

This Number for Grown Men Only

SOUTHWEST COLLECTION
Texas Tech University
Lubbock, Texas 79409

PRICE, 10 CENTS.

\$1.00 A YEAR.

Brann's Iconoclast.

VOL. 7.

WACO, TEXAS, U. S. A., OCTOBER, 1897.

No. 9.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY W. C. BRANN.

Entered at the Postoffice, Waco, Texas, as second-class matter.

Remit by Bank Draft, P. O. or Express Money Order.

All Subscriptions Payable Invariably in Advance.

The Iconoclast has no "Exchange" or free list.

OFFICE:—Rooms 32 and 33 Provident Building.

MAKE A DOLLAR

By sending four cash subscribers to the **ICONOCLAST**. Local Agents wanted throughout the United States and Canada. All postmasters and newsdealers are authorized to receive subscriptions.

BRANN'S ANNUAL FOR 1897

Contains the **ICONOCLAST** articles that "caught on" during the year ending January last. Of newsdealers everywhere, or sent postpaid for 25 cents.

THE LAST OF OUR LIBERTIES.

WHEN an American citizen is not permitted to have his mail directed to whatsoever postoffice he pleases and delivered to whosoever he likes; when he is not allowed to request a fellow craftsman to refrain from working for starvation wages; when he is forbidden by the courts to walk on the public highway, and is shot in the back on the plea that he is imperiling the lives of his assassins, it would seem that we have precious little left of our boasted "right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." The human battue at Lattimer, Pa., was the most horrible affair that has ever disgraced American history. A party of half-starved miners, finding their wages insufficient to provide themselves and families with the simple necessities of life, had quit work, hoping that their wealthy employers might be coerced by their idleness into according them a living in exchange for their labor. Never had a great strike been conducted with so little violence—altho' a majority of the workmen and their families were actually suffering for food and clothing, life and property were almost universally respected. A party of these poor fellows were trudging peaceably and unarmed along the public highway when they were halted by a super-officious sheriff accompanied by a hundred or more heavily armed deputies. He undertook to read the riot act to them—why only he and heaven know, as they were perpetrating no violence, committing no crime. Being for the most part Hungarians and Italians who spoke little English, they could not comprehend, but crowded about the sheriff, staring inquiringly into his face. And the poor miserable creature miscalled a man, conceived the fool idea that "his life was in danger," that he was "about to be trampled to death" under the very muzzles of his own guns, before the eyes of his well-fed deputies, who could have put them all to flight with their fists. "His coward lips did from their color fly"—his white liver turned green with craven fear—his chicken heart melted in his mouth—his currish blood curdled in his carcass, and in a voice hoarse with fear, husky with baby tears, he bawled out the order

to fire. The miners hear the click of the gun-locks—they see the long line of rifles raised to the shoulder and divine their danger—but alas! too late. They turn to flee, terror-stricken, and a murderous volley is poured into—their backs!—then another! Two-and-twenty lie quite dead, fifty more are writhing with grievous wounds, pleading for mercy—"the poor people who have to work" are slaughtered like sheep in the shambles, and for no other crime than walking unarmed on the public highway—huddled together because "misery loves company." The sheriff and his deputies, having done their dastardly work, slink off like so many unclean jackals, and ragged little children come creeping timidly forth to peer into the ghastly faces of their fathers, while gaunt women bewail their widowhood in a foreign tongue, or kneel in the dust with clasped hands and faces of blank despair beside their still bleeding dead. Gracious God! what an ending to many a happy dream! What a breath from hell, blasting so many humble homes! What are the thoughts of that dark-eyed daughter of Italia, crouching like a lioness over the corpse of her lover?—of that Hungarian woman striving to staunch with her ragged skirt the life-tide of her lord while her almost naked children cling about her knees? Does she remember the day when an oily-tongued agent for the mine operators visited their humble shack and told them of the great country beyond the setting sun where the common people bear rule—where the lowliest laborer is a sovereign and the superior of Europe's haughty lords? Does she remember how they dreamed and planned, how they looked forward to long years of happiness in "the land of the brave and the home of the free," the "refuge of the world's oppressed?"—how they toiled and saved to pay their passage to a country where a child born to them might become president? At last they took ship, and day by day strained their eyes to catch a glimpse of that western haven which was to be the portal of their heaven, and when they landed they could have kissed the land where "all men are equal before the law." But the fond dream soon faded, they were more hopelessly enslaved than in the fatherland, compelled to live on less, answerable not to some haughty but generous nobleman, but to a grasping, insolent and ignorant parvenu, willing to coin their heart's blood into boodle. And this is the end! The husband of her youth, already grown grizzly in the fierce struggle for existence, shot down by his "fellow citizens" because he chanced to walk on the public highway and there met a coward whose strange words he could not understand. lies dead in her arms, while around her his hungry orphans wail! I say he met a coward; but perchance I do Sheriff Martin too much honor. Cowards are born, not made; and if he inherited cowardice from a mongrel sire, or drew it in with his mother's milk, he should not be unduly blamed. Did he give that order to fire because he was frightened, or because he was instructed by the mine operators to "make a killing" that would terrorize the ill-fed and unarmed miners into submission to their hard terms? Is Sheriff Martin a cringing coward or a subsidized assassin? From the testimony before me I cannot tell; but I learn that the mine operators "consider that the killing had a good

BRANN'S SPEECHES AND LECTURES. NEWSDEALERS. 25 CENTS.

effect." I learn from to-day's (Sept. 21) dispatches that "a majority of the miners have returned to work, and that, with but one or two exceptions, at the old terms"—that "the backbone of the strike is broken"—since upwards of 70 inoffensive men were shot in the back! Napoleon learned long ago that a few well-directed volleys would break the backbone of almost anything, and the mine operators appear to have profited by his experience. The same dispatches state that the sheriff and a number of his janizaries have been arrested—the sheriff who pleaded in extenuation of his crime that his victims "were most all foreigners." They were foreigners brought here by the mine operators in defiance of the contract labor law, starved and abused until they laid down their tools—then shot at until they took them up again. What will be done with the assassins? O, they will "be subjected to a rigid examination"—to satisfy the public and avoid international complications. They will have behind them the powerful influence of the mine operators, whom they have served so well, and the plutocratic newspapers and mugwump magazines will see to it that all who demand that they be properly punished are denounced as "anarchists." But one thing is sure as that there's a God in Israel: every one of those assassins should be stood with his face to a brick wall and a pound of lead blown through his back. True, "the deputies obeyed orders," but a man who will obey an order given by a frantic fool or hired assassin to slay inoffensive people, should not be permitted to halt four-and-twenty hours this side of hell. I am told that "the sheriff and most of the deputies are Americans." It's an infamous falsehood—no American ever did such a deed. A mongrel cross between a lousy yahoo and a mangy she-wolf were not capable of committing such a crime. They are not Americans, but unnatural monsters who committed their cowardly crime in this country, and Columbia can purge herself of the damning disgrace only by blowing the last one of them to fragments or hanging him in a hair halter higher than Haman. I once said that the workman was at least allowed liberty to starve to death; but even that poor privilege is now denied—if he attempts it he will be shot to death.

PAINE AND THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

A correspondent writing from Columbia, S. C., asks me "why the American people despise the memory of Thos. Paine," and "if it is true that President Washington declined to interfere in his behalf when he was imprisoned by Robespierre."

The American people do *not* "despise the memory of Thos. Paine"—at least none do so but those who are grossly ignorant of their country's history, or consider its separation from "the mother country" as a heinous crime. Millions of intelligent and patriotic Americans emphatically dissent from Paine's religious views and deeply regret that he wrote "The Age of Reason," but they cannot "despise" him for frankly expressing his opinions and defending them with all his intellectual power. To do so were to deny liberty of conscience and freedom of speech, basic principles of this Republic. All Anglomaniacs, and some splenetic ignorami who mistake cirrhosis of the heart and gangrene of the head for the Grace of God, *hate* Thos. Paine with the vindictive hate of hell; but to *despise* a man of titanic intellect, good moral principle and invincible courage, is a psychological impossibility. Paine was a devout Deist—believed in "one God and no more." His attacks on Trinitarianism, while almost appalling in their power—being to Ingersoll's cheap rhetoric as an earthquake to the patter of rain-drops on the

roof, as the scimeter of Saladin to a painted sword—do not always exhibit a proper respect for the opinions of others equally honest; but "the audacity of genius" has passed into a proverb, the man of colossal mind ever "speaks as one having authority and not as the scribes." But whatever right-minded Americans may think of Paine's religious opinions, they never forget that to him more than to any dozen other men is due the fact that we are a nation to-day. Washington has been called "the father of his country;" but every student of history well knows that the real parent of this Republic is Thos. Paine, the *bete-noire* of backwoods parsons. Such is the testimony of both enemies and eulogists. Even the Encyclopedia Britannica admits as much. After stating that he came to this country bearing letters of introduction from Franklin to the leaders of the nascent resistance to England's colonial policy, it says:

"His opportunity came when these leaders were dispirited and *disposed to compromise*. He then set the Colonists aflame with a pamphlet entitled "Common Sense." * * * There is a complete concurrence in testimony that Paine's pamphlet was a *turning point* in the struggle, that it roused and consolidated public feeling and swept waverers along with the tide. When war was declared and fortune at first went against the Colonists, Paine, serving with Washington as a private soldier, composed by the light of campfires "The Crisis," which was read to the army and had a wonderful effect in restoring a courage considerably impaired by defeat. Its opening words, 'These are the times that try men's souls,' became a battle cry."

Such is the testimony of the great British cyclopedia, which bitterly denounces Paine as "a clever but crazy and dangerous political enthusiast," and adds that had he not written the "Age of Reason" "the final verdict of history upon his usefulness would have turned on the question *whether the United States did well to declare and fight for its independence.*" Just how a politician can be both "clever" and "crazy" I cannot conceive; but that Paine was "dangerous" to the British monarchy is evidenced by the fact that after emancipating the American colonies he went to England, where it was quickly found necessary to suppress his pamphlets and indict him for treason to prevent him pulling the throne from under the House of Hanover and transforming that country into a Republic also. And what did his "treason" consist in? The authorship of "The Rights of Man"—now conceded by Christians and Infidels, Monarchists and Republicans to be one of the noblest books of all the ages. We have it on the highest authority that Pitt, who caused the book to be suppressed and its author indicted, admitted to his confidential friends that "Tom Paine was quite in the right," but that it was necessary to proceed against him lest the judgments of the English people

"— should become too bright,
And their free thoughts be crimes
And earth have too much light!"

At that time the people of both Europe and America idolized Paine, and tyrants who feared not the wrath of God cowered before his pen. It was Thos. Paine who enriched the heavens with Freedom's Flag, who raised up armies to resist the insolent usurpations of England, who revived their failing courage in the hour of defeat, who induced them to endure the horrors of Valley Forge, to tramp with bare and bleeding feet over ice and snow and hurl themselves again and again upon the Hessian scythes and British bayonets until the tools of tyranny were compelled to beg permission to leave the land they could not conquer. Throughout the war he was "the guide, philosopher and friend" of Generals Washington and Greene, sometimes serving them as aide-de-camp, sometimes seizing a musket and fighting in the ranks as a common soldier. He was the confidential friend of Jefferson and Monroe, of Adams and Franklin and all the

prominent patriots of that stormy period. He was the *soul* of the Revolution, his great courageous heart a dynamo from which an electric current coursed through the colonies—a sagittary forth fiery darts of destruction. When the wisest and bravest stood irresolute, indignant but knowing not what to do, he showed them that, being *men*, they had no choice but to raise the standard of revolt and fight their way to victory or death, and lo! the Declaration of Independence (some say he wrote it) sprang to their lips, the gage of battle was hurled at the feet of Britain. When they became discouraged by defeat after defeat, the British and Hessians before them, the Indians behind them, the Tories among them, the land a desolation thick-grown with graves, apparently forgotten of God, he appealed to their manhood once more in words charged with electric fire, and again

"Freedom's Banner, torn but flying,
Streams like a thunder-storm against the wind!"

Not once, or twice, but time and again through seven long years of blood and tears must he lash the smooth-tongued peace-makers, the traitorous Tories into their holes, and plead with the poverty-stricken, half-armed patriots to fight on and ever on, to die if need be like the gaunt she-wolf, "in silence, biting hard." As the philippics of Demosthenes fired Athenian hearts, so did the pen of Thos. Paine stir the blood of men to mutiny. Never, in this country or elsewhere, did he accept a penny's recompense for his writings in defense of freedom—that was a labor of love; but the struggle over, congress and various states testified the new-born nation's gratitude by voting him sums of money or the confiscated property of traitors. It was then he said, "Where liberty is *not*, there is my country." He returned to England to drag our old enemy, George III., from the throne he so long disgraced, and would have done so but for the promptitude of Pitt. Being elected a deputy to the National Convention of France, he went thither just in time to avoid the English noose. There this man, so long denounced by royalty-loving toad-eaters as "a bloody-minded monster," attached himself to the Girondist or moderate party, and by opposing the excesses of the Reign of Terror provoked the enmity of Robespierre. He was imprisoned and marked for death because of his humanity, because he was tender as he was brave and talented; but Washington, then President, took no steps to succor his old-time friend and counsellor, tho' appealed to by the Americans resident in Paris. James Monroe, then our minister to France, afterwards President, exerted himself in Paine's behalf, but received no support from the home government. Washington was flatly accused by prominent men of the guilt of base ingratitude, and both James Monroe and Thomas Jefferson echoed the sentiment, in more diplomatic but unmistakable language. After his release Paine, who usually said what he meant without waste of words, gave the "first in war, first in peace," etc., a red-hot "roast," of which the following is a sample:

"As for you, Sir, treacherous in private friendship and a hypocrite in public life, the world will be puzzled to know whether you are an apostate or an impostor, whether you have abandoned good principles, or whether you ever had any."

That was pretty stiff talk, but the recipient managed to get it down without the aid of goose-grease. When Jefferson became President he did all that he could to serve Paine, cheerfully acknowledging the debt of gratitude due him by this country and mankind. Why Washington took no steps to save the life of the man who made possible the Republic of which he was President, I do not know; it has never been satisfactorily explained by his biographers—being considered by them of less importance than the apocryphal cherry-tree

incident. Washington was a great stickler for formality, and Paine could not be considered a subject for official intervention on the part of this government while a deputy of the National Convention of France; but a suggestion from the President that his release would be appreciated by this Republic would probably have been sufficient. The time has not yet come to pass final judgment upon Geo. Washington and Thos. Paine. As the general in a successful revolution that appeals so strongly to national pride, and first President of the Republic we so dearly love, the temptation to apotheosize the one is strong, while it is at present impossible to view the other except thro' the distorting glass of religious prejudice. Some few are now willing to admit that the foster-father of his country had some faults, that he was a trifle pihigmatic, had an exalted opinion of himself, and was very much for Mr. Washington. True, he rebuked those who desired to make him king; but then Caesar had the tact to put back the crown he could not wear. He wanted no pay for his services, but accepted it all the same. He was a Federalist, and feared the people might become too free, that the chief magistrate would not be quite enough of a monarch. Paine was a Democrat to the heart's core, and at that time all-powerful with the people—a rather awkward fellow to have around while the principles of the nation were forming. As a man Washington might really regret the peril of his "sincere friend" whose society he had sought, whose "services to this country" he once so earnestly desired to "impress upon congress;" as a practical politician he might consider it advisable to leave him in the Luxembourg where he could do no damage—Thos. Jefferson being all that the Federalists could well attend to. When "The Age of Reason" appeared the Church of England people and the Puritans dominated the religious thought of this land. The clergymen of the first were royalists almost to a man and hated Paine for political reasons; the parsons of the latter had not become broad enough to tolerate a man who objected to boring the tongues of Quakers and witch-burning as mild religious diversions, no matter what services he had rendered their country and mankind. The author of our liberties was fairly hounded to death by these harpies, and ever since a putrid tide of "Christian" calumny has rolled across his sepulchre. To this good day the makers of American histories and cyclopedias dare not accord to Thos. Paine the credit that is justly his due, lest they lose a few dirty dollars. The "Columbian cyclopedia," while admitting that he "turned the tide" in favor of freedom, is so eager to belittle and belie him for its publisher's profit that it flatly contradicts itself and garbles dates in an heroic attempt to rehash all the old calumnies. (In this connection I desire to say that there is extant a recommendation of the "Columbian Cyclopedia" signed by me; made, I am ashamed to say, after an examination of the *plan* of the work, rather than of the work itself. The *plan* is excellent; but the d—dest set of ignorami on earth have been selected to carry it out. I will wager the publishers \$1000 that I can find 500 ignorant errors on 250 pages, and that in their article on Thomas Paine they have made at least three statements they cannot substantiate. It is an Anglo-maniacal work edited by idiots, and so shamefully unreliable that I have kicked it out of my library in disgust, and advise every honest seeker for information to do the same. It should be called Columbia's Cloaca, or Uncle Sam's Slop-tub.) Gradually Paine's services to this country have been hidden under such piles of compost, and now the masses know him only as the man who dared deny in the shadow of guillotine that Jesus Christ was "the only begotten Son of God." But the tide of falsehood is ebbing, and some future generation will do him justice. The day will assuredly come when even the star of Washington will pale before that of Paine—when the creature of the Revolution will no longer outshine its creator. "The years are seldom unjust."

SALMAGUNDI.

