminate the 'Blue Stockings' lest they ruin our business." "Death to the daughter of Theon for knowing enough to teach some men, in the year four hundred and fifteen: 'Short-haired women without babies' in 1898. Has the race progressed so very far, after all? Is knowledge commendable only when the knower wears 'pants?' Have fathers and brothers, husbands and sweet

hearts, held out to Jane the same incentive for study that they have offered to John? Have men, as a class, given women any encouragement to excel in the world of letters. Do they give the same recognition when they do excel? Do they give the same pay for the same kind of work? No! For even Mr. Connolly, who gallantly sheaths his irony in words of double meaning, clothes the weakest of his male writers in petticoats and mercilessly robs us of the honor of calling George Eliot one of our kind, by leaving her unclassified as to sex, time, rivalry, imitators, predecessors or successors.

But the cream of Mr. Connolly's jocundity lies in his penchant for applying the character test to Mary Wollstonecraft, and other feminine writers. Surely Mr. Connolly does not wish for the tables to be turned, on the theory that what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. Taking him at his word though, would not the foundations of literature tremble? From Shakespeare to Byron, from Byron to Sam Jones, wouldn't the fumes arising from a purified male authorship penetrate the heavens and cause the celestial inhabitants to move out?

Did Mr. Connolly's memory play him a trick when he failed to mention Harriet Martineau, one of the most prolific writers of the century? Her works are numerous and deal with every question affecting human interests. Her style is captivating, forming word-pictures that fit into beautiful mosaics, describing nature in vivid and faithful colors, displaying the vision of a poet and the mental grasp of a philosopher. She was the peer of any man of her time in diversity of accomplishments, depth of learning, felicitous expression and range of thought. She could write leading editorials for big morning dailies with the snap and vigor of Horace Greeley and the elegance of diction that characterized a Raymond. Brilliant novels, political essays and philosophical disquisitions, all "looked alike" to her, in the easy grace with which she handled them.

Madame de Stael used mind and pen, with force enough to make a Napoleonic dynasty tremble. The royal braggart, the heartless despot could deceive men; but this woman with surpassing intellectual keenness penetrated his mask of selfishness and made him fear her more than he feared the cannon of his enemies.

In what barren waste was Brother Connolly's wonted vigorous mind straying when, in the feminine literary firmament he did not catch a glimpse of so bright a star as Madame Dudevant (George Sand). It is said that genius has no sex, and when geniuses are mentioned, George Sand touches shoulders with them all. How tenderly her sympathy with life is woven into what she wrote! How Homeric her gift of story telling! How keen and incisive, how Shakespearean her portrayal of character! Like running her fingers across a lute, she makes the human heart vibrate to the melody of sublimest action or stand aghast at the discordant notes of baser passions. Has poetry no power to penetrate the editorial key-hole of a great daily newspaper office? Else, why did the masterly translation of "Prometheus" by Elizabeth Barrett Browning, elicit no word of commendation for its pure Grecian tone? In the "Drama of Exile" she is the rival of Milton and Byron in richness of language and elevation of thought, while the deeper heart of her womanly nature finds greater play. In "Aurora Leigh" she gives evidence of originality of ideas, acquaintance with the world, depth of learning, and descriptive and dramatic powers which fully attest the varied phases of her intellectual nature. Elizabeth Barrett Browning is a genius of the very first water, who ranks with Sappho, with Hypatia, in whom the fires of poesy burned until the fragile form seemed almost consumed with its intensity of emotion. She was the peer of Milton and even touched the hem of the garments of Shakespeare and Goethe.

"Should women write?" The question keeps reverberating through space, ever and anon striking the tympanum of my ear, with its implied abridgement of a choice of occupations for women, and I think of Elizabeth Cady Stanton, with her pen dipped in a flame of fire that tells of some men's inhumanities and discriminations against women, and I say yes! Let the fifty-eight years of her life, devoted so nobly, so effectively and with such distinction to the cause for which she has battled, be multiplied by two; and may every line she has written, portraying the injustice done to women, gather in force and volume till the righteousness of her cause shall have been vindicated. Was it geographical prejudice that caused Mr. Connolly to withhold from Harriet Beecher Stowe the meed of praise so freely bestowed upon her by others of his sex? However

that may be, the best accredited authority tells us that her "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was the most successful work ever published, its sale in America and England reaching an enormous figure. According to the Edinburgh Review, more than a million copies were sold in England within a year of its publication, while within that period it had been translated into ten different European languages, including fourteen separate versions in French and German, to which may now be added Chinese and Japanese. Have unfettered courage and unfettered will no place in woman's realm, that no mention is made of Madame Roland, one of the most magnificent characters in the glorious, but terrible period of the French revolution? Her mind would not suffer by comparison with any man's, her bravery was fire-proof, and she died a martyr to the liberty that was so dear to her and which illuminated her brief pathetic life. No wonder she is now an inspiration to all ages!

Among reform writers and speakers, Mrs. Annie Besant takes second place in no man's ticket. She is conducting a religious, instead of a political reform. But if she were not disfranchised and inclined to politics, she would need no "Man Friday" to tell her what to do nor to hold the stakes while she raked in the "jack-pot." She is an intellectual athlete, a worker. She wrestles with the living problems of human toil and human suffering. She does not skirmish around on the out-posts, but plunges into the thickest of the battle of human life. She is sympathetic, heroic and eloquent and is to be admired for her indomitable spirit and devotion to practical liberty and justice.

Finally, by whose authority is Mr. Connolly publishing a daily newspaper, since this domain belongs to woman by all the rights of discovery and invasion? Bitter to swallow, is it not, that mighty as is the press, bearing a relation akin to omnipotence in its power for good or evil; indispensable as food and drink; it should owe its origin to the keenness of a woman's perception of our mental needs and the sound business judgment displayed in knowing that people gladly pay for what they know they need.

A world without a daily newspaper! Did you ever try to imagine what it would be like? I would as soon think of making my home in the bottom of the sea with the sharks nibbling at my toes and McGinty nudging my left elbow and threatening me with a distress warrant for interfering with his rights as "the first and only squatter," in that dampened fishy abode. A world without a daily paper! That is just what we had until Elizabeth Mallet of London founded the "Daily Courant" in 1702. And, to prove that this newspaper idea was essentially woman's enterprise, it is noted that the first newspaper printed in Rhode Island was edited and published by a woman. The first newspaper printed in Maryland was edited and published by a woman, and both of these women were made printers to the colony. The first newspaper to publish the Declaration of Independence—the Colonial Virginia Gazette—was edited by a woman. The only newspaper that did not suspend publication when Boston was besieged by the British was published by a woman, and, by the way, this was the first paper published in America that lived to a second volume. The first postmaster appointed after the revolutionary war was a woman-editor who wrote such spirited and pronounced editorials that the records say, only sex saved her from a sound flogging, and her appointment was given as a means of suppressing her.

This is but the A in the alphabet of evidence as to woman's ability to write, or to do anything else she pleases, so the question, "Should women write?" is fully answered by saying, "Yes, when they want to."

PATRIOTISM FOR PROFIT.

By Jerome K. Sardis.

This has been one of those "immemorial years" when America expects, in a general way, that every man will do his duty, more or less; and I am gratified to note that our American Aristocracy, that bulwark of our country's liberty, has risen equal to the occasion. A large number of them have gone to Europe, where they could "be on the ground in case anything should turn up." Many others have gone to the mountains, which are absolutely out of range of Spanish guns, and others still are congregating wherever there is likely to be a distribution of pie. The country has need of them in this crisis, and they are going to serve their country as long as there is an office or a fat contract left to serve her with. Once in a while there is one of the jeunnesse doree who accepts an office in the volunteer

army. Let it never be said, therefore, that the soft-handed sons of rest were silent when the crucial moment came; that no one heard from them when the Press was crying Havoc and the country was unleashing the war-dogs.

