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THE REPUBLIC IN PERIL.

PESSIMIST, of course! But just the same, it's a 2-to-1 shot that the Bird o' Freedom gets its head pulled off before it's much older, and that by some wretched buzzard like Great Britain, whom it could put out of the pit in two flutters and a shuffle if it had its gaffles filed. And our humiliation will be entirely due to those canting "Conservatives" who forget that the unexpected ever happens—affect to believe that we need never hear the roar of another hostile gun if we do but howl "Jingo" loud enough and crawl at the feet of every European country. We are placidly ignoring all the lessons of history, all the portents of the times, all the warnings of the early patriots, at the instigation of a coterie of emasculated money-grubbers who are destitute of national pride as a yaller dog, who would sell the honor of their country and add thereto the virtue of their wives for less cash than induced Judas Iscariot to betray the Christ. Thanks to the brute selfishness of these servants of Mammon, the greatest nation of all the ages has been time and again disgraced, and is drifting towards everlasting dishonor. We are relying upon our isolation to keep us out of international entanglements, upon our potential strength to pull us through if we are forced to fight; but we are no longer isolated, and, because of alterations in the science of war, we could not enter unprepared upon a struggle with even a second-class power and acquit ourselves with credit. Rapid transit and the expansion of commerce have brought the distant near and given to every great nation interests and responsibilities as wide as the world. When we last fought England we did so with cheap wooden ships that could be quickly builded almost anywhere, and it took a month or more to transport a small army across the ocean; now it requires elaborate preparation and a year's time to construct and arm an efficient battleship, while troops by the tens of thousands can be poured into our ports from any European capital ere the ink of a hostile declaration is scarcely dry. With rapid-firing guns, swift-sailing ships and destructive dynamite shells, war is not a question of years but of days; its fortunes are no longer swayed by the number

and valor of the combatants, but are dominated by machinery. One first-class battleship could inflict more damage on our coast cities in a month than all our previous wars have cost. Should England attack us today she would find us with a navy vastly inferior to her own, our coasts practically unprotected, and she could easily prevent our building another battleship until the agony was ended. Should we erect coast fortifications we could not, in five years, provide them with efficient armament. Nor have we the trained American seamen to man, or the powder to fight for a single hour our warships now afloat. Our standing army is a mere handful, and we would have no time to properly train and equip new troops. In our great Civil War neither party to the controversy was prepared, and the struggle was prolonged; but in case of war with a European power we would suffer the same humiliation that Germany so quickly inflicted upon France. It is idle to urge that there is no danger, for in 120 years we have had four wars and been upon the very brink of as many more. Even Cleveland, so eminently "conservative" that he fights only by proxy, came near embroiling us with Great Britain, and it is only by a namby-pamby policy which swallows the grossest insults and ignores the invaded rights of our citizens, that we have avoided a controversy with Spain. We may be forced into it yet if we would preserve a shadow of our self-respect, in which event our enemy will be aided, openly or secretly, by other European powers, all of whom dislike our Monroe Doctrine. Even our proposition to annex Hawaii, at her own request, has brought a vigorous protest from one nation and an angry growl from others. With a boneless foreign policy, which makes Columbia contemptible and compels her citizens abroad to put themselves under the protection of European consuls, we may yet be forced to fight. The phenomenal development of this nation and the fear that, dominated by some full-blooded man like Blaine, it may become active in the world's political affairs, causes various governments to regard it with a jealous eye. The "balance of power" is becoming more than a European question, and we have already ample warning that in case of war with any European country, howsoever just our cause, we may find ourselves confronted by a powerful coalition. I sincerely pray that the curse of war will be forever spared this country; but should Columbia be compelled to take up arms in defense of her honor, she cannot afford to wait to forge the weapon. We must maintain a navy commensurate with the dignity of the nation, and, by making the service attractive, again acquire a sufficiency of hardy American sailors. It is not necessary that we keep a large standing army; but we should be able to equip, at a moment's notice, a million men with the most approved weapons of war. Ample preparation for trouble is the best possible guarantee of peace. Despite the pitiful "Conservative" policy of Uriah Heep, Uncle Sam is continually subjected to petty insult. Put a sword in his hand and let it be distinctly understood that he will maintain his rights with the last dollar of his wealth and the last drop of his blood, and the embattled world would hesitate to incur his wrath. Why should a nation that is at once the wealthiest in the world, and comprises its best fighting blood, play second fiddle to petty European powers? Why?

EDITORIAL ETCHINGS.

BOSTON, the "Hub," not of art and eloquence, poetry and song, but of professional pharisaism, cold feet and the blue-grass fad, would not accept MacMonnie's "Bacchante," because the brazen thing wore neither spectacles nor bloomers; so it has gone to New York to grace the Metropolitan Museum. Boston was no place for such a work of art anyway, even had her pseudo-aestheticism and solecistic sanctitude been willing to receive it. How it ever occurred to mortal man that a priestess of Bacchus should be placed astride an iceberg I cannot imagine. Such a statue in Boston, where codfish gravy is the only cardiac and navy beans the alkahest of knowledge, were as anachoristic as a sun-umbrella under the arctic circle or a gondola in a desert. It was not in accord with the eternal fitness of things that the idealistic "Bacchante" should waste its beauty on utilitarian Boston. It suggests life and love, the sun-kissed hills and riant champagnes, the dewey dawns and subtle perfumes of the South, where

"— round the vat's empurpled brim,
The choral song, the vintage hymn
Of rosy youths and virgins fair
Steals on the cloyed and panting air."

It speaks to us of the honey of Hymettus and the spirits of the hills, of the wine of Falernus and the symposiacs of the Grecian sages. Boston suggests only cent per cent, tract societies, and 50,000 old maids who want to get married, mamma, but are prevented by the scarcity of men. No wonder the "Hub" would not have it; for how could the few he-things who have remained within hailing distance of Fanueil Hall, yet escaped matrimony by living in storm-cellars during leap year, be expected to wed Beantown maids after learning from this counterfeit presentment that a woman may be beautiful? How could a man sit him calmly down and read Browning's cryptograms to some blue-nosed dress defomer in yarn garters and goloshes, after having gazed on divinity unrobed and got his head filled with Homer's Iliad and Anacreon's sensuous odes? Why, after taking one glance at the "Bacchante" a man would walk out of Boston, bound for Texas, the modern home of beauty, keeping time on the ties to the tune of

"Some airy nymph with fluent limbs
Through the dance luxuriant swims,
Waving in her snowy hand
The leafy Bacchanalian wand."

Hand and wand don't rhyme very well; but poets, like saloons, must have lots of license. The "Bacchante" is neither "immoral" nor "obscene," despite the dictum of Beantown; it is simply a reproduction in bronze of the most beautiful thing on earth, the most ennobling this side heaven, the figure of a lovely female. The man to whom it would suggest an impure thought is made altogether of mud, and of the brand God employed in the manufacture of monkeys. There's no more sentiment in his soul than in the bowels of a satyr. He would see a Duessa in every Dian and vote Minerva a nuisance because he couldn't get hold of her and bite her neck. He would disregard the Venus of Melos because she's dead, and spit upon the god-like imagery of the ancients. Had he met Egeria in her grotto she would have required a body-guard. A town that sees obscenity in the "Bacchante" needs a nerve tonic. But perhaps a bean diet is an aphrodisiac. If MacMonnie desires to redeem his credit with the culchawed Bostonese, he will henceforth give faces to his conceptions like those we see at hen conventions, and make their briskets flat as ironing-boards. He will remember that in Boston a limb that is larger at the top than at the bottom is considered ootray. He must put on each statue a pair of specs and a poke bon-

net, color its equator with indigo and encase its underpinning in purpled pantalettes. Poor old Boston! She's so awfully nice that she's infernally nawsty. She ought to soak herself over night in carbolic acid and employ a scavenger to deodorize her intellect.

* * *

Now that he is dead, it is pretty generally conceded that Francis Schlatter, the "divine healer," was crazy as a corybant, that he took on more religion than he could comfortably carry and it went to his head—a phenomenon of no unusual occurrence. This would indicate that the tens of thousands who sought his assistance were cracked in the same spot, or that our boasted progress is the merest moonshine—that while changing his customs and the cut of his clothes, man has remained the same superstitious ignoramus he was in the earliest ages. Had Schlatter practiced in some barbarous country like Kansas—a gynocracy bossed by petticoats and Prohibitionists—the furor he created would merit little consideration; but the scene of his "miracles" was Denver, one of the most progressive of American cities. There for three months he "healed" with such constantly augmenting fame that it became necessary to run excursion trains to accommodate pilgrims from distant points in search of blessed handkerchiefs and health. The learned and the unlettered, the rich and the poor crowded about the crinose crank who had left the shoemaker's bench to distribute heaven's blessing, and when he disappeared those who had failed to reach him wept in their despair. And this in the last decade of the Nineteenth century,—with its scientific discoveries, universal education, Republican victories, tidal waves of prosperity and other indubitable evidence that we are moving onward and upward like a buzzard with its tail-feathers ablaze! What meat we would be for an Apollonius or a Cagliostro—we, who suffer ourselves to be gulled by a crazy shoemaker imagining himself the successor of Jesus Christ! Ten thousand printing presses groaning in parturition pains; able editors everywhere enlightening the universe; pulpiteers expounding divine wisdom for a consideration and reforming our politics for advertising purposes only; the highways and byways full of pedagogues flourishing birch rods as magic knowledge-wands—and the whole country clamoring for a nose-rag hoodooed by a zany lacking sufficient sense to eat when he was hungry! Yet we wonder that Sam Jones, with the smell of the stable on his boots and the boozing-ken on his breath, is a three-times winner with niggers and poor white trash; that people who could take in the ball-game for 50 cents, prefer to hear Rev. Whoa Gee Templeton, the Sunday crank of Oak Cliff—because salvation's free. Poor Schlatter! Had you stuck to your hog's bristles and beeswax and spent your spare time biking and drinking beer, you might be pegging away this day, and some thousands of American sovereigns had not made greater donkeys of themselves than kind nature intended. But you did not live and die in vain. You demonstrated once again that, cloak the veriest tommyrot with a semblance of religion, and so-called civilized man will gulp it down even as a hungry sow does swill—and comfortably damn you if you dare to doubt.

* * *

What action the senate will take anent Hawaiian annexation cannot at this writing be definitely known. Nor does it much matter, as neither the approval nor rejection of the treaty would put a penny in the average pocket. As might have been expected, all the Cleveland-cuckoo-mugwump-anglomaniacal organs are "agin" annexation—"view with alarm" Uncle Sam's reluctance to close the door in the face of a people who want to come under his flag. They denounce such hesitancy as lust for dominion and departure

from time-honored principles, and otherwise suggest that God intended them for asses but neglected to glue on their ears. They are vigorously revamping that old flamboyant falsehood that this government was responsible for Queen Lillikizooki's dethronement; that the Harrison administration betrayed the confidence of the trusting islanders, while McKinley proposes the consummation of what Wilyum Gotterdammerung Sterret calls "a cowardly and dastardly crime." Whenever Wilyum deliberately mixes himself up with international affairs of great pith and moment and begins telegraphing his truly remarkable observations to Texas for the enlightenment of 7329 awe-struck readers, I simply roll over in my hammock and absorb his Oriental rhapsodia with the esurient appetite of a piacular pickaninny in a melon patch, or a chambermaid devouring the ideologic idyls of Clarence Ousley. Wilyum doesn't know a protocol from a prolapsus, an exequatur from an exarch, but when it comes to the manufacture of political history he can give Mark Twain's pelagic Marco Polo ace and deuce and stick him for the drinks. Finding the Hawaiians a tribe of brutish cannibals, the Americans civilized and Christianized them as far as possible, and developed the resources of their country. They grew weary of being ruled and robbed by a half-wit colored harlot, pulled the throne from under her and set up a reputable government. The Hawaiian revolutionists now desire annexation to the United States, just as did our fathers who freed Texas from Mexican dominion. It is also desired by the more intelligent natives, who realize that Hawaii must choose, and that quickly, between American civilization and Oriental savagery. The Harrison administration was in sympathy with the Caucasians resident in Hawaii, who were more than half as numerous as the natives and represented the wealth and intelligence of the island. Cleveland attempted to reinstate the opera-bouffe queen, to make more than 20,000 white people subject to a black bawd; but the Hawaiians wouldn't have it, and this country did not sustain him in the attempt to commit this hellish crime. Since that period the name of Cleveland has been anathema with every white man possessing an atom of racial pride. For such a foul insult to civilization the impudent old tub of tallow should be yoked to the colored strumpet and the twain lashed naked through the streets of Honolulu. The Caucasian has done for Hawaii exactly what he has done for the American continent—rescued it from the dominion of idle savages and transformed it into a land of happy homes. Victoria has as much right to attempt our subjection to Indian chiefs as Cleveland to attempt the subversion of the Hawaiian Republic for the benefit of a savage ruler. Partisan politics still blind the people to the full measure of Grover Cleveland's iniquity, even raises up for him foolish apologists; but the historian of the future, contemplating his Hawaiian policy without passion or prejudice, will write him down either as the most stupid idiot or most brutal enemy of the superior race into which Almighty God ever put guts. Hawaii is not necessary to this country either from a strategical or commercial standpoint. It could probably be made self-supporting, and the plea that an increase in our navy would be necessary to protect it from foreign foes is the rankest folly; but besides its notoriously worthless native population, which according to Clemens can outlie the Cretans, it contains thousands of Mongolians—and we have "race problem" enough already. Furthermore, history teaches us that when the territory of a nation becomes abnormally large, catalysis is but a question of time. We should foster the spirit of liberty in both Hawaii and Cuba, but permit each to float its own flag.

* * *

The *Scots Magazine*, published at Perth, Scotland, and edited by a pulpit-thrumming Gowkthrapple named Carrick, takes a six-page fall out of the inoffensive little *Iconoclast*. Bier. Carrick protests loudly that he doesn't like my paper a little bit, yet seems to have read it with exceptional interest—perhaps as a counter-irritant for the itch, a disease said to be endemic with the oat-eating people of Perth. He declares Brann's *Iconoclast* to be an "anonymous" (sic) publication, then gravely adds:

"I strongly incline to suspect the editorship to subsist in the person of that obtuse and hardened atheist, Bob Ingersoll, who with the greatest cuteness his obfuscated intellect can command, ranks the plays of Shakespeare above the Bible. Why! in the name of common sense, let us consider how that playwright *prigged* the sentiments of the most effective passages he ever elaborated from the Bible itself."

And that is "English as she is spoke" by a pretentious Scotch periodical! Shades of Carlyle, Scott and Macaulay! It seems to me that a man with such an intorted tongue would choke to death while trying to talk. Parson Carrick should make a careful study of maieutics before again becoming pregnant with ideas, and thus avert the possible necessity of a surgical operation. Should the juvenile reporter of a cheap Texas daily turn in such an awkwardly written article as this six-page "roast," the editor would hold him up by the haw ear and kick him full of holes. Parson Carrick should be held to answer for committing a murderous assault on the Queen's English. He says that the *Iconoclast* is indecent. Perhaps; the Scotch critics preferred the same charge against Johann Wolfgang von Goethe. That it contains slang. Victor Hugo stands accused of the same crime. That it is blasphemous. That's what the Goody Twoshoes critics said about Christ. That its editor is a liar. David said in his heart that all men are liars, and he evidently intended to include Parson Gowkthrapple Carrick, who, after a careful perusal of the *Iconoclast*, declares it "atheistical." Bill Shakespeare, Bob Ingersoll and Bill Brann doubtless constitute a very tough trio; but I am surprised and pained that a professional follower of the meek and lowly Nazarene, who forgave his crucifiers from the cross, should vindictively assail men who never harmed him. Shakespeare was a literary thief, Ingersoll is a stupid fool and Brann a blasphemer, according to the almighty Carrick. Well "misery loves company," and he could scarce have picked out for me more acceptable companions. Parson Carrick says he burned my paper after perusing it. For ages it has ben the practice of splenetic-hearted fanatics to destroy what they could not confute. I scarce think that his vulgar diatribe will affect the circulation of the *Iconoclast* among the intelligent people of Scotland, who have thus far shown it kindly consideration. Having, in all likelihood, proven unsuccessful in the pulpit, Parson Carrick has become the hired man of Messrs. Cowan & Co., publishers, and his occupation suggests the following (*mutatis mutandis*) from Byron, who was likewise remorselessly "ripped up the back" by Scotch reviewers:

"A would-be satirist, a hired buffoon,
A scurvy scribbler of some low lampoon,
Condemned to drudge, the meanest of the mean,
And furbish falsehoods for a magazine,
Devotes to scandal his congenial mind;
Himself a living libel on mankind."

* * *

Eddie Bok, who edits a paper for ladies only—is the man milliner of literature and Gannymede of Dame Fashion—is pleading with his petticoated patrons to cease adorning their hats and bonnets with the plumage of birds, as decrease in the number of the latter is imperiling the crops. Foolish Eddie! to forget for a moment that female vanity and the edicts of Fashion are more potent than altruism and the

dictates of mercy! He is correct, however, in placing his plea for the birds on a purely utilitarian basis, that being the only one the average woman of fashion can comprehend. The woman who will sacrifice a songster on the altar of her vanity is wholly devoid of sentiment. There's no more music in her soul than in a ham sandwich, less poetry in her life than can be found in a horned frog. A bird on the bonnet means that the woman beneath it would embalm her baby and wear it as a brooch if Dame Fashion decreed it. A wise husband would hesitate to insure his life in favor of such a woman, for she'd pour hot lead in his ear or dope his dinner to secure the price of a new dress. Eddie tells the ladies—at least such as have stomachs for *Home Journal* slop—that only they can stop the slaughter. He says: "Those who kill the birds cannot be rightly blamed—they simply supply the demand." Then we may presume that if the dear ladies desired to ornament their headgear with the large pendulous ears of gold-bug "Democrats," the Pops could not be blamed for turning an honest penny by supplying the demand. That is a question in casuistry worthy serious consideration. It is useless to appeal to either the bird-slayers or their employers. It is enough to know that the birds are necessary to our material well-being, and that fact was established before the misfortune of Eddie Bok's birth. What then? Send those who slaughter birds for their plumage, those who deal in it and those who wear it, to the workhouse for sixty days. It is idle to appeal to vanity, it is useless to petition greed—ring for the police. In the meantime let us deal with the man caught killing the birds that protect our crops just as we do with fence-cutters—fill him so full of buckshot that a tender-foot would mistake him for a mineral claim.