BILL HOWELLS, the anile old Mugwump who "does the heavy" for *Harper's Weekly*, has again emptied his intellectual slop-tub on the Southern people. According to Bill the South is going to hades in a hand-basket because it doesn't think as he thinks and send men to congress to elaborate into law his abortive thunks. He considers that we are suffering for "education" sorely because unable to see that we can get rich as grease by borrowing measly pups of Eastern plutocrats and repaying the loan with nice fat pigs—because when we catch a black buck assaulting a white woman we fail to sit calmly down on a gum stump and await the coming of a procrastinating constable, instead of putting an "intelligent" and "right-minded" gold-bugger under ground. The fact that old Bill recently discovered a classic "poet" in a nigger elevator boy, and it hurts him so badly to have a coon rape-fiend killed, suggests that he may have a pint or so of Ethiop blood surging through his insides. He finds upon patient inspection that we have a few passable politicians (all of whom think as he thunks)—a kind of frazzled remnant of our intellectual greatness before the omniscient North saddled us with carpet-baggers and nigger suffrage—also a few editors wise and honest enough to confess that G. Cleveland is God; but on the whole takes a very pessimistic view of our situation, handicapped as we are by almost universal ignorance. Perhaps it would be a good idea for Bill to come South a few seasons, to hibernate here, so that we could sit directly under the drippings of his super-esthetic sanctuary and let his higher education soak into us. Scat! you pompous old paleozoic. You are one of those gar-rulous grannies whom God neglected to endow with the slightest adumbration of decency or bless with an ounce of brains. You have been indulging in a pavonian parade for nearly half a century, flourishing your literary tail-feathers in the sun; yet in all that time you never wrote a sensible thing that you didn't steal and spoil, never penned an original line that will be remembered ten days after you are dead. You are simply Grand Cophta of a lot of fourth-rate literary mechanics who don't know how; yet you set yourself up as censor of the South with all the assurance of Rhadamanthus passing sentence on a Corinthian courtesan. It is true the South has now no Clays and Calhouns; but where in blazes are the Websters and Biaines? If we can now boast neither a Geo. D. Prentice nor a Henry W. Grady, where are the elder Bennetts and the Horace Greelys? But why bandy words with a senescent old babbler who reads nothing but neurotic novels, gorges himself with the inane drivel of hopeless decadents, and knows less of the economic history of nations than does the average hack who grinds out editorials to order and pockets his hire.

* * *

The daily press announces that there's to be another Cleveland baby. It is to make its debut some time this month. "Mrs. Cleveland has been sewing dainty garments all summer." "Presents of beautiful baby clothes are arriving from friends and relatives." Same old gush, gush, gush! slop, slop, slop! that has set the nation retching three times already. Good Lord! will it never end? The fecundity of that family is becoming an American nightmare. Will the time ever come when a married woman of social prominence can get into "a delicate condition" without having the fact heralded over the country as brazenly as tho' she had committed a crime? There being little hope that the daily press—"public educator" "guardian of morality," etc.—will suffer a renaissance of decency, we can only appeal to Grover not to let it happen again. He

certainly owes it to the nation to apply the soft pedal to himself. In no other way can he protect a long-suffering public from sea-sickness or his estimable wife from the unclean harpies of the press. I do not believe that Mrs. Cleveland is *particeps criminis* in these pre-natal proclamations to which the h'upper sukkles of New York are so shockingly addicted. I do not believe that she cares to have the country contemplating her profile portrait just previous to confinement. Of course it will be urged that a woman of much native delicacy could never have married so crass an animal as Grover Cleveland—have taken him fresh from the embraces of an old ha-lot like Widder Halpin; but these forget that he held the most exalted position of any man on earth, and his \$50,000 per annum had been touched by the genie-wand jobbery—forget that

— pomp and power alone are woman's care
And where these are light Eros finds a feere;
Maidens like moths, are ever caught by glare,
And Mammon wins his way where Seraphs might despair."

Probably she has regretted a thousand times that she bartered her youth and beauty for life companionship with a tub of tallow, mistaken at the time for a god by a purblind public; but even tho' it be true, as often asserted, that the old boor gets drunk and beats her, a woman could scarce aply for divorce from a man who has twice been president. Furthermore, association with such a man will lower the noblest woman to his level. Every physiognomist who saw Frances Folsom's bright girlish face, its spirituelle beauty, and who looks upon it now and notes its stolid, almost sodden expression, must recall those lines of Tennysons':

"As the husband is the wife is; thou art mated with a clown,
And the grossness of his nature will have weight to drag thee down.

Cursed be the sickly forms that err from honest Nature's rule,

Cursed be the gold that gilds the straiten'd forehead of the fool."

Last month it was announced with typographical and pictorial trumpet blasts that Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney was about to present her gilded dudelet with a family *edition de luxe*, and the Duchess of Marlborough to find an heir to that proud title whose foundation was laid with a sister's shame, the capstone placed by the pander's betrayal of his rightful prince; and now before the world can recover from its nausea, flaming headlines announce that the Clevelands are about to refill the family cradle. Hold our head, please, until we puke! Lord! Lord! is there nothing sacred about motherhood any more? Is a married woman no better than a brood-mare, her condition fair subject for comment by vulgar stable-boys? We thank thee, O God, that the South has not kept pace with New York's super-estheticism—that when our women find themselves in an "interesting condition" they seek the seclusion of the home instead of telephoning for a reporter and a chalk artist and exploiting their intumescence in the public prints.

* * *

Thomas M. Harris, who claims to be 84 years old, has writ a little yaller pamphlet entitled, "Rome's Responsibility for the Assassination of Abraham Lincoln." I have expended almost 5 minutes glancing over Mr. Harris' labor-ed lucubations, and must confess that I have in that time acquired more information—of its kind—than I ever did in 5 hours before. Of the reliability of his statements there

can be no question, as most of them are grounded on the testimony of "Father" Chiniquy—conceded to be the most accomplished liar since Ananias gave up the ghost. It was Chiniquy who first started the story that the Pope was responsible for the assassination of President Lincoln, and I am expecting him to prove that Guiteau, who gave the death-wound to Garfield, was a Jesuit in disguise and acting on orders received from Rome. Harris says that agents of the Confederacy in Canada—whom he admits were not Catholics—employed Booth and his accomplices to do the bloody business; that John Wilkes Booth was a Catholic; that the priests were all Southern sympathizers; that but 144,000 Irishmen enlisted in the Federal army, of whom 104,000 deserted; that the cellars of Catholic cathedrals are filled with munitions of war to be used against the government; that Catholics hold the bulk of the offices and dominate the American press. Harris says other things equally awful and interesting. I much fear that he got to thinking how many of his fellow A. P. Apes have broken into the penitentiary, and dreamed a bad dream.

* * *

I once mentioned a little sawciety sheet, published in New York under the title of *Town Topics*, because it afforded me a kind of languid pleasure to kick the feculent sewer-rat back into the foul cloaca from which it had crawled to beslime the Iconoclast. I must beg the patient reader's pardon for again soiling my sandal-shoon with what should only be touched with a shovel. I have been receiving through the mails for some time past, both from disgusted Northerners and indignant Southerners, a paragraph clipped from its epecine columns where in some mental misfit eager to do the Smart Alex act begs to be informed what right Mrs. Jefferson Davis had "to address a peculiar letter to the Queen Regent of Spain, demanding the release of a party accused of a serious crime," then adds: "If Miss Cisneros is released it will be because she is innocent, and not because her case has been meddled with by a party of irresponsible old freaks." I sometimes wish the Iconoclast had no lady readers, that I might freely express my opinion of such pestiferous pole-cats. I dearly love the ladies, but they're awfully in the way when only full-grown adjectives will do a subject justice. If the *Tee-Tee* editor had half the gump-tion of a Kansas gopher he would know that neither Mrs. Davis nor any other American woman made such "demand." Perhaps he did not know it,—if it be possible for the editor of such a quintessential extract of utter idiocy to know anything—but couldn't resist the boorish impulse to insult an aged woman, because he's built that way. The case of *Senorita Cisneros* appealed to the sympathy of every manly man and noble woman throughout the world—to every living creature within whose hide there pulses one drop of human blood unblended with that of unclean breasts. Mrs. John A. Logan, Mrs. Jefferson Davis and other magnificent types of American womanhood humbly petitioned the Queen Regent of Spain in behalf of the Cuban heroine. And these noble women, whose names are respected in the very brothels and boozing kens of Boiler Avenue, are referred to by this foul parody on God's masterpiece as "a party of irresponsible old freaks!" Christ! is it possible that aught born of woman—that any animal that can learn to walk on its hinder legs—should sink to such infamous depths of degradation! Yet this is the fellow who was so concerned for the feelings of certain sawciety she-males who personated French prostitutes at the Bradley-Martin debauch, that when I criticised their brazen bid for "business" he came near having hydrophobia. Did the *Tee-Tee* troglodyte contain within his anthropodial diaphragm a single diatom of decency he would have applauded Mrs. Davis' womanly

act, else blocked the yawning hole in his prognathic head with a flat-car load of compost. If Mrs. Davis is permitted to petition the King of Kings to have mercy on the miserable journalistic piano-pounder for Gotham's high-toned honk-a-tonks, certainly she may with propriety appeal to the substitute sovereign of a nation of bankrupt assassins to spare *Senorita Cisneros*.

* * *

Justice Straight of Culia, N. Y., recently married a pretty white orphan girl of good family but weak mind to a coal-black coon, regarded as the toughest Ethiop in the town. The citizens tried to tar and feather Straight, but could not find him. It were a shame to waste honest feathers on a fiend so foul. The citizens will probably never rest until they have driven Straight off American soil and castrated the coon.

* * *

The New York *Wail and Distress* approves the scheme of Spain, Italy and Germany to establish a penal colony for anarchists. Yes, yes, granny dear; but would it not be much better to alter those conditions that produce anarchists? Anarchy is simply a protest against oppression. When enough people engage in a revolt against tyranny it becomes a successful revolution and its promoters are enshrined in history as worthy patriots; when a few men strike blindly but desperately at the hydra and are overpowered, they are traitors or anarchists, rebels or rioters. The *Wail and Distress* was once edited by a party who, according to his father-in-law, "could be more kinds of a d—n fool than any other man in the country," and it is evidently maintaining its old-time reputation.

* * *

Lawd Chelmsford, now inspecting the Canadian border to ascertain what resistance it could offer in case of a brush with Uncle Sam, is out with an interview in which he says one great element of John Bull's strength is to be found in the fact that our Anglomaniacs could never be convinced "of the justice of any war that might spring up between America and Britain." Lawd Chelmsford, like most Englishmen, is a large juicy chump. Of course our Anglomaniacs are all traitors *in posse* as their Tory forbears were *in esse*, and would sympathize with "deah old England, dontcherknow," should war be precipitated by her burning all our coast cities without provocation; but, as Chimmie Fadden would say, "Dat cuts no ice." They are but a few thousand in number, and in the whole caboodle there's not a chappie who would fight should a Digger Indian fill his ear with a bushel of buffalo chips, squirt tobacco juice on his twousahs and throw alkali dust in his optic. Lawd Chelmsford has suffered himself to be deceived by the bloodless hermaphrodites employed on such papers as Josef Phewlitzer's *Verrult* and Belo's double barreled *Benedict Arnold*. Still it is just as well to know that John Bull considers that he can depend upon the sympathy and assistance of our Anglomaniacs in case of war with this country. While these fellows are slobbering over "the mother country," the leading papers of London are sneering at the United States as "a fourth-class power" and proclaiming that if it doesn't conduct itself more to John Bull's liking "it will soon feel the iron hand beneath the velvet glove." Turn loose your "iron hand," you old he-bawd—and you'll soon stick it further under your own coat-tails than you did at Yorktown.

* * *

It is reported that a British company is about to secure control of the Panama Canal. If it does so, John Bull will practically have Uncle Sam surrounded, and it is worthy of remark that, despite his tearful protestations of friendship,

he fortifies every strategical point regardless of expense. What does he want with such Gibaltars as those at Van Couver, Halifax, Bermuda, St. Lucia and half a dozen other points if he loves us so dearly as Anglomaniacs would have us imagine? It cost hundreds of millions to construct and equip these fortifications, yet they are not worth a dollar to him except in case of war with this country. The fact is that he expects another tussle with the Western Titan—intends to precipitate it in his own good time—when India is quiescent and he has naught to fear from the continental powers of Europe. Arbitration is the soothing lullaby which Anglomaniacs are to sing to his unsuspecting "cousin" until he gets his "iron hand" in order—weaves about him an anaconda-coil of cannon. Despite all the milk-sick driveling "ties of blood, language and literature," "community of interest of the ger-ate and gal-orious Anglo-Saxon race," *ad infinitum ad nauseam*, the cold facts of history prove that for more than a century England has been our implacable enemy. Why? Wounded pride in the first place, commercial rivalry in the second; but the chief reason is that England desires to perpetuate its supremacy as a world power, and sees growing up here a giant who will sooner or later, as Napoleon said, "clip the lion's claws." The best thing this nation can do is to quietly "fix" itself, and then, at the first provocation, compel J. B. to pull his freight completely out of the Western world. Uncle Sam is an idiot to go practically unarmed while British guns are pointing at his head from all directions. Arbitration the devil! Dismantle that cordon of forts which you have built for our benefit, and we may take some stock in your Pecksniffian professions of friendship. "Actions speak louder than words," says the old adage; and while J. B.'s words are those of Achates his acts are those of an enemy. The voice is the voice of Jacob, but the hand is the hand of Esau.

* * *

If the dispatches from Hogansville, Ga., be correct, the present federal administration is depriving American citizens of their rights to an extent that suggests the impudence of Germany's swell-head emperor or the petty tyranny of the Turk. It appears that a nigger postmaster was appointed at that place who was *persona non grata*, and the people employed at their own expense the ex-postmaster to receive their mail for them from the moke. Altho' a man has an inalienable right to appoint what agent he pleases to receive his money or his mail, the ex-p. m. is to be prosecuted for "conducting a postoffice." The people then ordered their mail to an adjacent town and sent a private messenger for it, but this was prohibited on the plea that "only government has a right to establish a mail route." To crown the infamy the people were not permitted to mail their letters on postal cars. Here are three flagrant violations of the rights of American citizens, and to compel them to patronize a nigger Republican postmaster. The first agent employed by the people was no more "conducting a postoffice" than is the Iconoclast, which receives and distributes the mail of a dozen or more people. The messenger sent to the adjacent town was no more running "a mail route" than is the farmer who brings to town the letters written by his neighbors and carries back those intended for them. The postal department has discharged its entire function when it receives mail, by whosoever presented, and delivers it to those for whom it is intended or to those duly authorized to receive it, and the postmaster-general who permits the department to exceed that simple duty and intermeddle with the rights of the people should not only be impeached and removed from office in one time and two motions, but taken by the slack of the pantalettes and pitched headlong into the penitentiary. It appears that the in-

dignant people assaulted the nigger postmaster. That is indeed to be regretted; still I can but wonder that they don't shoot the whole umbilicus out of every impudent tool of a petty tyranny who attempts to prevent them mailing letters on postal cars while that right is freely accorded to others. The whole affair serves to accentuate the contention of the Iconoclast that postmasters should not be appointed by successful politicians, but elected by the people. If the latter can be trusted to choose presidents, congressmen, etc., they can certainly be trusted to select competent men to lick stamps and shuffle postal cards. As matters now stand the wishes of the people, who "pay the freight," are in no wise respected—the pie is shoveled out to a horde of hungry political heelers, not because of services rendered their country, but as payment for their pernicious activity in promoting the interests of a corrupt and conscienceless party. Thus it happens that in about half the cases federal officials are regarded with aversion by the people they are supposed to serve. It is to be hoped that every Southern white man who hereafter votes the Republican ticket will have his *billets de amour* clapper-clawed and liberally scented by some big fat coon.

* * *

The Buffalo (N. Y.) *Distress*, commenting on the acquittal of a negro near Barton, Ark., who killed another negro for having criminally assaulted a woman of their own race, wants to know if the law of justification would have held good had the rapist been a white man. Had the *Distress* but paused to reflect that the white men of Arkansas are free silver Democrats it would not have indulged in a supposition so far fetched and foolish. Now in Buffalo, which gave Cleveland to the country, and permits a nigger-loving lazar like the editor of the *Distress* to run at large, almost anything in petticoats, from old Sycorax to a maladorous coon, might be in some danger of assault by so-called Caucasians.

* * *

There's every indication that another gigantic prize fight fake will soon make a swipe for the long green of the cibarious sucker. Were it not a violation of the law of the land and the canons of the Baptist church to wager money that we should give to the missionaries, I'd risk six-bits that Corbett and Fitzsimmons get together within the year and that the gamblers who are on the inside "make a killing." For six months or more before their last mill these two worthies chewed the rag, making everybody believe that the battle was to be for berlud. The odds were on Corbett, and he got lost in the shuffle as a matter of course—just as Fitz. did when the mixed it with Sharkey. Now the rag-chewing has begun over again, and Bob is doing the lordly contempt act just as Jeems did before the late unpleasantness. He has "retired"—wants Corbett to "go git er repertashun"—says "Corbett quit in the last go like er cowardly cur." It will take time to work the thing up, to resuscitate the old excitement, to set fools to betting wildly on their favorite; but when the pippin is ripe it will be pulled. There's not the slightest reason for the existence of any personal ill will between these pugs—it's all in the play, and being bad actors they overdo the part of Termagant, do protest too much. It is quite noticeable that in the "big fights" nowadays nobody gets seriously bruised. It's easy enough to start the claret, and an ounce o' blood well smeared satisfies the crowd as well as a barrel. The result of the "fight" will be determined beforehand—as soon as the managers learn how they can scoop the most money. The best thing you can do with your ducats is to send them to me with instructions to bet them even that Bill McKinley's job will soon fit Bryan. The man who bets on the result of a prize-fight ought to have a guardian appointed.