As for the floods of eloquence, for the thoughts that breathe and words that burn, is not the land ringing with them?—and we of the purple have our private secretary busy composing speeches which shall tickle the ears of the groundlings when we deliver them anon in our most extempore fashion; and we are getting ourselves interviewed by Associated Press correspondents, so that we may let the world know how patriotic we are.

But in the midst of all the enthusiasm, one may see something like a grim smile on the faces of those older men and women who are gifted with long memories. They could tell, an if they would, about the patriotism that was the fashion in 1860, and of the brilliant orators who urged their country on to war in those heroic days. Even in the patient village of Dumdudge there was wild commotion over their golden eloquence, and the meanest drudge of them all was ready to march to battle and to death under their leadership. It went without saying that the aristocrats who were so eager for war, so jealous of their country's honor, would be among the first to march out with the flag.

Alas, no! Sad to tell, the affair had a somewhat different ending. These older men, gifted with long memories, have not forgotten that when the troops were mobilized in those days there was but a thin sprinkling of the gilded heroes who had filled the forum with the announcement that their voice was still for war. Perhaps it was a vox, et preterea nihil, for nothing of them went to war but the voice alone. On this side Mason and Dixon's line they were far otherwise engaged;—say in refugeeing with their slaves, who must be saved, no matter how much heroic blood were spilled. Nay, were there not those who were at home, speculating in corn and meat, and wringing the poor earnings from the hands of the "war widows," who were trying to make a living for the children while the husband and sons were away, marching and fighting at the front? And when the war was over, how gallantly did these "Home Guards" fare forth, clad in purple and fine linen, with money on hand to take advantage of every opportunity and build up their millions on the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds!

And who does not remember what an unexpected and unexplainable out-burst of disease came in those days when the recruiting offices were open and the volunteers were getting ready to march. Gallant gentlemen for whom the war could not begin soon enough were all at once seized with dire maladies which baffled the skill of the physicians; and never was seen such a multitude of unfortunates who had to go on crutches, or to wear glasses, or who could not hear without an ear-trumpet. And how they went about bemoaning their misfortunes and envying the lucky men who could go and fight. And those others who had never made any speeches and never protested over-much, the men whose business 'twas to die, shouldered their guns, laughing, and marched away toward Manassas, and Malvern Hill, and Gettysburg, and Appomattox.

And now, one begins to wonder if the enthusiasm of these latter-day sons of thunder is going to end when they have started off the troops and cheered them as they went. Some of these maimed and broken old veterans who are struggling for the mere right to live, or who are herded in Soldiers' Homes, could point out here and there distinguished gentlemen with comfortable incomes and undiminished powers of oratory. Many of the old soldiers would be away at the front with the best of them, if they could, but their hands are feeble and their steps begin to falter. The distinguished gentlemen are not going either. They and many like them will stay at home and speculate, and put money in their purse; for the devil does not always get his own as promptly as he should, even when their trademark is as plain as this.

SUFFERING KANSAS.

By Chas. Richard Lamont.

Many have been the afflictions of Kansas; its tribulations numerous, and its sorrows deep, till sufferance has become the badge of all who live within its confines; the uttermost indignities of nature have been heaped upon the state, and borne with a patient smile. In her years of greatest plenty, the umbrage of the trees has been destroyed, the verdure of the fields, the often generous crops, tho' raised

with hard and fearful labor from a thirsty soil, have been blotted from existence in a single day by devastating hordes of hungry locusts that obscured the sun in their flight and cast on the minds of the people deep shadows of despairing gloom. And still has Kansas lived, nor deemed herself dishonored.

For long years has there been the fight between the heat and the drought and men; the horror-making cyclone has done its share in the general destruction and injury of the state. And still men paused in their exodus, and waited, and hoped for better things, nor thought their state disgraced.

But her sorrow has fallen at last. The land where once the Indian, in soothful dignity roamed at will, now hangs her head in sorrow, and seeks to be shielded from the gaze of man. The long-dead bones of the pioneer Kansans must throb with life and longing, fierce longing for affray, from the feeling of her present disgrace.

In truth has the mighty fallen, and the powerful become weak and despised.

There are many things in the womb of Time to be brought forth, but the most sardonic imagination could devise no more repulsive abortion than the new religious sect that has been brought to the light of day in Kansas.

From the special dispatch in the St. Louis Republic of Sunday, June the 26th, I find that the state of strife and disappointment can unblushingly send forth to the world the brazen statement that the most despicable organization of the earth is to be found within its boundaries; a statement that would cause the most eccentric of long-haired comets to pause in its path, and gaze, a wonder-wounded listener.

From this same dispatch I see that there has just been held at Emporia the first general assembly of the "Church of God, and Saints of Christ," a so-called religious society whose membership embraces whites and negroes, a society wherein these whites and niggers, dam dirty niggers, not only associate and share the same church, but whose adherents, to top the infinite of insult to all forms of refinement, salute one another with a kiss, "breathing the holy ghost upon disciples with a kiss," to quote from the report.

"Ye Gods, must we endure all this?"

Some disciple of decency ought to salute them, each and all, with a number ten, planting the kiss of a copper-toed jackboot upon the bosoms of their trousers, and fling their graceless disembodied, meager souls across the River Styx, lest they disgrace the ferry of Charon by being borne to hell therein.

Further to borrow the phrasing of my brief, the dispatch says that "it is a strange thing to some that among his followers the color line is obliterated, and blacks and whites affiliate, and share the same seat, and kiss each other when at church services. Many of the followers are intelligent, educated, whites, who have always heretofore stood well in the community."

No wonder the writer put his verb in the preterit. "Who have heretofore stood well." It is well-nigh incomprehensible that there could be a community, save one of yellow dogs and mangy coyotes, where folk would not lose caste somewhat by associating with such an aggregation.

And this even is not the worst of it. More yet remains to be told, which but to mention would make forges of one's cheeks, and to cinders burn the elements of modesty to tell the tale at length, while to do the subject thorough justice would require a volume, printed on asbestos paper and bound in fire brick.

The head of the church is a negro bishop, William S. Crowdy, who claims to have had a revelation direct from the Almighty in November, ninety-seven, and that in this revelation the articles of faith were given him, the inspired articles of faith upon which he founded this church. And one of the articles is such that it would sicken a buzzard to think on. No god who was compos mentis could have given such a commandment.

In the words of Shakespeare, it is better to be brief than tedious, though I pause and hesitate before the statement.

This commandment, surpassing in its fiendish malignity of conception even their abhorrent exhortation to salute one another with a kiss, pertains to foot-washing.

I make no doubt that they need it, some of them, particularly the sable section. But picture it if you can; form a mental conception of its horrors, if you will, for language does not avail. The Johnsonese diction, with its Latin ponderosity and stateliness of movement, the unadorned and simple Saxon, with its monosyllabic bluntness and

vigor, are alike insufficient; you feel their poverty, their utter exility; language hath its limits.

And when we think of what might be with a creed such as this, the future is truly appalling. Just imagine a delicate and refined young lady, of birth and position, educated and polished, engaged in the revolting operation of cleansing the unfumigated Trilbies of some ebon pillar of this "Church of God and Saints of Christ," if the concept of such a mortal contradiction be within your power. Truly, a delightful prospect. "To what base uses we may return, Horatio."

"Imperious Caesar, dead and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away,"

but what imperiosity of human flesh would serve to keep away the pungent, penetrating wind that would pierce the farthest Empyrean, wafted by the gentle zephyrs from the amen-corner, when these religious psychopaths got to earnest work upon their pedal terminations?

Further, the bishop declares that there will shortly be a war, in which his "saints" will be arrayed against the people of the Pope. And that as a result of this "most holy war" Catholicism will be blotted from the face of the earth; that the church that preserved Christianity through the dark struggles of the middle ages is to be subverted by a gang of half-wit apes, a religion-crazed crowd of fanatics, led by a lunatic negro.

But what strikes the observer most is that the followers of this creed have evidently missed out on the selection of their bishop. What tho' the coon came as the deliverer of their sacred message? Gratitude has seldom found high place in the heart of an A. P. Ape, and if one were discovered whose shameless audacity exceeded that of Crowdy,—who was near the lynching-point at Fort Worth because of kissing white women,—why not place him at the head of order?