* * *

The Catholics have been denied the privilege of erecting a chapel at their own expense on government ground at West Point. This is not a matter of much importance by itself considered; but taken in connection with the fact that government has a chapel there paid for by the whole people, and that an Episcopalian minister is remunerated out of the public revenues for regularly preaching therein, the affair assumes a very different phase. This being a land of religious liberty, constitutionally considered, what right has government to select a particular church for its patronage, and then deny to others the privilege of erecting and maintaining contiguous chapels at their own cost? And how came it to "establish" as governmental church that particular one which was the nursing-mother of every accursed royalist and "divine-right"-worshipping rascal of the Revolution? The fact of the matter is that this whole chaplaincy business is a brazen humbug that should be abolished. It is simply a scheme to provide at public expense soft snaps for preachers with a "pull"—sanctified pharisees who are too lazy to work and too cowardly to steal. It is in direct contravention of the spirit of the constitution to tax the whole people for the benefit of a religious system which a vast majority believe to be either foolish or sinful. When the government puts its hand into the pockets of Catholics for the support of a Protestant sect, or into the purses of Protestants to further the dogmas of Rome; when it taxes Jews and Atheists for the benefit of either, it not only violates the principle of religious liberty but is guilty of infernal robbery. The cadets at West Point are drawn from every part of the country and represent all religions. How then can government provide them with an acceptable chaplain? The religion of the cadets is a matter with which government can have no legitimate concern—there being "no God in the constitution." It is no affair of Uncle Sam's whether they be faithful servants of the Lord so long as they are good soldiers. I do not

mean by this that all religious worship is folly, but that providing it is in nowise a governmental function. Let government shut up its gospel shop and permit the cadets to attend religious services off the reservation. Congress and every state legislature must have a brace of chaplains to mumble a few words every morning, which the legislators do not hear and the Lord does not heed. Each receives for a two-minute prayer more money than a workingman can earn in a week, and it is paid on compulsion chiefly by men who believe his religious dogma a broad highway to hell. At the national and at all the state capitals there are churches of various denominations to which our public servants may resort for the observance of religious rites; hence there is no excuse for this pulling the tax-payer's leg that the sanctified pets of political cabals may fill their purse. The preacher who will accept a chaplainship where he knows the service rendered will not be proportionate to the pay, would steal sheep if given an opportunity. Such men are not enlisted in the Army of the Lord; they are but cowardly camp-followers who insult the prisoners and strip the slain—are foul buzzards whose god is their belly.

* * *

E. J. Harding, one of Geo. Vanderbilt's English flunkies, succeeded in attracting considerable attention to himself by refusing newspaper men accompanying President McKinley permission to visit the manorial estate of his master. Upon the president's refusal to accept the invitation to honor the place with his presence if the scribes were excluded, the priggish Jeames de la Pluche hauled in his horns. Harding declared that "Mr. Vanderbilt spits on newspaper notoriety, and so do I." Oh, you do, do you? And who the hades are you, that you are likely to obtain any newspaper attention unless you frantically bid for it by insulting your betters under conditions that enable you to escape getting the bust of your breeches caved in by somebody's boot? The newspapers are likely to hold Geo. Vanderbilt responsible for the insolence of his seneschal, and by the time they get through with the tallow-faced little parvenu he will probably have a greater dislike than ever for publicity. The fact that we are breeding a class of predaceous cattle in this country who import European flunkies to add insult to injury, is not likely to improve the temper of the people or postpone their day of reckoning with the robbers.

* * *

The San Antonio *Express* has been having another of those distressing politico-economic pains which wring its "innards" so often. Commenting on Senator Pettigrew's proposition to submit free silver coinage to popular vote at the congressional elections next year, it protests that the people know comparatively nothing of monetary science—and that if this silver question is submitted they will again vote it down. This is what Carlyle might call "a concatenation and causation." The *Express* assures us that free silver is a "corpse," that it is "dead as a herring." This is startling news indeed. Only a few months ago it marshalled more than 6 million lusty men; and now it is as a song that is sung or the snows of yester' year. Perchance the swift-rolling wave of returning prosperity o'erwhelmed it as did the Red Sea the hosts of Pharaoh. Else frightened by the loud-roaring industrial tide, it climbed the craggy steep like some new rosmarine, fed upon the empoisoned dew and died. Poor thing! "Last noon beheld it full of lusty life, last eve in beauty's circle proudly gay;" and now it's gone! But there be dead for whom there is a resurrection, and my contemporary is evidently oppressed with an awful fear that the silver "corpse" will burst its cerements—that there is to be rattling of dry bones. The *Express* opines that the American people are so stupidly ignorant that they must intrust all

matters of public policy to professional politicians. That is good gold-bug "Democracy," but precious poor patriotism. My foolish contemporary should switch from tamales and beer to brain food.

* * *

I did not accept the Queen's invitation to attend her Diamond Jubilee, my cotton being badly in the grass and the boll-worm hard at work. We sovereigns should be polite to each other, and not absent ourselves unnecessarily from each other's fetes, fandangoes and so forth; but I think Vic will understand that I meant no offense by remaining with my roan mule and cultivator instead of occupying a seat in her carriage, helping entertain the crowd and slinging a little eclat into the occasion. I notice that she succeeded in pulling her Jubilee off without my assistance, and that, according to Whitelaw Reid, Willy Wally Astor and Chauncey Depew, it was eminently recherche and quite up-to-date. Vic's a gay old girl who knows how to give an AI show without going into her sock for a shilling. Of course it was nothing like the Waco Carnival, with its baker's dozen of young and beautiful Queens in line, still it did very well for London, and I'm going to send Col. A. H. Belo as my special envoy to congratulate the British government on its success and negotiate a new arbitration treaty. Vic couldn't "stack up" like our Texas Queens, and probably didn't get half so much fun out of the affair; but considering that this operabouffe sovereign business has become quite a chestnut with her and that she is hereditably afflicted with cold heart, she managed to get almost interested. Just what it cost the British people to thank God that she has been permitted to draw something like \$2,000,000 per annum salary during sixty years for unrendered services, I cannot say; but assume that it was over \$100,000,000, everything considered. Of this sum the Queen herself didn't contribute a cent. A pleasant episode of the Jubilee was a dinner given to some poor children of London by her daughter-in-law, the wife of the Prince of Wales. Not being born a Guelph, this lady is able to give up an occasional guinea without spraining her conscience. This is the more remarkable as the Prince and his family only receive \$430,000 per annum from the British people for kindly consenting to breathe; but H. R. H. manages to patch out this paltry income by cheating at baccarat and renting himself to parvenues with social aspirations at \$1000 per evening, and such sums as he can "borrow." Unfortunately the Princess could not feed the starving millions of India or the thousands who are suffering for life's necessities in Ireland—the two provinces that have been so systematically drained for the enrichment of the upper class in England. I say upper class, for with all its boasted wealth, "Merrie England" is preeminently a country of paupers. In England and Wales, having a population of 33 millions, there are more than 780,000 paupers, as against 73,000 in America with its 70-odd million people; hence it is still better to be born an independent American sovereign than a "most dutiful British subject." That fact was forcibly exemplified in another way when the law-makers of the kingdom called on the Queen to tender congratulations. "My lords and gentlemen" were required to dike themselves out in a peculiar toggery suggesting the livery of lackeys and stand in the presence of their Sovereign, while Premier Salisbury, on bended knees at the pudgy feet of this eminently respectable but inordinately stupid old female, read a long-winded address composed of equal parts unctuous taffy and foolish falsehood. The humblest American plowing a Texas cotton-patch or digging "seng" in Tennessee, is Lord Salisbury's superior, for he has to bend his marrow-bones only to God Almighty.

* * *

Georgia has a Sunday law that may be called a howling jimhun. A man found working on the first day of the week can be fined a thousand dollars, driven in the chain-gang a year, then imprisoned six months as a common felon. If he declines to work when ordered to do so by the contractor to whom his services are sold, he may be adjudged guilty of "insurrection" and comfortably hanged. No exception is made in the case of those who observe the seventh day of the week as the Sabbath, hence a Jew may be legally executed in Georgia who has in nowise encroached upon the rights of others, but merely observed the law of his religion. No wonder Georgia produces Joneses, Smalls, and other canting epizoa to afflict the country. There is evidently something in the unctuous goober that makes for Puritanical intolerance and greases the machinery of persecution. According to the United States census, Georgia runs largely to illiterates, Baptists, 'coon dogs, 'possums and Prohibitionists. Which is cause and which effect, I shall not undertake to determine. Were Christ on earth he would scarce tackle a Georgia legislature with that scourge of cords with which he cleansed the Temple—not if he could get a shot-gun. So far as we are informed, he was the first man charged with violating a Sunday law, and he threw hot shot into the gang of sniveling hypocrites. Georgia ought to be expelled from the Union until it learns something of the genius of this government. A state with such a mediaeval monstrosity, such a statutory abnormality, ought to be annexed to Kongo—or Kansas. But Texas has small cause to cackle. Even here we have to sand our hands and hold the ban-dogs of the Baptist inquisition back by tail and ears. They're all heretic-hungry—all eager to persecute some inoffensive citizen for "the greater Glory of God."

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Mrs. Edwin L. Lockwood, of Minneapolis, Minn., has obtained a judgment in the sum of \$15,000 against her husband's parents for alienating the affections of that party. Eddie, a tender blossom of three-and-thirty, fell in love with a pretty sempstress and married her; but altho' a worthy woman in every way, his pa and ma persuaded him that she was not "tony" enough to be the wife of a wealthy iron-monger. The verdict is an outrage, such husbands not being worth a dime a dozen. Mrs. Lockwood should have thanked her parents-in-law for ridding her of such a puppy, for had she continued to live with him she might eventually found herself the mother of a crop of fools. Eddie should not be permitted to marry again until formally divorced from the apron-strings of his meddlesome old mammy.

* * *

Princeton 'Varsity has conferred on G. Cleveland, prize ignoramus of the universe, the degree of Doctor of Laws. This politico-economic quack doctored our laws for 8 years—and that's what ails the country to-day. It is a comfort to reflect that his diploma does not entitle him to further practice.

* * *

The *Democrat and Courier*, of Natchez, Miss., declares editorially that W. J. Bryan succeeded in obtaining an unwilling invitation from the New York Democracy to deliver an address in the metropolis, July 4th, by promising not to accept it—that the Nebraskian wanted it solely for political buncombe. A correspondent asks what I think about the D-C's ebullition. I think that if I couldn't manufacture a more plausible falsehood I'd make a reasonable attempt to tell the truth. Such a foolish prevaricator as the editor of the D-C can do the gold-bug Demmy-Rep. cause no good, for he is what Doc Yandell would call a political appendix vermiformis—"a useless little blind gut."

Rev. Arthur Ritchie is an Episcopalian preacher of New York, who has made a desperate attempt to distinguish himself by insulting the entire American people. Having filled himself with the sanctified feculence of Henry VIII., he pukes on the American eagle. The antics of this Anglomanical idiot would be laughable were not such asinine exhibitions by a pulpiteer calculated to bring religion into contempt. "Yankee spread-eagleism" and the "insufferable arrogance" of American ministers of other denominations in assuming for themselves social, intellectual and clerical equality with such eminently superior creatures as Episcopalian clergymen, constitute the gravamen of Ritchie's turpine roar. He insists that ministers of such "low, time-serving, ignorant superstitions" as presume to dissent from the Church of England, or Episcopalianism, "must be made to feel their inferiority" to "the vicegerents of heaven"—by the grace of Henry VIII. What the Rev. Arthur Ritchie seems to need is a pin-worm counter-irritant, a pint of liver pills and a hot mush poultice applied to his *amour propre*. It is not strange that he should dislike "Yankee spread-eagleism," as that complaint was chronic among Episcopalian pulpit-pounders during the struggle for American Independence. Those of New York especially were traitors to the land from which they received their living, and should have been hanged higher than Haman, else thrown into the ocean and advised to swim over to their beloved England. Episcopalianism is a bastard religious cult, being neither Protestant nor Catholic. It suggests a yaller nigger, who usually possesses the vices of both races and the virtues of neither. It bears the stamp of fraud on its face, for if its clergymen be "the vicegerents of heaven" they could have received such authority only from the Pope whom they impeach. It is a bird that befouls its own nest—a child which brands its mother as a bawd. It owes its origin to King Henry, the most contemptible cur that ever disgraced mankind. Episcopalians deny this; but there stands the historical fact that King Henry was not only its original hierarch, but personally drafted its first body of doctrine. Yet here is an impudent propagandist of a dogma conceived between old Henry's incestuous sheets, who is sneering at "Yankee spread-eagleism" and all things American, and turning up his beefy proboscis at ministers who do not admit the divine origin of Episcopalianism—even presume to hold up their heads in the presence of such holy "vicegerents of heaven!" Why, you religious mongrel and political pariah, you do not rise to the clerical level of a Mormon elder or the intellectual altitude of a Piute medicine-man. You ought to thank God that Anglomanical cattle are permitted to live in this country—that Sam Jones doesn't expectorate on you and drown you in tobacco-juice. Please send me your picture, Artie; I want to see what a slob looks like that's got your abnormal gall. So you propose to teach preachers of other churches "their proper place," to "order themselves lowly and reverently to their betters." Well, sonny, I wish you success, but would advise that you take out a little accident insurance, for you may run up against some lusty American member of the church militant who'll take you by your elephantine ears and slam you against the face of God's creation until you can't tell the Catechism from a cold potato or the Thirty-nine Articles from an ichthyosaurian. I much fear, my Rev. Arthur Ritchie, that you are what we cowboys call a "rosette."

ARE WOMEN DEVOID OF DESIRE?

PERHAPS a religious periodical like the Iconoclast should avoid a question of such delicacy, should leave it to the medical magazines, which may speak as plainly as they please, even in the presence of the proverbial "young person"—now deep in the study of physiology and

even essaying the practice of therapeutics. My quarrel, however, is with these same medical magazines, which delight in discovering mares' nests for no other apparent purpose than to make mankind uncomfortable. They will persist in disregarding the time-honored axiom that "everybody knows more than anybody," a truism which Dr. Spahr elaborated in his declaration that "the common observation of common people is more trustworthy than the statistical investigations of the most unprejudiced expert"—even tho' he be a distinguished M. D. I have before me an essay by Geo. Troup Maxwell, M. D., of Florida, read before an association of doctors and printed, with evident approval, by the *Virginia Medical Semi-Monthly*. Like most gentlemen of his profession, Dr. Maxwell discusses matters of the utmost delicacy with refreshing freedom, an example which I must follow to some extent if I would expose his fallacies; hence the "young person"—unless indeed she be studying to become a doctor, or a writer of "realistic" fiction—is solemnly adjured to dive no deeper here. Dr. Maxwell makes several startling assertions from which I—albeit a doctor of divinity instead of medicine—must emphatically dissent. I make no apology for so doing, for it is the time-honored prerogative of preachers to speak *ex-cathedra* on all questions, whether religious, scientific or political. The pulpit is to all other professions what philosophy is to the various schools of science—exercises supervisory power, and by a tap here and a prod there, makes them consentient with its own infallible scheme of things, so to speak. It is a very trying occupation, yet some complain that we parsons must have our summer vacation on full pay and nurse our precious health at swell hotels, while common people feed on potatoes-and-point and grow 6-cent cotton for the benefit of the contribution-plate. But from of old there have been morbose people ever ready to criticise the holy and put cockleburs in the back hair of the pure in heart. The salient features of Dr. Maxwell's essay may be summarized as follows:

Sexually considered, civilized man is more beastial than the brutes. He does not respect the person of his gestant wife, and this disregard of natural law is the most potent factor in the curtailment of natural increase. Certain physiological facts indicate that woman is destitute of desire. Carpenter, the great English scientist, is quoted in support of this proposition, and a "female lecturer of distinction" (name not given) to establish the theory that the chief cause of marital unhappiness and the ill health of wives is the sexual inhumanity of husbands—such inhumanity being quite as common among the better classes as among the uncultured.

The foregoing is as delicately as I can state propositions of such far-reaching importance, and which neither Dr. Maxwell nor the "female lecturer of distinction" treat in a manner at all "mealy-mouthed." Even after exhausting my stock of euphemisms the recital appears *risque* enough to alarm more than one lady reader, and I am tempted to turn back; but courage, good soul! there's nobody looking, and if we must live it is important that we learn. "The proper study of mankind is man;" and we can obtain no true idea of the animal if we view him only in holiday attire. As despite all "progress of science," incubators and other labor-saving machinery, people still persist in entering the world in the primogenial way, the relation of the sexes is of quite immeasurable importance, and knowledge thereof should not be monopolized by the narrow circle who read medical magazines. It is well that we come occasionally out of the cloud-realm of sentiment and discuss the relations of man and woman from the standpoint of practical common sense. I am aware that the views expressed by Dr. Maxwell are entertained by some very able medical men; but they violate the public understanding, and, as usual, the people are right and the specialists are wrong. We do not find desire, as

here understood, in plants and the lowest development of animal life, it being peculiarly an attribute of the higher biogeny. As the more perfect the animal organism the more acute the sensations of pleasure and pain, it follows that in man, most complex of earthly creatures, is found the most powerful procreative passion. But while this is the necessary correlative of his superior nervo-muscular organization, his better attributes are likewise developed—or differentiated—by the same law of evolution. Desire, tho' accentuated, is refined and rendered subordinate to his reason, while the brute is the blind slave of instinct. With the desire of the man and the reason of the mollusk, the *genus homo* would be all that he is painted by Dr. Maxwell. Should man become for one day "more bestial than the brute" his boasted civilization would revert to subter-savagery. Under such conditions human progress, society itself, were impossible. It is by no means true, as Dr. Maxwell asserts, that children are born solely because men are animals possessing animalistic instincts. True, they could not well be born were men not animals; but the "sweet reasonableness" of things enters ever more and more into the advent of children upon this earth. Were man made altogether of mud, intent only on the indulgence of brute desire, there had been no sacred institution of marriage, and family names proudly handed down from sire to son thro' many centuries. The name of father had not been venerable, nor that of mother a synonym for sanctity. To the civilized man marriage does not mean, as Dr. Maxwell seems to imagine, simply license for obscene riot, but a solemn covenant that he and the object of his adoration have forsaken all else to cleave each to the other thro' weal and thro' woe, thro' life unto death. Desire may be the basic principle of the union, but only as the earth is the basic principle of the rose's beauty and the jasmine's perfume. Since earliest biblical days women have sought to bear children that their husbands might love them better; indicating that indulgence is not man's sole concern, even tho' he be a barbarian; that one reason he seeks the opposite sex is his desire for fair daughters and brave sons—a love in which there is no taint of lust. Hugo, to whom the human heart was as a printed page, has given us an admirable portrait of "the way of a man with a maid" in the courtship of Marius and Cosette. Youth and ardor and opportunity, yet no thought of evil—all the dross in human nature transformed into the spirituelle by the pure white light of love. True, all men are not Mariuses or Romeos. There be Lovelaces and Cagliostros and Calibans; but prithee, good sir, let us judge our kind by the nobler instead of the baser standards. Josephs and St. Anthony's are not plentiful I grant you; but neither are such brutish husbands as those you denounce. Love and poetry and chivalry still have an abiding place in the heart of man, and the mother and matriarch of this triune is woman. Prof. Carpenter, Dr. Maxwell and the "female lecturer of distinction" to the contrary notwithstanding, it is doubtful if the sexes differ much in the intensity of desire. True, I have written somewhere that "God made the male to seek, the female to be sought;" but it does not follow therefore that every woman is a Daphne who would be transformed into a laurel tree to escape an importunate lover. There may have been women so bloodless that their love left frost on the window-panes of their boudoirs; but never did their sons become world compellers. Despite the pretty theory of Dr. Maxwell, the same fiery cross is laid upon the daughters as upon the sons of men, and thousands falter and fall beneath it and are swept downwards to their doom. Were it otherwise, were women the passionless creatures some doctors delight to paint them, all our encomiums of female virtue were idle mockery. It is because we realize that in the viens of the vestal virgin runs the same fierce tide which Egypt's Queen nor Russia's Em-