* * *

A Los Angeles, Cal., correspondent informs me that the

editor of the *Times* of that town, who I trimmed up last month for permitting impudent coons to insult Southern white women through his columns, is named "Col." H. G. Otis, and that during the war he commanded a negro company. He also sends me the following extract from the alleged newspaper published by the ex-captain of the Darktown Paladins:

In considering the crimes of which some negroes are frequently guilty it should not be forgotten that these traits of violent sensuality are undoubtedly inherited from mothers and grandmothers who were subjected to the lust of their masters under the slavery system. In other words, the sins of the fathers are being visited upon their children to the third and fourth generation.

That is a vast improvement on the original statement published by Coon-Captain Otis to the effect that Southern white women seek black paramours, and that most lynchings are caused by the guilty parties getting caught. It is a matter of utter indifference to the ex-slaveholders what this calumnious little fice says about them, if he will but refrain from voiding his fetid rheum upon their families. Doubtless some slave-holders were degraded sensualists, but such were exceptions to the rule. Not one yaller nigger in a hundred is the child of its mother's old master. There were comparatively few mulattoes in the South before the war, most of these were the offspring of white overseers—and it is a notorious fact that a majority of our professional "nigger-drivers" were from the North. This is no reflection on the character of the Northern people—these fellows were simply the feculent scum, the excrementitious offscourings of civilization. And now I remember that a second-cousin of mine in Kentucky had an overseer from Ohio named Otis. A very thrifty and choleric man was my cousin, and considering a yaller nigger less valuable than a black one, he threatened to subject his overseer to a surgical operation if another half-breed pickaninny appeared on the place. I do wonder if this "Col." Otis—who knew so much about the management of coons that he was placed in command of a colored company—can be the same fellow; also what was the result of my relative's ultimatum? Can anybody in Los Angeles tell me what state this "Col." Otis came from, or send me a good picture of the ex-commander of coons?

* * *

While the preachers were hustling out of the fever infected districts of Louisiana, the Sisters of Charity were hurrying in from points as far distant as San Francisco. And what were the A. P. Apes doing? They were standing afar off, pointing the finger of scorn at these angels of mercy and calling them "prostitutes of the priesthood." In this land every man has a perfect right to entertain such religious views as he likes; but those who defame women who cheerfully risk their lives for others' sake should be promptly shot. "By their fruits ye shall know them," says the Good Book; and while the Church of Rome is producing Good Samaritans to wrestle with the plague, the A. P. Ape is filling the penitentiaries. I care nothing for the apostolic pretensions of the Pope or the dogmas of the Priesthood; but I'd be strongly tempted to make a few off-hand observations with a six-shooter should these papaphopes speak disrespectfully of the Sisters of Charity in my presence.

* * *

Justice Van Fleet of the supreme court of California recently rendered an opinion which indicates the utter emptiness of our boast that in this land all men are equal before the law. Because of the confusion or ignorance of a new motor-man, the young child of a plumber, playing upon the track, was killed by an electric car. The parents sued the company and were awarded damages in the sum of six thousand dollars. Defendant took an appeal, which the supreme court sustained, and the cause was remanded on the ground that the damages awarded were excessive—that the boy would

probably have followed his father's occupation, and an embryo workman is not, in Justice Van Fleet's opinion, worth so much money! Measured by this standard, what would have been the average "value" of American presidents when they were boys? Now that Justice Van Fleet is measuring human life solely by the gold standard, perhaps he can tell us what a juvenile Shakespeare or Webster is "worth." I have held to the opinion hitherto that blood could not be measured by boodle, that the children of the common people were of as much importance in the eye of the law as the progeny of the plutocrats—that the anguish of parents did not depend on the length of the purse; but Justice Van Fleet seems to agree with Kernan's weeping Canuck, that the more siller one has the more deeply he feels the loss of a son. He seems to need a powerful cardiac for his heart and a hot mush poultice for his head, being as fine a combination of knave and fool, as one can easily find. Had the supreme court declared that the plaintiffs in the case were not entitled to a dollar I would heartily approve the opinion; but to measure the "value" of a son by the gain-getting capacity of its sire is simply monstrous. A statute should be enforced impartially, without regard to persons; but I should like to see the law so amended that people could not trade upon their tears, could not coin the blood of their relatives to fill their pockets. A child should not be considered a piece of property for which the accidental destroyer must pay, just as a railway company must cough up the cash value of the cow it kills. As not one child in a thousand ever returns to its parents the cost of its rearing it cannot be urged that the plaintiffs in this case were pecuniarily damaged one penny. All they had to sell was "mental anguish," and that should never be made a merchantable commodity. We have criminal courts to deal with those who, through criminal negligence or otherwise, occasion death. It may be argued that when the party killed has dependants for whom he or she is providing, the slayer should be compelled to make good the damage in so far as money can do it. I say no—that if there be blood guiltiness let the offender be punished in accordance with our criminal code; if there be none then is he blameless, and to deprive a person of his property because of a blameless act is a crime. "But the dependants should be provided for." Certainly they should; but not through rank injustice to others. We are carrying entirely too far the theory that the principal is responsible for the acts of his agents. If the agent is guilty of criminal negligence he is punished by one law and his principal by another; if the agent blunders he is found not guilty and discharged, yet his principal is punished for being a copartner in his innocence. It should not be forgotten that the agent of a private company is also a representative of that larger and more powerful corporation which we call the state. The private company can do no more than outline his duty and discharge him for dereliction; the public corporation not only prescribes his duty but imprisons or hangs him for neglect. The private company is itself but a creature of the state which exercises over it autocratic power while shirking responsibility. If I loosen a rail on the "Katy" road and cause the destruction of \$100,000 worth of property the company must pocket the loss, notwithstanding the fact that it is paying the state for protection. If a dozen people are killed in the wreck the relatives of the last one of them will sue for damages and the state compel it to pay for its own failure to afford that protection to which it is clearly entitled. What then? Let the state issue life insurance at cost and compel every person who has dependants to carry a policy payable on the annual installment plan. For 5 or 6 cents a day it can, without loss, issue a policy to every man in America that will provide his family with the necessities of life for at least 10 years after his death, and the man who cannot pay that premium is worth precious little to anybody considered purely from an economic standpoint. If the state wants to bring damage suits for the slaughter of its citizens, well and good; but for God's sake let us get rid of the degrading spectacle of people hawking the corpses of their relatives through the courts.

DOLCE FAR NIENTE AND DOLLARS.

The dispatches state that during the three weeks George Gould was lazing and luxuriating in a foreign land "the business revival added at least \$15,000,000 to the value of the

Gould securities." Gadzooks! how sweet idleness must be when sugared with more than \$714,000 per day! I'm willing to loaf for half the lucre. How refreshing it is to contemplate our plutocrats lying beside their nectar like a job lot of Olympian gods—"careless of mankind"—while

"— they smile in secret, looking over wasted lands, Blight and famine, plague and earthquake, roaring deeps and fiery sands, Clanging fights, and flaming towns, and sinking ships and praying hands."

One of Mr. Gould's employes, who was toiling at risk of life and limb for about \$2 a day while his imperial master was doing the *dolce far niente* act for \$714,000 per diem and his board, comments as follows in a letter to the Iconoclast:

"W. C. Brann: It might be pertinent for you to find out how the festive George, of yacht-racing, Wales-hobnobbing fame, has managed to reap such pronounced benefits from the revival in business. It is notorious among all railroad men that one of the first moves of Superintendent Trice, who succeeded Tim Campbell as manager of the I. & G. N., was to inaugurate a 'series of reforms,' the chief feature of which was the cutting of salaries of from 20 to 40 per cent, especially among the office men, and at the same time covering it by swapping the men around as much as possible. Forces were reduced by compelling the half-starved employees to do overtime at less pay, and the poor devils can only grin and bear it. Suppose you write down, and get the true data from the various places where the I. & G. N. touches, and then show the true source, or the real 'revival,' that has given the festive George such a boost in his cash box."

In the first place, "the business revival" has not "added \$15,000,000 to the value of the Gould securities"—it is a political falsehood which George can be depended upon to promptly repudiate when the tax assessor calls around to tender congratulations. It is eleven to seven that Georgie assures him that the Gould estate is in a very bad way, that only by the most heroic self sacrifices in this period of business depression can he succeed in remaining solvent; that there was a slight advance in railway values while crops were moving, only to be succeeded by a doleful slump, caused by the high tariff, which cuts so dreadfully into tonnage. If he refrains from putting up some such game of talk as that I'll take up a collection among the bootblacks of Texas to help pay his taxes. Fifteen millions in three weeks! Oh my! Since "Count" Castellane pulled one leg off the estate it is no larger than it was when old Jay went to He—aven. Now Jay was an honorable man—at least he wouldn't steal the buttons off your undershirt while you had it on, and hotel keepers did not take the precaution to chain his knife and fork to the table; but in his palmiest days he paid taxes on but \$75,000 worth of personal property—railway securities and "sich." Heavy crops, for which Providence and the industry of the American people are alone responsible, have added somewhat to the present earning power of railway properties but it is doubtful, if the total mileage and equipment owned by the Goulds would sell for as much actual cash as before the election of McKinley. The great bulk of the boasted advance in Gould securities consists of wind pumped in by the "bulls;" but just the same the American people will be bled to pay dividends on this speculative boodle—both patrons and employes will suffer that interest may be collected on "invested capital" which never had an existence. But even were the dispatches true, what must me said of a "business revival" that reduce wages, that adds enormously to the wealth of the plutocrat while making economic conditions harder for the great mass of the American people? The general trend of wages is downward, while the cost of living is enhanced by the Dingley tariff and the advance in flour caused by foreign crop failures. Why? Because, despite the puffing of the Republican press about the "return of prosperity," the country is full of idle men, and the inevitable tendency of the gold standard and high tariff is to

increase their number and further lower wages by the pressure of these people for employment. Railway securities have advanced a little despite the repressive effect of Republican policy, have beaten up somewhat against the adverse winds, impelled by speculators whose *vis vitalis* was the crops of the country—the great bulk of which were produced by men who voted for Bryan. The necessary sequence of an appreciating standard of value is depreciation in the selling price of property, whether such property be Gould securities or Irish potatoes; while a high tariff inevitably reduces tonnage below what it would otherwise be—chisels a yawning hiatus into the revenues of every American railroad. This fact is so self-evident that it may seem unnecessary to say more on the subject—that arguing the matter were like wasting time proving that water is wet; but as a number of Republican papers are having a series of violent epileptoid convulsions because I recently asserted that a nation can only be paid for its exports with its imports, it may not be amiss to make a few remarks adapted to the understanding of the kindergarten class. Trade, whether between the people of this republic, or those of Europe and America, is, when reduced to the last analysis, nothing more than an exchange of commodities. It may happen that we sell largely to a country of which we buy but little; but the nations that purchase of our debtor pay for our products. Our exports usually exceed our imports, and for the simple reason that we owe vast sums abroad, the surplus being employed in the payment of interest and the discharge of our foreign indebtedness. When we become a great creditor nation like England our imports will exceed our exports—we will begin to absorb the labor products of foreign lands. If America received foreign gold for all her exports it would be nothing more than a commodity weighed to her at so much per ounce and which she might exchange at her good pleasure for foreign goods, just as she does her cotton and corn. Some gold crosses the sea; but it goes and comes just as do other commodities—seeks the most advantageous market. A tariff wall, by keeping foreign products out keeps American products in, thereby narrowing our market and limiting production. If the workman does not produce he cannot consume, and production and consumption are the basis of railway business. But why, it may be asked, would the railway corporations cut their own throats by helping elect McKinley? Surely they understand their business much better than does a Texas maverick-brander who writes economic editorials while astride a mustang. Possibly so; but it were well to remember that while it is evidently to the interest of the stockholders of such a corporation that it should prosper, the bond-owner, who is a kind of wholesale pawnbroker and flourishes best during periods of business depression, also has something to say. Whether the former receives any dividends or not the latter must have his interest, and the more of labor products required to pay it the more rapidly he is enriched. The railway bondholder is usually the party who holds a \$500 mortgage on a \$10,000 farm. Crops may fail, the hogs get the cholera and the poultry die of the pips; cotton may go down and cloth go up; but the sorrows of others cause him to lose no sleep. As I have hitherto pointed out, we have it on the authority of Mark Hanna's newspaper organ that "lower wages are certainly a feature of the new prosperity"—that the American workman need not hope for permanent employment until willing to accept the same wages paid "the pauper labor of Europe," from whose disastrous competition the Republicans solemnly promised him protection. If Supt. Trice is reducing wages and overworking his men it may be accepted as certain that he is compelled thereto by a higher power—that the edict has gone forth that the employes of the I. & G. N. must work longer hours for less money that interest may be paid on the \$15,000,000 which the blessed "business revival" added to the value of Mr. Gould's securities while he was idling about Europe.

A KANSAS CITY ARISTOCRAT.

I SOMETIMES rejoice with an exceeding great joy and take something on myself that the Iconoclast is read by a million truth-loving Americans, as I am thereby enabled not only to make it uncomfortable for frauds and fakes, but to hold an occasional bipedal puppy up by the subsequent end that Scorn may sight him and stick her cold and clammy finger so far through his miserable carcass that Goliath might hang his helmet on the protruding point. Sometime ago I found America's meanest man in Massachusetts; I have just discovered the most contemptible of all God's creatures in Kansas City. Some may suppose that the first discovery excludes the last; but such forget that there's the same difference between cussedness and contemptibility that exists between a leopard and a louse, between a Cuban hurricane and the crapulous eructations of a chronic hoodlum. I want the world to take an attentive look at one Walter S. Halliwell, to make a labored perscrutation of this priorient social pewee, this *arbiter elegantiarum* of a corn-fed aristocracy, this Beau Brummell of the border, for tho' Argus had a compound microscope glued to his every eye he might never look upon the like again. He resembles a pigmy statue of Priapus carved out of a guano bed with a muck-rake and smells like a *maison d'joie* after an Orange Society celebration of the Battle of the Boyne. Mr. Halliwell evidently has an idea rumbling around in his otherwise tenantless attic room that he's a Brahmin of the Brahmins, an aristocrat dead right, a goo-goo for your Klondyke galways, a Lady Vere de Vere in plug hat and "pants." He's the Ward McAllister of Kay-See, the model of the chappies, and traces his haughty lineage back in an unbroken line to the primordial anthropoid swinging by its prehensile tail to a limb of the Ash tree Ygdrasil and playfully scratching the back of a hungry behemoth with the jawbone of an erstwhile ichthyosaurian. Walter S. Halliwell was born when quite young, where or why deponent saith not, and had gotten thus far on life's tow-path, absorbing such provender as he could come at, before I chanced to hear of him. As there be tides in the affairs of men which taken at the flood lead on to fortune, so there be waves which straddled at the proper time will bear a Halliwell on their niveous crest to the dizzy heights of fame quicker'n the nictitation of a thomas-cat. Walter made connection with the climbing wave, and here he is, bumping the macrencephalic end of himself against the milky-way and affrighting the gibbous moon. His opportunity to make an immortal ass of himself, to earn catasterism and be placed among the stars as an equine udder, thus happened to hap: Kay-See was to have a "Karnival," modeled on the pinchbeck fake with which Waco worked the gullible country folk once upon a time—when she so far forgot herself as to trade on womanly beauty, to make it a bunco-steerer for her stores. The chief attraction was to be a "Kween Karnation" and her maids of honor, the latter consisting of the most beautiful young ladies of the various Missouri towns. I presume that these fair blossoms were (or will be, for I know not the date of the brummagem blowout) paraded thro' the streets bedizened in royal frippery to make a hoodlum holiday, while the megalophanous huckster worked the perspiring mob with peanuts and soda pop, and the thrifty merchant marked his shopworn wares up 60 per cent. and sold them to confiding countrymen "at a tremendous sacrifice." I infer from the dispatches that Halliwell was made lord high executioner of the "Karnival"—at least accorded ample space in which to wildly wave his asinine ears. Miss Edna Whitney, described as being "one of the most beautiful young ladies of Chillicothe," was put forward by her friends as a candidate for the honor of representing that city at the royal court of "Kween Karnation," the citizens to

determine the matter by a voting contest. Now Miss Whitney, while dowered with great beauty, popular and of good repute, is a working girl instead of a fashionable butterfly, being employed in a cigar factory. When it appeared certain that she would bear off the honor, the snobocracy of Chillicothe, furious at being "trun down" by a working girl, appealed to Halliwell to exclude her from the contest, and this miserable parody of God's masterpiece promptly wired that her business occupation was an insuperable barrier. How's that for a country boasting of "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity"—its press and politicians ever prating of "the dignity of labor!" The contest, I'm told, was "open to all respectable young women;" but a working girl, tho pure as the lily and fair as the rose, is not considered "respectable" by the would-be patricians of Corn-cob Corners and the grand panjandrum of the Kay-See Karnival! Working girls must not presume to be pretty or popular or enter into contests for holiday honors with the high-born daughters of successful swindlers, but will be kindly permitted by the lordly Halliwell to stand on the curb and see beauts who are so only by the grace of boodle, roll by like triumphant Sylla on Fortune's bike. During the Saturnalia in ancient Rome the master acknowledged the brotherhood of man by ministering to his slave; but Kansas City, thanks to the omnipotent Halliwell, has cut the working class off from mankind—the hewers of wood and drawers of water are no longer considered human! Surely we are making rapid "progress"—are nearing that point in time when the working people will enter a protest against insult added to injury by tying a few bow-knots in the rubber necks of presumptuous parvenues. If it be a disgrace for a woman to work then is this nation in a very bad way, for few of us are the sons or daughters "of an hundred earls"—can go back more than a generation or two without finding a maternal ancestor blithely swinging the useful sad-iron or taking a vigorous fall out of the wash-tub. The parents of some of the wealthiest people of Kansas City, the bon-ton of the town, smelled of laundry soap, the curry-comb or night-soil cart. Some made themselves useful as hash-slingers in cheap boarding houses or chambermaids in livery stables, nursery maids or barbers, while others kept gambling-dens, boozing-kens or even run variety dives. There is now a bright young woman working for a wealthy man in Kansas City for six dollars a week. The wife of her employer was once her mother's servant and laundered her infantile linen. The ex-servant, scarce able to read or write, ugly by nature and gross by instinct, is now a glorious star in Fashion's galaxy, while the child whose diapers she used to deodorize, compelled by poverty to accept employment, is socially ostracised. People of gentle blood—those who for many generations back have been educated men and cultured women—do not act as did Halliwell and the snobocrats of Chillicothe. These are giving a very exact imitation of people who lately came up from the social gutter, and it were interesting to know how far back we would have to trace their "genealogical tree" before finding something much worse than a working woman. It is said that "three generations make a gentleman;" and if that be true there's some hope for Halliwell's great grandsons—granting, of course, that the pusillanimous prig is not too epicene to provide himself with posterity. Day by day it becomes more evident that the purse-proud snobocracy of New York's old rat-catchers and sprat peddlers is fast getting a foot-hold in the West, that the social gulf between the House of Have and that of Have-Not is steadily widening and deepening—that we have reached that point in national decay where gold suffices to "gild the straitened forehead of the fool," where *wealth* instead of *worth* "makes the man and want of it the fellow." Of course it is not to be expected that working girls, howsoever worthy, will be generally car-