And as a man just suited to hold this damning distinction I should imagine that the Rev. C. H. Woolston, of Philadelphia, would more nearly fit the niche than many another. Of course, the Rev. Woolston is a Baptist. He it was, who in the early part of the year, instituted and lead a Parkhurstian crusade against vice and sin in the Quaker metropolis.

The doctor says he saw more vice in two nights than Parkhurst saw in his whole trip around New York. He must have been a bird, to get around at a pace like that.

The doctor didn't believe in the motto of Polonius, "By indirections find directions out." No more did his fellow-workers in the crusade. And they said, "We will call the damsel and enquire."

And so they gratified the pernerastic passion of their senescent selves by calling at various brothels, and conversing with the courtesans. They paid for no cans of beer, neither did they squander money foolishly to witness sensual Oriental dances. "Some places they would offer to perform sensual Oriental dances, but required money before the performance would be given. In these places we would not put up the money, and so did not see the dance," said the reverend doctor, in a newspaper interview. Mark the exquisite flow of words! The judicious admixture of gutter-slang, the delicate tinge of regret that they did not see the show though they didn't pay the price.

And so they moved on to some other joint where the terms were not cash in advance.

It is among the possibilities that such a man would make a superior leader for the "Church of God and Saints of Christ," but maybe not. I doubt if in his jaunt he found anything so revolting as this new church.

Truly are they singing unto the Lord a new song, and they are very like to find themselves in great tribulation, except they repent of their deeds.

St. Louis, Mo., July 9, 1898.

SALMAGUNDI.

A delegation of citizens has called upon President McKinley and pleaded in tears that they be allowed to rush out and shed their blood for their country. They were not Americans, according to the dispatches, but "German-Americans." Next week I suppose we shall have a delegation of Irish-Americans, and then in rapid succession French-Americans and Italian-Americans, Russian-Americans and Swede-Americans, Dutch-Americans and Danish-Americans and, last of all, that remarkable product known as the "Afro-American," who was born plain nigger. The

"German-Americans" in question assured the executive that they were patriotic and they asked permission to raise a regiment of their countrymen to prove it. They were aware, I suppose, that the law does not permit the president to accept volunteer companies every time they bob up and offer themselves. There was no reason why they should not have known it. It has been printed often enough. At any rate, the knowledge did not prevent them making a little cheap capital. I suppose the German-Americans are patriotic enough—against Spanish. What they would be against Germans remains to be seen. I hope to live until the day when the bars against immigration of all kinds and from all countries will fall with a clang. I hope that the day is not far away. We have enough of them now and too much German-Americans and all the other European hordes who are not bred nor educated to a proper understanding and love of free institutions. They should be kept out resolutely. When this country falls it will be because of internal dissensions, due in turn to our hundred differing and unemulsionable streams of race blood. When an Anglo-Saxon American marries a German or French or Italian or Russian woman his progeny are just that much a deterioration from the standard of his kind. The present standard is high because of the Browns and Joneses and Smiths and Williamses who have kept themselves unmixed, the Sampsons, Deweys, Hobsons, Wainwrights, and so forth. The fewer Von Boomelsteins and Minzenheimers, Crapauds and Di Spaghetis we have the better.

* * *

Score one for the first steal of our holy war! Hawaii has been "annexed." "Whereas," says the resolution of "annexation," "the government of the Republic of Hawaii, having in due form signified its consent to cede absolutely and without reserve to the United States of America," etc., etc., etc. That is a covered lie, worse than the open lie. The thousand descendants of meddling missionaries, headed by Dole and tailed by Hatch, have consented to cede. The hundred thousand inhabitants have had nothing to do with it. Having stolen the islands from the natives and deposed the native queen, the pious Dole, son of Missionary and School Teacher Dole, now completes the theft by handing the group to the republican party, which is in power in this country. A more despicable piece of thievery is not to be found in the political annals of the world. Of course, the moving force behind this gift is the knowledge of Dole and his fellow porch-climbers that he could not hold the stolen goods against the people he has robbed. This being so, he was anxious to be shut of the job. The Hawaiian islands contain a population of 109,999—of whom just 9000 are Americans, Germans and English. The others are composed of thirty-odd thousand Kanakas, twenty-odd thousand Japanese, twenty-odd thousand Chinese of the coolie class and more than 15,000 Portuguese, every man and woman of whom has syphilis through acquisition or hereditament. Just what we want with this mass of ignorance, filth and vice no sane man is able to say. The Sandwich group does not hold 5000 males competent to be American citizens. The coaling station talk is rot. We have had a coaling station at Pearl Harbor—the only decent harbor in the islands—for ten years, without the energy or the will to improve it. We do not need them to control the Nicaraguan canal, because there is no Nicaraguan canal, and San Francisco is a thousand miles nearer to the proposed site of the canal, anyhow. We do not need them to control the route to Japan and other countries of the far East, because we have islands south of the Aleutians which are nearer to that route, which have competent harbors that are never ice-bound and which are in every way better suited to our purpose. It is just a case of steal, my brethren. Score one for that gigantic, puritanical, highly-moral, sermonizing, psalm-snuffing housebreaker, your Uncle Samuel.

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I wish the readers of the Iconoclast to remember these names, because they form what is, or should be, a roll of honor. They are the names of men who, despite pressure and bribes, stood steadfast to the last for honor and common sense—the men who declined to sanction the latest case of international shoplifting, otherwise known as the "annexation" of Hawaii: Senators Allen, Bacon, Bate, Berry, Caffrey, Chilton, Clay, Daniel, Faulkner, Jones, Lindsay, McEnery, Mallory, Mitchell, Morrill, Pasco, Pettigrew, Roach, Turley, Turpie and White—twenty-one in all, of whom more than half are Southern men. It was of Southern men, by the way, that bitter Charles Sumner said:

"They governed this country for more than sixty years and, as all must admit, honestly and cleanly."

* * *

Because she is a bit shaky in bad weather, is worth little intrinsically and makes when called upon a most hellish noise while doing small damage, the gun-cotton cruiser Vesuvius reminds me strongly of the Hon. "Stump" Ashby, the Hon. "Cyclone" Davis and the Hon. William Shaw of Dallas. These three gentlemen, when in practice and supplied with a magazine of stink-pots, are able to rout a brigade of Chinese merely as a pleasant diversion from the heat and burden of getting a living.

* * *

The disaster to "La Bourgogne," which was a French ship, within three years of the disaster to the "Elbe," which was a German ship, teaches us anew that the sure-enough men of this world belong to the Anglo-Saxon race. When "La Bourgogne" went down some members of the crew were saved and the passengers were drowned. When the "Elbe" went down a large proportion of the crew was saved and the passengers went down. The entire history of the British or American merchant marine does not afford a similar instance. Englishmen and Americans have drowned in scores like rats, but the women and children were saved.

* * *

The busy bodies, the old women in pants, who hang about the naval department at Washington and draw salaries from the government when they should be gazing steadily at the business end of a mule for ten hours of six days in the week, have stirred up trouble between Schley and Sampson. That was to have been expected. It is characteristic of the Washington departmental excrescence that he attends to all affairs except his own. It never seems to strike him that his nose is out of place when thrust into the concerns of other folks. The only proper way to treat that nose is to seize it between the thumb and forefinger and twist it with vigor. Schley or Sampson, or both, could do themselves and their country a service by taking shore leave for a little while, speeding to Washington and doing some twisting. It all comes from the destruction of Cervera's fleet. Sampson unfortunately was absent, but no one doubts that he would have done his duty if the fates had been kind to him. As it is, "partisans of Schley" say that he is a paper fighter and "partisans of Sampson" say that Schley is insubordinate and incompetent. So it goes. Cabals are formed daily. Individuals, burning with the writing itch, have plunged into print. Others have chased despairing reporters to a standstill and had themselves interviewed. Others debate when they should be making some pretense of earning their bread. Each and every one of these warts should be sent to Cuba to dig ditches until the white-winged angel of peace has brooded a whole lot.