press could control, and which flamed in battle-splendor in the ten years' war of Troy, that with uncovered heads we render her the tribute of our respect. Women admit all this in demanding the "single standard of morals." It is doubtless true that many women are less amorous than their lords—are to some extent the victims of the latter; but before assuming that this defect is congenital it were well to inquire if there be not an efficient post-natal cause. It is no compliment to woman to urge that she contributes unwillingly to the population of the world, would fain ignore the God-given law to "be fruitful and multiply." Regardless of the affected horror of anaemic prudes and ancient wall-flowers, the woman of to-day insists upon being recognized as a vital force—is even beginning to comprehend that, refine it as you will, differentiate it as you may, it is the same vital force which fills the cradle that sways the sceptre. As she aspires to share with man the regency of this world, she will scarce thank Carpenter and Maxwell for a premise from which the conclusion must be inevitably drawn that, as a world-power, she must ever rank with eunuchs—that she is here solely by man's volition and despite her implied protest. We must understand woman before presuming to measure her passions or estimate her powers; and it is well to remember that after some sixty centuries of interested scrutiny she remains very much a mystery—to eminent physicians as well as to others. Her mind seems to bewilder the psychologists no less than her body puzzles the physiologists—both find the factual impossible and the self-evident absurd. Dr. Maxwell has discovered, however, that comparatively few women marry men whom they would select were they free to inspect the entire human pen-fold and make choice of a mate. Now if he will conjoin that fact to this other, equally self-evident, that with the average woman desire is the fruitage of which love is the flower, perchance he will find a valid explanation of what Carpenter calls her sexual passivity. Man is a born polygamist, but woman is not naturally polyandrous. This statement—which I have made hitherto to the consternation of the godly and at imminent danger of being prosecuted for heresy—is substantiated by the fact that with man desire usually precedes love, while the latter is not its necessary sequence; but with the normal woman love must act as pilot for passion—so much is she our moral superior. Every woman is a day-dreamer and a worshipper. During girlhood she pictures to herself some perfect man—some impossible demigod—who is to drift within the little circle of her life and make her the proudest of women, the happiest of wives. In grace or beauty, in genius or bravery—or all these attributes—he is to be the paragon, to tower like Saul above his brethren. Her husband is to be a man of whom she will be intensely proud, herself the envy of her sex. If this be not correct let some old mother in Israel answer. Happy for the day-dreamer if her fairy prince, or somewhat her fond imaginings can accept as such, lays heart and fortune at her feet; sorrowful indeed if he come not, worse if he materialize and have eyes only for others. If she be so fortunate as to wed the one man in all the world whom she would have chosen had such choice been vouchsafed her by kind heaven, o'ermastering love will sweep her thro' all the heavens a sensous fancy ever feigned; but the chances are that her idol lives only in the ghostly realm of dreams, else goes elsewhere to wive, and she marries not whom she would but whom she must—wedlock, thanks to her mistaken training, being the end and aim of her existence. Instead of an idol to adore, she secures some foolish eidolon whom she can scarce respect, and through days of disgust and nights of agony strives to "do her duty," to conceal from the world her disappointment. Thus is blood that might have been a sirocco to stir the soul of an anchorite, transformed into an icy mist—the Paphian Venus lies crushed, degraded, cold, amid the reeds of Pan. But this

mesalliance, this mating with Davus the detested instead of with Oedipus the adored, is not the only cause of indifference. The health of American wives, their muliebrity or womanly power, is sapped in various ways. Millions of them are overworked, all the virility ground out of them in the brutal treadmill of existence; and it not infrequently happens that they are the wives of men in easy circumstances, who are too fat-headed to realize that those womanly attributes which so charm the sterner sex cannot long withstand continual drudgery. One is tempted to believe that such men married to save the expense of hiring a house-keeper, that they hoped by sleeping with their laundress to avoid wash-bills. Take the great middle class of America (which is the social and moral cream of the country) and you will find that, as a rule, the men have abundant leisure in which to recuperate from the exhaustion of labor, and are robust as Jove's Phœnician bull, while their wives slave from early morn till dewy eve and present the faded, "washed-out" appearance that bespeaks the work which is never done and the worry which ends only with death. If you will look closely you will detect traces of tight corsets and other sartorial enginery with which Dame Fashion attempts to eliminate the little life which continual cooking, washing and pot-walloping has left—for woman, tho' her heart be broken, her spirit crushed and her viscera a chaos, still clings to her vanity, will "follow the fashions" tho' they lead to a funeral. Such is your Idalian Aphrodite ten years after marriage, when to her matured charms the beauty of her girlhood should be as moonlight unto sunlight and as water unto wine. And this wan, suffering creature, with a drug-shop on her pantry shelves and more "female complaints" than were known to the father of medicine, is expected to comfort the couch of Caesar! Nor is this all. As the struggle for existence grows harder (as it has been doing in America for some decades) and the necessity for "keeping up appearances" more imperative, ever greater precautions are taken to prevent family increase. So wide-spread is this evil that you can scarce pick up a paper without finding some abortion nostrum advertised. Scan the next paper that comes into your home and see if the virtues of some tansy, pennyroyal or other foeticidal compound be not therein set forth. Were these crime-promoters not extensively sold the murderous scoundrels who manufacture them could not annually expend vast sums of money with our "public educators" for their exploitation. These advertisements frequently suggest the crime—that is their intent; hence publishers who insert them are the copartners of abortionists and share both the iniquity and the cash. But even this costly advertising does not indicate the extent of the evil, for by far the greater part of those married women who desire to avoid maternity are their own practitioners—paying the penalty with premature age, impotency and pain. As a rule the mother of a large family is a healthy woman with vigor unimpaired, while others of her age who have few children or none, are the semi-invalids who denounce their husbands to the doctor. The practice of avoiding marital responsibility is frequently condemned by the medical press, even by the pulpit; but while M. D's and D. D's make a specialty of both gynecology and gyneolatry, neither seem to understand the spirit in which these sins against hygienics are committed. Doubtless a few fashionable butterflies avoid motherhood for selfish reasons; but these are unimportant exceptions to the rule. If a woman does not love her husband she may not care to bear him children; but maternal instinct usually dominates this dislike. If she does love him, and his financial resources be limited, she hesitates to increase his responsibilities. The social standing of a family in this artificial age is measured chiefly by the faithfulness with which it follows fashion's decrees; and as every child, by enhancing expense makes service of this modern

Moloch more difficult, the unborn innocents are slain. She considers the educational and other advantages that will accrue to the children already born, and unselfishly—if sinfully—sacrifices herself. It is an evil that will scarce be eliminated by the dehortation of homilists who see no deeper than the surface. Dr. Maxwell and his lady lecturer are certainly mistaken in the assumption that American husbands do not consider the welfare of their wives when in a delicate condition, and it is a mistake that must be classed either as criminal negligence or calumny. I opine that the lady lecturer aforesaid is a sour old maid—that if she ever becomes a wife and mother she will learn somewhat of the caprices of her sex subsequent to conception that will materially modify her complaint. Reasoning by analogy from the inferior order of animals to man has led more than one enthusiastic physiologist into serious error. The medical profession is continually alarming the country. It has been but a little while since men were assured that they were poisoning their babes by kissing them, and now they are flatly told that their wives regard the nuptial couch with aversion. Havana cigars give a fellow the "tobacco heart," plug exhausts the saliva necessary to digestion, and bourbon whisky burns his stomach full of blowholes. Beer makes him bilious, tea and coffee knock out his nerves, while plum pudding gives him dyspepsia, grape pie appendicitis and bot biscuits undermine his general health. Emotional preaching afflicts him with "jerks," golf has a tendency to paresis, the round dance infects him with philogyny and bicycling deforms his face. We might just as well be dead and with Lucifer as believe these doctors, for life wouldn't be half worth the living if we heeded their laws. My brethren of the loaded capsule and sociable stethoscope are evidently somewhat off their equipoise. Babies flourish much better on the kiss micrococcus than on the slipper bacillus, few women will live with impotent husbands, and nearly every centenarian is a collocation of bad habits that, by all the laws of Hyppocrates, should have buried him at the half-way house. It may seem unchivalrous to say so, but it is a stubborn fact nevertheless, and merits the consideration of Dr. Maxwell, that more men are misled by lustful women than maids betrayed by designing men. In fact, no man—at least no civilized man—makes improper advances to a woman unless he receives some encouragement, being deterred both by chivalrous sentiment and respect for the persuasive shot-gun. Despite the picture drawn by the lady lecturer and others of the horrors of married life, I opine that the woman who captures a sure-enough man who isn't negotiating simply for cook and chambermaid, and who can be depended upon to play Romeo to her Juliet for sixty years or so, should be in no unseemly haste to break into that heaven where Hymen is given the marble heart, and the matron who sits into the game with seven obedient husbands to her credit has no advantage of the old maid who never swallowed a pillow while watching a man, clad only in a single garment and a cerulean halo of profanity, making frantic swipes under the bureau for a missing collar-button.

At this writing President McKinley has not announced his much-talked of Cuban policy. He has been four months in the White House, and has not yet made up his mind to stop the brutal butchery of non-combatants and the systematic insults offered our citizens. He is so fearful of being called a "jingo" by the plutocratic press that he plays the jackass to the disgust of the people. Had Andrew Jackson been inaugurated last March, Spain would have taken her butchers home instant or, "By the Eternal!" he'd have given her "haughty dons" a little of the same unshirted hades that cooked the goose of Pakenham. Oh ye gods! that we could once more make a live man chief magistrate, instead of filling the office with such cold-hearted, timber-headed cunctators as Cleveland and McKinley!

DOC. TALMAGE'S INDIGESTION.

Two Reporters in Paradise.

MY old friend, Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, has been having another vision of heaven. I feared that something of the sort would happen were he not more careful of his health. DeWitt has an unfortunate habit of filling his pod with pickled pigs' feet and cold mince pie, then sleeping on his back while his mouth gives an imitation of the Hoosac Tunnel. A man in that condition is quite apt to get his slats tickled by the vagrom heels of a wandering nightmare—even imagine himself in the orthodox heaven, or some other uncomfortable dog-hole. This is about the forty-leventh time DeWitt has imagined himself pottering about the golden streets of the Sacred City, and every time his report of his pilgriming has been substantially the same. He must be getting dreadfully tired of it by this time. I was editing a daily paper when he was afflicted with one of these syndicate "dreams," and by some mistake we got the foolish thing in type three days before it was supposed to have occurred. Like his last fit of indigestion, it was utilized as a Sunday sermon and began substantially the same:

"Such a dream I had this morning!. It was about 5 o'clock, and the day was breaking. It was a dream of heaven. Would you like to know how heaven looks? That is what I am going to tell you. I was there this morning. I have just got back." Etc.

How a man knows the time o' day when he's asleep I can't imagine; but I'm quite sure Talmage didn't have his dream on the morning of the day he preached that sermon, for a printed report thereof had been mailed to me several days before marked, "Release for Monday." And now I find this new Sunday morning vision printed in Texas papers the next day after delivery, and know it came more than a thousand miles by mail. There's either something crooked, else the transportation companies have everlastingly smashed the Sabbath. I am beginning to suspect that DeWitt isn't above the sin of deception—that there are tricks even in the ministerial trade. I really would not be surprised to learn that when he tells his congregation, "I have been in heaven this morning—have just got back," he's doing a little cheerful long-distance lying. It is possible that he dreams over a typewriter on the second day of the week, shoves up the date line on the following Sunday and expects the syndicates to do the same; that instead of seeing all those feathered bipeds harping and hymning in heaven, he merely imagines that he might do so were he there, and throws in an account of a supposititious journey thither as a piece of "realism" to capture the crowd and make his syndicate slush sell. If he really does dream such ridiculous things he should either change his diet or come to Texas and ride wild mustangs and raise 6-cent cotton until he can digest a raw dog. It is a duty he owes to the Christian faith to ring himself down, for no sane man wants to go to the heaven he assumes to see. You couldn't give me a title to the entire place conditioned that I remove thither from Texas. I'd soon pull off one of the pearly gates and sling it at the perpetual serenaders. I don't mind a little melody rung in between lemonades; but I'm taking no stock in a German band wound up to last an eternity without pausing for beer or breath. The tawdry glare of the place would make me tired—if those emasculated simians who regard "slang" as the chief of sins, will permit the expression. And if I found such characters there as Talmage assures us hold all the municipal offices, I would break down seven panels of the jasper walls in my haste to get elsewhere. A man who dreams of heaven as Talmage pretends he does (but doesn't) is a stupid savage whose highest concept of happiness is a perpetual circus. He sees only resplendent residences on Hallelujah street and gorgeous palaces on Emmanuel avenue, costly gewgaws and barbaric glories, monster temples and

sickly incense. In all his sterterous pilgrimings to heaven he has never discovered the inhabitants doing aught in which a man of sense could take the slightest interest. They appear to be always glorifying—throwing bouquets at Father, Son and Holy Ghost. I cannot imagine the Trinity finding satisfaction in the eternal soft-soap of a gang of triflers who escaped hell only by the skin of their teeth. G. Cleveland or the Akhoond of Swat might enjoy for a time an unceasing string of taffy; but think of the Creator of the Cosmos being tickled throughout all eternity by the cringing adulation of a Talmage or the unctuous palaver of a Parkhurst; by millions of slaves ever circling 'round his throne and crying "Holy! holy! holy!"—wriggling on their bellies like a tubful of angleworms after a summer shower and charivaring him with cymbals, harps and horns! I don't believe that he permits any such pachalic poppycock in Paradise. The assumption that he does so has a tendency to bring the Christian religion into contempt with people of cultivation. Pomp and pageantry do not satisfy the soul. The real man is not apt to consider whether there be mansions in heaven not builded with hands. He cares naught for the workmanship on gates and walls, or for temple glories. He almost forgets that God is there, and that life is everlasting; but across the Sahara of Sorrow and through the Sirocco of Death he sees the smiling faces and beckoning hands of those he loves. Where they are is heaven, and heaven enough, tho it be a desert land of Mara-waters, of toil and trial. What cares the mother when the clods rattle on the coffin of her firstborn, whether heaven be a city of many mansions or a wigwam in the wilderness, so long as she again feels the cold dead heart of the loved and lost beating against her breast, and the dumb lips are released from the seal of silence? Why insult ye the man who has been despoiled of "his dear heart's better part," by prating that by and by he shall wear wings, have a crown upon his head, a harp within his hand and stand in the presence of his Lord. To the devil with your feathers, your lyre and your diadem! 'Tis not this foolish trumpery he wants, but his wife. 'Tis not God he would see in his glory, but the woman he won coming to meet him as in the old days at the garden gate. How desolate he would be in the thronged streets of heaven, how lonely amid bright angel bands, how sorrowful at the foot of the throne itself, did he not find her there! Imagine him seeking news of her of the Recording Angel and learning that she was among the lost—that while he feasted on celestial fruits she fasted in sulphur fires!—that age after age and aeon after aeon would roll away, but that her sufferings would abate no jot or tittle, that he would know her no more forever! Perhaps Bro. Talmage could be happy in such a heaven; but I—I'd raise hell. The Talmagian concept of heaven is a barbarism borrowed ages ago from the courts of the Orient. The streets of God's city are not paved with gold bricks, nor is it an Aladdin grotto stuck o'er with petty baubles. The inhabitants do not wear wings, that idea being a consecratory of that other which places heaven overhead and makes feathers necessary to navigate the atmosphere. As 100 miles from earth there's no breath of air, of what avail were the plumage of birds? The redeemed spend little time singing Gloria in Excelsis, having something better to do. Talmage modestly admits that he has been to heaven several times; but I visited the celestial wonder-land but once. When I was a young man and studying for the ministry I fell asleep one sultry summer's day while a droning pulpiter was giving us an official description of Paradise. Methought I was a boy playing with a red wagon in the streets of Jericho when Elijah and Elisha passed through en route to Jordan, and that I followed them. When the chariot of fire descended for Elijah I "hooked on behind" boy fashion, and we shortly arrived in heaven. Doubtless we went over the wall, for I caught no glimpse of a gate. Knowing that I was an illicit stowaway, I made a sneak as soon as

we landed, and saw no more of Elijah. I looked about me at the "promised land" and found it to be a country of quite limitless extent, lying

"Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair, with orchard lawns
And bowery hollows crowned with summer sea."

I felt for my wings and was disappointed to find that they had not developed, for I wanted to fly. I had often watched the hawks sailing in graceful circles, and figured what fun I'd have with them when I could skip through the cerulean in my night-shirt. Boy-like I wanted to see the celestial circus procession and all the curious animals and gigantic angels that were supposed to roost about the throne, for although I had gone thither with Elijah, I could still recollect much latter-day pulpit droning, so inconsistent are dreams. "Pappy" Hawkins, of Humboldt, Ills., (we called it **Milton Station** then,) had once taken me to a political torchlight procession at Charleston and a menagerie at Mattoon, and I concluded that I was in for a show that would beat them both combined. I walked many miles in heaven, but saw no city resplendent with gold and gems, and not a single soul was fluttering a pin-feather. I could find no mighty temple, and my mind reverting to the sermon to which I was supposed to be listening, I said: "Parson Connor may be a good Campbellite, but he's 'way off on his celestial cosmography." Perhaps one of the elders nudged me, for my dream took a turn, and instead of being an ancient Hebrew lad I became myself, but still in heaven. My disappointment regarding the wings passed, and I no longer wanted to see any circus. All heaven seemed a mighty anthem such as I have often heard on earth, only it was clearer, more melodious, with greater compass and fewer dissonances. In it were blended the slumbrous thunder of lazy summer waves breaking on a shimmering beach of yellow sand, the trill of a mock-bird singing to his mate, the tinkling bells of kine in the leafy boskage, the drowsy hum of honey-bees amid the clover blooms, the voice of a maid singing as she went about her work, and the laughter of little children tumbling in wild abandon about a velvet lawn. I was surprised to see everywhere birds and beasts, for I had been taught to believe that only people would be "saved," and whenever any dumb thing that I loved was taken from me by death it left in my heart a clot of black rebellious blood because of the cruel scheme of things, and I denied with angry tears that I could be happy in heaven without my farm-yard pets and the wild things I had tamed in the woods. Everywhere the people lived in little communities that seemed to link each into the others like some wondrous loose-woven cloth of green and gold, those dearest to each other on earth being closest united in heaven, where grew trees of every kind and blossomed flowers of every hue. All were employed, not in idle adoration, but in beautifying their homes, gathering fruit and grain, improving their minds, enjoying the society of their friends, and striving in generous rivalry which should prove most worthy the esteem, not of a master-monster who sat swathed in clouds and lightnings and mystery like some Moses on the Mount or veiled Mokanna, but a gentle Father who walked familiar with them as with Adam before that fateful fall. Everything and everybody appeared to be in a state of progress from good to better, from finite knowledge to Infinite wisdom, instead of completed and rounded off—eternal life all objectless. Thus Shakespeare and Aeschylus were still writing plays, while Roscius and Garrick, Rachel and Siddons presented them to an appreciative populace. Homer had composed a celestial Epic, and the Chian harp thrilled the hearts of an hundred generations of men pressing about him and drinking in the melody. Socrates was teaching the less gifted wisdom even as he did in Greece, while Pythagoras and Plato walked with their disciples in fragrant groves or discoursed in shady porticoes of the still unfolding mystery of

Life. Nowhere was there officer or prison, for evil had been banished thence with Lucifer; nor churches, for all heaven was one vast temple (as is the earth) and existence adoration. As God moved majestic through his vast demense he was attended by no courtly train, nor did a bedizened herald with blare of trumpet cry, "Make way—the King!" There was no crown upon his head or sceptre in his hand, for he needed not these foolish ensigns of earth-born royalty to command obedience and respect. Men did not prostrate themselves at his approach, but stood erect like well born sons to receive a loving sire. His grace and majesty transcended human tongue; but the Bard of Avon, walking arm in arm with his Rare Ben Jonson, and noting him where he stood, amid a group of the pure in heart, murmured some lines that were a sublimation of those in which he once described an earthly king:

"A station like the herald Mercury
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill—
A combination and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal.