ried on the visiting lists of wealthy women, that their society will be sought by the followers of Fashion. None expect this, and few desire it. King Cophetua's beggar maid would have cut a sorry figure at court ere his favor raised her to fortune. For Cinderella to attend the Bradley-Martin ball clothed in rags would be embarrassing both to herself and the company. The woman who must work for a living has little time for the diversions of the wealthy, and is usually too proud to accept costly social courtesies which she cannot repay in kind. Society divides naturally into classes, dilettanteism and pococurantism dawdling luxuriously here, labor at hands'-grip with Destiny there. "Birds of a feather flock together," say the old copy books, and Fortune gives to each such plumage as she pleases. Still, boodle does not map out all the social metes and bounds. It was said of old that every door opens to a golden key, but this is not altogether true. The honest working girl shuns the society of the wealthy wanton, and the stupid ignoramus, whatsoever his fortune, is accorded no seat at the symposium—is black-balled by the brotherhood of brains. Imagine Goethe giving Richter the "marble heart" or Byron snubbing Burns because of his lowly birth! The world would be quick to rebuke their arrogance, would assure them that a singer was not esteemed for his siller, but for his song. In the carnival case it was a question of beauty not of boodle, of popularity instead of purses, and to exclude from the contest a candidate of the working class was to acknowledge her superiority and avenge defeat with brutal insult that would shame the crassest boor. The King of Syracuse was not ashamed to contend with the humblest for Olympian honors, nor the Emperor of Rome to measure swords with Thracian gladiators to prove his skill at arms. Ever does genius sympathize with folly and the truly learned with the unlettered; but Mammon, "least erect of all the angelic host that fell from heaven," puts the mark of the beast on the brazen foreheads of all who bow down to his abominations. When working girls are treated thus, what wonder that some of them become embittered, discouraged, and go head-long to the devil—affording the wretched pharisees whose brutality wrought their ruin, an opportunity to "rescue" them and pose before the world as Christian philanthropists! What inducement has a young and beautiful woman to toil early and late for an honest livelihood when by so doing she forfeits the right to be called respectable—is flouted by even the paltry plutocracy of a country town and proclaimed a social pariah by such a headless *phthirius pubis* as Halliwell. If labor be no longer respectable wherein are our thousands of virtuous working girls superior to prostitutes? Clearly if the dictum of Halliwell be correct it were better for the daughter of poverty to regard her face as her fortune and hasten to sell herself—with approval of law and blessings of holy church—to some old duffer with ducats and be welcomed by the "hupper sukkle" as a bright and shining ornament. Or if no bedicated old duffer can be come at, she might marry the first shiftless he-thing that offers itself and pick up a luxurious livelihood for the family among her gentleman friends, as so many enterprising society women now do, and be "respectable" to her heart's content—even a devout church member and prominent in "rescue" work among fallen women. Somehow I can not help wondering whether Halliwell's respectability be not due to some ancestor who was too lazy to work and too cowardly to steal. To the grand army of working women I would say, Be not discouraged by such gross affronts, prompted by splenetic hearts and spewed forth by empty heads. You may be flouted on the one hand by a few purse-proud parvenues, and pitied on the other by bedizened prostitutes; but the great world, which learned long ago that the

reptile as well as the eagle can reach the apex of the pyramid, estimates you at your true worth and binds upon your pure brows the victor's wreath, while ringing ever in your ears like a heavenly anthem are the words of Israel's wisest—"A good name is more precious than fine gold."

P. S.—Since the foregoing was put in print I have received Kansas City papers giving a fuller account of the affair, and it is in every way more miserable than I had imagined. Halliwell, who is bossee of the whole business, says he sent the telegram at the request of the board of lady managers of the flower parade—in other words, that, at the solicitation of a lot of snobby old females, he made even a greater ass of himself than nature had originally intended. Mrs. J. K. Cravens, chairman of the aforesaid board, denies that the ladies had anything to do with the matter, then flies into a towering passion, "cusses out" the newspapers, figuratively speaking, rips her silk lingerie to ribbons and otherwise conducts herself like a woman educated in a logging camp. I shall not attempt to decide the question of veracity between Halliwell and Mrs. Cravens, but that one is a mental vacuum and the other a ripsnortin' old virago is established beyond the peradventure of a doubt. Everybody connected with the Karnival is doing the Artful Dodger act to escape the withering storm of indignation which the pitiful episode called forth from the American people. The most encouraging feature of the whole affair is the withdrawal of several of Chillicothe's society girls from the contest because of the gratuitous insult tendered Miss Whitney in the Halliwell telegram, thus indicating that the old town's upper ten is not composed exclusively of pudding-heads and parvenues.

A PICTORIAL PAIN-KILLER.

PUCK is what the erstwhile Artemus Ward would call a "yewmerous" paper, and is published solely for the benefit of bad barbers. When you take your seat in the butcher's shambles he provides you with a copy of *Puck* because its jokes are so excruciatingly painful that if he pulled your piligerous annex out with a stump extractor and rubbed aqua-fortis into your face with a bath brick, the physical ill would be forgotten in the mental agony. I never saw anybody but a barber purchase a copy of *Puck*, nor any son of Adam reading it outside a "tonsorial parlor." Should the Populists carry the country and barbers be tabooed *Puck's* mission on earth would be ended—unless it could persuade dentists to adopt it as an anaesthetic, and sheriffs to read it to condemned criminals to make them yearn for death. The last time I was shaved the razor pulled so dreadfully that I sought refuge in this pictorial pain-killer's editorial page. I there learned, much to my surprise, that the rise in the price of wheat had killed the silver cause; also that W. J. Bryan had "said, in that pose of easy omniscience for which he became remarkable, that 'a bushel of wheat and an ounce of silver were ordained by nature to be equal each to the other'—'wheat cannot rise unless silver rises.'" If W. J. Bryan said that, even in his salad days, he's a hopeless dumphool, unfit to be poundmaster, much less president; but I'll pay two-bits for incontestable evidence that he ever made such an idiotic remark. My private opinion is that the malice of *Puck's* mendacity is equalled only by its awkwardness. It is possible that its editor mistakes falsehood for fun. Or he may have heard somewhere the statement he parrots and really supposed it true, for a man capable of conducting so jejune a journal might easily believe anything. Another article in his paper says that Cardinal Wolsey managed all "Bluff King Hal's" divorce business, while the fact is that his hostility to that feculent old tub of tallow's matrimonial crimes was the efficient cause of his downfall. As a historian *Puck* is about as reliable as Mark Twain's acerbic old sea captain; hence

its assertions anent Bryan's utterances should be taken with considerable chloride of sodium. Every man who knows as much about political economy as a terrapin does of the Talmud is well aware that a rise in the price of one commodity simultaneous with the decline in price of another commodity has nothing whatever to do with the currency question. Those who cackle about a rise in wheat synchronously with the fall of silver make a very indecent exposure of their own ignorance. If I had a 10-year-old boy who was such a hopeless idiot I'd drown him as not worth honest grub, then seek a surgeon and make sure that I'd never again inflict the world with progeny cursed with cretinism. Wheat went up and silver down, as Mr. Bryan recently explained to the satisfaction of every man possessing an ounce of brains, simply because the demand for the one was increased by foreign crop failures, the demand for the other decreased by Anglo-Cleveland skullduggery. "Law of supply and demand," bawls *Puck* and all the other journalistic puppets of an impudent plutocracy. You miserable little hiccius doctius, do you expect to deceive an intelligent people with that kind of howl while the trade in wheat is left untrammelled and the demand for silver arbitrarily limited by law? Suppose that while the world's wheat fields were producing abundantly the leading nations should prohibit their people purchasing any more of that cereal for food consumption: would any macrocephalous donkey ascribe the decline in the price of wheat to "the immutable law of supply and demand?" When silver is placed on an equality with all other commodities; when the people are permitted to freely employ it as they please then will the natural law of supply and demand apply to the white metal, and New York editors cease to jabber financial nonsense with the stupid persistence of a poll-parrot praising its own personal pulchritude. The editor of *Puck* should avoid political economy as a subject a trifle too large for the knot on the end of his neck, and confine himself to his thread-bare specialty, that of belittling the Jews with his watery wit and atribilarious art. The only funny thing I find in his paper is its solemn "notice to publishers" that all its raucous rot is copyrighted, that infringement will be "promptly and vigorously prosecuted." The editor who would steal from *Puck* would walk thro' Stringfellow's fruit farm to crib a wilted cabbage-leaf from a blind cow. The best things in *Puck* scarce rise to the dignity of Slob Snots' milk-sick drivel in the Gal-Dal, while Texas has a hundred country editors pulling a Washington hand press and building stallion posters, who could write brighter things if they were drunk—or dead. "Promptly and vigorously prosecuted." O the devil! Why don't you say that you'll have any fool who attempts to father your hand-made yewmer sent to an insane asylum to be treated for prolapsus of the intellect?

MAN'S GUST FOR GORE.

HON. CHAS. P. JOHNSON has written for the *Globe-Democrat* an article that will doubtless receive the careful consideration of every sociologist, for he therein assumes that man's instincts are as brutal and bloody to-day as in those far times when, clad only in his "thick natural fell," and armed with a stone, he struggled for food with the wild beasts of the forest—that the prevalence of lynchings is not due to incompetency of our criminal courts, but to an alarming revival of savagery in man himself. He declares that our courts are more effective than ever before, but that Judge Lynch continues active without other cause than the inability of the people to restrain their murderous proclivities. He assures us that the entire suppression of the savage instinct is impossible by any civilization whatsoever, and adds that "its control and regulation is as difficult to-day as it has been at any period since the historical birth

of man." Why this is so he does not directly say, but the following paragraph is significant:

"Perhaps the statesmanship which looks solely to the development of our material resources and the accumulation of wealth is overlooking the growth and development of many social vices which may yet engulf us in a vortex of anarchical passion or governmental revolution."

Thus Mr. Johnson endorses the position of the Iconoclast that the getting of gain should not constitute the sole aim of man; that society cannot long exist with self interest for "sole nexus," as the French physiocrats would say—that the worship of Mammon is dragging us back to barbarism. It is quite true that man's savage instincts cannot be wholly eradicated; and it is likewise true that could you drain all the Berserker out of his blood he would sink to the level of an emasculated simian. A man in whom there's no latent savagery were equivalent to a mint julep in which buttermilk were used as a succedaneum for bourbon. Life, we are told, is "a battle and a march," and an indispensable prerequisite for such stubborn work, call it by what name you will, is but a refinement of the barbaric gust for blood. Whether he be poet or philosopher, priest or prophet, it is the combative man—the man who would find a wild fierce joy in a bayonet charge—who wins new territory from the powers of Darkness and the Devil. Man is a savage, and civilization but a cloak with which he covers his ferocity as best he can. If the cloak be scant—as with the Turk—or frayed by time—as with the Spaniard—we may expect to catch frequent and shocking glimpses of the predacious animal. But Mr. Johnson is mistaken in supposing that the lynchings of which he complains evidence an abnormal thirst for blood on the part of the American people. He says:

"As the masses of ancient Rome enjoyed the carnage of the amphitheater; as the populace of Paris crowded with eager avidity around the guillotine to see the blood gush from the heads and trunks of the victims of the revolutionary tribunal; as the Spaniard in holiday attire followed over the plaza the procession and rapturously looked upon the execution of the wretches of the auto da fe; as in all ages the spirit of savagery has made men to enjoy scenes of suffering, brutality and death—so does the modern mob look with frenzied delight upon like exhibitions today."

For a man so erudite and earnest, Mr. Johnson comes painfully near being ridiculous. The evidence is ample that never since the first settlement of this country have the people found less pleasure in the effusion of blood and scenes of brutality. Instead of the savage instinct becoming dominant, we are fairly open to the charge of effeminacy, of super-estheticism. Our very sports are becoming namby-pamby as those of the Bengalese, the element of danger which gave zest to them in auld lang syne being all but eliminated. Bear-baiting, cocking-mains, shin-kicking, bulldog-fighting, etc., all greatly enjoyed by the general public a generation or so ago, are now quite generally tabooed. Many of us can remember when pugilism was practiced with bare-knuckles and every fight was to a finish; it is practiced now with feather pillows "for points," and under police supervision. About the only game left us that's more dangerous than playing Presbyterian billiards with an old maid from Boston is college foot-ball, and even that will soon be stripped of its vigor on the plea that it is barbarous. When our fathers quarreled they took a pot shot at each other at ten paces; now disagreements involving even family honor are carried into the courts—the bloody Code Duello has been relegated to "innocuous desuetude." Texas is supposed by our Northern neighbors to be the "wurst ever," the most bloodthirsty place this side the Ottoman Empire; yet the *Houston Post*, leading paper of Harris county, is crying its poor self sick because some peripatetic Ananias intimated to an Eastern reporter that our wildest

nn's Speeches and Lectures." Newsdealers. Two-bits.

and woolliest cowboys would even think of shooting the pig-tail off a Chinaman bowling along on a bike. Our governor earned the title of "heroic young Christian" by calling a special session of the legislature to prevent Prof. Fitzsimmons giving it to Prof. Corbett "in de slats" with a buggy cushion—was re-elected on the proposition that a boxing-match is "brutal"—which proves that our people are not ahunger and athirst for gore, do not yearn for the sickening scenes of the Roman amphitheatre, where holy virgins by turning their thumbs up or down decided questions of life and death. "Bloodthirsty?" Good Lord! The average American would grow sick at the stomach if required to slaughter a pullet with which to regale the palate of his favorite preacher. During the past two decades we have practically become Quakers, and now suffer foreign powers to vent their rheum upon us and rub it in, because to maintain our dignity might precipitate a war, and bloodshed is so very brutal. Mr. Johnson seems to imagine that the usual method of procedure in Judge Lynch's court is for the mob to trample its victim to death, bray him in a mortar, kerosene him and set him on fire, then dance the Carmagnole around his flaming carcass. This, I am pleased to remark, is simply a mid-day nightmare which should be subjected to hydropathic treatment, reinforced with cracked ice and bromo-seltzer. As a rule lynchings are conducted in quite as orderly and humane a manner as legal executions. It is true that cases have occurred, when the public patience had become exhausted by repeated offenses, or the crime committed was peculiarly atrocious, wherein respectable God-fearing men were seized with a murderous frenzy, and whole communities noted for their culture, united in torturing or burning at the stake the object of their displeasure; but these were usually instances where failure to enforce the law was notorious, or it did not provide an adequate penalty. The courts imprison the man who steals a mule, or even a loaf of bread to feed a starving family; they hang the man who in a fit of rage or jealousy or drunken frenzy commits a homicide: they can do no more to the brutal buck negro who ravishes and murders a white babe—so Judge Lynch takes cognizance of his case and builds for him a beautiful bonfire; but the average lynching appeals no more strongly to the savage instincts of man than does a hanging by the sheriff. Then, it may be asked, why do lynchings occur? I have treated this subject at considerable length in former issues of the Iconoclast, hence will but recapitulate here and add a few observations suggested by Mr. Johnson's very able but sadly mistaken article: Lynchings occur because, whatsoever be the efficiency of our courts, they are a trifle shy of public confidence; because there are some offenses for which the statutes do not provide adequate penalties; because the people insist that when a heinous crime is committed punishment follow fast upon the offense instead of being delayed by a costly circumlocution office and perhaps altogether defeated by skillful attorneys—men ready to put their eloquence and tears on tap in the interest of the worst of criminals. I will not take issue with so distinguished an authority as Mr. Johnson regarding the competency of our courts to deal with criminals in accordance with the laws of the land; but the people see that despite the vigilance of officers, the erudition of judges and the industry of juries, murders multiply, rapes increase and portable property remains at the mercy of the marauder. If my memory of statistics does not mislead me, we have in the United States something like 10,000 homicides per annum, while every newspaper teems with accounts of robbery and rape. When we consider this in connection with the further fact that the courts continue to increase in cost—are already a veritable Old Man of the Sea about the neck of the Industrial Sinbad—can we wonder at the impatience of the people? But there is another feature which Mr. Johnson has quite overlooked in his vis-