* * *

The boards of strategy, naval and military, are great things. They employed thirty-odd thousand soldiers, cost more than a thousand lives and made necessary the expenditure of many millions of dollars to invest Santiago, which was not the seat of Spanish power in Cuba. Can anybody tell me what we wanted with it, why our regulars and volunteers should have been sent to that pestilential climate at that time, why blood should have been poured out like water to accomplish something which amounted to nothing when it was accomplished, of what use to Spain was Cervera's barnacle-logged fleet cooped up in harbor, or Linares' sick and semi-starved troops confined to Santiago by the inability to get anything to eat if they left it? Glory we won, surely. No finer fighting has swelled the sum total of deeds done by human valor. But what of it? Where is the good? Merely the capture of a town we did not want and which in no way aided us to capture Blanco. Meanwhile the death roll climbs and the trench, dug for the reception of things that once were brave men instinct with life and hope and intelligence, widens and deepens. I say that the American people is the most greatly patient and loyal people in the world.

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Mr. Poultney Bigelow has passed through an experience which long since became a matter of daily knowledge to the Iconoclast. He has found it unpalatable and worrisome to tell the truth. He said that the army at Tampa was improperly equipped; that the sufferings of the men were due in part to the incompetency of their commanding officers and in part to immense political jobbery at Washington. That was correct; but immediately Mr. R. Hydrocephalus Davis swatted him weakly and the jackals of the

press took up the row and the official lickspittles at Washington yelped about him and the men who have made money out of the necessities of their country said he was anathema maranatha and Beau Miles solemnly damned him with bell, book and candle. The Iconoclast enjoyed it, rather. It is not malicious, but it has been thumped so often and so hard itself for similar acts of virtue that it likes to look at another fellow dodging bricks, just for a change.

* * *

In common with every other American worth the powder it would take to blow him to Hades. I lift my hat to the men of Santiago. They are men, sure enough. It was not holiday war. They have made me prouder of the language I speak, the institutions under which I live and the blood that is in me. Brought down to cases the American soldier is pretty nearly all right. He has the go-ahead and the stay-there about equally mixed, and together they make of him about the most dangerous animal that walks.

* * *

By his splendid dash for liberty against overwhelming odds Admiral Cervera has proven himself a sea-warrior worthy to have touched glasses with Don Guzman de Soto himself when the Armada sailed the storm-smitten seas. By his message immediately after Hobson's capture he has proven himself a chivalric gentleman. During his enforced stay with us we will show him that, much as we despise his country, we can do full justice to his qualities as a man.

* * *

I trust that when seizing Cuba, Porto Rico, Hawaii, the Ladrones, the Pelews, the Carolines, the Philippines and any other islands that happen to be floating around unchained, the United States will not overlook Jekyll island. That is a bit of land off the harbor of Brunswick, Georgia now owned by J. Pierpont Morgan and other foreigners, and it would make an admirable graveyard for the aforesaid foreigners.

* * *

The erasure of the Spanish navy was due primarily to theft. Within the past twenty years the kingdom has appropriated enough money to build ten navies. Most of it went into private pockets. The effective force of Montojo's squadron in the East was not a fiftieth part of what it was said to be on paper. Camara's squadron, after weeks of preparation, amounted to almost as little. Cervera had the only properly armed and manned ships—four of them all told. There is a lesson in this if we are wise enough to heed. There are many thieves in this country and they are growing more numerous. They are in office. They need watching and more than watching. The Chinese are centuries behind us in some things and centuries ahead of us in others. They execute dishonest bankers and peculating officials. It seems a pitiful and despicable thing that the honor and fate of an entire nation should be at the mercy of some salaried robber, but it happens that way. The gnawing of one half-pound rat has been known to sink a ship of five thousand tons.

* * *

The year has passed its medial line and the sweltering heats of August are upon us, but Willie McKinley is still firm. There is consolation in that.

* * *

I see by the dispatches that Governor Stevens, of Missouri, is grinding out officers for the "Puke" part of the volunteer army with almost as much celerity as the brigadier-factory at Washington. Not long ago he made Henry Julian, of Kansas City, a "major." Lately he has made Jacob Johnson Dickinson, editorial man on the Republic, a "major." His next step, I suppose, will be to make William Marion Reedy, of the Mirror and the Iconoclast, a Lieutenant Kurnel. All three of these people are good people, and two of them, at least, are among the West's most brilliant and valued writers, but what they don't know about matters military, piled slab on slab, would make Cheops look like a toadstool.

* * *

It is an ill wind which blows nobody good, and the "annexation" of Hawaii, burdensome as it is certain to be to the country at large, should prove an unfeeling well of delight to our Baptist wind-jammers, who have never missed a camp-meeting and would like to attend one a week. The Kanaka girls are lusciously moulded, youthful, simple, loving, open to conviction and complaisant to the last degree. They need a great deal of saving, and there

are no newspapers to poke their noses into the private affairs of professional, humble, meek and industrious snatchers of brands from the burning. Brethren, having hastily kissed our somewhat wrinkled wives goodbye, patted our somewhat numerous children upon their uncombed heads, snuffed a more than ordinarily long-metered and sanctimonious hymn in praise of the giver of good things to humble tillers in the vineyard, let us pass around the collection box and on to Hawaii, there to drink the wine of the banana, which maketh the heart glad, and feast upon the succulent yam, which comforteth the stomach, and gaze upon nude maidens bathing, which increaseth our knowledge of anatomy, and witness the hoola-hoola dance, so that we may preach against it when we get back home.

* * *

The Iconoclast here predicts that, if given opportunity, Colonel William Jennings Bryan, of the Nebraska volunteers, will acquit himself as a soldier and a man. It here asserts that, of a dark night, any one can take a corn cob and a lightning bug and run William McKinley into the Potomac. There are two kinds of Americans—the Bryan kind and the McKinley kind—and, luckily for America, the Bryan kind just now is largely in the majority.

* * *

In speaking of the editor of the Portland Oregonian last month I was betrayed by passion into a statement that is unjustifiable. Reflection has taught me to regret it. I said that he was a cur. I desire to apologize to the cur.

* * *

I do not believe in this posthumous discussion of the fallen Titan. When Brann went home to the Father who sent him here I said in the words of Kent, stooping above the body of the sorrow-smitten Lear: "Vex not his ghost! O let him pass! He hates him that upon the rack of this rough world would stretch him out longer." It was too fine a spirit for long dwelling amid coarsenesses. Better—a thousand times better—that the tireless thirst for knowledge should at last be quenched and the kind eyes be opened to the glories and truth of the infinite.

* * *

Your Uncle Samivel is growing exceedingly cocky. Several times of late he has announced his ability to whip Spain with one hand and belt Germany with the other and butt Russia in the waistband and hoof France under the fifth rib and chew Austria on the ear and make Italy sorry it was ever italicized, and all at once. In my opinion, it will pay your Uncle Samivel to finish the job he has on hand before flying to others that he wots not of, wot he never so wottily. There is such a thing as being too promiscuously valiant, and we have now reached a point where we are compelled to affix a two-cent stamp to every section of papier de unit between the uplands of Dan and the downlands of Beersheba. There is fun in paying when you get good goods for the payment, but not any in being taxed to a standstill for the privilege of enriching army contractors and dumping thousands of dead brave men into trenches.

The Iconoclast learns with pleasure that at Chickamauga and elsewhere it is the policy to drill the recruits until the sweat stands out on them in globes. Until a man has learned to swing his left leg in cadence with "Hay-foot, straw-foot, belly full of bean soup," he is food for powder. Sending him to the front not only cumbers the machinery of war, but is positive cruelty to animals. The summer camps would be good things, even if there were no war. Some thousands of youngsters are kept out of bagnios and worse places. They are forced to eat healthy muscle-making food or to go hungry. They are sent to bed at regular hours and dragged out at a time when they should be dragged out. They are taught that individually they are small potatoes and few in the hill. It does each of them good to be ordered about and hectored by a snipe of a lieutenant, whom he could lick with one hand and would like to. The habit of obedience—the hardest of all habits to acquire—is ground into them. Cleanliness of body and clothing is made a necessity. Dirt means the guardhouse. If these volunteers never see the front, they will be better men for the experience. The value of the rough army training, especially to American youths, who are too much coddled by weak fathers and foolish mothers, has been demonstrated by the success of soldiers, Northern and Southern, who laid down their muskets in 1865. Almost without exception the man who was a good soldier has made a respected and useful citizen.