"Our Father who art in heaven," lisped a little child playing in the flowers about his feet. He laid his hand lightly upon its head, and beneath his touch the child grew lovelier. He turned and left the group and a young man, radiant as Apollo, followed him. "It is my son," cried a woman joyfully, "and the good Father hath found him worthy some high emprise." She knelt and reverently kissed the hand of God. He raised her gently, blessed her, and she came back to us with all a mother's pride and all a mother's love shining in her eyes, but mingled therewith naught of human selfishness. Everywhere the Book of Knowledge was unfolding leaf by leaf like a celestial rose; everywhere hearts were growing happier, people fairer, homes more beautiful, while the Spirit of God permeated the place like a perfume. "This," said I, "is heaven, and it's all hunkidori"—meaning thereby that it suited me exactly; and thirty years' reflection has not induced me to change my mind. The only heaven I can conceive of is a place of intellectual progress, where one may rise by merit age after age to nobler heights of knowledge, to purer happiness. Man, as we knew him first, was but little exalted above the brute. Through the slow-moving centuries he has grown in mental strength until he can weigh the sun and measure the stars. His mind alone is immortal. It is a fleck of imperishable fire, a mere light-point in immensity. There is no magic in death to hake of the glow-worm a constellation, or expand the finite mind of man to infinity. Immortality but gives it time to *grow*. Perhaps there is such a heaven as Talmage pictures—for savage people. It is possible that it is the first heaven, while Elijah's chariot carried me somewhat higher. For a man just out of Washington, for instance, a preparatory stage were doubtless necessary. To such the quiet intellectual life with loved ones, upon which I was permitted to look, might seem to lack excitement, even what we call *eclat*. Pearly gates and pageantry, splendid residences on Hallelujah street and gorgeous palaces on Emmanuel avenue may be just the thing for a fashionable preacher fresh from the world with all its show and seeming. Foxes have holes, babes require bon-bons and foolish Christians want feathers. "God ordereth all things well"—adapts the idea of heaven to every intellect.

There are said to be divers and sundry ways of removing the cuticle from an adult thomas cat, but the action of the Texas legislature in adjourning that it might be called in special session next day, and thereby switch from \$2 to \$5 per diem, is calculated to make an expert confidence operator turn green with envy. Had that more or less honorable body not been a chronic gab-mill, it could have transacted all necessary public business in a month and returned to the forks of the creek in time to put in a cotton crop.

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A HOMILY ON HELL.

I AM in receipt of an essay on "Hell," by one G. S. Lincoln, a party of whom I had not hitherto heard, but who seems eager to do the Ingersoll act. "Pagan Bob's" success—in the accumulation of ephemeral notoriety and hard cash—has spoiled a great many hewers of wood and drawers of water, just as Sam Jones' gaucheries have bred a legion of ambitious imitators who only succeed in becoming importunate beggars and impudent blackguards; and the world is now full of disputatious and noisy noodles exploiting the profitless doctrine of Negation. This particular metaphysico-rhetorical homiletic-exegetic discourse on "Hell" appears to have been employed to pad the somniferous columns of San Antonio's dreariest diurnal, and is sent me by a young lady who expresses a curiosity to know whether Mr. Lincoln is hopelessly lunatic, or merely a somnambulist who writes foolish essays in his sleep. My dear girl, I know not; but if I might, as a divino-medico, presume to diagnose his disease, I would say that he had an incurable case of *cacoethes scribendi*, complicated with liver complaint. He may also have a touch of phlogisto-phobia, for he goes into convulsions and froths at the mouth at sight of fire. It is possible that he secretly suspects hell will be the portion of those who weary a busy world with idle speculations regarding foreordination and free-will; yet he loudly protests that there is no such place. If this latter view of the case be correct, he is certainly making a great deal of noise about nothing. If there be no hell I can not see w'y t'ell he should wear himself to a frazzle hammering a hiatus, should set his polemical spear in rest and charge full tilt at a hole. The mouldy straw which Mr. Lincoln is blithely beating has been threshed ten thousand times before, and by men who knew how to handle a flail. As they could get out of it no grain warranted to grow and verdurize this too unhappy earth, Mr. Lincoln is not like to sow Time's great seed-field to its remotest corners with the educt of his labors. While sloshing round in his subject like a small bat in a large barn, disturbing the cobwebs of Sixteenth century sophistry and the clammy mold of dead and forgotten scholastics, he gives us his more or less valuable opinion of God. Harken to this wisdom that comes achortling out of the West:

"My opinion is that this idea of God was born in the brain of some savage who was inspired by the desire for revenge."

So? Then you are truly an object of pity, being tied, Mazeppa-like, to the back of a dead beast and in imminent danger of the bities. Your remarkable explanation of the origin of the "God idea" was first advanced by the foolish Diderot, and it didn't live long enough to raise a laugh. If you persist in exhibiting this carcass of a mental mooncalf the health authorities should either compel you to have it embalmed or encased in a metallic coffin. Let the dead and unbeautiful rest. Thinkers who decline to look to God himself for the origin of the "God idea," usually agree with "little Mr. Pope" that Superstition

"—from the rending earth and bursting skies
Saw gods descend and fiends infernal rise:
Here fixed the dreadful, there the blest abodes;
Fear made her devils, and weak hope her gods."

As the sun, or "life-giver," seems to have been the first object of man's adoration, Mr. Lincoln's stolen hypothesis that man's conception of the Deity was born of a lust for "revenge," is a sublimation of the silly. Yet, Pope's idea, reduced to the last analysis, is no less absurd, for the question recurs: Whence came this Superstition—which is but a distorted conception of the supernatural? Why, in the simple phenomena of Nature, should the savage see "gods descend and fiends infernal rise?" If all things bring forth after their kind, why should what we call the natural engender

what we name the supernatural? How comes it that of the dead unthinking material is born the sentient omniscient spiritual? Do we gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles? Granting that this *mecanique celeste* of the materialists is capable of engendering tadpoles and atheists from malarial muck: whence comes these strange visions and dreams, these aspirings toward godhood, these strivings to mount above the stars? They seem to bear no direct relation to vifda or other victual—may signify that man's existence has a meaning, that this earth of ours is somewhat more than a moribund "mother of dead dogs." Gods and daemons are conceptions of their kind—of the supernatural existent in man himself. But perchance we are drifting beyond Mr. Lincoln's depth, and had best paddle shoreward ere the poor man drown. If I might presume to give the impubescent Bob Ingersolls and vigesimal Voltaires a word of advice I would suggest that they eschew the empty dogma of Denial, their mockeries of heaven and maunderings about hell, and plant hogs; for verily I say unto you that the man who maketh two fat shoats to grow where one evasive hazel-splitter flickered in the hitherto, doth more for his country and his kind than do all those who brush their pants and sit them down upon this bank and shoal of time in close communion with goose-quill pen and copy-pad to explain what they don't know about Oromasdes and Ahriman, about Deity and Devil.

The man who requires more evidence of God's existence than he can see with his eyes shut may well envy the blind cow, that, by intuition, knows her own calf. Every man is a direct divine revelation to himself and carries both heaven and hell within the compass of his own cuticle, if he but have the heart to comprehend. It was not the thunders of Sinai and the miraculous parting of the Red Sea, not the earthquake's shock and ocean's storm which first revealed to man the all-important fact that he is half infernal and all divine—that what he denominates the finite is but an infinitesimal fraction of Infinitude. As there were brave men before Agamemnon, so were there priests and prophets of God before Melchizedek, and men who slept at the foot of heaven-scaling ladders on which angels ascended and descended, while old Laban's too thrifty son-in-law still lay formless in the far future. Satan, we may well believe, went to and fro in the land ere the much-vexed Man of Uz was born; and sages, listening to their own souls, heard the "still small voice" of the Lord ere the foundations of Jerusalem were laid. "The common man," says Jean Paul, "is copious in speech, exigious in reflection;" and it requires some little self-communion to realize that nature—the universe—it not a soulless machine, but "the visible garment of God," who is even here or nowhere; that every sentient creature is a sparkle of that Divine Essence which animates the All. Strange that any creature endowed with reason, howsoever murky, should imagine for one moment that thought, an intangibility, could be evolved by blind force operating on and in inert matter—that their creature should be infinitely superior to its creators! Stranger still that those whose blood has beat time in delirious ecstasy to the melody of love, and burned in the Harmattan-winds of hate, should doubt the existence of heaven and hell, of Deity and Devil. Whence comes this song in whose ineffable sweetness the soul swoons and all of self "passes in music out of sight?"—this discord dire which makes the heart of man a monster-haunted Gehenna? Think you that these flashes of Promethean and Plutonian fire, which illumine for us the whole universe and shed a soft rose-radiance or fierce sulphur-glare upon the very throne of God itself, are stored up like albumen in pullet sperm?—that bull-beef was the Alborak of Mohamet and plum-pudding the Pegasus of Byron? Whence came that altruism which drove Guatama to the wilderness, Damien to Molokai and Christ to the

Cross? Do we find the cicatrice of such all-embracing love, such self-sacrifice, in potatoes and pie? No? Then whence comes it, if there be naught of the supernatural in man, no God in Israel?

Why Deity, being omniscient and omnipotent, does not "kill the Devil" and banish evil from the earth—a policy which Mr. Lincoln modestly suggests for his consideration—is a question in theodicy a trifle too profound for a sage-brush theologaster. If you knew everything you'd be equal to Jehovah, and, like Lucifer, be laying for his job. "The critic fly," says Carlyle, "if it do but alight on any plinth or single cornice of a brave, stately building, shall be able to declare, with its half-inch vision, that here is a speck and there an inequality; but to take in the fair relations of the Whole, to see the building as one object, to estimate its purpose, the adjustment of its parts, and their harmonious co-operation towards that purpose, will require the eye and the mind of a Vitruvius, or a Palladio." A wise observation truly, and one which it were well for Mr. Lincoln to carefully digest ere he again assumes to criticise the Architect of the Universe.

The picnic red-bugs now fishing around in my diaphragm are doubtless not a little puzzled regarding the origin and intent of *their* universe, and consider its ways with wonder. While striving to read Mr. Lincoln's essay, and reflecting how many times theretofore I had explored such theologastical sewers in a fruitless search for gold, I fell asleep. Methought my body lay in uneasy stertorous slumber, while its spirit—the ego or I—hovered near on softly-feathered wings, but instead of a harp of sixteen strings and a mouthful of hallelujahs, was provided with a powerful microphone and a magnifying glass that made a chigre look almost as large as an atheist. Every little while the sleeping beauty would dig spasmodically at his cuticle with finger-nails as big as the shovels of a dredge-boat, killing or maiming a number of the pestiferous hog-headed parasites. A colony located on the left small toe were quite generally of the opinion that these disasters were "judgments" sent upon them by a god who lived a long way off, and who was wroth because they had neglected to kill the fatted pullet for the Methodist preacher, smashed the Sunday laws, mobbed a rape-fiend and indulged in progressive euchre and dancing; so they redoubled their devotions, held camp-meetings and corralled the "second blessing"—even sent a contingent of solemn-faced missionaries to convert the heathen red-bugs who were sacrificing to pagan deities on the other side of the digit. There was a tradition current that several thousand seconds before certain wise chigres had been spoken to by a great being, and that he laid down the law to them with thunderings and lightnings and the smell of sulphur; that his commands not being heeded, there came a mighty flood which covered the entire country to a frightful depth, and only a few of their tribe were miraculously saved for seed. Some scoffed at these sayings, calling them crass superstitions and priestly fables intended to fill ample pockets with tithe of mint and anise, and argued learnedly that it could not be demonstrated by evidence admissible in the red-bug Arcopagus that there existed anywhere a being wiser or more powerful than themselves. They declared that the toe they lived on, and the four others dimly discernible at a vast distance, were the result of the action and reaction of "natural laws," which got themselves framed and enforced in a most unnatural, not to say miraculous, manner—which was a very curious explanation indeed; but as none could disprove it they passed for wise men, talked loudly of "my opinion" and wrote essays for the papers—which foolish editors published when short of "boiler plate." One old red-bug who lived in a pore all by himself and was considered something of a crank, advanced the startling thesis that the toe they lived on was *alive*, and that the whole universe—the five toes and the terra incognita

which lay beyond—was but the material body of a great being; but he was quickly cackled down by the level-headed (or fat-headed) crowd, and, descending to his cave by a hair that resembled a sequoia tree growing in the crater of an extinct volcano, quietly hanged himself—as all people should do who are given the horse-laugh by the herd. The Ingersolls and Voltaires, the Diderots and Footes, were busy pulling the miracles to pieces, and explaining that, as *they* had seen nothing of this alleged great being, of course the story of his existence was all poppycock; while a little fellow named Lincoln strutted about with his beaver up, demanding to be informed why Deity did this and refrained from doing the other, and receiving no answer to his impertinent questions, considered the matter as settled. While he was trying his Demiurgus in a chicken court and pronouncing adverse judgment, my sleep became mercifully too deep for dreams, and now I know not whether I've had a true trance vision of the world or a case of cucumber colic. I suspect, however, that a chigre is as competent to pass on the laws of my being, and explain why I go to picnics and acquire a crop of red-bugs to roar about, as in this Nanac Shah of San Antonio to comprehend the plans and attributes of the Creator. All Wisdom, Space and Time are but relative. To a being as much superior to the wisest man as the wisest man is superior to a micrococcus, this world—the universe itself—may not appear wonderful, and a thousand years be as one tick on the horologe of Time. The wiser among us, the poets and prophets, what we call "inspired men"—which means simply those who have more *soul* in proportion to their modicum of *mud*—have caught here and there a note of the sphere-music, of the eternal harmony; have comprehended this and the other fraction of the Divine Plan: but as the singing of the morning stars can not be reproduced on a hurdy-gurdy, there be men who may never hope to hear it; as the thoughts of Omniscience can not be filed down into the nursery jargon of intellectual infants, there be those who can not understand. Sad it is for those of our brethren who, being denied intelligence to lead, have not faith to follow.

Perhaps the foolishlest man alive knows that a Stradivarius can not be whittled out of a corn-stalk, nor the poems of Petrarch rendered in the patois of a Piute; yet we have what Swift not inaptly calls "forked radishes with fantastically carved heads," demanding that the plans of the Infinite be explained in the language of the finite. If you can not in classic Greek, the grandest vehicle ever devised for the transference of human thought, depict the love-light in the eyes of a dog as he greets his master, can we complain if John of Patmos stammers when his vision of heaven, "and all the wonder that will be," is translated into our rude tongue? So narrow are the limitations of human language that we can only picture heavenly joys as harping and hymning and filling ourselves with fragrant fruits—a perpetual Maifest; must borrow brimstone from our little earth with which to build a hell for Lucifer, and filch from this mote, swimming in immensity, paltry gold and foolish gewgaws with which to adorn the throne of the Living God! As there is a poetry grander than can be penned, a song sweeter than can be sung, a beauty which defies the brush of Raphael and the chisel of Phidias, so is there a conception of God which can not be reduced to words even by St. Paul or David's wisest son. Why play at atheism because others have failed to describe the indescribable, to comprehend the incomprehensible and make it all plain to men of little minds? Do we seek the incense of a rose with a microscope, or the taste of a truffle with hay scales? Can you take the cube-root of the mock-bird's trill or handle the rainbow with a pair of ice-tongs? You can not; yet by such material methods would atheism disprove the existence of a

God who dwells in all that is, or was, or can ever be. How know ye that there is such a thing as "evil" in this world?—being but a poor "critic fly with half-inch vision," unable to comprehend the Whole? Whether there be a hell does not much matter. If such a calefactor exists in the great economy of nature, no man, we may be sure, will be sent to dwell thither who doesn't richly deserve to be damned. Let those worry about it who have occasion to, and mend their ways. Everywhere in nature we note that the fit survive while the unfit perish; and the laws of nature are the laws of God. Perhaps it were just as well that Mr. Lincoln either provide himself with an asbestos overcoat or carry a little fire insurance. But perchance he is himself hell—the Scriptures assuring us that it is full of wailings and worms. Be that as it may, I beg of him to hammer the Christian cultus lightly; for does not Dean Swift point out that, with its disappearance, certain poor fellows who pick up occasional ha'pence by insulting it, will have no longer profitable occupation or excuse for existing?

JUDGE LYNCH AND THE LAWYERS.

ON J. S. Hogg, attorney-at-law by trade, has been taking what he evidently considers a terrific fall out of Judge Lynch. He picks this preter-jurist up by the slack of the pantalettes and wraps him around the periphery of a gum-stump with an armipotency that fills the quivering atmosphere with fragments of "liver and lights" and the pungent odor of toasted tripe. Hogg is a roasting-mill for your gridiron when he does the Ingalls act—or thinks he is, which is just as satisfactory to his soul. When the "stormed-tossed" lashes himself to fury and begins to fulminate he's pre-eminently a hot potato. When he assumes the role of calefactor and begins to spout fire, Phalaris' brazen bull were an ice-box or the chilly kiss of a Boston school-marm by comparison. There is an explosive force to his dehiscence that would shame a dynamite shell. He's past grand-master of the science of anacampsys, and can, with one blast upon his bugle-horn, awake the slumbering echoes from Sabine's slimy ooze to the Rio Bravo's glistening sands. Harken to the deep-toned dreadfulness of Texas' only Hogg:

"Judge Lynch is the most contemptible, the most villainous, the most cowardly of all the red-handed murderers whose souls ever roasted in the log-heaps of hell." etc., etc.