ion of a brutal mob drunk with blood—like most lawyers, he stands too close to his subject to see more than one side, views it from beneath rather than from above: We set a higher value on human life than did our ancestors of the old dueling days. This may be called the Age of Woman—the era of her apotheosis. She occupies a higher intellectual, social and political level than ever before in human history, and as she increases in importance crimes against her person assume more gravity. A generation ago such a thing as the criminal assault of a white woman by a negro was almost unknown, but now it is of everyday occurrence; thus as womanhood becomes more sacred in our eyes it is subjected to fouler insult. Nor is this all: The American people are becoming every year more mercurial. The whole trend of our civilization—of our education, our business, even our religion—is to make us neurotic, excitable, impatient. In our cooler moments we enact laws expressive of mistaken mercy rather than of unflinching justice. Some of the states have even abolished capital punishment and in but one can a brute be tied up and whipped for the cowardly crime of wife-beating. We establish courts rather to acquit than to convict by disqualifying intelligence for jury service and enforcing the stupid unit rule. We provide convicts with comforts unknown to millions of honest workingmen and regard them as poor unfortunates to be "reformed" rather than as malefactors to be punished. And when our misguided mercy has borne its legitimate fruit we take fire, curse the laws and the courts, seize and hang the offender, and have the satisfaction of knowing that there's one less monster alive in the land. Mr. Johnson suggests no remedy for what he regards as the evil of the age, and is therefore like unto the doctor who volunteers the entirely superfluous information that you "have a misery in your innards," but provides neither pill nor poultice. As Judge Lynch probably makes fewer mistakes than do the courts; as those he hangs usually deserve hemp, and he renders no bill of costs to the county; and as the people are the creators and not the creatures of the courts, I am not particularly interested in his suppression—notwithstanding the fact that he seriously interferes with the material welfare of the professional juror and my lawyer friends. But were I duly ordained to perform that duty I would not begin by creating new deputies or calling out local militia companies to shoot down their neighbors and friends to protect the miserable carcass of a rape-fiend. I would wipe out our entire penal code and frame a new one in which there would be no comfortable penitentiaries. If a man were found guilty of rape or homicide I'd promptly hang him, if of a less heinous offense I'd give him stripes proportionate to his crime and turn him loose to earn a livelihood and thus prevent his family becoming a public burden. For the second offense in crimes like forgery, perjury, theft, arson, etc., I'd resort to the rope. I would abolish fines in misdemeanor cases, thereby putting the rich and poor on a parity, and set the offenders in the stocks. I'd get rid of the costly delays which are the chief cause of lynchings, by elective jurors and the majority rule, by appointing one man well learned in the law to see that all the evidence was properly placed before the court, and advise the rest of the legal fraternity now making heaven and earth resound with their eloquence and weeping crocodile tears at so much per wope, that it were better to make two fat shoats flourish where one hazel-splitter pined in the hitherto, than to employ their talents and energy securing the conviction of the innocent and the acquittal of the guilty. By such a system almost any criminal case could be fairly tried in a couple of hours. If the defendant desired to appeal from the sentence of the court, instead of sending the case up to a higher tribunal thereby entailing heavy cost and vexatious delay, I would empanel a new jury then and there, composed of reputable citizens of the community, retry the case, and if

the first verdict was confirmed the sentence should be executed within the hour. The quicker the courts "get action" on an offender the more terror they inspire in the criminal classes and the better they please the people. If a murderer or rape-fiend captured at daylight could be fairly tried and executed by sundown Judge Lynch would speedily find himself without an occupation.

A RIGHT ROYAL ROAST.

The Iconoclast Made Hard to Catch.

Galveston, Tex., August 12, 1897.

Mr. W. C. Brann: In your editorial on the "Henry George Hoodoo," which appears in the August number of the *Iconoclast*, the following passage occurs: "It seems to me that I have treated the Single Taxers as fairly as they could ask, and if I now proceed to state a few plain truths about them and their faith they will have no just cause to complain."

From the tone and tenor of these words it is fair to assume that in the editorial referred to you have discharged against the Single Taxers and their faith the heaviest broadsides of which your ordnance is capable. If, notwithstanding all the time you have wasted "crucifying the economic mooncalf" which has played such sad havoc with the wits of Single Taxers, it should turn out that the monstrous concept, far from being crucified, annihilated, or even "dying of its own accord," only gathers strength, energy, and renewed activity from the healthful exercise with which you provide it, must it not seem the part of prudence for you, even if occasion of regret for us, that you should abandon the war and leave the calf to his fate? Your belated and apparently desperate resolve to "tell some plain truths" about us, Single Taxers, justifies the inquiry, what were you telling before? The fact that it seems to yourself that you have treated Single Taxers fairly is not absolutely irrefragable proof that they have been so treated—at least it has not brought conviction of the fact to them. That the offer of your space to Mr. George was courteously declined affords no just ground for refusing it to those "whose matin hymn and vesper prayer reads, there is no God but George," etc. I'll warrant you that if you and the Single Taxers had access on equal terms to a journal which neither controlled, and whose space both were bound to respect, you would not have to go outside the limits of your own state to find a dozen foemen worthy of your steel, and I'd stake my life on it that you'd find not a few to unhorse you. This is not claiming that any one of them, or all of them together, can come anywhere near you in the artistic manipulation of words or the construction of ear-tickling phrases; but it is claiming, and that without any false pretense of modesty, that they have yet seen no reason to fear you in rigidly logical argument when the Single Tax is the question at issue. Their cause is so palpably just, its underlying principle so transparently simple and elementary, its practical application so direct, feasible, and efficient that no mere wizardry of words, no thinblaggerigery of language, can by any possibility obscure the principle—or confuse the advocates. Of course there are among Single Taxers, as among other enthusiasts, men who indiscreetly use abuse for argument, and of these you may have some reason to complain; but should not your great talents and the immense advantages which the undisputed control of your own journal gives you, enable you to rise above their abuse, to ignore it completely, and to grapple with only those who present you with argument? I have no right to expect from you any more consideration than has been meted out to better men; still, you can but refuse this rejoinder to your August editorial, which is respectfully offered for publication in your journal. If you are quite sure of your ground, you can only gain strength from exposing my weakness, but even if you are not sure of it, both the requirements of simple justice and the amende honorable to Single Taxers would still plead for the publication of this article.

You say that Mr. George has obtained no standing of consequence in either politics or economics "because his teachings are violative of the public concept of truth." Do you really believe that the fact that he has obtained no standing of consequence in politics is in any way derogatory to his character or his teaching? Do you not know full well that a Bill Sykes, a Jonas Chuzzlewit, or a Mr. Montague Tigg would have a hundred chances to attain that distinction today to the one chance that Henry George, Vincent de Paul, or even Jesus Christ would have? Don't you know this well, and if you do, why do you use it as an argument against Henry George? As to his standing in economics, that, I submit, is a matter of

opinion. You think he has no standing of consequence; I think his teaching is the most active ferment in the economic thought of today. We may be both mistaken, but whether we are or not cuts no figure in the truth or falsity of the Single Tax. But it is worth while to point out that the reason you have given for his lack of "standing" lends neither weight nor force to your argument. "Because," you say, "his teachings are violative of the public concept of truth." When did the public concept of truth become the standard by which to test it? The public concept of the best form of money is, and has been for thousands of years, gold and silver coins. I am much mistaken if that be your concept. By the way, why did you not say "violative of truth," instead of "violative of the public concept," etc.? I guess you had an inward consciousness that a thing is not true or false by public concept, but by being inherently so. What Henry George taught was inherently true or false before he ever taught it, and would be so still if he had been never born. The only difference would be that so many of us who now bask in the blessed light of inward, if not of outward, freedom would, in that event, be still barking with the great blind multitude over every false trail along which blinder teachers might be leading them and us.

You admit that Mr. George is a polemic without a peer, and you say that "no other living man could have made so absurd a theory appear so plausible, deceived hundreds of abler men than himself." Surely there is something very faulty in the position you assume here. If what you say be so, how do you know that you are not yourself the victim of deception at the hands of some inferior? Or is it only men who have "gone daft on Single Tax" that possess the extraordinary power of leading abler men than themselves by the nose? Surely that were too much honor for an antagonist to concede to them. More surely still, if a man's intelligence is not proof against deception by inferiors in argument, he can never reach finality in a process of reasoning, and logical proof for him there is none.

"He mistakes the plausible for the actual and by his sophistry deceives himself." O pshaw! We all say things sometimes that just do for talk, but this hasn't even that poor excuse. I might just as well say, "He takes the conceivable for the supposable and by his logic enlightens himself." One statement would be as valuable as the other, and neither would be worth a pinch of snuff. Come, let us argue with dignity and composure, like honest men sincerely searching after truth, and eager to lend a hand in abolishing this social Inferno of legalized robbery which fairly threatens to consume us all.

There is, you'll admit, such a thing as land value, i. e., value attaching to land irrespective of improvements made in or on it by private industry. This value arises from the presence of a community and can never actually exist without it. If the exclusive creator or producer of a thing is its rightful owner, land value belongs to the community that creates or produces it, and can never, in the first instance, rightly belong to any other owner. The Single Tax is the taking of this value for this community. Is it just? The highest homage, the highest act of faith which the human mind and heart can offer to God is to say that He could not be God and pronounce the Single Tax unjust! Here now is a gage of battle cast at the feet of whoever wishes to take it up, be the same logician, metaphysician, or theologian. (Pardon me, Mr. Brann, for momentarily turning aside from you).

The justice of the Single Tax is beyond all question or refutation. What about its efficiency for the cure of social ills? Here, I think, is where we are widest apart. You say, "the unearned increment is already taken for public use under our present system of taxation." If by "unearned increment" you mean what I have defined as land value, (and I think you do) your statement is the wildest and most astounding I ever heard or read from a sane man making an argument. Is it possible you have not yet learned that where all the land value is taken in taxation there can be no selling value? And where is the land to-day with a community settled upon it that has not selling value? If land value is already absorbed by taxation, what is it that goes to maintain landlordism? Perhaps you'll contend that landlordism doesn't exist. What value is it that a man pays for when he buys an unimproved lot in the heart of a city? What is it that the boomer booms and the land speculator gambles on when he adds acre to acre and lot to lot without any intention of productive use? What, if not the community value which he expects to attach to his land as a result of increase of population? And what advantage to him as a speculator would this community value be if, as you claim, it is now being absorbed in taxation and should continue

to be so absorbed as fast as it arises? Do landlords in cities and towns retain for themselves only the rent of buildings and hand over to the government the full amount of their ground rents as tax? I know an old eye-sore of a building in this city not worth \$150, whose occupant pays \$100 a month rent. Do you seriously believe that all of this \$1,200 a year which does not go to the city and state in taxes is rent on the old \$150 rat-warren? Why, the thing is too childish for serious discussion; and to have discussed it with you without having been driven to it by yourself, I should have regarded as in the nature of a slight on your intelligence. If what you claim as a fact were true, we would have the Single Tax in full swing now and would be fretting ourselves to fiddle-strings, not to bring it about, but to get rid of it for its evil fruit.

As to whether the Single Tax in full force would provide enough revenue for municipal, county, state, and federal governments, we, Single Taxers, are not greatly concerned. We have our own opinions on that question and can give better reasons for them than our opponents can give for theirs. But the question is not essential to our argument. What we hold to is that until land values fully taxed prove inadequate for the expenses of government economically administered, not one cent should be levied on labor products, no matter in whose possession found. This, however, belongs to the fiscal side of our reform. Of infinitely more importance is the social side. Here our end and aim is to secure to all the sons of Adam an equal right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness by securing to them an equal right in the bounties of nature—and passing strange it certainly is that men who would not dream of denying this right in the abstract are ever ready to anathematize it in the concrete! With the Single Tax in force, that is, with the plain behest of nature observed and respected, no man will hold land out of use when, whether he uses it or not, he must pay to the community its full annual value for the privilege of monopolizing it. No man will hold land for a rise in community value when that value is taken from him for the use of the community as fast as it arises. No man will need to mortgage his home and the earnings of his most vigorous years to a boomer or speculator for the privilege of living on the earth for there will be no boomer or speculator to sell him the privilege, and the privilege itself will have ceased to be such and become an indefeasible right.

"He (Mr. George) is a well-intentioned man who confidently believes he can make the poverty-stricken millions prosperous by revoking the taxes of the rich and increasing the burthens of the poor." Fie, fie! What is to be gained by such transparent, palpable misrepresentation as this? Do you verily believe that land values, which Mr. George proposes to tax, are mainly in possession of the poor? Did you not see—of course you did—a diagrammatic exhibit made not long ago by the New York *Herald* of the holdings of twenty New York real estate owners? Let me quote a passage from an article in the New York *Journal* on this exhibit:

"The reason 170 families own half of Manhattan Island, as stated in the *Herald*, and that 1,800,000 out of the two million residents of Manhattan Island, until very recently, had no interest whatever, except as renters, in this superb property, is because, until the last few years, it required a fortune to own the smallest separate parcel of this great estate. Only the rich could participate in its ownership, its income, its profits."

Now, is it your view that all this is but clumsy lying, and that in reality it is the poor people of New York as of other large cities that own the bulk of its land values? Again you say, "He would equalize the conditions of Dives and Lazarus by removing the tax from the palace of the one and laying it upon the potato patch of the other." This statement is much more artistic than the preceding one. It wears a jaunty semblance to truth. Indeed it is true in a sense as far as it goes. But it is vague and incomplete, and for that reason as deceptive and misleading as half-truths always are. With your permission I will fill it out in parentheses and convert it into an honest whole truth: "He would equalize the conditions of (both freedom and justice for) Dives and Lazarus by removing the tax from the palace of the one (and from the labor products of the other) and laying it upon (the community value of the land occupied by the palace of the one and) the potato patch of the other." Now, if the potato patches of the poor occupy, as a rule, more valuable land than the palaces of the rich, there might be some apparent ground for your contention. It would be only apparent, however, for in such a case the potato patch would be as much out of place as a public school on a wharf front. To devote highly valuable land to ordinary potato culture would be about as sensible as to print the Sunday

edition of the *Galveston News* on costly linen paper. One of the virtues of the Single Tax is its potency to prevent such stupid waste of opportunity. Your way of stating the case, however, has this virtue that it is a welcome variation of the old wearisome chestnut about the poor widow owning a valuable lot, etc.

You believe Progress and Poverty inspired by the plutocracy, "250,000 of whom own 80 per cent of the taxable wealth of the country, while the land is largely in possession of the great middle class." Passing over the source of the inspiration, you have come pretty close to the truth here! Unfortunately for you, however, the statement has no value in the argument. Single Taxers do not need to deny that the great middle class largely own the land, but they do claim, and you won't have the hardihood to deny it, that the plutocracy own the vast bulk of the land values. You will perceive the distinction when you reflect that the land is nearly all out in the country while the land values are nearly all in the cities and towns. To tax land according to area is the bugaboo you are putting up your guards to; to tax it according to community value is what we invite you to smash if you can. You "cannot understand how a man possessed of common sense could fail to see that removing taxation from a class of property chiefly in the hands of the rich and placing it altogether on property chiefly in the hands of the comparatively poor, could fail to benefit the millionaire at the expense of the working man." Neither can I, if you tax it according to quantity, but that is not the Single Tax and it is time you knew it. Let me tell you now something that I can't understand—why a man who has the means and the ability to strike giant blows for the cause of blind, stupid, plundered humanity prefers to waste his time, his talents, his opportunities making himself a straw man and, with that silly-looking thing for antagonist, belaboring all about him like a bull in a china shop. Your sincerest well-wishers, of whom I claim to be one, earnestly hope you will soon change your tactics.

You ask some practical questions which it may be well to answer: "How will you prevent the Standard Oil company forcing weaker concerns to the wall by the simple expedient of selling below cost of production?" The Standard Oil trust is maintained, (1) by monopoly of oil lands; (2) by monopoly of pipe lines; (3) by collusion with railroads. The Single Tax and its corollaries would absolutely destroy each of these advantages; (1) by throwing unused oil lands open to all on equal terms; (2) by government ownership or complete control of pipe lines to all distributing points, such lines being then open for use to all oil producers on equal terms; (3) by exactly analogous treatment of railroads. With the threefold monopoly of oil land, pipe line, and railroad abolished, the Standard Oil trust would find no wall against which to crush weaker concerns. As to the trust, we hope that the abolishment of the thieves' compact, i. e. the protective tariff, will make the trusts sick unto death. Absolute free trade, a necessary concomitant of the Single Tax, will leave 99 per cent of the trusts stranded. If any survive it will not be the fault of the Single Tax. Be it remembered that the evils which the Single Tax is guaranteed to cure are, primarily, land monopoly, and, secondarily, all the other monopolies based upon it; as those of the coal, iron, and lumber trusts, the Standard Oil trust, etc.

"With coal fields leased to the operators by Uncle Sam, how will you prevent Hanna organizing a pool, limiting production, raising prices and reducing wages?" Coal fields are included in the economic term, land. When unused land is free for occupancy, unused coal fields will also be free. If Mark sought to limit production by shutting down his mines, one of two things would happen; either somebody else would start in to mine coal, or Mark's tax would be raised till the wisdom of either letting go or resuming would dawn on his fat wits. Unless he owned or controlled the coal fields, he could not limit production, raise prices, or cut down wages. "How will you prevent the Standard Oil company forcing weaker concerns to the wall by the simple expedient of selling below cost of production?" We wouldn't prevent them. But if they afterwards tried to recoup their losses by raising prices as they do now, we might get after them with a tax commensurate with their asinine generosity, and keep after them till other concerns got well on their feet. If they became too refractory, what's to prevent the government from taking hold itself and working the oil wells for the benefit of the whole people? Remember the government is theoretically the people's servant, and it could be actually so if the people only had a little intelligence and moral courage.