MODERN COLLEGE EDUCATION.

I employ the term "Modern College Education" as a title because it is the one which headed a number of articles in the *Cosmopolitan* magazine which suggested this one. It is not chosen because of a belief that "modern" college education is materially different from that dished out one hundred years ago, or even five hundred years ago, for that matter. It is practically the same except that there is more of the same sort. It is one of those inexplicable paradoxes in history and humanity that the very force which has fought mouldy, worthless traditions, that has combatted bigoted orthodoxy, that has given the world its progress and enlightenment should now in the dawn of the twentieth century be plodding along in conservative mediaevalism. I do not refer to our polytechnic and scientific schools. I mean the college proper, the school of "liberal learning." The same curriculum is there as obtained in Oxford in the days of Henry VII with the exception of a little modern science. This brings up the oft discussed, threadbare, always-oid, ever-new question of its value. It is an old topic, threshed by editors and expanded on in full many an educational "meet" and I suppose that a number will throw this down and, "Chimmy Fadden-like," exclaim, "Wat t'ell any how!" My only excuse for perpetrating this outrage is the desire to comment on the articles in the *Cosmopolitan*.

Mr. John Brisben Walker, who always insists on his unsightly full name, started the ball rolling by advancing the proposition that the "pursuit of mankind is happiness." No one doubts that. In fact Mr. Walker (you can prefix the "John Brisben" if you want to), can never state a truth unless he indulges in platitudes. But he says that education should be pointed to secure happiness. You might as well attempt to find the North Pole by cruising around the equator. Mr. — Walker is respectfully referred to George Elliot, who said in substance that the two things necessary to happiness are a good digestion and a large amount of stupidity. If Mr. — Walker is not a dyspeptic he should be idiotically happy.

To get right down to the truth, the implied and expressed object of "modern college education" is to fit a man for the battle of life. It is enunciated from the lecture platform and advertised in the college catalogues. (We see nothing about the "happiness.") The question is, "Does it do it?" A great army of men, failures if you will, in tones sounding like the lamenting "ai, ai" of the old Greek tragedy, answer "no." We are, to borrow a public man's famous utterance on the tariff question, "confronted by a condition, not a theory." We see men who can still "scan" their hexameter "hitting the free lunch route" and stopping at dingy, fifteen-cent lodging houses in great cities while their more fortunate comrades, who don't know a Greek root from a "slippery elm" club, lodge at first-class hotels. We see them riding in box cars while the boy who went into the dry goods store instead of the college, rides in the Pullman. Of course some will say these are extreme cases and point with pride to the statistics showing the large number of college men in public life to-day. That is just the trouble. If the college man cannot draw a prize in the lottery of politics he can find nothing else that he is fit for. Law, journalism, medicine and the pulpit are the four vocations he must choose. His "liberal education" does not dovetail into anything else. If he would be successful in any other line he must forget all about what he has learned in college. Even in the learned professions the college graduate is sometimes "persona non grata." Great editors do not like them. Many of our great lawyers owe their success more to their virile qualities than to their intellectual endowments and accomplishments. Why should we not have college graduates in public life? They are drawn from the very flower of our young men. They are boys who would hardly make a failure if they were not warped by their academic course. Yes, it is a bold word, but I say "WARPED." I mean it. The college is a Frocrustean bed and measures all by a certain standard. They all go in. The short are stretched and the lengthy are cut off. The professor in the large university never has an acquaintance with the individual. He has merely a composite photograph of the whole. He has his system, modeled after the estimated needs of this composite photograph of human nature and it never occurs to him to make any allowance for the varying "personal equation." The man who is best adapted to this bed is the best scholar. He is also the least fitted for life work except in given lines. There is no elasticity to his mental make-up. He is the valedictorian. He makes a fair pedagogue

(rarely anything else) and goes on promulgating the system.

The American college should fit America's young men for life in America. It should make its course of instruction and training dovetail into his after life. It should be but a step from his Alma Mater to the world of business. Erudition is not education, nor is learning wisdom. I can see how "educators" confused the terms. We will go back to where it started. In the latter part of the middle ages a few men began to care for something besides breaking lances at a jousting tournament or drinking huge bumpers in the wild wassail of ancestral halls. Hitherto learning had been monopolized by the priests, but the laymen now bid for a share. Then came the era of the universities of Paris, Oxford, Cambridge, Salamanca and others. What did those men have in view when they attended these institutions? Was it to fit them for after life? Was it to help them in business? No. They were not tradesmen, neither did they care for the "profession of arms." They went there for the love of learning, pure and simple. Years rolled by and other centuries were ushered in. It was seen that "peace had her victories" as well as war. It was no longer considered a disgrace for a gentleman to have a little scholarship among his accomplishments. Did the men of this age go to Oxford and Cambridge in order to fit themselves for their life work? Still, "no." Some went for the love of learning. Others went because they could not be finished gentlemen without it any more than three centuries before they could have become knights without winning their spurs. Later on we have men entering public life, men like Pitt and North. Their families made them fully as much as their Alma Mater. Then we come to America and her struggling colleges. Hamilton, Madison, Webster, Adams and others graduated from colleges. Ergo in order to be great go to college. Webster attended Dartmouth, which was about as well equipped at that time as the high school of to-day. Yet who would not laugh now at the presumptuous high school that would take the credit of creating a Webster? No one laughs at Dartmouth because it ladled out A. B.'s with as much lavishness as a green grocer peddles his peas. With these illustrious examples before them the American youth was taught that the way to prepare himself for life was to go to college. He was told that it was the best way to educate him. The same old Greek and Latin was taught that was dispensed in the day of Shakespeare, when a man did not expect such marvelous results from it. The curriculum was not altered except that modern languages, English and a smattering of science were added, and yet when he got his diploma, even from a Baylor university, he was educated! Heaven save the mark!

Our minds are not far different from our bodies. The treatment of them, though different, is analogous. Let us take the time worn illustration of the blacksmith. He has a son whom he wants to follow in his footsteps. Should he have him practice with Indian clubs, pulley weights and dumb bells till he wants him to begin shoeing horses? In this way he will have a well rounded physique and a strong body. But if he is thrown on his own resources he will hardly know enough to blow the bellows properly. He might, other things being equal, make a better blacksmith than his brother who does not take this course. But the chances are that he will not, for the other things are never equal. I have given the college the fairest side of it so far. Too often the idea is merely to "stuff" him. The student is taught to regard marks in the class room of more value than the discipline. He sticks religiously to his text books and when he leaves college he can conjugate verbs, decline nouns (seldom decline drinks), he knows that the soul is immortal and that the Hellenes put a Dewey finish to Troy. In short, he can do everything except make a living. He has not received an education. He has a small stock of facts that he could have obtained in one month's reading of an encyclopedia. His knowledge is badly assimilated and he does not know how he is to apply it. He knows nothing of the world as it is. He gets out in town after a football game and proceeds to "paint" a little. The view of the tenderloin thus obtained is "seeing the world." A few rich fellows at college give him a ten dollar taste when he has but a ten-cent income. These stripling sybarites make him morally impure and financially profligate. Some may say that there is no danger from this source. I know that there is for I have "been there." Denominational committees may "whitewash" and college presidents may protect, but men, or rather boys under twenty-five, at the

three leading institutions of this country have mistresses under their "protection," the same as some licentious New York club man. As this practice existed as far back as ten years ago I have no doubt that it existed formerly. But I do not consider this the greatest evil that menaces the college youth. He must learn it at some time and he might as well learn it there. I only mention it because Harvard was recently exonerated in an investigation and the charges pronounced "unfounded and malicious," or something of the sort. In this respect college boys are no better or no worse than other boys of the same social standing.