Bravo! Old Balaam, the prince of curse-peddlers, could scarce have done better. The trouble with Hogg, however, is that he has no concept of proportion, the positive and comparative having been eliminated from his vocabulary to make room for the super-superlative. It has been said that he can not distinguish between buttermilk and bordeaux, between corn-pone and pound-cake—that whatsoever he can get through his neck is welcome gastronomic grist; and I much fear that his estimation of men and measures is faulty as his idea of edibles. In the opinion of this adipose limb of the law, those who hanged the bank-robbers and assassins at Wichita Falls; those who burned a buck nigger for ravishing a 3-year-old babe at Paris; those who executed a black beast for having forcibly debauched a white maid near Bryan, are infinitely worse than the fiends they put out of the world. In other words, it is more "contemptible" to unlawfully slay a professional assassin than it is to unlawfully slay a worthy citizen. It is more "villainous" to send a rape-fiend hence without due process of law than to take an infant from its cradle and sacrifice its life to lust. It is more "cowardly" to string a negro up in the face of heaven than to pounce upon an unprotected maid, defile her and inoculate her with a loathsome disease! Disliking to say anything disrespectful of a man whose intentions it believes to be good,

the Iconoclast refrains from comment. It is of the opinion that a majority of the participants in the affairs above referred to are undeserving of such severe denunciation. They did not go about their work "masked and in the darkness of the night," as Mr. Hogg imagines is the invariable practice of punitive mobs, but with uncovered faces and in the broad open light of the day. They believed that when such desperate criminals are caught red-handed the proper thing to do is to crack their necks with the least possible delay, instead of saddling themselves with the expense of long and tedious trials and affording various learned lawyers an opportunity to pad their weasel-skins by perverting justice and turning the offenders loose upon the land. I grant you freely that there should be no such thing in this land as mob-law; but instead of attempting to blow Judge Lynch off the earth with what Casca calls "a deal of stinking breath," it were the part of wisdom for Attorney Hogg to inquire dilligently what brought him hither. I fear that a critical examination of the matter will demonstrate that mob-law is due chiefly to the lawyers—to the very class loudest in its condemnation. They shape our laws, and take precious good care in doing so not to deprive themselves of their occupation by making statutory intent too plain and court procedure too simple. Having secured a criminal code which it requires an expert to interpret—a labyrinthic maze inturbidated with a ridiculous terminology—the lawyers are prepared to entangle an innocent man in its meshes or secure the release of a Jack-the-Ripper as goes the professional fee. Of course there are honorable exceptions to this rule, for it is not absolutely necessary that a lawyer should be a rascal. Some there be who would scorn to accept a fee from the blood-stained hand of a criminal; but candor compels the confession that they are in nowise numerous. No matter how honorable he be in his private capacity, the average lawyer is professionally ambidextrous, and, within the court-room, morally ambilevicious; he is not only ready to accept service under any flag, but to strike foul blows to win his fight. I do not mean by this that he will pack juries and suborn witnesses; but that he will employ all those arts recognized by his too liberal code of ethics to mislead the court and shield his client. If justice will acquit his client then he would have justice "tho the heavens fall;" if justice would hang or imprison his client, then he becomes a conspirator against the peace and dignity of the commonwealth. We will say that Smith meets Jones on the streets of Tyler, by gross insult provokes an assault, then shoots his assailant dead. He employs as counsel Messrs. J. S. Hogg and J. M. Duncan, both of whom are now tearing their lingerie to tatters because of the activity of Judge Lynch. These distinguished attorneys promptly set up the plea of self-defense. The county is raked with a fine-tooth comb to secure a dozen fat-headed aphides who have formed no opinion about the case simply because not blessed with "the grand thaumaturgic faculty of thought." A week is expended securing this museum of mental misfits, and another in badgering and brow-beating witnesses, who become so confused that they would contradict themselves in attempting to state their names, ages and occupations. The jury is overawed by Hogg's pomposity, befuddled with Duncan's sophistry, and impressed with the idea that the dead man was a dangerous character who was seeking to slay defendant instead of trying to tweak his nose as offset to a gratuitous insult. Then it is locked up—having but a shadowy conception of lawyer-made law and utterly unable to analyze attorney-distorted evidence. What can you expect of such a tribunal? Has not the blundering of petit juries passed into a proverb? Do you not know of a dozen men formally tried and solemnly acquitted who should have been hanged or put in the penitentiary? Can you not cite a score of cases in which poor devils charged with trifling offenses were given

the extremity of the law, while men guilty of capital crimes received lighter sentences? Do you not know that it is more dangerous for a beggar to steal a mule than for a plutocrat to kill a man? The Smith-Jones jury probably agree to disagree simply because the miserable blockheads can not tell what the devil the contention is all about; in which case the pitiful farce must be played over again—at the expense of the people. The next time the defendant is convicted of manslaughter and given two years in prison instead of ten minutes on the gallows. On some flimsy pretext a motion is made for a new trial. Perchance one of the jurors went to sleep during a tedious wrangle over the admission of unimportant evidence; or some one in the crowd may have passed him a bottle of Prohibition bitters. The motion must be argued. If it is overruled an appeal is taken on some fool technicality. More delay. Finally the case is reversed and remanded. Smith can now be tried only for manslaughter, having been formally acquitted of deliberate murder. New trial; mistrial; change of venue; case continued from term to term until important witnesses die or disappear. The public loses interest in the case and forgets the dead man's family. Smith has joined church and is leading an exemplary life. The public becomes sorry for the defendant and when he is finally acquitted crowds around to congratulate. And the name and fame of Hogg and Duncan are exploited far and wide as "great criminal lawyers"—men whose services other vicious hoodlums may find invaluable. And the next time a murder occurs under like conditions the people, remembering the incompetence of the courts, take the law into their own hands. And the mistake they make is in hanging the homicide instead of stringing up Duncan and Hogg, whose skill in protecting criminals encouraged him to commit the crime. They are guilty before God; for had Smith been hanged as he deserved the second murder had not been committed. Yet Duncan indulges in mandragora moans and Hogg puffs himself up like some bloated *bufo vulgaris* and denounces the people as contemptible cowards—whose pernicious activity has deprived him of a fat fee. They are cowards, says he, because they have killed "an unarmed prisoner"—just as though sheriffs conducted executions by releasing the condemned men and providing them with loaded muskets! When Mr. Hogg roasts a hare he does so while it's running. It has been said that the shortest route to a man's pericardium is through his purse—and every rafe-fend lynched, every murderer hanged by the mob takes a shingle off some lawyer's house. Doubtless mobs sometimes make mistakes; but in this particular they may well challenge comparison with the courts. As a rule Judge Lynch will harm no man unless his guilt be established beyond the peradventure of a doubt. With him it is simply a question of identity and evidence. There are no delays, no loopholes in his law, no technicalities and continuances, no foolish red-tape and no lawyers' fees. How is it in our criminal courts? On one side is the prosecuting attorney eager to convict, no matter if the prisoner at the bar be innocent as a babe newborn, for both his fee and professional reputation are concerned; on the other side is the counsel for the defense, intent only on securing an acquittal, tho he knows his client to be guilty of every crime in the calendar. The defendant is alternately painted as an angel of light and goblin damned, the lawyers pro and the attorneys con seeking to "make the worse appear the better reason" to a dozen sleepy dunderheads who view the proceedings with eyes that bespeak the intelligence of a string of burnt holes in a blanket. It is not an attempt to determine right and wrong, but a tourney between opposing counsel, the prisoner the bone of contention and ignorance officiating as umpire. And so it is that the courts, which should be the pillars of order, become the nidi of anarchy. Statutes exenterated by technicali-

ties and courts eviscerated by red-tape constitute the *raison d'être* of Judge Lynch—and he will never be debenced by denouncing the effect while the cause is permitted to remain. We have mob-law because we have lawlessness, and we have lawlessness because we have too many criminal-shielding lawyers. Every criminal statute needful could be printed within the compass of this little paper, and made so plain that judges need rely no longer on "precedent," but adhere to the strict letter of the law. The courts should be stripped of all circumlocutory customs and made in truth temples of justice instead of tilting-grounds for smart attorneys. The unit rule should be abolished in the jury-room, a two-thirds vote made sufficient for a verdict, and intelligence instead of blank ignorance called to the box. As I have frequently suggested heretofore, it might be well to elect our jurors as we do other county officials, and make their vote in every case a matter of record, thereby fixing upon them more than a transient responsibility, and securing for such important service men in whose honesty and intelligence the people had formally expressed their confidence. As matters now stand when a man of average intelligence finds himself on the jury he is distracted by thoughts of his neglected business and can not give his undivided attention to the case. He is driven to a disagreeable duty for which he is in nowise qualified, and is inclined to compromise that he may be the sooner released. An elective jury would save the public great aggravation, expedite the business of courts and materially reduce the cost. Experience would soon enable them to properly analyze evidence and make them impervious to attorney-sophistry. Such a jury would constitute an elective bench of judges, be subject to impeachment and removal, and would be careful not to render verdicts which the court of appeals would reverse. Any attorney will tell you that if he has a good case he would prefer to submit it to the judge, because that official is usually capable of determining it wisely and well and it is to his interest to do so; but that if he has a bad case he wants a jury, and the more stupid and irresponsible the better. The jury is so interwoven with our institutions that to altogether abolish it were probably unwise, certainly impossible at present; but instead of keeping pace with our civilization the system has retrograded until, instead of being "the bulwark of our liberties," as once appropriately called, it has become the shield of criminals and the nursing mother of anarchy. It was once the custom to select as jurors "good men and true" who were supposed to know most, rather than those who knew least about the case, and they were at liberty to decide the matter without the assistance of contending attorneys or the taking of other testimony than what themselves could furnish. If they failed to agree the dissidents in the minority were discharged and other reputable men of the immediate neighborhood called in. This was repeated until a verdict was reached, and the punishment decreed followed as swiftly as in the days of ancient Israel. A man accused of crime was then tried by a "jury of his peers," or men who were more than his equals; he is now tried by a jury of jackasses. There should be no attorneys employed to prosecute, none retained to defend in criminal cases; but a skillful lawyer should be attached to the court to see that all important evidence is properly laid before the jury, while the judge interprets the law. To such a court the people would turn with respect and confidence and we would soon hear the last of Judge Lynch. Punishment, to have a repressive effect upon the criminal class and satisfy the public sense of justice, must follow sure and swift upon the commission of a crime. Statesmen take cognizance of the world as it is rather than indulge in Ernulphus-curses because it is not all they imagine it ought to be. An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, and a life for a life, is not only the law of Moses, but is a statute deep-graven on

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the heart of humanity by the burin of the Almighty. When one commits a dreadful crime the public conscience demands that he speedily die the death; and where courts notoriously fail to execute this mandate uprisings of the people and mob-violence may be expected. What Hogg and Duncan so vigorously condemn is the result of society's inherent sense of justice, of pity for its outraged member and lack of confidence in the courts. The contemptibility, the villainy, the cowardice and the disregard for life of which they complain are the attributes of those attorneys who prostitute their talents to preserve intact the forfeited neck of the felon—who are willing, for a money consideration, to turn such monsters loose upon the community. When a lawyer begins to berate mob-violence, to brand whole communities with the stigma of Cain and consign them to "the log heaps of hell," it were well to ask him if he ever shielded a criminal from the sword of Justice, thereby not only provoking but making necessary the very deeds he condemns. And if he can not return a negative answer he should be advised to poultice his impudence. The people of this country are neither "contemptible," "villainous" nor "cowardly"—if they did twice make Hogg chief magistrate. They will respect the laws and the courts when and only when they are worthy of respect. Of course I will be told that laws and courts are creations of the people, who are responsible for their imperfections, and who should reform instead of defying them. This is theoretically true, but practically false. The people demand various general laws, and they are enacted, and satisfactory penalties provided; but the lawyers prescribe methods of court procedure and make their enforcement a costly and difficult matter. The general public has just about as much to do with the practical workings of our jurisprudence as it has with the science of medicine. How will the general public so reform the judiciary that a millionaire murderer may be tried, convicted and executed within ten days and at a cost of a few hundred dollars, when it can not so much as get a decent fee-bill enacted after making it an imperative platform demand? How will it deprive several thousand lawyers of their perquisites in criminal cases when it can not compel a few stalled county officials to either resign or serve for a reasonable consideration? Could we expect the self-righteous Hogg and the begodly Duncan to favor a reform in our judiciary that would leave criminal lawyers without occupation and consociate our courts with common sense? The public, be it remembered, with more tongues than the Hydra, more eyes than Argus, more hands than Briar, is dumb and blind and helpless, sprawling this way and that on its multitudinous legs in the wake of various leaders who travel in a circle—in the center of which are the political flesh-pots. The public is seldom agreed as to what it does want, but is quick to determine what it does not want—and it does not want a rafe-fiend or assassin to live one minute longer than necessary to determine his guilt and get a rope around his goozle. Like a blind horse, it may be led to water, but making it drink is a different matter. Until the courts can crack a criminal's neck while his offense still rankles in the public breast, Judge Lynch may be expected to do business despite all denunciation. There be some who seem to entertain the mistaken opinion that the people were made for the criminal and the criminal for the lawyer, on the principle that every bug must have smaller bugs to bite it. The lawyers, being pretty good fellows, non-professionally considered, will not, I opine, take serious umbrage at this indictment or attempt to argue it before that august tribunal we call the people, realizing, as they certainly must, that it were safer to promise reformation and cast themselves upon the mercy of the court. They have fallen into the bad habit of worshipping "due process of law" because it yields victual, forgetful that it is in nowise worthy adulation unless it yield also protection

to the people. Of course certain would-be John the Baptists will rise up in the wilderness and denounce me as an advocate of lynch-law; but remembering that Cicero assures us "even flies have their spleen," I will make a prayerful effort to survive. I am not an advocate of mob-violence; but I do say that no honest man in Texas fears Judge Lynch a little bit, while to the criminal class he is a greater terror than all our courts. If the man who religiously respects the persons and property of other people lives until he is made the central figure of an impromptu necktie sociable, he'll make old Methusalem appear a veritable mammothrept. In some way the public must be protected from the vicious, and Judge Lynch is like to hold his aegis over his people until a potent substitute is provided. I would prefer that all necessary hanging be done by sheriffs duly ordained; but to save me I can not add aught to the ostentatious tear-jugs of Hogg and Duncan because a few desperate criminals have been sent to hell by an irregular route. Perhaps my sob machinery would work smoother and my snuffle glands give down more voluminously if I could remember only the criminals and forget their victims.

INSURANCE AND SUCKERS.

Editor Brann's Iconoclast: In your issue for May I notice your article entitled "The Life Insurance Iniquity." I notice with pleasure that you think that the family and the dependent ones should be protected by means of life insurance, and so strongly are you in favor of life insurance that you would urge the government to go into the business and, if necessary, compel heads of families, unless already well off, to insure their lives for the benefit of those dependent upon them. But the "iniquity" seems to be the fact that the "old-line" companies have accumulated more than one thousand million dollars, and you draw the conclusion that the people are paying too much for their article. But the people can buy insurance at almost every and any price, anywhere from three or four dollars per thousand up. So this being the case, there must be some reason why the people are willing to pay the high prices for life insurance. They want good insurance and not cheap insurance; not too cheap. Suppose it is acknowledged for the sake of argument, that life insurance would be cheaper if the government would go into the business: What then? Would not the cost to the people of the banking business be also cheaper? What industry of any magnitude would not be cheaper if the government should go into the business? But you say some one may cry "socialism." Don't you see that your argument would bring us to socialism? Where would be our individual freedom? The government should take charge of those things which in their nature are monopolies; but life insurance is not yet one of them. The government should also take for purposes of revenue those values which are produced by the community, such as franchise values, land values, etc.; and the equality of the citizen would soon be the result. The government should guarantee in this way equal rights to all and the present social conditions would rapidly pass away.

THOMAS RHODUS.

As Mr. Rhodus is president of the Western Mutual Life Association of Chicago, it could scarce be expected that he would approve my suggestion that government embark in the life insurance business. Probably George Gould would view with alarm an intimation that it should take charge of transportation, and John D. Rockefeller inveigh lustily against its embarking in the oil business; but the American theory of government is "the greatest good to the greatest number," and that this end would be subserved by governmental life insurance I think I made clear in the May Iconoclast. Perhaps no two men employ the term "socialism" in exactly the same sense; but if we mutually agree to consider it a synonym for "communism," I fail to see that governmental life insurance would be more socialistic than those principles unqualifiedly approved by my correspondent in the concluding lines of his letter. We need not be frightened by this bogey called "socialism," for the term has been applied to almost

every economic reform accomplished since the days of Fourier and St. Simon. It has ever been the cry of those engaged in plundering the people—the growl of the wolf intent on consuming the carcass. Governmental life insurance might curtail somewhat the “individual freedom” of certain very elegant gentlemen now pocketing large salaries and 20 per cent. dividends; but would not the appropriation of ground rent by the state put a similar crimp in the cherished prerogatives of landlords? The people of this country, without respect to parties, are rapidly arriving at the conclusion that they should do collectively what they can do better thus than individually—that the proper function of government is to promote as far as possible the mental and material well-being of the general public. They have found it advisable for government to embark in the educational business, to improve rivers and harbors, to distribute the mails and care for the incompetent—interfering to that extent with individual freedom. Mr. Rhodus would have them further curtail the liberty of the unit by public landlordism and the taking “for purposes of revenue those values which are produced by the community.” What values, we may ask, are more certainly produced by the community than are the vast accumulations of old-line life insurance companies? The man who builds a railway or telegraph line, who develops an oil-field or a coal-mine *creates* wealth; but the life insurance companies simply *concentrate* in their own hands that produced by others. They create nothing, are simply sure-thing gambling concerns. In other words, their profit represents wealth surrendered by the people in excess of what they receive. If this be true, then by Mr. Rhodus’ own argument, life insurance is a proper governmental function, and the present enormous profits should either be utilized as public revenue or suffered to remain in the pockets of the people. But there is a broader and better reason for governmental life insurance than is embraced in Mr. Rhodus’ argument. “Self preservation is nature’s first law,” and we have an indefeasible right to protect ourselves as far as possible in the enjoyment of our lives and property. It is our privilege to say to the moneyless man about to found a family, “You must first make provision for your potential dependants lest they become paupers and be cast upon us for support. From the ranks of the public dependants come most of the criminals; hence the man who provides not for his own house-hold is a public enemy, and it is our duty to take cognizance of his case.” In no way can he do this except by life insurance in some shape, hence it is our privilege to compel him to insure, not for his own protection, but for our own. And if we do this it is to his interest, to the interest of his family and that of the community in which his surplus revenue is expended, that such insurance be not only safe, but supplied at the smallest possible cost. We must not make life for him a hardship nor deprive his family of more of his earnings than may be absolutely necessary to provide for his dependants in case of his untimely death. Life insurance when properly applied will become a mighty bulwark against pauperism and crime; but as exploited for years past by the old-line companies, it is but an aggravation of the evil. Why? Simply because only superior risks are accepted, and those at premiums so exorbitant that a vast majority of policies are soon allowed to lapse. Because while premiums are fixed by the proven biometry of a whole people, the companies exclude those who do not attain a high standard of health and those whose occupations are considered hazardous. Under the manipulation of private corporations life insurance is most emphatically a “monopoly,” and its doubtful benefits are enjoyed only by people having least need of protection. I would extend the benefits of life insurance—in a limited amount and on the ten-year annuity plan—to every individual who, in the opinion of reputable physicians, might reasonably be expected to

live ten years. I would compel every able-bodied man whose financial circumstances did not guarantee provision for himself in case of disability and his family in case of his death, to carry a specified policy, and whenever he failed to maintain the premium would require him to either prove physical disability or work it out as a fine. It is no encroachment on the rights of the citizen to compel him to provide in the time of his strength for his support in the day of his disability, as well as for the proper maintenance of every infant he brings into the world; but it is an outrage to saddle you and I with the support of people for whose existence we are in nowise responsible. “One man’s liberty ends where the rights of another begins,” says the French axiom. It is quite true that “people can buy insurance at almost any and every price,” and that there is “some reason why they are willing to pay the high price.” Mr. Rhodus knows full well what that reason is, but as it may not have occurred to all my readers, I will state it here: There have been many ephemeral schemes, founded in knavery or folly, which have made the people suspicious of “cheap” insurance. Every institution which undertakes to write insurance at living rates is at once assailed by all the old-lines companies. They have great respect for the honorable gentlemen, but their “system” is bad, and must result in insolvency. Other corporations have essayed practically the same principle, and gone aglimmering. Cast a shadow of suspicion on the potential solvency of a company and the prospective insurant at once concludes that he had better submit to the extortion of the “time-trying” which have amassed such tremendous assets by bumping the heads of other suckers, lest his policy turn to ashes in the hands of his heirs. A company which attempts to do a legitimate business, to charge premiums based in equity, has a long and costly struggle to overcome the suspicion cast upon it directly or indirectly by the cut-throat corporations, and unless it be exceptionally strong financially this very contention will kill it, and in its death its “system” of equitable insurance dies. For a dozen years after its demise the representatives of the “old-liners” employ its corpse as a club to kill off other competitors. Any practical insurance man could in a day formulate a plan that would be absolutely safe to the insurer and cheaper to the insurant, while admitting men of every occupation and of reasonable age and health on terms of equality. All presidential postmasters could be authorized to forward applications with the certificates of examining physicians, thus relieving the people of the support of thousands of non-productive solicitors and high salaried general managers, and the enormous amount thus annually saved would remain in the pockets of the people. It is probable, as Mr. Rhodus suggests, that any business of magnitude would be cheapened by the government embarking therein; but it by no means follows that we must accept communism in its entirety and throttle all private enterprise because we see fit to protect ourselves in a practical way from the steady encroachment of pauperism and crime. Government insurance would simply amount to this: Every able-bodied citizen would pay to government a small sum annually—which need not exceed 5 cents per day and could be paid in monthly installments—in return for which it would maintain him if permanently disabled or provide for his dependants in case of his death. It would substitute a sound business system for public charity, would vastly reduce pauperism and its correlative ills and add immeasurably to the morale of the people. Mr. Rhodus understands, I think, that the Iconoclast is not warring upon the many excellent gentlemen who, in one capacity or another, are connected with life insurance as now practiced. It does not seriously blame presidents of old-line companies who pocket \$75,000 salaries, nor the companies themselves because of their enormous profits, realizing, as it does, that

selfishness is the supreme law of commerce; but it sees in life insurance, not a panacea for all our industrial ills, but an emollient for one of great magnitude if it be properly managed.