You very needlessly tell your Ft. Hamilton friend that land is the primal source of all wealth; that it does not produce wealth, but simply affords man an opportunity to produce it;

you forgot to add—provided the landlord doesn't prevent him. You say in another place, "Figure it as you will, adjust it as you may, a tax is a fine on industry and will so remain until you get blood from turnips," etc. This very objection in protean form is continually being raised by a class of shallow-thinking men with whom the editor of the *Iconoclast* should not be proud to herd. "What difference does it make," they say, "whether I pay rent to the government or to a landlord when I've got to pay it anyhow? And what difference does it make whether taxes are levied on my land or my improvements, or both, so long as I've got to pay them with the products of my labor?"

Now, it is quite true that all taxes of whatever nature are paid out of the products of labor. But must they be for that reason a tax on labor products? Let us see. I suppose you won't deny that a unit of labor applied to different kinds of land will give very different results. Suppose that a unit of labor produces on A's land 4, on B's 3, on C's 2, and on D's 1. A's land is the most, and D's is the least, productive land in use in the community to which they belong. B's and C's represent intermediate grades. Suppose each occupies the best land that was open to him when he entered into possession. Now, B, C, and D have just as good a right to the use of the best land as A has. Manifestly then, if this be the whole story, there cannot be equality of opportunity where a unit of labor produces such different results, all other things being equal except the land. How is this equality to be secured? There is but one way possible. Each must surrender for the common use of all, himself included, whatever advantages accrues to him from the possession of land superior to that which falls to the lot of him who occupies the poorest. In the case stated, what a unit of labor produces for D is what it should produce for A, B, and C, if these are not to have an advantage of natural opportunity over D. Hence equity is secured when A pays 3, B 2, and C 1 into a common fund for the common use of all—to be expended, say in digging a well, making a road or bridge, building a school, or other public utility. Is it not manifest that here the tax which A, B, and C pay into a common fund, and from which D is exempt, is not a tax on their labor products (though paid out of them) but a tax on the superior advantage which they enjoy over D, and to which D has just as good a right as any of them. The result of this arrangement is that each takes up as much of the best land open to him as he can put to gainful use, and what he cannot so use he leaves open for the next. Moreover, he is at no disadvantage in relation to the rest who have come in ahead of him, for they provide for him, in proportion to their respective advantages, those public utilities which invariably arise wherever men live in communities. Of course he will in turn hold to those who come later the same relation that those who came earlier held to him. Suppose now that taxes had been levied on labor products instead of land: all that any land-holder would have to do to avoid the tax is to produce little or nothing. He could just squat on his land, neither using it himself nor letting others use it. But he would not stop at this, for he would grab to the last acre all he could possibly get hold of. Each of the others would do the same in turn, with the sure result that by and by, E, F, and G would find no land left for them on which they might make a living; so they would have to hire their labor to those who had already monopolized the land, or else buy or rent a piece of land from them. Behold now the devil of landlordism getting his hoof on God's handiwork! Exit justice, freedom, social peace and plenty. Enter robbery, slavery, social discontent, consuming greed, riotous but unearned wealth, degrading pauperism, crime-breeding, want, the beggar's whine, and the tyrant's iron heel! And how did it all come about? By the simple expedient of taxing labor products in order that precious landlordism might laugh and grow fat on the bovine stupidity of the community that contributes its own land values towards its own enslavement! And yet men vacuously ask, "What difference does it make?" O tempora! O mores! To be as plain as is necessary, it makes this four-fold difference. First, it robs the community of its land values; second, it robs labor of its wages in the name of taxation; third, it sustains and fosters landlordism, a most conspicuously damnable difference; fourth, it exhibits willing workers in enforced idleness, beholding their families in want on the one hand, and unused land that would yield them abundance on the other. This last is a difference that cries to heaven for vengeance, and if it does not always cry in vain, will W. C. Brann be able to draw his robes close around him and with a good conscience exclaim, "It's none of my fault; I am not my brother's keeper."

It will not do, my dear friend; you must think again on the Single Tax, even though, in doing so, you might make men suspect that you are not infallible. The sublimest act it will

ever be given to you to perform is to candidly confess to your grand and ever-growing constituency that you were mistaken in your estimate of the Single Taxers and their faith. "Government must compel each to pay toll in proportion to the amount of wealth he has produced—and this is the only equitable law of taxation." Just reflect for a moment what a monstrous conclusion flows from these premises. Labor applied to land produces all wealth. Landlordism as such produces nothing. Therefore labor should bear the whole burden of taxation, while landlordism and all others forms of monopoly should go scot free. The iniquity of our present system of taxation is that a portion of it is levied on land instead of being all levied on labor products, like the tariff! To be strictly just, we must quit taxing land and exact no royalty from owners of coal mines and oil wells! That your view?

"There is every indication that his cult has had its day and is rapidly going to join the many other isms, political and religious, that have been swallowed up like cast clothes and other exuviae by the great mother of dead dogs." This is fine, uncontestedly fine! Also forcible, impressively forcible—with the force of a squirt of tobacco juice. If "the Single Tax party will not long survive its creator," perhaps it is because it has not as much attraction for the great sovereign voter as the blessed protective tariff, which, to use your own fantastic expression, you should "cosset on your heaving brisket" for its splendid success as a survivor of its primogenitors. Look at the pinnacle of political success to which the McKinley bill has brought Bill McKinley (excuse the paltry little pun) and sound money (saving your presence) brought Grover Cleveland, and then contemplate the ignominy and obscurity to which free trade has brought George and free silver has brought Bryan. Evidently George isn't a mouse to McKinley, while Bryan is but a brindle pup compared to the great and only Grover! Yes, the "public concept of truth" makes it plain that protection is all right and Single Tax all wrong. "George is a reformer who can't reform because he took issue with the wisdom of the world," just like the man who said that the earth was round and that the sun didn't go round it every twenty-four hours, contrary to what the wisdom of the world had long ago decided.

You are not mistaken in saying that "Mr. George was unable to keep one of these expounders of his doctrine (a S. T. paper) from running on the financial rocks." It is a very logical deduction to draw from this fact that the teachings of the paper were worthless. Why should anybody teach what does not, in the teaching, promote his financial prosperity? See what fools Professors Bemis and Andrews have made of themselves. Because they did not have due regard for the "public concept of truth" they are cashiered; and it served them right, for the truth must be vindicated—if it pays. On the other hand, see what splendid financial successes the *Iconoclast*, the *Galveston News*, and the so-called yellow journalism of New York all are. "Deserve, in order to command success," the old copy-book headline used to say, from which it follows as mud does rain, that whatever succeeds deserves it and whatever doesn't, doesn't. It doesn't take much besides capital to succeed, however, "where the conditions for the propagation of empiricism are more favorable than ever before." All you have to do is to propagate and expound the "public concept of truth" and let the truth itself alone. The Single Taxers respectfully solicit some more plain truths on the "Mumbojumboism of George."

THOMAS FLAVIN.

Ever since the appearance of my first courteous critique of the Single Tax theory the followers of that faith have been pouring in vigorous "replies;" but as my articles were directed to Mr. George and not to his disciples, I saw no occasion for the latter to intermeddle in the matter, and the tide of economic wisdom went to waste. Altho' a publisher is supposed to be privileged to select his own contributors, and Mr. George had been requested to make reply at my expense, the Single Taxers raised a terrible hue and cry that the *Iconoclast* was unfair in that it "permitted but one side to be presented." In order to cast a little kerosene upon the troubled waters I decided that they should be heard, and selected Dr. Flavin as their spokesman, believing him to be the ablest of those who have followed this peculiar economic rainbow into the bogs. So much by way of prolegomenon; now for the doctor.

My very dear sir, I shall heed your advice to "rise above" the abuse of those who mistake impudence for argument, and ignore the discourteous remarks with which you have so liberally interlarded your discourse. Doubtless you include yourself among that numerous tribe of Texas titans who can "unhorse" me as easily as turning a hen over; and having accorded you unlimited space in which to acquire momentum, I would certainly dread the shock were I cursed with an

atom of polemical pride. Frankly, I wish you success—trust that you can demonstrate beyond the peradventure of a doubt that all my objections to the Single Tax are fallacious, that it is indeed the correct solution of that sphinx riddle which we must soon answer or be destroyed. At a time when the industrial problem is pressing upon us with ever-increasing power, it is discouraging to hear grown Americans prattling of “unhorsing” economic adversaries—priding themselves on polemical fence, like shyster lawyers, and seeking victory through sophistry rather than truth by honest inquiry. That is not patriotism, but a picayune partisanship which I profoundly pity.

Regarding “the public concept of truth” which seems to irritate you sorely, I will simply say that the people are slow to accept new and startling truths like those promulgated by Gallileo, Newton and Harvey; but a truth, howsoever strange, grows year by year and age by age, while a falsehood creates more or less flurry at its birth, then fades into the everlasting night of utter nothingness. That Mr. George’s theory, after several years of discussion, is declining in popular favor, and has never made a convert among the careful students of political economy, is strong presumptive evidence that it is not founded on fact. The more you hammer truth the brighter it glows; the more you hammer Georgeism the paler it gets. It is not for me to prove the fallacy of the Single Tax theory—the *onus probandi* rests with its apostles, and they but saltate from mistaken premises to ridiculous conclusions. Like the German metaphysicians, they are abstract reasoners who do not trouble themselves about conditions. It is not well to sneer at “the great blind multitude” because it fails to see either beauty or wisdom in the Single Tax, for many a great man before Lincoln’s time had profound respect for the judgment of the common people. “Truth,” say the Italians, “is lost by too much controversy;” and while the Georges and Flavins split hairs and sputter and spout themselves into error, the hard-headed farmer and mechanic, exercising their practical common sense, arrive at correct conclusions. In saying that Mr. George has, by his sophistry, “deceived hundreds of abler men than himself,” I simply accredited him with a feat that has been a thousand times performed. Cagliostro was an ignoramus and possessed very ordinary intellect, yet for several years he succeeded in deceiving some of the wisest men of his day with his Egyptian Masonry idiocy. Thousands of fairly intelligent people believed poor looney Francis Schlatter a kind of second Messiah, some of the ablest men of Europe were misled by half-crazy Martin Luther—and Dr. Flavin regards Henry George’s economic absurdities as omniscience. The latter has “mistaken the plausible for the actual,” has deceived himself with his own sophistry, else he and his few score noisy followers are wiser than all the rest of the world, or, for the sake of gain or cheap notoriety, he’s peddling what he knows to be arrant nonsense. You may take as many “pinches of snuff” on that proposition as you please.

All your remarks about land values, their origin and rightful ownership—the tiresome old *piece de resistance* of every Single Tax discourse—I answered fully in my two former articles on this subject, wherein I also explained how the “unearned increment” is at present appropriated by the public, and I cannot afford to rethresh old straw for the benefit of Single Taxers who will write and won’t read. I will remark *en passant*, however, that by “unearned increment” I mean exactly what I suppose Mr. George to mean—increase in the market value of land for which the proprietor is not responsible. This, I have explained, is already appropriated by the public, because the total annual increase of land values in this country—barring betterments of course—does not exceed the total annual tax levied upon the land. There’s always a boom in land values here and there; but hundreds of millions of acres, urban and suburban, have not increased a penny in selling price during the past decade. The owners are reaping no unearned increment, but they are paying taxes regularly into the public till. “The exclusive creator or producer of a thing is the rightful owner,” says Dr. Flavin. Quite true; and as the only thing the community creates for the land owner is the unearned increment, it has no moral right to take anything more. The Single Taxers persist in ignoring the fact that there is an *earned* as well as an *unearned* increment, and that the former is as much the property of the individual as the barn he builds or the calf he breeds. Of this earned increment more anon.

“The highest homage, the highest act of faith which the human mind and heart can offer to God is to say he could not be God and pronounce the Single Tax to be unjust!” O hell! That’s not argument, but simply empty declamation intended to tickle the ears of the groundlings—to raise a whoop among the gallery gods. As you have suggested,

“Come, let us argue with dignity and composure,” instead of emitting fanatical screeches like fresh converts at a Methodist camp meeting. Let’s see about this God of Justice business: About 200 years ago a party whom we will call Brann, as that happened to be his name, “cleared” a farm in the wilds of Virginia, enduring all the hardships and dangers of the frontier. He built roads and bridges, drained swamps, exterminated Indians and wild animals. His descendants helped drive out the British butchers, some of them being wounded in battle and afterwards burned alive by John Bull’s red allies, while their wives and children were tomahawked. They contributed in their humble way to secure the blessings of free government, which the present inhabitants of Virginia enjoy. They helped support schools, churches and charities and otherwise make the district desirable as a place of residence. Finally railways were built and stores opened, not to enrich these people, but to be enriched by them. These conveniences added to the value of land, but were paid for at a good round price, as such things ever are by the users. The land is now worth about \$30 an acre, and while this value is unquestionably due to the presence of population, it is fair to assume that in two centuries the estate has yielded that much in the shape of taxes. As the present owner, I ask, has the Old Dominion a claim against that property for unearned increment? I say it has not; that the \$30 an acre represents the savings of seven generations of my ancestors; that while the community created the land value, said value has been duly purchased and paid for—that it represents *earned* increment. Unearned increment is not what Dr. Flavin is after: he would confiscate the *rent* of my patrimony; he would deprive me of the *values* created by my people—would allow me no larger share therein than he accords to the newly arrived himmigrant from that damned island we call England. If your God says that is just, then I want no angelic wings—prefer to associate with Satan. Has the son a just right to wealth created and solemnly bequeathed him by his sire? That land is as much mine as the gold would be mine had my people put their savings in that shape, and the rent is mine as justly as the interest on the gold would be. It is quite true that none of my clan *created* that land; it is true that I cannot show a title to it signed by God Almighty and countersigned by the Savior, any more than I can show title from the same high source to the watch I hold in my hand; but I have a title to all the rights, conveniences and profits appertaining to control of the land, issued by their creator, the community, for value received. I have the same title to the land that I have to the watch; not to the material made by the Almighty, but to whatsoever has been added of desirability thereto by the action of man. The community has been settled with up-to-date for both the land and the watch, but has a continuing claim against them so long as it enables me to employ them more advantageously than I could without its assistance. If I sell my land the purchaser receives in return for his money all those advantages which it required so many years of toil and danger to win—he pays for the sacrifices made by others in preference to going into the wilderness and making them himself. The market value of my land is a “labor product,” just as my watch is a labor product, hence all this prattle about relieving industry of governmental burthens by any economic thaumaturgy whatsoever is the merest moonshine.

It is quite true that “the great middle class” does not own the most valuable lots in New York and London; but I have the chilled steel “hardihood” to affirm that not only the bulk of the land but of the land values are in the possession of people who are poor as compared with the occupants of those sumptuous palaces which the George conspiracy for the further enrichment of Dives and the starvation of Lazarus would exempt from taxation. The total wealth of this nation is not far from 75 billions, while all the land, exclusive of improvements, would not sell for more than 20 billions. The naked land of our 5 million farms is estimated at about 10 billions, so that leaves but about 10 billions for urban land—less than one-seventh of the total value. I have no reliable statistics at hand showing what proportion of urban inhabitants own their homes; but we may safely assume that one-half do so. Now, if this be true, we may also assume that the land values held by the very wealthy—the people whom the Single Taxers profess to be after—do not exceed one-fourth of all land values, or one-fifteenth of total property values. Hence you see it is quite possible for 250,000 people to own 80 per cent of all values, while the bulk of the land values remain with the common people. And it is these common people that the Single Tax will crush for the benefit of these 250,000 plutocrats, the bulk of whose wealth is in personal property.

Sit down and think it over, doctor; you are really too

bright a man to be led astray by the razzle-dazzle of Single Tax sophistry. You do your enviable reputation for intelligence a rank injustice by mistaking poor old George for an economic Messiah, and if you are not careful somebody will try to sell you a gold-brick or stock in a Klondyke company. Suppose that you and Hon. Walter Gresham occupy residence lots worth \$1000 each, but that you inhabit a \$1500 cottage and he a \$150,000 mansion; and suppose that your income is \$2000 a year while his is \$20,000: Do you think there's any necessity for tearing your balbriggan undershirt because not compelled to put up as much for the maintenance of government as your wealthy neighbor? Is it at all probable that Gresham will become discouraged, refuse to longer serve the corporations and sit in the woodshed and sulk, even jump off the bridge, because taxed in proportion to the property in his possession rather than according to the land he occupies? If Col. Moody builds a million dollar cotton mill on suburban land worth but \$500 why should you refuse to sleep o' nights because not required to pay double the taxes of that old duffer? As a worthy disciple of Aesculapius you should know that too heavy a burthen on your own back is liable to make you bowlegged.