Education means the development or the bringing out of the moral, mental and, we might say, physical qualities of the individual. The young American has need of brains, energy and integrity, but integrity most of all. Wherein does the college man possess these qualities more than the "self-made" man? Let us take brains first. His brain is not so quick to grasp the solution of a difficult problem in life. While the college man is busy constructing a pons asinorum to bridge over the chasm, your practical lad leaps across. His intellect is clearer, his insight keener. The college man is no better writer. In spite of the fact that he has studied Jevons or, in rare instances, Riegel, he is not logical in his thought or his expression of thought. He is no better orator although he may embellish his rhetoric with a sprig of Latin here or there. Edward Everett's address at Gettysburg is almost forgotten. Lincoln's will live for all time. They are no better as politicians or statesmen for the self-made man has a better knowledge of human nature. Both are educated. The question is, "which is the better school?"

Which has the greater energy? In most instances the balance is against the college-bred boy. What the young American to-day needs more than anything else, now that the struggle is so fierce, is to know how to say "I will," and mean it. It is the secret of American greatness. He may be able to say "I remember," "I understand," but his memory and his grasp of comprehension avail him nothing unless he has determination. It is this quality which receives no attention from professors. Study may be hard and it may not be pleasant but buckling down to it does not develop character as much as overcoming obstacles in real life.

The college student develops very little integrity. If he has it, well and good. If he has it not, woe betide him. His professors merely ask that he deport himself as a gentleman and get his lessons. The boy who becomes a mere messenger has this instilled in him from the very hour of his employment. He has the object lesson of the value of integrity before him every day. The college lad thinks that his meteoric talent will atone for any trifling laxity in his integrity if he even so much as gives such an unimportant thing a thought. By this I do not mean that a college man is a moral imbecile. He simply thinks that his main work is the training of his mind. In the great men of history he thinks that brains had a larger share in their success than moral stamina. He is taught nothing different. In his senior year he gets a lot of transcendental reasoning that makes him yawn but he learns nothing that he can apply to his own conduct. He considers it more of a piece of mental gymnastics than a precept which should be a personal guide.

The symposium in the Cosmopolitan contained, as was to be expected from the character of the contribution, some extremely able papers. The surprising part was the frank spirit in which they were written. E. Benjamin Andrews showed a very lofty plane. President Gilman of Johns Hopkins made a suggestion that entitles him to a golden meed of praise. It was to have some cultured, broad-spirited men of the world semi-officially connected with the institution in the capacity of advisers and counselors to the students. He frankly admitted that the professors were not men of the world and were not the best men to guide the students on questions not directly in their special lines. It is appalling to think how little of a correct idea of life is held by the average undergraduate. He is versed in everything ornamental but nothing useful. It has been forty years or more since Herbert Spencer with stern, inexorable logic told the world that it had the cart before the horse in its educational system, the ornate before the useful. Men who accepted Spencer's views on other matters, stubbornly resisted him when he attacked the mossgrown theories of education. Now, almost half a century later, his ideas are beginning to take root. In these articles in the Cosmopolitan we see one of the brainiest of our Latin professors telling us that

it is a mistake to think that the study of that language is indispensable to the study of English. He makes us gasp for breath when he says that we learn no Greek in college, that the time is wasted as far as any utilitarian advantage is concerned; that the time and money spent in college had in nine cases out of ten better be expended in traveling. The sad part of it is that he is right. I have always noticed when a Yale, Harvard or Princeton graduate is presented to a company that there is more comment in regard to whether or not he is as "polished" as he should be than as to his mental accomplishments. Yet travel will "polish" him more than study and teach him more.

I do not believe that I underrate "liberal education." I merely state that it has been immeasurably overrated. I say that it does not, it cannot, as it is carried on at present, dovetail into an active life. If a man wants Latin, Greek, and in short all that is taught in a college curriculum, per se, if he wants it for the learning alone, he can do no better than go to a good college. But it is not going to fit him for the business of a lawyer, a banker, a merchant any better, if as well as contact with life and reading at home, for in one he is taught the theory of life, in the other he gets the practice. His royal highness, the Prince of Yale, is no better equipped for the battle of life than the boy who became a grocer's clerk when he started to college. I believe that every fair minded college man, be he professor or freshman, don or dunce, will secretly, if not openly, endorse these views. A radical change in both curriculum and mode of imparting instruction must be instituted in order that the college boy may not be tossed about, the flotsam and jetsam on the world's tide. He must have stamina instilled in him and he must also know something of life.

I am beginning to believe with Professor Peck that it is not to every one that this higher education can be trusted. Too much education, as well as too little, sometimes makes a man mad. Education is not a philosopher's stone to transmute into gold the leaden metal of mediocre minds. It is not the "open sesame" that will unlock the doors of success to every one that tries it. It is only a limited number who are benefited by it. A man cannot have too much brains or have what he has too well trained, but he can at times have more education of a certain sort thrust upon him than is good for him. In America we need not so much the finely tempered Damascus steel as the tough rugged grade for the plough share. We need not so much the keen intellectual edge as the blunt strength which crushes obstacles. Each has its province.

Our intellectual life is like a gigantic pyramid, or rather a mountain of great height on the equator. Let us try a lesson in "applied physical geography." At its base we find the tropical zone of dense ignorance, thick jungles of superstition, incomprehension and intellectual darkness. Higher up we find in the lowest temperate zone intellectual incapacity, smattering of knowledge and sciolism. In the climb upward we come to the temperate zone. Here we see healthy intellectual life, normal mental temperament, broad enlightenment and comprehensive grasp. Here the tree of knowledge thrives and spreads its broad branches. The man whose work lies in the temperate zone of intellectual employment should stop here or make but random journeys into the realm above. As we ascend, the horizon widens, the view is broader and the cone is narrowing to its apex. The fauna and flora of the lower zones disappear. At last we reach the timber line. Let him who would pursue his calling in the temperate zone go no further for the way is long and the field above belongs to the specialist in science, philosophy, literature and art. As the traveler sees the last traces of vegetation disappearing, he must ponder well and remember that he who breathes that varified air chooses it as his life diet and the toilers of the zones below know him only through the story of his travels into the regions of the unknown.

T. R. C.

"THE NEW AMERICANISM."

By William Marion Reedy.

The people are as yet undecided as to the policies which are to prevail in this government as a result of the new problems growing out of our war with Spain. The immediate results of the war have come upon the people as a surprise. They did not anticipate that a great victory at Manila bay would bring almost to grasp the realized dream of Empire. They did not think when they started

Address All Communications to Brann's Iconoclast.

in to free Cuba that the move would involve this country in world-politics; that we should be plunged into the mesh of European and Oriental intrigue; that we should be forced to think of American dependencies under the Southern Cross; that we should be led to contemplate the multiplication of the strength of our standing army by at least four and, probably, by eight or ten; that we should annex Hawaii by resolution, and that within three months from the beginning of hostilities we should see capitalists combining to organize national banks in Santiago, Havana and Porto Rico and to exploit the possibilities of the Philippines, the Carolines, and the Ladrões.

The succession of events has dazzled the people. They are hypnotized by the glare of the glory of our army and navy. "The thunder of the captains and the shouting" has been such as to drown "the still small voice" which, in the last analysis, must determine for us the manner in which we shall meet our new responsibilities, solve our new problems and adjust ourselves to unforeseen conditions. The people may be said hardly to have begun to think about all these things, and it may be stated as a fact, here and now, that the more thoughtful of American citizens, if they express opinions at all, on the matter, do so only tentatively. It is only the fool who solves your vital and universal and eternal questions off-hand. All of us are subtly swayed by our prejudices and traditions and preconceived notions in politics and religion. These prejudices, traditions, notions, influence our reason. Most men pick their side of an issue first, and unconsciously, and then find arguments in support of their position. Wherefore my opinions on the general situation are worth no more than those of any other thinking man. They are submitted only that they may induce thought, not in any belief that they will carry conviction.