It has been suggested by many of my correspondents that fire insurance should likewise be made a governmental function. I must emphatically dissent from this view, and for the very simple reason that, generally speaking, it affects only the individual and is, therefore, appropriately a matter for private enterprise. Life insurance, on the other hand, is a matter which affects the general public much as do education, pauperism and crime. It is true that the old-line fire insurance companies are not one whit less rapacious than are the old-line life insurance corporations. In fact it is doubtful if, in the esoteric science of wholesale predacity and unprincipled rascality, the old-line fire insurance companies are equalled upon the earth; but they are being brought into something like a semblance of respectability by the patient evolution of wise and salutary laws. For the year ending January 1, 1895—the latest statistics I have at hand—the total cash premiums received by 528 fire insurance companies doing business in this country amounted to the comfortable figure of \$161,558,000, while the total loss paid by them in that time is “estimated” at \$70,000,000. The losses that year far exceeded the average, as proven by the statistics for twenty preceding years. What capital had these companies invested? Less than 71 1-2 millions—yet they received from the people in a twelve-month 90 millions more than they returned! In other words, to obtain 70 millions fire insurance, America paid more than 161 1-2 millions—and received a much better return on her investment that year than usual! Small wonder that, as I stated in the May Iconoclast, the insurance companies have in a quarter of a century concentrated in their hands 1-16 of the wealth of the world—and that without creating so much as a cabbage or a bushel of corn! Yet to hear these companies dictating to a community one would suppose them the great Demiurgus instead of a nest of pestiferous parasites. If the buildings of a town or city be not all fireproof; if there is not a hydrant on every corner and a paid fire company in every block; if some chronic incendiary whom the authorities can not at once catch or kill, begins to practice his profession, up go rates, and if there is a protest these avatars of colossal impudence threaten to withdraw from the community, for if they can not get two-for-one they do not want to deal. We pay them our cash in cut-throat premiums on impossible iron-clad policies, and they lend it back to us through the mortgage companies at robber rates. Look at their nine-figure “assets” and royal “dividends”—indicating that they are doubly solvent and that we are trebly suckers. Whence came these profits and stupendous properties? From We, Us & Co., whom they have systematically robbed because we have meekly submitted. Scarce a week passes that some victim of fire insurance fraudulency does not pour his tale of woe into the ear of the Iconoclast. If a man is carrying fire insurance and burns out the companies set deliberately to work to brand him as an incendiary, a swindler, or both. It matters not what his standing in the community, or how ample the evidence that he has acted in all honor: he is, as the Nashville *Sun* aptly expresses it, “dogged by detectives and persecuted by hired appraisers, whose commissions are contingent upon the compromise they effect.” If he refuses to compromise—to accept a sum far less than that for which he has paid—the chances are that he must appeal to the courts, where he encounters what Sydney Smith calls the “sutoricide delays,” is haggled with and brow-beaten until, in self-defense, he is compelled to compromise, to submit to brazen robbery to cut short the enormous cost and get back into business. The old-line companies all seem to stand together in this work of

despoilment—proving thereby that there is co-operation if not honor among thieves. A case of this kind recently came up at Nashville, Tenn., in which the loss sustained was large and the insured above reproach; but in some manner the companies managed to settle with their victim for much less than the face of the policies. And now one of the appraisers employed is suing the companies for his salary and swearing in court that his remuneration consisted by agreement of a per centage of what he could save to his employers by inducing their patrons to accept sums less than those for which they had paid! That is indeed a fine arrangement for alleged respectable corporations to make with their employees—corporations which are so ready to call the integrity of others in question! A merchant writing the Iconoclast on the ill-treatment accorded patrons of fire insurance companies, states the following supposititious case—so often a reality—and comments:

“I commence business with a fresh stock of seasonable merchandise. I do a prosperous business and have the reputation of carrying a clean stock. I suffer a total fire loss. I submit my books to the insurance committee of appraisers and everything is found to be straightforward and business like. The committee comes to me and says: “Mr. B—, you show a stock of \$100,000 at your figures (they are always careful to chide your figures); but you got a 6 or 8 per cent. cash discount on that stock, which you have failed to credit. Your stock has depreciated and its marketable value is not more than 80 cents on the dollar at greatest (60 cents would be a fair offer), and at this season of year (it makes no difference at what season your fire occurs) your stock is always small. You are insured for more than your stock could possibly invoice.” What right have they to question the extra discount you obtain by paying cash? Where do they obtain knowledge necessary to place a value on your destroyed merchandise, which they never saw? Why do they accept policies and collect premiums therefor on a stock for more than it will invoice?”

How else could they collect \$2 to \$5 for every \$1 they return to their patrons? The evils of fire insurance can not be so easily and cheaply remedied by governmental management as can those pertaining to life insurance; we must rely for their abatement upon wise codes and honest courts.

SALMAGUNDI.

THE First Baptist church of Dallas got so heat up while discussing the advisability of retaining Rev. C. L. Seasholes as pastor that it was necessary to appeal to the Lord to preserve the peace. Providence interfered and averted a free fight. Then 75 per cent. of the brethren voted to let Seasholes slide, while 75 per cent. of the sisters decided that the dear good man should continue to draw salary. How it chanced that the sisters were for and the brethren against Seasholes I can not conceive, unless we agree with Carlyle that “women are born worshippers” and usually adore the worthless—“no insight, or next to none, being vouchsafed them.” It may be, however, that Seasholes is the Paderewski of the pulpit; that while the Skandiwegian hypnotizes his lady hearers by pounding on the clavichord and tossing his mane, the preacher exerts the same power by beating the Bible and working his mouth. Like his melodious revel in the affections of the fair sex, Seasholes is not an Apollo Belvedere or overly bright. He suggests the puppet of a ventriloquist with its jaw hung on hinges, or the papier-mache lay-figures that on the Bowery disport second-hand suits; but he gets there just the same. It is said that when it was proposed to let him hunt another corner of the Lord's vineyard in which to labor, some of his lady parishioners wept real water, the parting gave them such pain. Perhaps they feared that if the dear love of a man were tied loose he would follow a wagon-track off and get lost. Happy Seasholes! I'd rather be a pulpiteer and

smothered in petticoats than president and build tidal waves of prosperity with campaign wind. I envy Seasholes and Paderewski, Chollie Culberson, Eddie Bok and the rest of those magnetic little men who make feminine hearts run round their fingers. How provoking it is to see them swimming in maple sirup while I'm denied so much as a lump of loaf sugar! Why did heaven make me so good and beautiful and withhold the power to please the female fancy? I am as a neglected hollyhock left blooming alone, or a love of a bonnet of yester year—doomed to ever ride at anchor like "a painted boat upon a painted ocean," instead of filling my sails with the dewey breath of female devotees and sailing 'mid purple isles of spice o'er sapphire seas. Alas! That's what I said. Had John the Baptist been such a 'squire o' dames or knight of the garter he might not have got into hock and lost his head. All the women in his case voted to accept his resignation while the men submitted in sorrow. But John preached in the wilderness instead of in a fashionable church, wore a camel's-hair dress suit of antique cut and cared never a copper for elocution. He did not sleep in kid gloves to whiten his hands, nor potter about the streets of Jerusalem counting the harlots to make a sensation for the morning paper and advertise his pulpit. Poor old John! Just see the penalty he paid for preaching the kingdom of heaven instead of playing at municipal "reform" and poking a meddling face into other people's affairs. He failed to consider the power of the petticoat, and got his head served up on a souse-plate. But Rev. Sheasholes is all right—so far as the sisters of the Dallas First Baptist church are concerned. When he takes his departure they will carry him to the daypo in a flower basket, place him in care of the conductor and request that official to see that he doesn't fall off before reaching his destination. Whither he goes I know not; but the community afflicted by him is entitled to commiseration. He is one of those fussy, small-bore little busy-bodies who imagine themselves ordained by God to manage the universe.

* * *

A correspondent at Little Rock asks: "Who is Oscar Wilde, and for what is he famous?" Oscar found himself a few years ago without means, but possessing a chronic dislike for labor. He set about devising a way of "raising the wind," and decided to pose as a prophet of super-aestheticism. He let his hair grow long and his breeches grow short, affected sun-flower bouquets and delivered lectures. His fad caught on, and after working it for all it was worth, he chopped off his hair and appeared in long "pants." He wrote considerable decadent rot, and was finally convicted of a nameless crime, such as those to which old and decaying civilizations become addicted, and sent to prison. He was lately released, and announced that he would resume his literary labors over his own name. We can not judge Wilde by the code of ethics prevailing in this country. He is an Englishman, and John Bull has associated with the "Unspeakable Turk" so long that he has begun to copy the Ottoman's sexual sins. What would forever damn a man in America may be regarded in England merely as a misdemeanor.

* * *

Had the opposition press let up on the "Bryanites" when the campaign closed, there would have been precious small prospect of "Willie's" renomination in 1900. Thousands voted for him who really regarded him as too inexperienced in national affairs for such grave responsibilities—accepted him only because he was the party nominee, or because they regarded him a safer man than McKinley. Others—and among them the Iconoclast—felt that he belittled himself in making his nomination the lever of a profitable lecture tour, that his eager chase of the dollar poorly accorded with

"POTIPHAR'S WIFE."

presidential dignity; but these foolish post-campaign assaults upon his followers have solidified the ranks, and if the election occurred this year the Chicago platform would be reaffirmed and Bryan renominated by acclamation. If the enemies of Democracy maintain their present uncalled for and insulting slander another year they will make Bryan the next president, smash the protective tariff and assure the free coinage of silver. More power to their mud-mills!

* * *

The Duchess of Marlborough (Mrs. Churchill, successor to Sarah Jennings Churchill, the door-holder) is said to have declared that she is "no longer an American." How will Columbia manage to stagger along under this new cross! The daughter of Alva Smith-Vanderbilt-Belmont-Demirep, scorns her country and takes refuge under the crown, yet the sun rose as usual next day, government bonds kept the even tenor of their way and there was no diminution in the number of applicants for American postoffices. In the words of the lamented Garfield, "God reigns and the government still lives." It is possible, however, that the haughty Consuelo will wish she were an American and peddling sprats about the streets of New Amsterdam, like her maternal ancestors, when the Jook begins to ape his unlamented sire and "kick in de bloomin' slats" of the woman whose Yankee ducats provide him with three square meals per diem. She should take a half holiday and reflect on the fate of Lil Hammersly.

* * *

The squabble between Grant and Green, a brace of 22-calibre (short) politicians, for the privilege of distributing Texas' portion of the federal pie, has so disgusted all decent people that when the next election rolls 'round it will be found that the g. o. p. in the Lone Star State has swunk to its former proportions—a handful of plotting white men and a gang of irresponsible but noisy niggers. Practical politics as played by the best of parties is bad enough, but that exemplified in the practices of Texas Republicans would disgust the devil and give a pole-cat dyspepsia.

* * *

The Biblot, a bright little vigesimo-quarto published monthly at Portland, Me., contains the late Robert Louis Stevenson's excoriation of Dr. Hyde, the theological doodlebug who achieved some little notoriety by slandering Father Damien, the leper missionary of Molokai. The article will be appreciated by all lovers of good literature, but I much doubt whether it had any effect on Dr. Hyde, as cattle of his kidney are only amenable to a club.

* * *

The precocious pair of mammothrepts responsible for the *Angelus Maggotzine*, of Cincinnati, are still scribbling "anti-Brann" editorials on the corners of their diapers with the nozzles of their nursing bottles. There, children, is the free ad. you've been fishing for, and I sincerely hope it will help you.

* * *

From present indications Texas Populists will be numerously represented at the Nashville "Conference," called by the puppets of the plutocrats to prevent any possible fusion of the parties committed to the free coinage of silver. When the Democracy lines up for the next congressional battle it will find itself opposed by the Republican party, with the Demmy-Reps and Middle-of-the-Muckers serving it as "sappers." But unless that "wave of prosperity" comes rolling along in the nick of time, the Democracy will be able to pull the back-bone out of the Republican bull elephant and with it hammer its paid allies and wooden-headed dupes into the bowels of the earth. It is just as well for the Democracy to know early who its enemies are. The long-haired, lantern-jawed Piutes who will follow Paul Vandervoort and

Brann. 6 Cents by Mail.

Miltonius Park are not worth two whoops in hades to any party. They have only brains enough to know that they belong to somebody—are the political ejecta of the universe. Purged of them, the Populist party will be able to command the respect of men capable of ratiocination, and can be depended upon to ever place patriotism above partisanship, to co-operate with any movement having for its object the betterment of the people.

* * *

Sometime ago in paying my respects to Kansas, the home of Prohibition cranks and she-male politicians, I intimated that Nebraska was one hind leg of the east-bound earth and Oklahoma the other, and now the fair editress of the Enid (Okla). *Wave* is protesting lustily against the position assigned that fruitful land. I am perfectly willing to make Kansas one hind leg of the earth animal and Texas the other, if the angry lady would be the better pleased with her new location.

* * *

A whale swallowed one Jonah, then puked him up in disgust on learning that he had a call to preach. Now a second of the name has developed at Phoenix, Ariz., and is launching anathemas at the Iconoclast. As Nineveh grew fat on the curses of the first Jonah, the Iconoclast will take courage. Whales being scarce in Arizona, the alkali bellyacher may get himself swallowed by a bullfrog.

* * *

The St. Louis *Chronicle* recently printed an account of the discovery of the wife of a wealthy contractor of that city, at a bagnio in company with a "coon," the names of the parties and full particulars being published. A correspondent wants to know what the Iconoclast thinks of such a case. The most charitable view of the matter is that the unfortunate woman is crazy, and that the *Chronicle* blundered in exposing her irresponsible infamy instead of giving some river-front roustabout \$2 to kill the insolent "coon." It is difficult to believe any white woman, in full possession of her faculties, capable of "such an act, that blurs the grace and blush of modesty."

* * *

The organs and orators of the Reps and Demmy-Reps (a distinction without a difference) were fond of declaring after the close of the late campaign that Bryan's followers consisted chiefly of "the ignorant and vicious foreign element." The Iconoclast demonstrated conclusively that a majority of those who followed the Democratic oriflamme were native Americans and white men. Now the aforesaid organs and orators are singing us a new song. It was the nativistic element that would have debased the currency, cries the *Chicago Chronicle*, and the *Gal-Dal News*, having a great gust for the fetid vomit of other dogs, greedily swallows the dose. This country must have been in desperate straits indeed when it required an "educational fund" of 20 millions, distributed among Mark Hanna's imported peons and other lousy ignorami, to prevent it going to the devil. Now that it is definitely settled who "saved the country," perhaps the *Chronicle* will explain the difference between a Cleveland panic and a McKinley tidal wave of prosperity?

* * *

The goldbug "Democratic" papers, having done their little best to elect McKinley, are now complaining bitterly because he is pursuing the identical policy mapped out by the St. Louis platform. Having basely betrayed their own party, the Demmy-Reps are angry because he declines to betray his. Like Lancelot, McKinley's honor rooted in dishonor stands, and faith unfaithful keeps him falsely true. McKinley declared time and again during the campaign that the tariff was the leading issue; but the Demmy-Reps, conscious of their own arrant dishonesty, supposed him as great a

rascal as themselves. Like a certain little boy who was shown the sheets of his own bed, they should have nothing to say.

* * *

Rev. Pearl Romine, erstwhile pastor of the First Baptist church of Jennings, Okla., is not what might be called a pearl of great price; at least not at present, members of his congregation having presented him with an elegant coat of tar and feathers for trifling with the Seventh Commandment. Thus one by one does a wicked and perverse generation invade the prescriptive rights and time-honored prerogatives of the apostles of emotional religion.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC: In response to numerous inquiries, we give a list of Mr. Brann's publications, and prices of same. "Speeches and Lectures, 25 cts. "Annual" for 1897, 25 cts. "Scrap-Book," containing many articles which have not appeared in the Iconoclast, 25 cts. "Potiphar's Wife, or the Story of Joseph Revised," 5 cts., or 6 cts. by mail. Copies of the Iconoclast for any month since Dec., 1896, can be had for 10 cents each.

THE RAPE FIEND REMEDY.

WHEN I suggested some years ago that we would yet be compelled to drive the negro out of this country or drive him into the ground, the northern press in general and the Ohio press in particular reared up on its hind legs and hurled at me sizzling wads of reproach. I am not a little curious to know how the people of Urbana now regard the suggestion—whether the thousand and one women who have since been defiled by black fiends, as well as the immediate friends and relatives of these unfortunates, are inclined to join that indignant Cleveland dominie in denouncing the forcible expulsion of blacks as "a damnable crime conceived in the brain of a Texas brute." It was said of old that it is easy to bear the sorrows of others; but if we leave the disposal of the blacks to those men whose homes they have forcibly dishonored, will they receive a lighter sentence than banishment? If they decide that the blacks shall be permitted to remain, then I withdraw my suggestion and beg the pardon of that civilization which it is said I have "insulted."