I suspected all along that the Single Tax would require several able-bodied "corollaries" to enable it to effect much of a reformation, to usher in the Golden Age. It were very nice to throw unused coal and oil lands "open to all on equal terms," have the government pipe or haul their product for equal pay, then compel operators, by piling on taxes, to maintain high prices to consumers "till other companies got well on their feet"—and a combination was effected. If Rockefeller, Hanna, Carnegie, *et id genus omnes* tried any of their old tricks "we might get after them"—just as we have long been doing. These plutocrats are so afraid of our politicians that there's danger of their dying of neuropathy. If the coal, iron and oil operators advance prices we'll increase their taxes—for the people to pay. And I suppose that when the whiskey trust gets gay the doctor will raise the rent of corn land, when the cotton-seed oil trust becomes too smooth he'll knock it on the head by adding a dollar an acre to cotton land, and so on until we get the cormorant fairly by the goozle. It's all dead easy when you understand it—works as smoothly as an "iridescent dream" on a toboggan slide! We are continually discovering new coal, iron and oil districts, and these are "open to all on equal terms"—I can acquire them just as cheaply as can Rockefeller or Carnegie. Then what's the matter? I lack the capital to properly develop them, to produce so cheaply as my wealthy competitors. Or if able to become a thorn in the side of the great corporations they either lower prices and freeze me out or make it to my advantage to enter the syndicate. When Rockefeller lowers the price of oil he lowers his rent; when I am either crushed by competition or taken in out of the cold he advances the price of oil. His rent is regulated by competition for the use of oil lands—you cannot make him pay more than the market price. When you raise his rent you raise that of all other operators in proportion, and the result is the same as an increase of the excise on whiskey—the people get a meaner grade of goods at a higher price. If an ordinary man cooked up such a scheme as that for the benefit of the people, I'd feel justified in calling him a "crank," and I cannot conceive how a man like Dr. Flavin can tack his signature to such tommyrot. Before we can make the Single Tax "a go" we've got to have government ownership of telegraphs, railways, pipe-lines, etc., etc., and use the taxing power to regulate prices just as the Republicans do the tariff—and for what? To humble the haughty landlord? Oh no; to knock the stuffing out of capital—so long wept over by Single Taxers as a fellow sufferer with toil. Why not call the George system Communism?—"a rose by any other name," etc.

When the doctor gets matters arranged it will really make no difference whether a farmer is located in the black-waxy district, or on the arid cactus-cursed lands of the trans-Pecos country, as he will have to surrender to the public all he produces in excess of what the poorest land in use will yield. He will have no incentive to study the capabilities of his land and bring to bear upon it exceptional industry, for he will be deprived of all the increase he can make it yield by such methods. A will be placed on a parity with D because he took the best land he could get instead of the poorest he could find. Intelligence and enterprise are to have no reward under the new regime. You can squat on a sand-bank or pile of rocks in any community and be on a financial parity with the man whose black soil reaches to the axis of the earth—no need to bundle the old woman into a covered wagon, tie the brindle cow to the feed-box and head for a country where better land is to be had. There will be no temptation to carve out a home in

the wilderness, for later immigrants will set at naught your toil and sacrifices and deprive your children of their patrimony—the best situated merchant in Waco will have no advantage of the keeper of a tent store on a side street of Yuba-Dam or Tombstone. A tax will no longer be "a fine on industry"—it will be a fine on fools.

My Galveston friend should not work himself into a fit of hysteria because I declared that the George doctrine has had its day, it being sheer folly to quarrel with a self-evident fact. When Henry George first flamed forth he made a great deal of money out of his writings, and has thus far shown no more aversion to the siller than has your humble servant. His paper was doubtless launched with the view of promoting his financial and political fortunes, for he did not go broke publishing it "for the good of the cause," but promptly rung off when he found that it did not pay; hence I fail to see that he's entitled to any more credit than Col. Belo or myself. I called attention to the failure of his paper, not in a spirit of rejoicing over its downfall, but simply to accentuate the fact that, after giving some years to consideration of his rather pretty platitudes, the people condemned them—that his heroic attempt to reclothe with living flesh the bones of the *impot unique* had proven a dismal failure. Now, my dear doctor, I have not undertaken in this hasty article to fully expose the Single Tax fallacy, having attended to that heretofore; but simply to answer a few of your arguments which I had not hitherto heard. Let's drop the subject—let the dead go bury its dead, while we devote our energies to *living* issues.

TEXAS TOPICS.

I NOTE with unfeigned pleasure that, according to claims of Baylor University, it opens the present season with a larger contingent of students, male and female, than ever before. This proves that Texas Baptists are determined to support it at any sacrifice—that they believe it better that their daughters should be exposed to its historic dangers and their sons condemned to grow up in ignorance than that this manufactory of ministers and Magdalenes should be permitted to perish. It is to be devoutly hoped that the recent expose of Baylor's criminal carelessness will have a beneficial effect—that henceforth orphan girls will not be ravished on the premises of its president, and that fewer young lady students will be sent home enciente. The Iconoclast would like to see Baylor University, so-called, become an honor to Texas instead of an educational eyesore, would like to hear it spoken of with reverence instead of sneeringly referred to by men about town as something worse than a harem. Probably Baylor has never been so bad as many imagine, that the joint keepers in the Reservation have been mistaken in regarding it as a rival, that the number of female students sent away to conceal their shame has been exaggerated; still I imagine that both its morale and educational advantages are susceptible of considerable improvement. The Iconoclast desires to see Baylor a veritable pantechnicon of learning—at least a place where the careful student may acquire something really worth remembering—instead of a Dotheboys (and girls') hall, a Squeeritic graft to relieve simple Baptist folk of their hard-earned boodle by befuddling the brains of their bairns with miscalled education. Unfortunately there is more brazen quackery in our sectarian colleges than was ever dreamed of by Cagliostro. The faculty of such institutions is usually composed of superficially educated people who know even less than is contained in the text-books. As a rule they are employed because they will serve at a beggarly price, but sometimes because their employers are themselves too ignorant to properly pass upon the qualifications of others. You cannot estimate a man's intellect by the length of his purse, by the amount of money he has made and saved; but it is quite safe to judge a man's skill in his vocation by the salary he can command. I am informed that there has never been a time when the salary paid the president of Baylor University exceeded \$2,000 per annum—about half that of a good whisky salesman or advertising solicitor for a second-class newspaper. If such be the salary of the president what must be those of the "professors?" I imagine their salaries run from about \$40 a month up to that of a second assistant book-keeper in a fashionable livery stable. Judging by the salaries which they are compelled to accept, I doubt if there be a member of the Baylorian faculty, including the president, who could obtain the position of principal of any public high school in the state. People cannot impart information which they do not possess; hence it is that the graduates of Baylor have not been really educated, but rather what the erstwhile Mr. Shake-

speare would call "clapper-clawed." There is no reason, however, why the institution should be in the future so intellectually and morally unprofitable as in the past. Change is the order of the universe, and as Baylor cannot very well become worse it must of necessity become better. It will have the unswerving support of the Iconoclast in every earnest effort to place itself upon a higher educational plane, to honestly earn the money it pockets as tuition fees. I am even willing to conduct a night school free of charge during three months in the year for the instruction of its faculty if each member thereof will give bond not to seek a better paying situation elsewhere as soon as he learns something. In any event, when Baylor can send me a valedictorian fresh from its walls who is better informed than the average graduate of our public schools, I'll give it a thousand dollars as evidence of my regard, and half as much annually thereafter to encourage it in the pursuit of common sense.

* * *

I greatly regret that my Baptist brethren, Drs. Hayden and Cranfill, Burleson and Carroll, should have gotten into a spiteful and unchristian snarl over so pitiful a thing as Baylor's \$2,000 presidency—that they should give to the world such a flagrant imitation of a lot of cut-throat unregenerates out for the long green. If one half that Hayden and Cranfill are saying about each other in their respective papers be true—and I presume that it is—then both ought to be in the penitentiary. Brethren, please to remember that ye are posing as guardians of morals, as examples for mankind—as people out of whom the original sin has been soaked in the Baptist pool and whose paps are filled to the bursting point with the milk of human kindness. If you must bite and scratch like a brace of Kilkenny cats, why the hell don't you sneak quietly into the woods and fight it out instead of exhibiting your blatant jackasserie to the simple people of Dallas and McLennan counties and thereby bringing our blessed church into contempt! Gadzooks! if you splenetic-hearted old duffers don't sand your hands and take a fresh grip on your Christian charity I'll resign my position as chief priest of the Baptist church and become a Mormon elder. I'll just be confounded if I propose to remain at the head of a church whose educators, preachers and editors are forever hacking away at each other's goozles with a hand-ax and slinging slime like a lot of colored courtesans.

* * *

Our little boiler-plate contemporary, the *Austin Statesman*, prints a court docket containing 69 divorce cases—side by side with 12 church notices. Which is cause and which effect I will not assume to say; but Austin is headquarters for camp-meetin's—and every neurologist of note endorses the Iconoclast's theory that emotional religion is a terrible strain on the Seventh Commandment.

* * *

"Our heroic young," etc., etc., announces himself a candidate for the United States Senate to succeed Roger Q. Mills. The young man's modesty is really monumental. Having succeeded by all manner of petty chicanery in capturing the governorship, I am surprised that he isn't seeking the job of Jehovah. Displacing Mills with Culberson were much like substituting a Chinese joss for the Apollo Belvedere or an itch bacillus for a bull-elephant. I really cannot consent that the little fellow be sent to Washington lest some hurdy gurdy man should swipe him. Chawles says: "Next spring and summer I shall canvass the state thoroughly, presenting my views of public questions to the people." Which is to say that while we are paying him a good stiff salary for doing his little best to discharge the duties of one office, he will "canvass the state thoroughly" chasing another. If he attempts to perpetuate such a brazen swindle on the taxpayers of Texas, I'll camp on his trail to some extent and see that he has a hot time in at least a few old towns. I cannot afford to trail him at my own expense all spring and summer, while he's cavorting around on free passes and drawing \$11 a day from the public purse for unrendered services; but I'll trump his card in all the larger Texas towns as quick as it strikes the table. I'm getting dead rotten tired of helping pay the salaries of Texas officials for time devoted to fence-building, and it will afford me considerable satisfaction to place this cold-blooded little wart on the body politic properly before the people. The duties of the governor's office were supposed to be so onerous that a board of pardons was created at the taxpayers' expense to lighten his labors; yet Mr. Culberson proposes to expend the spring and summer, not in a reasonable effort to earn his salary, but in explaining why he should be sent to the senate. Coming before us thus self-

evidently unfaithful over few things, this "heroic young Christian" poker-player and red-light habitue has the supernal gall to ask us to make him lord over many things—to accord him political promotion for dereliction of duty! In the name of Balaam's she-ass, does this snub-nosed little snipe suppose that we are all hopeless idiots? You are the state's hired hand, Charlie boy—duly employed to remain at Austin and display your anserine ignorance in the governor's office. The people don't care two whoops in hades what your "opinions" may be on any subject within the purview of the United States senate. If you want to spend the "spring and summer" rainbow chasing, a proper sense of duty to your employers, even a slight conception of commercial honor, would induce you to resign your present position. If you are destitute of both honor and decency you will probably proceed to campaign at our expense as you have promised; but I opine that I can pour enough hot shot under your little shirt-tail in a few engagements to drive you back to your duty, and that you will go in a gallop. What the devil do you suppose Texas wants with a two-faced little icicle like yourself in the United States senate? What taxpayer has asked you to become a candidate? Despite all your wire-pulling, your trading and self-seeking, and the further fact that you are employing the state machinery to strengthen your pull, you really stand no more show of succeeding Roger Q. Mills than you do of succeeding the Czar of Russia. You have managed to get thus far, not on your own merits, but solely because you are "Old Dave" Culberson's son. Yours is simply a case of *magni nominis umbra*, and the *umbra* is getting deuced thin at the edges, is no longer capable of concealing the ass. For many years past we have been paying men fat salaries for gadding about the country exploiting their supposed "opinions." It is high time we put an end to such idiocy, and I have selected you, as probably the worst specimen of these political malefactors, of whom to make an example in the interest of honesty.

* * *

A correspondent writes me from Nacogdoches, Tex.: "The Baptists of this town have forced your agent here to promise to discontinue selling the Iconoclast under penalty of expulsion from the church." That's all right; having purchased and paid for a Baptist ticket to the heavenly henceforth, he doesn't want to be bounced from the boat. Being thrown overboard in a canal two feet wide and four feet deep is not so bad by itself considered; but contumacious recalcitrants are invariably boycotted in business by the hydrocephalous sect which boasts that it was the first to established liberty of conscience and freedom of speech in this country, yet which has been striving desperately for a hundred years to banish the last vestige of individuality and transform this nation into a pharisaical theocracy with some priorient hypocrite as its heierach. The Iconoclast is in its seventh volume, and has never yet been caught in a falsehood or published an unclean advertisement. I am proud to say that no honest man or virtuous woman was ever its enemy, but that holy hypocrites and sanctified harlots regard it with the same aversion that a pickpocket does a policeman. Yes; the action of the Baptists of Nacogdoches was perfectly natural. What they want is a paper that will afford them a charming admixture of camp-meeting notices and syphilitic nostrums, prayer-meetings and abortion pills, prohibition rallies and lost manhood restorers. I cheerfully recommend the *Baptist Standard* to their kindly consideration.

* * *

When J. S. Hogg was governor of Texas he compelled the Southern Pacific to move a train-load of Coxeyites whom it had carried in from California and side-tracked west of San Antonio to starve. As counsel for that impudent corporation—whose officials seem to have been formed of the quintessential extract of the excrementitious matter of the whole earth—he now makes a "compromise" with the Culbersonian crew whereby it is some \$975,000 in and the state that much out. James Stephen can scarce be blamed for securing every possible advantage for his client, even tho it be such a notorious criminal as the "Sunset;" but had he been attorney for the state instead of for the corporation there would have been no compounding of a felony "for the good of the people," no sacrifice of both dignity and dollars. It is amusing to see Culberson and Crane making a house of refuge of the coat-tails of Reagan. "He approved it! he approved it!" Of course he approved it—Attorney-General Crane "not having time during his term of office to prosecute all the cases." But he'll "have time" just as hard to spend half of next year chasing the governorship on time paid for by the people. Reagan was compelled to accept the compromise, because the Culbersonian crew were too busy office-chasing to prosecute the

"POTIPHAR'S WIFE, THE STORY OF JOSEPH REVISED." BY MAIL 6 CENTS.

corporation. If the Culbersonian crowd lined their pockets by that compromise they are a set of thieves; if they didn't line their pockets they simply suffered the corporation to play 'em for a pack of dampfools. As neither a thief nor a fool is fit to hold a public office, I move that we build a large zinc-lined political coffin and bury the whole crowd.

* * *

The St. Louis *Mirror*, the brightest weekly in the world, recently had a remarkably interesting article on Texas politics; but somehow it suggested to my mind that German metaphysician who, having never seen a lion or read a description of one, undertook to evolve a correct idea of the king of beasts from his own inner consciousness.

* * *

It were interesting to know what kind of a swindle W. L. Moody & Co. have in soak this season for the guileless cotton grower. I have provided this office with a car-load of nickel-plated tear-jugs for the benefit of cotton men who will call later to tell me their troubles. My idea is to build a condenser, start a wholesale salt store and supply Baptist dipping tanks with water free of wiggletails. Say! there's millions in it. Ccl. Mulberry Seller's eye-water enterprise were as nothing to my graft when I get it agoing.

* * *

I note that the Wrong-Reverend E. H. Harman, formerly presiding elder of the Methodist church at Brenham, but given the grand bounce for getting too gay at Galveston, where, in company with another sanctified ministerial hypocrite named Wimberly, he had "a hot time in the old town" with hacks, harlots and barrel-house booze, has been converted to the Christian (or Campbellite) faith and proposes to preach. Possibly his conversion is genuine; but it is worthy of remark that he saw nothing attractive in the Christian cult until no longer allowed to occupy a Methodist pulpit—until reduced to the necessity of either seeking a job in a new corner of the Lord's vineyard or taking a fall out of the lowly cotton patch. He ought to make an excellent running mate for the "Rev." Granville Jones, the poorly preacher who puts his picture on his evangelical guttersnipes to show the people how a holy man of God looks after confessing to having forged a letter derogatory to a poor motherless working girl's reputation. As my father is a Christian preacher I feel that I have a right to protest against his being placed on a clerical parity with bilkers of hack bills and crapulous associates of two-for-a-penny prostitutes. If Harman attempts to defile the Christian pulpit with his presence, I hope to the good Lord that the decent members of that denomination will tie him across a nine-rail fence and enhance the torridity of his rear elevation with a vigorous application of pine plank.

THE VICTORIAN JAMBOREE.

By Will Hubbard Kernan.

While living in the cold and Kanuck-ridden town of Alpena, the lumber metropolis of Michigan, a few years ago, I dropped into a dry goods store, one raw March morning, on my reportorial rounds, and saw a woman in the garb of grief. I wasn't eaves-dropping, either, but I couldn't help hearing her conversation with the clerk.

"Mr. X," she sobbed, "I want a little mourning-wrapper for my pet poodle."

"Why, Mrs. Z, I see that you are in mourning yourself. I hadn't heard of any death in your family. Was it a near relative of whom you have been bereaved?"

"No," (quick succession of sobs), "but Pwince Clarence haws pawssed away, and I feel the blow. O, so bit(sob)terly."

"Ah?" in a tentative tone from the comely young counter-hopper.

"Yes. It is not as if one of us—one of the commonalty—had lost a son; but it is the Pwince and the Pwinces of Wales who have been deprived of their darling first-born (sob), and you know that royal parents can feel a loss of that kind far more keenly than a father or mother who is merely a subject of the crown," and she wiped her weeping optics with a black lace handkerchief while she sopped.

"Well, Mrs. Z," said the clerk, with the suspicion of a sneer in his voice, "we don't keep dog-mourning in stock, but if you want me to order some from Toronto, or any other place outside of the United States, I'll only be too happy to—"

"Why not order it in the United States," queried the woman.

"Because our people are not far enough advanced in civilization to appreciate that sort o' thing."

I think she must have detected the sarcastic ring in his voice, for she swept majestically away, without another word.

"Is that female a mother?" I queried of the clerk.

"Yes; has three handsome little fellows who would grow up to be an honor to themselves and society, if they had the proper environments. As it is, they promise to become a trio of emasculated pop-doodle flunkies—thanks to the mother who bore them," and the clerk looked the unspeakable scorn that he, and every other man who is even half an American must certainly feel under the same circumstances.