Within six months we have, in my opinion, undergone a revolution in this country. It is none the less complete, because it has been bloodless. Things have been done which never can be undone. We have departed from the old traditions. Washington's "Farewell Address" is, practically, effete. We have come into entanglement with foreign nations. In the far East we are in the very heart of the Eastern question. We have acquired "interests" there that will make us, necessarily, part of the scramble for power and territory in the Orient. We have been tempted by the bait of an English alliance, which, within two years, we had declined, and there are many who still eye that bait yearningly. Six months ago the Nicaragua Canal stood, to the public mind, for a big political job. The Oregon's trip around the Horn has made the canal a certainty. The country has been complaining of the burden of taxation for twenty-five years. Now we have put upon ourselves a war tax which, if past experience proves anything we shall be unable wholly to shake off within another quarter of a century. We listen complacently to the figures which represent what we shall have to spend upon our army and navy. We annex Hawaii by a simple resolution, without any consideration of the principle that all authority in government comes from the consent of the governed. We have dreaded centralization and yet, here we are, more centralized than ever, the President in absolute control, with the assurance of Congress that everything he does will be supported and endorsed. The country is not the same country it was before the blowing up of the Maine. Its ideas and ideals have been insensibly changed, and the mere facts of the situation are enough to prevent us ever returning to our old position.

The Cuban revolution was a "fake." Honesty in Spanish administration would have suppressed the uprising within six months. Weyler simply pocketed the money sent him to suppress the rebellion. We have intervened in behalf of the insurgents. We find that the insurgents are beneath our soldiers' contempt. The dispatches tell us the insurgents will neither work nor fight; they only will eat, plunder and kill prisoners. Already we note indications of a long protectorate over Cuba, of probable clashes with the Cubans, or final absorption of Cuba into the Union, with all the evils of reconstruction and carpet-bagging. We started out to give Cuba to the Cubans. The indications are that we can not do so, because of factions in the Cuban ranks and because the Cubans are unfit to govern themselves. Our people do not know all the facts. It will be some time before they can know them. In the meanwhile things will have taken shape on the island, and in all probability we will be confronted by conditions not at all in accord with the theory or purpose upon which we entered into this war. The people did not want Cuba. They had troubles and problems enough of their own in

this country. We shall have to take the island and "renege" on our own professions, if the revelations as to the character of the Cubans, now being made, are found to be true. This will be conquest. The people may see the drift of departure from our old attitude against conquest, but the facts are immutable. We can not withdraw from Cuba and give the island again to the murderous mercies of Spain.

Manila is practically ours and this means the entire Philippine archipelago. We didn't want the Philippines, but what are we to do with them? We can relinquish them to Spain. We can not sell them to another nation, because we do not recognize the right of anyone to sell a people into servitude. We can hold them for indemnity, you say? Well, when the indemnity shall have been paid, shall we turn the Philippine revolutionists over to Spain, for execution? If we hold the islands we can not well turn in and shoot down the insurgents who want a government of their own. We can not force upon them a government to which they do not consent, and yet we can not leave the islands and the people thereof in a state of anarchy. It seems inevitable that we should hold the islands, and that we must meet the problem of giving them some sort of government that shall embody, to a great extent, the American idea of liberty. If Aquinaldo should be made President his government would not be strong enough or shrewd enough to hold its own amid the clashes and intrigues of Britain, Germany, Russia and Japan. We should be in duty bound to protect his republic and therefore we should be as deeply involved in far Eastern politics as if the archipelago were an out-and-out colony. It never has been American to take an equivocal position, and the people would not be patient with a condition in which the Philippines were our colony and not our colony, at the same time. We must take the islands and keep them, for, it must be remembered that the Filipinos are not fitter for self-government than are the Cubans, from all accounts. It is all very well to say: "Let the Filipinos work out their own salvation." They can't. Their position is such that, without our interest and protection and support they must fall a prey to the Lion, the double Eagle or the Bear.

In the face of such facts, of what use to endeavor to affright us with the cry of "Imperialism." It seems to me that it is our duty to ourselves and to mankind to save the Filipinos from the ravaging European nations and from themselves. That our holding the islands may involve us in difficulties with great powers is true, but we can not afford to "go back on" our principles or recede from our position because of difficulties. We are so placed that we can not now avoid difficulties. Therefore we must meet and overcome them. We are equal to the task, surely.

It seems to me that the time to stop Imperialism has passed long ago. That time was before we were swept by a pang of pain and a hot flush of indignation into intervention in behalf of the Cubans. The Imperialism of to-day is "the logic of events." We can no more go back to Americanism as it was before the Havana blockade and Dewey's victory than we can revive last year's flowers, bring back last year's snows, or re-materialize the ships of Tyre.

What we must do that we shall do. We will make the best of our situation, but the way is sure to be hard unto our feet, and the work painful to our hands. The forces of Fate, operative within ourselves, have urged us into the position in which we stand, and there is no reason why "the menace of the years" should make us afraid. They tell us that imperialism is the way to death. Well, the way to everything is the way to death. All roads lead there, for nations as for men. There is no reason why we, when our work has been done, should not die as other Nations have died. Our work is before us to be done. There is nothing but to do it as best we may, in the hope that from it, even in its final ruin, may spring something of benefit to those who are to follow us. "The moving finger writes." What is, is. We may regret that the things we have done have been such as to cause us to change some of our preconceived opinions, but regret is of no value. We can not change the past. We only can face the future and apply to our molding of that future the lessons of the past.

We have been told that colonies weaken a country, and the experience of all nations has been that they do. But it is to be remembered that we shall not have colonies as other nations have had them. We shall apply to our colonies, to as full an extent as possible, the principles under which we have flourished. We are not, unless I

mistake the American people, to keep our colonies solely for the revenue they will pour into our coffers. We are not to hold them as Spain has held them, in order that we may live in luxury upon the slavery of the people. It may be that our politicians, sent out to govern these places, will boodle and that our syndicates will "get in their work," but at least we shall find that our politicians and financiers can rob the people without impoverishing them. We know, from our experience here, the danger from the politician and the syndicate exploiter and, knowing, we may make provision against their nefarious ingenuities. The people can, if they will, protect the populations of the Philippines, of Hawaii and of Cuba and, the world being more advanced in humanity and in human sympathy than ever before, and public opinion being more powerful than ever before, the prospect is that our government of our possessions will be more in accord with just principles than any such government in the world's history. We shall govern our possessions more as England governs hers than otherwise. We shall open the lands to the American and in fact to the Caucasian, open new fields of opportunity to him, and at the same time we shall protect the native in his rights, while he is learning from contact with superior civilization. It is not to be supposed that we shall be content to enslave the natives and unless we have forgotten our own experiences we will not subject them to concessionaires and to companies. We can not, at least we will not if, we are wise, take either the Tagals or the Kanakas or the Cuban blacks into citizenship until they shall have become fitted for citizenship, but I at least have faith enough in the American sense of justice to believe that we shall not keep the natives of our new possessions in abject subjection. There is no probability that we will wage a war of extermination against the natives. If they disappear before our civilization it will not be through war. The Indians were not exterminated by powder and lead. The Kanakas have not been massacred. The Maoris have not been slain by guns. They have simply faded away as the pristine world they flourished upon, in savagery, has been claimed to the higher and better uses of a higher and better people. We do not doom these people to extinction. We but serve as the instrument of the law, which moves mankind towards the West back into the East. Are we to say that civilization, that education, that progress shall avoid the Philippines because the natives probably will die before the onrush of those forces? Then it were better had the American continent never been discovered and that Australia had been left a wilderness of topsy-turveydom.