The "coon" has ever been a curse to this country. He has caused an amount of sorrow, suffering and shame which only Almighty God can measure. From an economic standpoint he has cost this country more than all the wars it has waged, added to the ruin wrought by flood and fire. He is, and will continue to be, an industrial stumbling-block, a political ulcer, a social scab, a moral nightmare so long as he is permitted to remain. His presence here is a tenfold greater curse than all the apochryphal plagues laid upon the land of Egypt. He is a perpetual pestilence, an inexhaustible fount of political putrescence and moral poison. It is said that Ham was cursed with blackness because of his impudicity, his utter disregard of the laws of decency; and that characteristic has been transmitted unimpaired to his descendants of the present day. The negro is a lazy, lying, lustful animal which no conceivable amount of training can transform into a tolerable citizen. He lacks the fundamental elements of manhood. Ye cannot gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles; ye cannot hatch nightingales of goose eggs; ye cannot make a gentleman of a jackass or one of nature's noblemen of a nigger. The Ohio people propose to make rape a capital crime and apply the death penalty. Such statutes are impuissant, afford absolutely no protection. Such is the law of the South, and it is ably supplemented by Judge Lynch; yet no white woman is safe in her home, no white maid is secure beneath her father's roof unless shielded

with a six-shooter. Even babes have been debauched, and we dare not leave toddling innocence or decrepit age beyond the reach of the white man's rifle. In days ago the red Indian hung like a circle of hell-fire on our frontier; but he was an angel of mercy compared with the Ethiop. His gust was for blood, not beauty; he destroyed but he seldom debauched. The Indian was an evil with which we could contend—an evil which we could and did crush out with unfaltering courage; but the negro is a pestilence which walketh in darkness and becomes more deadly with our every effort to strike it down.

Our Northern neighbors do not understand the negro. Plenty of sloppy sentimentalists, who have absorbed "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and reams of kindred "rot" think that they do, but they don't. His mentality is in nowise akin to that of the white man. It is murky as his hide and resembles that of the hog. I mean no offense to the porker by this comparison. You can teach a hog almost anything except to control his appetite, in which respect he is cousin-german to the "coon." Leave your garden gate ajar for a moment, and Mr. Hog meanders in. Your dogs half devour him; but at the first opportunity he returns—returns, well knowing that it means a cruel clubbing and a cataract of curs. He is cowardly as a heifer calf, or that Warren, O., lazar who writes insulting anonymous letters to Southern ladies; but his belly rules his brain. A dozen times he is driven thence with a dog swinging to either ear and half a dozen more hanging to his bleeding hams; but a dozen times he returns in the hope of getting one more mouthful before squealing in vain for mercy. Such is the character of the "coon." He well knows that if he assaults a white woman the chances are as 10 to 1 that he will be killed like a hydrophobic cur. He is cowardly to the last degree and has no intention of committing such a crime; but the opportunity offers and in the fever of his brute desire he forgets that there is such a thing as death. Examine the daily press, and you will find that the courts are imprisoning and hanging negro rape fiends—that Judge Lynch is after them with the torch, the rifle and the rope; and you will find also that there is a steady increase in this character of crime. The fact that a negro has been hanged, or even burned alive for ravishing a white woman, makes others fearful, but it also suggests to their foul minds the crime itself. To a negro a white woman is as Dian to a Satyr or Athena to old Silenus. That one of these superior creatures has actually been enjoyed by a lustful black sets them all adreaming and makes them dangerous. A white woman is found unprotected; all visions of the rope and the stake vanish, drowned in the hell of desire, and Judge Lynch claims another victim—thereby spreading the foul infection. What can be done with such cattle? The evil is irremediable so long as the blacks are permitted to remain. Have we the moral right to apply such a drastic remedy? I answer yes—that we would be amply justified in slaughtering every Ethiop on the earth to preserve unsullied the honor of one Caucasian home. Show me the man who would purchase the lives of an hundred million blacks with the defilement of his wife or daughter—and give me a gun. Yet the daughters of white men are debauched by Ethiops every day. The rights of the Caucasian are paramount and, in case of conflict, extinguish those of the inferior race. Where the honor of white women is concerned the Ethiop has absolutely no rights which we are in duty bound to respect. Of course, it will be urged that the good blacks should not be made to suffer for the sins of the bad. I answer that the good are few, the bad are many, and it is impossible to tell what ones are and what ones are not dangerous to the honor of the dominant race until the damage is done. When we see a wolf we do not pause to inquire if it will slaughter sheep, for we know that such is the general tendency of its tribe. There was a time when the negroes were, to some ex-

tent, worthy of our trust. It was when they were held in bondage and not permitted to roam abroad. Perhaps they were as immoral then as now; but they recognized their racial inferiority, and no more coupled white women with the idea of evil than the owl aspires to mate with the eagle. Emancipation, the elective franchise and a smattering of education are responsible for their present acts of infamy. When Fred Douglass, the saddle-colored miscegenationist died, nigger preachers at Dallas declared in memorial addresses that all black men wanted white women, a fact which shows the drift of the darky's thoughts and the danger. The negro has heard that in England and other degraded European countries no social distinction is made because of color, and conceives that he is being robbed of his sexual rights. He sees his women courting, and not without success, the favors of white men, and, like Iago, he demands "a wife for a wife." In short, his yearnings by day and his dreams by night are for forbidden fruits, and, like the drunkard, he misses no opportunity to gratify his appetite, tho' he knows indulgence means damnation.

I would not wrong the Ethiop race—would not forcibly expel it and leave it to perish. The white man is responsible for the presence of the black man in America. Frugal Yankee traders and witch burners—the blessed Covenanters who enacted New England's blue laws—captured him in his native wilds and sold him to us to be a hewer of wood and a drawer of water. Having stuffed their pockets to the bursting point, built fine churches and employed impudent preachers of the Beecher brand with the profits of the slave trade, these sanctified thieves with Sunday faces and cerulean equators, despoiled us of the very property for which we had paid them, and made it our political peers. And we submitted to the infamy at the point of the sword, because we had found slavery unprofitable and did not then appreciate the deep damnation thrust upon us by the new conditions. It was not until "reconstruction" days that our eyes were opened. But we must let the dead past bury its dead and face the future. The question now is, how can we get rid of the niggers? Fertile land sufficient to colonize them all can be had in Africa for the asking. We should send them thither at our own cost and provide them with whatsoever may be necessary to make a crop. The entire cost need not exceed 200 millions, and their expulsion would, in five years, add ten times that amount to the taxable values of the Southern states. The hiatus would be quickly filled with worthy white immigrants, who now avoid the South because of the negroes, and by the natural increase, hence the expulsion regarded from an economic standpoint, were good policy. We owe the negro nothing. We found him a naked, snake-worshipping savage, and conferred upon him all the polish of civilization that he is competent to receive. We have taught him the use of tools, opened to him all the avenues of knowledge and supplanted his serpent fetish with the Christian faith. True he will, in one or two generations, subside again into savagery if withdrawn from Caucasian association, such having ever been his history; but that is neither our coat nor our cake. Having lifted him out of the serbonian bogs of savagery, we are under no obligation to bear him ever on our shoulders. It were charity to so, doubtless; but charity begins at home, and our first consideration should be the safety of our wives and daughters. If the man who provides not for his own household be worse than an infidel, what must he be who fails to protect its purity to the full extent of his power?

The strangest feature of this whole affair is the fact that whenever the negro is seized with the migratory fever the Southern press opposes it. Sambo is begged to remain "among his friends in the South"—to imperil the honor of our women while his lewd wenches corrupt our sons. What

the devil we want with the "coon"—unless it be to call us "colonel" in exchange for our cast clothes—I cannot comprehend. Perhaps we have become "wonted" to the nigger,—like the Scotch to the itch and the Spanish to the infamous malodor of leeks. The Southern people are inclined to contemplate the negro, not as he now is, but as he was in antebellum days, when he loved "massa, missus an' de chillun" and served them faithfully. But those old days are dead, as well as the old darkies, and new conditions bring new duties. There is a soft spot in my heart for "Uncle Remus" and the "ole brack mammy" with her crooning lullabies and corn-cob pipe; but we are confronted now, not by these faithful servitors, but by the elective franchise "coon" whom it is becoming ever more and more necessary to kill. Of course, the plan of expulsion will be pronounced "impracticable" by those wiseacres who imagine nothing can be done which has not been done for a century or so, and by those Republican politicians who need the black in their business; but if the women of the South, who stand ever in dread of a fate worse than death and damnation, had the "say," there wouldn't be a Senegambian between Cape Hatteras and San Francisco by the end of the century. I am, as a rule, opposed to petticoats in politics; but every decent woman in this nation should, if not for her own and her daughters' sake, then for the sake of her imperiled sisters of the South, demand the speedy expatriation of the negro, the banishment of this black shadow of lust and brutality from the land. Let them bear in mind that it is an evil which no law can lessen, which the blind fury of mobs cannot abate. Death by the rope, says the law; death by the faggot, says Judge Lynch; but slaves to the hell-born harpy of lust and drunk with the beauty of the daughters of men, these beasts from Afric's jungles transplanted into our civilization like the worm o' the Nile between Cleopatra's glowing breasts, continue their damnable work. O that I dared picture to the maids and matrons of America this abomination of desolation in all its hellish hideousness—the little children sacrificed to glut the appetite of apes; the young women whose future has been wrecked, the wives whose happiness has been ruined, the gray-haired gran'dames who have been beaten and foully abused, the innocent maids who have been murdered. Not even the dead are sacred in the sight of these monsters who have learned to walk upright in the shape of men. If I might do this—if I might recount the particulars of crimes that have been perpetrated in America within the month by this accursed race, the shame and suffering it has wrought, e'en the women who weep for the woes of the condemned wife-butcher would cry out, not that the blacks be mercifully banished to a foreign shore, but that every living thing containing one drop of Ethiop blood be instantly executed.

"WHY WE HATE GREAT BRITAIN."

WHAT is the 'Gal-Dal,' or 'Old Lady?' asks a curious correspondent at Parsons, Kas. The Gal-Dal, my dear sir, is a double-barreled Texas newspaper whose muzzles are 315 miles apart. Viewed purely as a newspaper, either end of the Gal-Dal would do honor to a city of half a million inhabitants. But for the "double-ender" Texas would be without a morning newspaper worthy of the name. The trouble with it is that it imagines itself a "moulder of public opinion" as well as a gossip-monger—is imbued with the fatuous idea that people expect it to direct the universe as well as record its doings. And it cannot so much as direct its own political policy. Altho a felucca—with a helm at either end—it steers no straight-forward course, but swings 'round in the most eccentric circles like flotsam in a mahlstrom. It winked at George Clark's populism when he was

crying for fiat money by the barnful; it demanded the free and unlimited coinage of silver; it screamed for the single gold standard and hurled foul scorn at the "Poppycrats" and all their argentiferous works; it did its durndest to elect a Republican president while posing as the avatar of Democracy, and is now denouncing McKinley—and preaching consistency! In politics the Gal-Dal is a mugwump—is without a party, as it has ever been without a country. Yet it is not altogether devoid of influence, being able to elevate almost any man to office—by systematically opposing him. We call it the "Old Lady" because of its anility. Its editorial page has long been recognized as an intellectual chaos, a melo-dramatic nightmare. No man ever succeeded in reading it for thirty consecutive days and dodging both paresis and death. It is philonegritic and hermaphroditic. It has Americaphobia and Anglomania, complicated with pharisaism. It is of the opinion that a white man may be good as an Ethiop only when he chances to be an Englishman. It never wearies of proclaiming what great things it has done and is still doing for Texas, but is discreetly silent anent the reciprocity clause. One would suppose from reading it that the Gal-Dal pried Texas loose from Mexico and has played guardian angel and Lady Bountiful to it ever since. If it has done aught for Texas for which it has not been well paid it was a mistake on the part of the management. If Texas has taken its advice in any matter during the past fifteen years no one is cognizant of that fact. But the "Old Lady" is no whit discouraged; she continues to stand as "sentinel on the watch-tower," or, like another discredited Cassandra, weep for her country's woes. She clothes her o'erteeming loins with sackcloth and puts ashes on her grizzled wig because she cannot trample out racial pride and American sentiment and make this country at once a paradise for nigger rape fiends and an appanage of England. The Gal-Dal's heavy man has become a veritable Heraclitus, and even Slob-Snots seems to no longer relish his hay. Occasionally, the Old Lady becomes sarcastic, scornful, even pasquillic in her agony, as witness the following excerpt from her essay on "Why we hate Great Britain:"

We hate Great Britain and for very good reasons. In the first place we are mostly of British descent. The British nation is to blame for this, and therefore deserves our uttermost execration. If it had not been for the United Kingdom of England, Scotland and Ireland we might have been mostly descendants of the Africans, or the Hindoos or the Chinese. We have become a nation of producers and the British in addition to their offenses of progeny and linguality, have become purchasers of two-thirds of our surplus products. This is why every loyal citizen of the United States should hate Great Britain and the queen.

"Mostly of British descent," eh? What the *News* man seems to need is a little education. We are mostly of Dutch and Irish descent—and that is one very potent reason "Why we hate Great Britain." For the 50 years ending 1890 the United States received, in round numbers, 15 million white immigrants, and of these less than 2 million were British. An Irishman is no more a Britisher than a self-respecting American is an Anglomaniac. The official title is not, as the *News* supposes, the "United Kingdom of England, Scotland and Ireland," but the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. Every school-boy knows that, but there are evidently "able editors" and other "public educators," who don't. Even the United Kingdom sent us but 6 of our 15 million immigrants; so we might have spared them all and been neither Chinese nor niggers. If the *News* editor would read more and scribble less it would be infinitely to his credit. He's always jumping at conclusions from mistaken premises and landing astride some cactus plant. It is true that we sell much to England; but had it occurred to our pompous contemporary that trade, whether international or domestic, is but an exchange of commodities—that when a country buys aught it sells something?

This is the law of catallactics, familiar to the veriest tyro in economics. If England buys of us largely and sells us nothing, why are not our great financial centers flooded with British sovereigns? Of course you had not thought of that—an Anglomaniac being absolutely devoid of mentality. Statistics show that our exports to England are much in excess of our imports from that country; but the surplus simply passes through John Bull's hands en route to other countries, and yields him a profit, else stops with him to pay interest on American bonds—issued by Mr. Cleveland and others. America dislikes England because she has, to a large extent, been peopled with the victims of that country's oppression; because in the colonial days she was grievously mistreated and compelled to fight for her freedom; because since then she has had to take up arms to rebuke that country's aggression; because in both our wars with John Bull that impudent old brute bribed the savages to attack our defenseless frontiers; because his attitude toward weaker powers has ever been arrogant, oppressive and insolent, and the thoroughbred American instinctively hates a bully. The Gal-Dal loves neither England nor aught else but the almighty dollar. For divers reasons our monied aristocrats are Anglomaniacs. The servant usually apes the airs and echoes the utterances of his master—and the Gal-Dal is simply a fawning eunuch in the house of Dives. It sings "God save the Queen," because by so doing it pleases its master and puts money in its purse. Does it get paid directly for its foolish pro-British editorials? Oh no; nor for its empty mouthings about "honest money;" but the good will of the plutocracy is worth much in many ways well understood by the experienced publisher. Dives is ever at work "shaping public sentiment" to subserve his own selfish interest, and there are various ways in which he "tips" his tools. And the public? Oh, "the public be damned." The Gal-Dal has no opposition in Texas, and we cannot carry our resentment to the point of waiting for St. Louis and New Orleans papers. Some ten thousand of us in North, and perhaps as many more in South Texas, take one or the other of Col. Belo's nigger-loving, Anglomaniacal papers, and pull through after a fashion by skipping its editorial page, or only glancing thither semi-occasionally to note the progress of its idiocy. As the Gal-Dal could not live a day on its circulation, perhaps we should not complain that it makes both ends meet by systematically insulting American sentiment. Belo is not the first to barter his birthright to fill his belly. Having become prosperous by peddling advertising acreage, fake sewing-machines and world's fair photographs, and by other methods not so commendable, he scorns to longer do his own dirty work, but employs certain breeches-wearing bipeds to preach, in such wise as their limited talents and exiguous education will allow, that Americans "are mostly of British descent," that John Bull is and has ever been our benefactor—to sneer at the country that gave them birth and foolishly provides them with bread. To the Gal-Dal's unctuous *vivat regina* the people respond with a *vivat respublica*, and turn wearily to Washington's wordiness or Austin's asininity.

SOME MISTAKES ABOUT MONEY.

Colby, Kan., May 23, 1897.

In your issue for March, 1897, you use this expression: "An increase in the volume of money does not, as many suppose, make business, any more than multiplication of freight-cars increases the crop of corn. Factories are built, mines opened, and farms developed by the aid of wealth." Would you be so kind as to cite the authority for these statements, or else give some reasoning to prove it? Increasing the money volume in circulation would cause prices to rise, and rising prices will stimulate industry to its fullest capacity. Production is always greater with rising prices than under any other condition. Hume lays down this doctrine in his famous essay on 'Money,' when he says that it is not so

much the quantity of money in circulation that blesses a people or a nation, but the fact that it be kept constantly on the increasing hand. I do not know of a single authority that agrees with you, yet, of course there may be many. You say that all industries are developed by the aid of wealth; but I have been taught to believe, and do believe, that it is self-evident that all industries are developed by the aid of labor, and that labor is always paid, not out of accumulated wealth, but out of its own productions or the proceeds of its own productions." W.