We are told that colonization and imperialism will corrupt our morals. It is doubtful. To be sure England was corrupted in the earlier stages in India, but the strong sense of the Anglo-Saxon threw off that corruption in time and in brief time. The world is closer together now. It is no longer possible that such infamies as those of Clive and Hastings can flourish. The public opinion of our own land and of the world will not tolerate any such colonization as the world has seen under Spain. One thing we must remember and that is, that we are not a people who will intermarry with inferior races. This intermarriage has been the ruin of the Spanish, Portuguese and French colonies. It has been a prime cause of the deterioration both of the colonizing races and the subject races. The attempt of Spain to make the Indian a citizen in Mexico and elsewhere was a mortal error, and I believe that this is shown with great force in Mr. Lummis' book on Mexico, entitled "The Making of a Nation." The English are the greatest colonizers of the world. They have "tracked the winds of the world to the steps of their very thrones" and "the secret parts of the earth are salted with their bones." None of the English colonies have failed. Why? Because the English have not married the aborigines anywhere. Because the English have carried the English idea of liberty everywhere. Because the English law has borne fairly upon the savage or the half-savage. Because in every English colony there was a chance for the individual. Because the native has been developed according to his native capacities and not as a half-breed with the vices of both races and the virtues of neither. If the savage disappears he disappears because he can not keep up with the pace. Why should we grieve over this? Does it not go on among ourselves? The weaker goes to the wall.

There will be presented to us problems of administration, immense and intricate. We shall have to create a foreign civil service. We shall have to increase the number and the cost of our office holders, but there shall be

return for this. We are awakening to the necessity of the merit system of administration at home. We shall, therefore, the more plainly see the need of it in our foreign service. We are not the people to tolerate any of Clive's "moderation" in our Governors General either of Cuba, the Philippines, Hawaii, the Carolines or the Ladrões. The return for all our expenditure will be found in the profits of developing all these, now, practically, idle fields for human endeavor, in developing, in time, new American states in the Eastern and Southern seas.

For one, I do not see why our civilization should pause at the Pacific any more than it should have stopped at the Mississippi or the Rockies. There is no better reason why we should pause for a wilderness of water than for the wilderness of woodland or the Great American Desert, that has become a garden. The race of man has moved West from the Ganges, and it has grown better as it moved "with the process of the suns." There is no ground for fear that, by continuing its progress, the race will cease its improvement of itself and will fail in its work of bringing the lands in its path into the service of man, into the beauty of usefulness. There is an itch in the feet of mankind, and they will not stay still. Wherever a people have become stationery they have rotted. The "gentlemen adventurers" have moved on, with us, and made room, by their departure, for others. The world-trail, as Kipling says, is ever calling and with a call that will not be resisted.

Even our American ideals are good or they are bad. If they are bad then the carrying of them into Cuba is a mistake and a sin against mankind. If they are bad the trail of liberty and of enlightenment and material progress and human happiness they have left between the Atlantic and the Pacific is but as "the trail of the serpent." But if they be good, if they are ideals that develop man into better likeness to a god, then why shall we not spread them to the uttermost isles of the tropic seas?

There is no limit of lands for liberty. There can be no pause in the march of progress, else there shall come confusion and corruption in the rear, spreading thence unto the front of the column. There is no going backward. The West is calling, and the call is not less insistent now than the West has become the East. The old Americanism has followed the call, and in an hundred years has made the new world old and much of the world, new. It can not turn back. The old Americanism knew no fear of future, it halted not for dragons of the middle deep, nor for the dread of "antres vast and deserts idle," nor for problems the ends of which no eye could see. All the old world yearns out to America and urges it on, on to a realization of all the hopes that the old world systems confine and benumb. We can not oppose this urgency, this energy that is being added from behind, if we would. We must go ahead and carry the flag and the principles it stands for, far ahead of the lagged feet of that wearier old world. The streaming of mankind from East to West can not be stopped without resultant stagnation. We must go out beyond the sea, carrying our ideals with us, to awaken the dormant East to the things which we have found good, through storm and stress and bitterness, since we left our Aryan cradle. The old Americanism hesitated not at what was before it. Why should we? "Contiguity" is a bugaboo. Suppose the Mayflower had been prevented sailing because this land was not contiguous to England. We are in closer touch with the Philippines to-day than the England of the Mayflower day was with Plymouth Rock.

Imperialism is but the development of the American people. It has come upon us through our enforcement of the right of self government, and that we did not foresee it, is proof only of our short-sightedness. Imperialism is only the spread of Americanism, the conveyance of our own blessings to other lands. If we falter in carrying that blessing to those lands we shall be guilty of unfaith in our own principles and of cowardice before the thing that never yet has daunted us—the unknown.

St. Louis, July 20, 1898.

The close observer will discover, if he "looks a leedle out," that there is one place where the A. P. A. are never to be found. They may be discovered in many curious places; but it goes without saying that they have never been found and never will be found caring for the wretched outcasts in a leper colony. They have had abundant opportunity to offer their services for such work, if they had felt any "calling" in that direction. But it seems that not a voice has called—at least, not loud enough to be heard. It was

Address: All Communications to Brann's Iconoclast.

the Sisters of Charity who were "called," instead, and who heard the call, and went. In the Sandwich Islands, in Iceland, in Louisiana, the Sisters of Charity have taken the work of caring for the lepers with as great calmness and serenity as though their task had been the daintiest and most attractive one that was ever set for mortal man. Where was the A. P. A. when this work was being divided out? They are always to be heard from when there is a division of "pie," some of which might by chance go to the Catholic church; why are they so silent when there is work to do?

When it became known that the lamented Archbishop Jannssens would select four Sisters who would go to the leper colony, there was great excitement among the devoted Sisters of New Orleans, but not one of them was afraid to face the issue. The writer of these lines questioned many of them who were safe in steltered asylums, and might have been expected to shrink from the contemplation of such a life. "We will go if we are sent," they said. "Our lives are devoted to God; what does it matter where we spend them, or how short they are? It is as He wills." And so, among all the hundreds of Sisters of Charity in New Orleans there was not one who was not willing to go to the leper colony the moment the call came; although they knew that the going meant a perpetual exile from the world, perpetual association with hopeless human beings, afflicted with the most loathsome disease that ever deformed the body and lengthened out the wretched life. Where were the A. P. A. when Archbishop Jannssens was making his selections? Why, they were busy at their same old trade, turning out reams of stuff about Popish plots and Catholic schemes to grab everything in sight. They conscientiously omitted to state in their fulminations, be it observed, that the Catholics have "grabbed" the business of caring for the lepers.

The Christian church of Illinois has given the grand bounce to one of its ministers who loved the sisters more than he did the fathers and brothers or any of the other male relatives of the church. And the smile that the ungodly are passing round is all right, and with good reason. When the man who claims to be leading sinners to Christ is discovered to be a pretty fair all-round sinner himself, the best that can be done with him is to push him off the Tarpeian Rock, and that right suddenly. The men who do the smiling over his disgrace may not be angels themselves, but at least they are not insulting God and dishonoring religion by covering their crimes with the cloak of a Christian ministry. Whenever a minister finds that his flesh is weak and he cannot play the part of St. Anthony to any great advantage, he should step down and out, and relieve the church of the odium of sheltering a hypocrite and being led by a corrupt and corrupting fraud posing as a saint.

And now they have a "Marquette-on-the-Mississippi" stamp out, on which the great Jesuit is represented in his boat preaching to a crowd of Indians. The A. P. A. who wore sack-cloth and ashes at the very suggestion of a Marquette statue in the Capitol will now proceed to paw the circumambient air and tell the country how the Catholics are dragging this nation to the demnition bow-wows.

The gentle sisters of the W. C. T. U. are proving their fitness for the ballot by showing their ability as scrappers from the head of the creek. They are writing open letters to one another with a vim and dash and sparkle worthy of a Texas long-distance challenge, and are asking one another to resign, and are declining to come down, until the reason of the masculine reader totters on its throne. Be calm, ladies, be calm. Your little hands were never made to tear each other's eyes. What though Lady Henery Somerset refuses to surrender the nice little office you gave her—is it meet, therefore, that you should all arise and rend the welkin with disapproval, and wilt your Trilby collar and grow red in the face, and reach for one another's scalps in this mannish fashion? The Iconoclast is grieved to the soul. Alackaday, gentle dames, come off!

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