When political economy becomes infallible religious dogma instead of an experimental science, I will be careful to cite "authority for my every assertion. In the meantime I insist upon being my own economic Simon Magus, and accepting second-hand only such theses as I can not hammer full of holes. I repeat that "factories are built, mines opened and farms developed by the aid of wealth." Luckily for the fame of the "authorities," none of them, so far as I can find, dissent from this dogma. Mark you, however, that *by the aid of* is not a synonym for *solely*. It signifies that capital assists labor in productive enterprises, being its ally and necessary correlate. If labor develops all our industries unaided, then it can have no use for capital, is no longer its slave, and what has been hitherto regarded as the most vexatious problem of the century is merely a vain imagining. It is true that labor creates the wealth it consumes—that, in the last analysis, it can be paid only from what it produces; but, for all practical purposes, this were but equivalent to saying that water is wet. The moment I put a man to work he begins the creation of wealth, a portion of which he receives as wage; but as I can not market an unplanted crop or unfinished building, I must be prepared to advance to my employe from other sources his proportion of the wealth produced. The house of Have supplies the house of Havenot with material, tools and sustenance, that the latter may produce wealth the more abundantly, and for this service charges whatsoever it can collect. J. R. McCulloch, Prof. Jevons, Ricardo, Raleigh and other standard "authorities," say that wealth is used to "assist" production, and most economists call it capital when so employed. Money is capital, just as wagons, freight-cars, scales, store-houses and all other trade-tools are capital. We need enough of it to expeditiously effect our exchanges, just as we need sufficient cars to promptly move our freight. When we have that, an increase of our exchange media will no more "make business" than a string of idle cars will make corn. How can it—business being simply the creation and exchange of commodities? A superabundance of money hinders rather than helps industry, because the surplus in pressing for employment has a tendency to depreciate the purchasing power of the dollar, to throw our measure of value off its equipoise. The effect of a shifting measure of value is much the same as tho we had a fluctuating gallon or pound: it disorganizes the exchange system, and from this productive industry must sooner or later suffer. When we have a redundant currency prices rise nominally instead of actually—it's all on paper. "Production is greater with rising prices," says my correspondent. That is true only when the rise is real—when goods are going up instead of the unit of value coming down; when it means a rise in the market value of what a country has to sell as measured by what it must buy. Why do I produce cotton? Because I can exchange it for other forms of wealth. If I expect the exchange power of cotton to be large I plant much; if I expect it to be small I plant little and utilize my land for other purposes. Cotton is now worth 6 cents. If I knew that it would go to 12, but that everything else would advance accordingly, I would have no inducement to increase my acreage. If I knew that it would go to 1 cent, and that everything else would share the slump, I would plant as much as at present, for the purchasing power of my crop would not be impaired. Of course

to the man in debt such shifting of prices would make a world of difference, for the rise would mean his emancipation and the decline his ruin; hence in his case a merely nominal rise in price might stimulate his industrial activity, but this puff-bladder of prosperity for the debtor would wreck the creditor, who, having loaned a pig, would be compelled to accept a pup. Water is an indispensable, but too much of it once wrecked the world. Can my correspondent imagine such a flood of money, whether emitted by fiat printing-presses or El Dorado mines, that the Kansan who farms ten acres of gopher holes or digs "sassafrack rute" for a livelihood, would be thereby transformed into a Rockefeller? Would the quadrupling of our currency enable him to exchange his corn for more cloth, his bacon for more boots? If not, the rise in prices will not stimulate his industry. Too little money means increase in the purchasing power of the dollar and enables the creditor to despoil the debtor; too much means decrease in purchasing power, and partial repudiation. Either horn of the dilemma goes through the heart of productive industry, and we call the spasm of the patient a "panic." We need an immutable measure of value, just as we have an immutable measure of other things, and until we obtain it we may expect frequent periods of business depression. Hume was correct in his conclusion that it makes little difference what quantity of money a country has if it be increasing. If we had but one-hundredth part our present exchange media the penny would do the work now performed by the dollar, and do it equally well. The fortune of the millionaire would be expressed with five instead of seven figures; but there would be no decrease in the amount of his property or its purchasing power. But whatsoever be the volume of a country's currency, the increase must keep pace with the natural increase of its exchanges if its people are to be generally prosperous. Because we express wealth in terms of money not a few become confused and mistake the shadow for the substance. They forget that nobody wants money, but only money's worth—that the dollar, like the freight-car, can only enhance the production of wealth by expediting its exchange. Money is a great convenience, but not a necessity absolute, and the development of our system of bank transfers is rendering it of ever less importance. Credits, based not upon coin or governmental guarantee, but upon cotton, corn and other commodities, are doing the great bulk of the exchange work of the world today. A dollar is simply an order on the general public for commodities to that amount, and it is an order which no one is obligated to honor except in the discharge of debt. If I sell a farm in Texas and with the proceeds purchase a coal-mine in Kansas, I have simply traded one property for the other, the intermediary we call money acting as a labor-saver. Having secured the mine, I decide to develop it; but to do so profitably I must have sustenance for labor, and machinery. I must be able to command a portion of that wealth which labor has produced in excess of the world's consumption, and this we call capital, which "assists production" the "authorities" say. Here as elsewhere, it is not money I want, but some quite other form of wealth. I can no more develop my mine with this exchange media than I can get a family of children of a photograph. It is tools I want, and bacon and beans—that general wealth to which the dollar bears the same relation that a meal-ticket does to a dinner. Doubling the number of meal tickets will not double the number of dinners, nor will doubling the number of dollars double the amount of supplies and machinery. "Increasing the money volume in circulation would cause prices to rise, and rising prices will stimulate industry to its full capacity," says my correspondent. As I have already shown, that is a rule with many "if" annexes. In twenty years Uncle Sam has increased his

exchange media about one-third per capita, and in the same time the products of farm and mine and factory have declined in price fully one-half. Begin with 1875, when we had but \$17.16 per capita in circulation, and the average export price of wheat was 1.12 and cotton 15, and follow it down to 1894—the latest statistics before me—when we had a per capita circulation of \$24.30, and wheat had fallen to 67, cotton to 7 1-8, and you will find the per capita of currency almost yearly increasing, and the price of all staples as steadily decreasing. Some affect to find in this fact a refutation of the quantitative theory of money as related to the price of commodities; but they forget that while the volume of our currency has increased both actually and relatively, it has been spiked fast to the gold standard of value, whose purchasing power has been forced up by the expansion of the world's commerce and the quite general demonetization of silver. We may quadruple the amount of our currency without raising the price—nominal or actual—of a single potato, so long as we maintain it on a gold basis. There was a general industrial revival when the mines of the New World first began pouring their precious flood into the anaemic trade arteries of the Old; and the same thing would happen now, here and everywhere, were a great increase made in the world's supply of gold. Now as then, the measure of value is appreciating and grinding debtors into the dust, and another large supply of the yellow metal would bring it back to the normal. The general recognition of silver as "money of final payment," and its free and unlimited coinage, would have exactly the same effect; but it is a mistake to suppose that this would insure permanent prosperity. It would still leave the standard of value to the sport of chance and the wiles of financial jugglers, and labor would continue then as now at the mercy of men who control, not alone the world's money, but the world's wealth. Something may be done by wise tariff and currency laws to relieve labor; but not with such an axe can you reach the chief root of the evil.

A PRIORIENT TEXAS PREACHER.

IT is seldom that the Iconoclast takes cognizance of "the way of a man with a maid," even when such way is improper and the man posing as virtue's paragon. Occasionally, however, a case occurs of such a villainous character that it is difficult for a self-respecting paper to ignore it, however much it dislikes to handle dirt. A woman, poor and unprotected, claims that she has been grievously wronged, and appeals to the Iconoclast to place her right before the public. She shall be heard in her own behalf. I have communicated with a number of the people she names as references, and they reply that she is truthful and deserving. I would not do the defendant an injustice; but measured by the testimony submitted, he is better qualified to adorn the penitentiary than the pulpit.

Tillman, Fla., May 31, 1897.

W. C. Brann: I am constrained to write you concerning one Granville Jones, who poses as a big preacher in Texas. As I am a poor working girl I appeal to you to expose him as a villain, a fraud and one whom no lady can trust. While Jones was pastor of the Christian church in Austin, Texas, he pretended to be a friend to me, and proposed to carry me to a Mrs. Miller's, who wanted to employ help. I went with him in his buggy. On our return to Rev. J. W. Holsapple's, where I was making my home, Jones very grossly insulted me. I then tried to get out of his buggy, but he forcibly detained me, promising that he would not do further harm. Then as I was a stranger in the city he thought to silence me or destroy the strength of my testimony by forging a letter detrimental to my reputation, and brought it to me at Mr. Holsapple's; but I showed the letter to those who knew his hand writing. He afterwards came and called for the

letter, but I placed it with those who had proven themselves friends, and they came so near proving that he wrote it that when the committee was investigating the case he acknowledged to them that he wrote it, but denied his base conduct toward me in his buggy. Before his trial came up he procured base slanders that were read at the trial to prove that I was a lewd girl. I was here more than a thousand miles distant with my father and not financially able to attend. When I heard of those vile and false letters I wrote for a copy of them that I might find out from what source they came, but the august body refused to let me have them; but by much correspondence with friends who had known me from a little girl, I now have certificates proving those letters to be nothing but base and slanderous falsehoods which Jones had, by some intrigue or other, procured to ruin my reputation in order to save his own. If you feel disposed to take the side of "right against might," the weak against the strong, and wish to investigate as to my real character, I most respectfully refer you to J. W. Holsapple, Wichita Falls, Texas; Mrs. W. H. Wright, 270 Newman avenue, Dallas, Texas. Also to Mrs. M. T. Oswalt, Cleburne, Texas, and to many good men and women of the city of Bowie, Texas, where I was raised. I have lived with some as good families as you can find in Texas, and I rejoice to think that their doors are open to me at any time. I desire that Jones appear in the eyes of other women and girls as I see him, but there are a few popular preachers who are helping the Austin church officials to shield him. Ask him this: Did you ever forge a letter to traduce the character of Miss Jennie Howell, and to intimidate her into silence? Did you know anything against her at the time? If so, why need you forge the letter? Did you not confess before C. McPherson, H. D. Walsh, J. W. Holsapple and J. B. Goff that you did forge an anonymous letter to silence her? Why have you never made a confession to her?

JENNIE M. HOWELL.

OUR JACKASS DEPARTMENT.

THE doubtful distinction of being *facile princeps* of the long-cared tribe seems to lie between Revs. D. Parker Morgan and Benj. F. De Costa, a brace of New York's Episcopal preachers. Both were safely delivered of "Queen's Jubilee sermons," in which they eulogized England and everything English, while sneering at the American Republic and slandering the American people. That they were not pulled out of their pulpits and about 16 inches of dog-meat taken off their asinine ears in requital of their impudence, was due to the fact that their congregations were composed for the most part of Anglomaniacal curs of the same kidney. De Costa was begotten in New Hampshire, but he would be a disgrace to his country had he been spawned in hell. Morgan is a Welshman who, unable to make a living in his native land, came to this country to fill his lank paunch and assure us that a British monarchy is preferable to an American Republic. His countrymen dubbed him the "Weeping Jeremiah" because his sermons run chiefly to snuffles and snot. He was convicted of stealing his last year's Easter sermon from the works of an American minister. In other words, he has to pilfer American sermons to enable him to draw a clerical salary; yet the ungrateful Uitlander has the supernal gall to stand up in Trinity pulpit and vent his foul rheum on the American people. There should be a little lunar caustic applied to such a syphilitic ulcer on the body social.

* * *

The Rt. Rev. Dean Duffy, an Episcopalian parson in the sunflower sububs of Kansas City, recently put up a very enthusiastic bid for the jackass pennant. He was in town, doncherknow, taking in the Queen's Jubilee celebration, engineered by a blatherskite named Filley Burrough, whose liver got out of whack because Catholic Bishop Glennon declined to order prayers for the hierarch of a rival religious organization. The Rt. Rev. Dean Duffy aforesaid got so full of English enthusiasm that he took in a vaudeville attraction, accompanied by some other sloppy saints. Having a head like a peeled potato of medium size, he was accorded a front seat as a matter of course. Now, a vaudeville is a song service, but inclines to the cosmolatric rather than to the sacred. A pretty soubrette with the pinkest of pink tights under her short-stop skirts, tripped on, twittered a few notes, winked the other eye and flirted one foot into the atmosphere. Dean Duffy thought he saw, as Tennyson would say, "the world and all the wonder that would be," so he hissed the girl with all the vigor of a lame gander, bobbed up like

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Jack-in-a-Box and marched his party of yaps outside and demanded the return of his money. He poured his tale of woe into the papers, expecting to bankrupt the theater with the power of his displeasure. Of course next night the place was packed, and the soubrette in pink tights received a raise of salary—everybody being anxious to see what Dean Duffy thought he saw, but didn't. I much fear that we will have to send this preacher east and let him take a post-graduate course of theology under the tutorship of Parkhurst. Instead of hissing the performance, Parkhurst would have bought several bottles of beer.

* * *

Prof. C. L. Bateman, a Maine Middle-of-the-Mucker with the expansive mouth peculiar to that brand of political malcontents, recently blew a blast upon himself intended to squelch W. J. Bryan. He deposed out loud that the Nebraska had forged the name of Senator Allen and attempted to bribe the Populist party to forward his own presidential aspirations. Then Senators Allen and Butler solemnly denounced Bateman as a long-distance liar. It did not appear to have occurred to these indignant gentlemen that Bateman must be of unsound mind and nowise responsible for the action of his mouth, else he would not expect to achieve the success of bimetalism by dividing the free-silver forces. Bateman appears to be the Miltonius Park of Maine multiplied by a million—a stupid jackass whose only gifts are foolish gab and unlimited gall.

* * *

I am earnestly requested by citizens of Seattle, Wash., to accord their mayor, Hon. Walpurgis Dogberry Wood, a place in the "Jackass Department" of this paper, and as indubitable evidence that he deserves such distinction they forward his photo and a copy of his late message to the city lords. The latter fills 15 columns of nonpareil and seems to have been "made up in his own head" and written by his own hand. Now I submit that the cares of government must sit heavily on the shoulders of a mayor who will afflict the council with a 15-column message, and I cannot conscientiously add to the burdens of this much-enduring man. I learn from his portrait that Mayor Wood runs largely to facial piligerosity and a stereotyped expression of piety; in other words, his distinctive characteristics seem to be hair and holiness. I can imagine that Seattle must be an excellent place to die in during his administration—that it is pervaded with that listless calm begotten of too much goodness, and which suggests the commercial catacombs rather than the lotos-eaters' land. Wood is just the man whom I would select to teach a class of rubber dolls in a Presbyterian Sunday school, but I would scarce vote to make him mayor of any town in which I was financially interested. His picture proclaims him entirely too good and beautiful for the rough edges of practical politics.

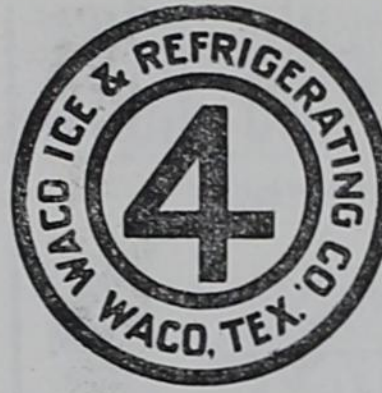
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Six hundred expert machinists of Pennsylvania, every one of whom went to Canton last fall and participated in the McKinley parades, recently vented their eager on portraits of the putty-headed president because, after suffering a 25 per cent reduction of wages following the election, they were finally discharged because of "lack of work." "Hurrah for Bryan! to h—l with McKinley!" they cried. Well, we begged you for our sake, for your own sake, to disregard the counsel of pawnbrokers who fatten on the bankruptcy of the country; but the plutocrats "played" you—like other fools, you could only learn in the school of experience. Now if you're hungry, go eat hay. Grass is plenty good enough for any animal that can step on its own ears.

* * *

Mr. McKinley's admirers have suddenly discovered that as a "phrase-maker" he takes rank even with the almighty Cleveland. Against the latter's "innocuous desuetude" they pit their man's pre-election postulate that "it were better to open the mills than the mints." But you cannot feed 70 million people on highfalutin phrases. Had Bryan been elected he would have opened the mints; now let McKinley "open the mills." The boasted phrases of Cleveland and McKinley prove them hopeless fools. "Innocuous desuetude" means simply harmless disuse, and such a bombastic archaism could have originated only in the fat head of a Holofernes. Bryan would have opened the mints that they might force open the mills; McKinley expected the latter to resume operations without the intervention of an efficient cause—and they remain closed. If the new tariff should increase their activity it will be at the expense of our own people—the product of every farmer will decrease in purchasing power, the general public be still further impoverished. We asked these fellows for prosperity and they gave us foolish phrases, which a million idle men are expected to admire.

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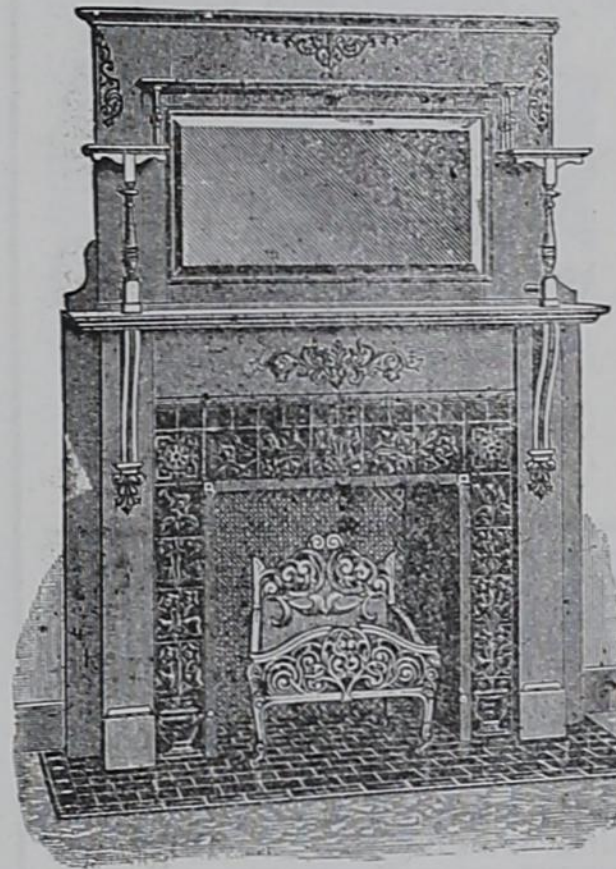


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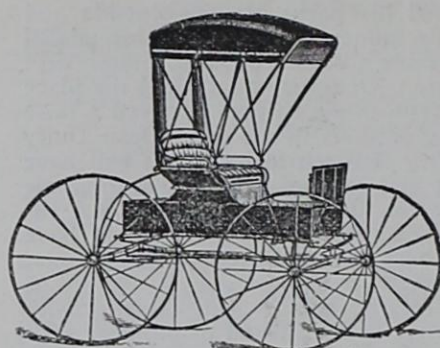
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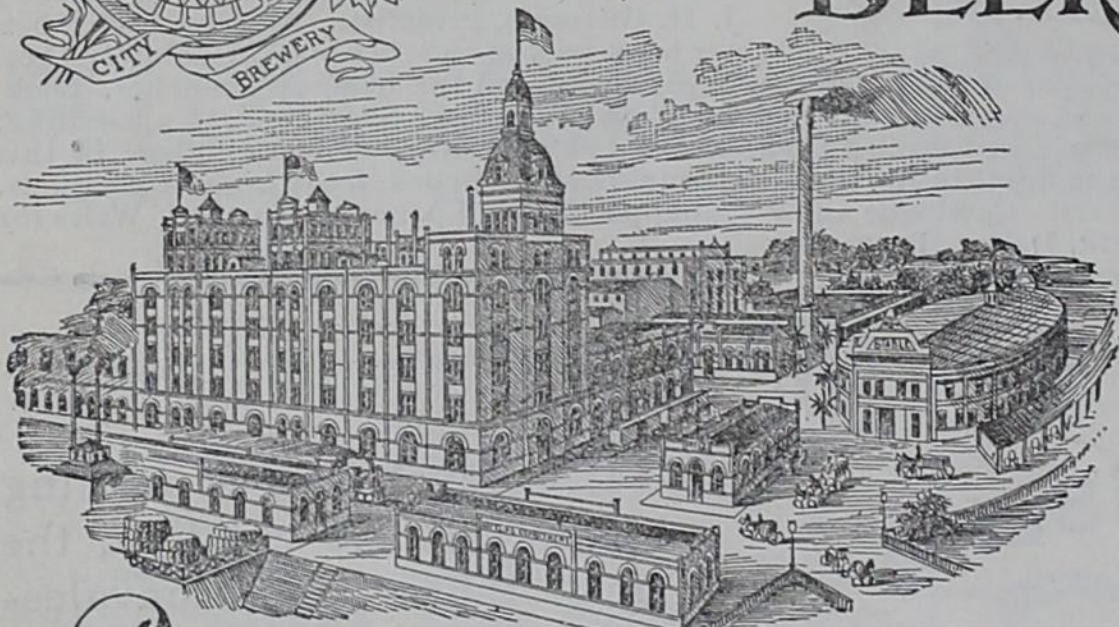
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