* * *

And who, prithee, was Prince Clarence, over whose timely taking off this fool female wept and wailed. I will tell you precisely who he was, and I won't mince matters, either—not a mince! He was a hedonist of the Cleveland street (London) school—a school that was broken up by detectives from Scotland Yard—a school from which the scholars—all save Prince Clarence—fled to the uttermost ends of the earth, in order to escape punishment. Prince Clarence didn't have to flee. He was the son of a coming king. He was a coming king himself as soon as his flabby and feculent old daddy should turn up his toes to the dahlias; and isn't it a maxim of the British law that a king in esse, or a king in posse can do no wrong. I say—the think it is, unless I studied my brutal old Blackstone in vain.

A little while after the Cleveland street episode had been asphyxiated—as far as Prince Clarence was concerned, that most magnetic and marvelous poet, novelist and playwright of the XIXth century—Oscar Wilde—was caught dead to rights in a performance similar to that for which Cleveland street had become renowned the round world over. He—the Apostle of Aestheticism, and a companion, were arrested, tried, convicted and condemned for a brace of years to pick oakum in a British prison, side by side with the imps and off-scourings of Lunnion-town—yes!

Just about that period in the progress of Anglo-Saxonism, Prince Clarence did the only creditable act of his discreditable life—he died! Well, while the master of modern literature was wearing the stripes for his sovereign contempt of the Mosaic law, and toiling like a guilty galley-slave for the state, the deah, blessed do-nothing of a Prince Clarence, who was as deep in the muck as ever the Apostle of Aestheticism was in the same delectable mire, was borne in splendid state to a magnificent mausoleum, "while the people wept and would not be comforted," said the bow-down-and-kiss-his-coat-tail priests of the Tory persuasion. Yes, "his people wept," for a no 'count catamite, whose crimes against decency would turn the stomach of a brass baboon—whose wealth, title and influence had permitted him to descend a little lower in the scale of depravity than even Wilde had sunk, and—there you are!

This epicene, though erotic, Prince Clarence, had less brains in his whole corporosity than the author of "The Picture of Dorian Gray" could boast under his little finger nail, yet "the people wept," and I was glad to glory that the triple-trine infandous Orangemen did the most of the weep business, for I feel most hilarious when the Yellow Jacks are most unhappy.

The queen lost her Prince Consort some thirty odd years ago. In her household was a Scotch gillie, named John Brown, who looked as much like the P. C. as though the twain had been twins. Well, after the P. C. had flickered out, the Queen was unconsolable for a spell, and manifested the fact by eating a little more beef and swilling a little more beer than usual. It was observed by her courtiers that she made frequent calls for the services of John Brown at this period of her sixty years career as a Queen. They thought nothing of it at first, but, in time, they began to talk. The scandal sped and spread from court to commonalty, until even that Tory Thunderer—known as the *London Times*—made mention of what it saw fit to euphemize as an "improper intimacy." When John Brown slipped his cable, and went adrift from all mortal moorings, the *London Truth*, in recording his departure, spoke of Queen Vic as the "Brevet Widder Brown." Labouchiere must have been in his meanest mood when he wrote the obituary of which I speak. He ought to have remembered that the Queen was hardly responsible for her acts—that she came of a long line of pimps and paramours, and inherited her amorous proclivities, just as she inherited the color of her eyes, and her thirst for the cup that cheers, hoorays and kicks up its heels—yes!

* * *

The old She-Harpy of St. James had been squatted on the British throne for 60 years, in the June past, and she had a jubilee, jamboree, or something of the sort, to celebrate the ferine fact—a fact permitted by the inscrutable un wisdom of an alleged Providence. It was bad enough, the Lord knows—if there be a Lord—that the three-score anniversary of a rotten reign should be made the occasion of an ornamental feast

and frolic on the part of every sycophantic subject in "the tight little island," but the crawl-belly creatures thereaway didn't know any better. "They had been brought up (or, rather, brought down,) that way; but what can be said for the part our own Federal Government played in the hippodrome? That's what I want to know, good gentlemen, and that's precisely what I propose to find out. Our buttery booby of a President—without consulting his masters, the People—sent Whitelaw Reid as Jubilee Envoy to bow and kow-tow before the old Jezebel of St. James; sent General Nelson B. Miles to make an ass of our army in her presence; sent Admiral Miller to degrade our navy, by hob-nobbing with "the mariners of England," whose predecessors bombarded and burned our Federal capitol in the war of 1812.

Who "paid the freight" of these flunkies and the parasites that clung to them closer than the seven-year's-itch? Eh? I'll tell you who "paid the freight." You did. I did. Every man in America who makes an honest living did! That's what! While our work people were moiling and toiling in mine and manufactory, in the field and at the forge; while a million of our unemployed men and women were tramping the highways and byways in search of employment; while Starvation sat in many of our doorways, and Despair crouched at many of our hearthstones, the Government was squandering shekels galore—shekels wrung from the laborers of our land—to "pay the freight" of Reid, Miles, Miller and their satellites. If our pious pewee of a paltry pennyroyal President had taken the money the gilded and groveling trio in question spent in honoring the Queen and burned it outright, there would have been a universal kick on the part of our workpeople, but he used that money in a far worse and wickeder way, and our workpeople are as num as so many mummies. Sometimes I think that Labor ought to get it precisely where the hen got the hatchet. It could strangle the life out of capital in ten minutes by Shrewsbury's clock, if it only would—but it won't. No wonder that it is robbed, and starved and ruined by the powers that be!

* * *

But let me return to my roast beef. While Reid, Miles, Miller et al. were making an indecent exposure of their asininity in Lunnon-town, all the bigwigs and littlewigs of our Anglomaniac press and politics were referring to England as the mother of America. Bah! Yah! England is no more the mother of America than I am. This country wasn't discovered by an Englishman, thank God!—if there be a God. Its first settlers were Spaniards, thank Heaven!—if there be a Heaven. The worst thing that ever happened to our country was the fact that the Mayflower didn't go down with all on board before it got to Plymouth Rock—go down with all the scurvy scoundrels on board—scoundrels "who left their country for their country's good"—scoundrels who hung Catholics, whipped Quakers and banished Roger Williams and his fellow Baptists to untrodden wiids—scoundrels who believed in witchcraft and burned innocent old and young women at the stake—scoundrels who passed the Blue Laws of Connecticut, in order to make everybody fit their Procrustean bed of morality. O, I have it in for them! If you would throw an emetic into hell the last imp of the last vomit would be an angel of light in comparison with any of the Pilgrim Fathers—yes!

England the mother of America? Why, there are more Irish than English here; more Germans; more Scotch; more Scandinavians, and I bless the Unknowable and Unknown that this is so—I bless the legislators who year by year are pulling the fangs of the ferocious old Common Law that was imposed upon my country by the rakehell ruffians who settled in New England; I bless all the Lamp-bearers of Liberty, who are leading my people out of the Serbonian bogs and fogs of superstitions taught by the Established Church of England—yes!

I want to accentuate the fact that America is not an offshoot of England—that people from "perfidious Albion" are not—in nine cases out of ten—the progenitors of my fellow-countrymen. As for myself, if I thought there was one drop of Anglo-Saxon blood in my veins, I would never rest until I let it out!

* * *

The history of England has been one long and lurid history of Crime and Carnality, from "time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary"—yes! England has forever tried to strangle the little nations of the earth, and forever slunk off from crossing swords with a power as big as itself, unless backed by some formidable ally—slunk off like the cowardly cur that it is, has been, and will forever be—yes! Its treatment of Ireland from the days of that delectable old

devil—Cromwell—until this very hour would cause the red flag of shame to unfurl itself on the cheek of Mephistopheles himself. In fact, it began its persecution of the Irish seven centuries ago, and ever since it has crucified that people, and torn them with bloody spears. The only reason that they haven't raided, dragooned and slaughtered them all before now, is owing to the fact that it is only once in a thousand years that a hell-begotten beast of blood, with the intellect of a fiend and the impulses of a fury—like Cromwell—appears in our mortal arena. When such a beast does appear, however, you can safely wager your wallet that the English will take him up, tote him 'round on two chips, pat him approvingly on the back, "and crown him Lord of All"—yes! The man who can read a history of what Innisfallen has suffered from the accursed, and triple-trine times accursed Sas-senach, without damning England with the damnation meted out by St. Ernulphus to a kindred, and now conquered, nation, is a man whom I would shun as I would shun a leper fresh from a lazar-house—yes!

* * *

The descendants of our revolutionary forbears ought to love old Albion with a love that passeth understanding. Certainly they ought! Didn't that delightful old scelerat—King George—and his maleficent ministers, hire the savages of our primeval forests to scalp the wives and children of the Continental soldiery? Didn't they offer a price for the head of Washington? Didn't they stigmatize him as a traitor? Didn't they send their truculent troops to butcher and burn their way through our country for seven long years?

* * *

Realizing that they couldn't conquer our country with their muskets, the British are now plotting to conquer it with their money. They are back of every trust, corporation, syndicate, monopoly and combine that threatens our form of government today; that is grinding our people into poverty; that is leading to a revolution that will drench our streets with blood, while the flames of burning cities paint hell upon the midnight sky.

This is no figment of fancy. I am not an idle alarmist. But I am a student of history, and know that the same causes inevitably produce the same effects; that there forever comes a point in the history of every country when the few go just a little too far, grab just a little too much, and the many rise in revolt to right their wrongs. Bide a bit—wait a wee, and you will behold the most titanic, internecine conflict in our state-republic that our planet has ever known—a conflict that will shake the very Universe to its center.

And who will be primarily responsible for it? I will tell you who—the English and our own Anglomaniac capitalists, who are uniting as one man to down and disarm labor, and chain it to the chariot-wheel of Capital! Ah, yes, good gentleman, England proposes to do with its gold, what it was unable to do with its guns. That's why it gushes over us nowadays, and wants a gum-sucking arbitration treaty. It wants to smack us a kiss on the lips, while it holds a stiletto with which to stab us in the back.

* * *

Ireland and the United States are not the only countries that have suffered at English hands. There is India, with its famines, its plagues, its multitudinous miseries brought on it by the British greed for gold; but just as certainly as there is an Avenger in the Universe—and all history proves that there is—just that certainly will the people of the Orient be avenged,

"For ever does right come uppermost
And ever is justice done."

And Abyssinia: in defending itself against the British invaders, many of its soldiers were driven into caves, where they were dynamited to death by the cur-ristian red-coats. The Grand Old Man—as knaves and fools unite in calling him—was the British Premier at the time, and, in referring to the satanic slaughter of the poor, patriotic Abyssinians, he said, with a sweet, sanctified, Church of England smile: "Dynamite is the last resource of civilization." It certainly would be, if somebody had busted a dynamite bomb under his pious, pecksnifian coat-tails as he spoke. It was in 1882, I believe, that England had a tussle with the Egyptians. After the battle at Alexandria, the British troops went over the bloody field, and sent a bullet spinning through the brain of every surviving adversary whose wounds had prevented him from joining his comrades in their retreat! Think of it, will you, good gentlemen? Think of murdering a stricken soldier who had risked his life to save his land from an enemy as merciless as the Vandals and Visigoths of an elder time! When

our pudgy President sent Reid, Miles and Miller across the ocean to congratulate the Queen upon the sixtieth anniversary of her criminal career, he should by all means, have issued special instructions, commanding them to particularly compliment her for the deed of daring performed by her soldiery on the battlefield of Alexandria. No other monarch on our planet—except it be a cannibal chief—can boast of soldiers who will shoot a fallen foe!

* * *

If I had any children—which thank my shining star I haven't—I'd far rather let them read the *Police Gazette* than the *Youth's Companion*, for the latter dearly loves the Queen, and is forever rolling itself in dirt, spittle and pollution at the foot of her throne. Its editor is a beggarly bellocrawler from way back, and his influence is for evil and for only evil. The *Police Gazette* is a b-a-d paper, but it doesn't make nasty little snobs of its youthful readers, and that's more than can be said of the *Youth's Companion*, or of several other publications that hail from the Blessed Burg of Baked Beans..

AS I WAS SAYING.

By M. W. Connolly.

Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?

—MILTON.

When my master Milton asked and, in his own, old way, answered this question, he had lost his eyesight and was being harassed by his harridan daughters. It was a simple question to him—to him who had intrepidly scaled the higher heights of poetic grandeur—who had invaded heaven and hell for material with which to build a great epic—the last epic written in the English language—the last epic that will ever be written in any language until civilization takes its periodical plunge in the darkling waters of barbarism and emerges, as it has often done, into a brighter, a purer and a healthier life, upon a plane never before reached. Milton referred to his own malady, to his physical infirmity, to what the doctors of the flesh and blood and bone would call ophthalmia. He was an honest old fellow, narrow in spite of his illimitability, circumscribed in spite of his boundlessness. He looked upon God as upon a supreme and superior accountant or bookkeeper—as a sort of a moral superintendent or section-boss who exacts certain things and requires certain things of his subordinates. Great as he was, Milton was sincerely solicitous about his future state, about his chances of eternal salvation, as to whether or not he was expected to perform "day-labor" in his blindness—physical day-labor in his physical blindness, and he worked himself up to such a pitch of excitement that the old fire and frenzy returned. In his vivid imagination he saw the pearly gates, the jasper walls, the great white throne, and the thousand thousands who "on Him wait," and from the crucible of his genius came the great, untarnished and unconscious truth:

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

If this negation of the opening question were better understood; if it could burn deep and far into the hearts and souls of men, how much better and happier for all? How much of pain and misery would be eliminated from the sum total of human suffering? If we could feel as felt Milton in the ecstasy of his excited genius—as felt lovable Omar when he wrote with a pen that will flame and flash through the centuries—

What! from his helpless creatures be repaid
Pure gold, for what he lent us. * * * * ?
Sue for a debt, we never did contract,
And can not answer? O, the sorry trade!

If we could feel and know as felt and knew these masters, we would have a higher appreciation of the God-head—the true test of progressive intelligence—more charity and commiseration for the faults, foibles and follies of our fellows; more patience and hopefulness in dealing with our own. Physical blindness or weakness is more comprehensive than most people are willing to admit at first blush. It is, at most, one form, one of the saddest and most pathetic forms, let us concede, of physical infirmity but it is only a form. What of the manifold and multitudinous others? They are many. And how thoughtlessly and cruelly we deal with them! How often do we inflict incurable wounds by a look, a word, an inclination of the head, a motion of the hand! Men, generous and noble in all things else, can not refrain from remarking on any physical eccentricity or deformity in a woman who passes by. If she is of uncomfortable embon-

point—given over to the terrors of obesity, something derogatory is said. If she is thin and spent her delinquency is remarked on. If afflicted with strabismus or "wall-eyed," something is said. If she is humpbacked, halt or lame, the thoughtless comment in words that burn. If we should pause a moment we would see that a person is not responsible for being tall or short, stout or slim, lame, or halt, or blind. They would not offend the eye that is constantly looking for the perfect and the beautiful if they could avoid it. No one regrets more the possession of physical defects than the possessor; and it is cruel and criminal in us to comment on, or criticise, what was uninvited and what is undesirable and unavoidable. The unthinking and meaningless commentaries on the physical defects of others have caused more pain in the world than wars and cyclone—pain unassuageable pain—suffering that is hopeless in its helplessness. The sensitive girl who limps, or who has a mole on her cheek, or a scarified face, or a defect of vision, when all the world is looking for beauty and perfection, suffers more than ever did martyr at the stake or on the rack. There is a corrosive ignominy about a physical defect, a bodily aberration, that is productive of the most poignant grief, the most excruciating suffering. Milton was too proud to regard it thus. He wondered if the Master would deprive him of a faculty and then require of him "day-labor" in which that faculty is indispensable. Milton had a poor conception of infinite justice. His mind was warped. Power he imagined, had the right to demand that bricks be made without straw. He asked the question in good faith and the soul within him answered it—answered and annihilated his question.

If physical blindness is a valid excuse for the non-performance of "day-labor," what of moral blindness? If a man is not to be held accountable for the symmetry of his form, how can he be held accountable for the construction of his mind? If a man is not to be held responsible for his stature, how can he be held responsible for his choice of meat or drink? If a man is not to be held responsible for the color of his hair, or eyes, or the number of his fingers, or the size of his hand, how is he to be held to account for the impulses which move him or the influences that attract or repulse him? What is this that Kernan, the lost and, in his moody wanderings, greatest of all Pleiades say?

Nothing that is ordered by an overruling Power,
From the master march of planets to the soft fringe of a
flower;
We are nothing more than puppets and this Power pulls the
string,
Making of that man a menial, making of this clown a king;
Models one in manly beauty, perfect he in every part,
Great in mind, and grand, majestic in the impulse of his heart,

Marvellous, serene and lofty, born the masses to command
With a look, a tone, a motion of his white, bejeweled hand.
He, the stately one and saintly, seldom feels the spur of sin,
And can stay it and suppress it by the master will within:
His are gold and love and glory, and the faith that sees afar
An unending life of rapture o'er the blue rim of our star.

But behold a fellow mortal, fashioned on another plan;
Coarse, deformed, and misbegotten—more of devil than of
man—
Heir to sin and want and sorrow, born without a sense of
shame,
Stung by sharp, keen, fierce desires burning in his blood like
flame;
Weak, unbalanced and repulsive, reveling in sensual things,
If he hath a soul within him 'tis a soul that never sings—
'Tis a soul that hath no wings!
If he speeds the blasting bullet, through the breast of fellow-
man,
Blameless he, for it was bidden when the universe began;
He was born without the power or impulse to forbear
When the dumb, resistless forces of cycles centered there;
That which gave him life had passions that impelled him
here;
Circled round with strong temptations from his birth-cry to
his bier;
Formed the hour and circumstances; placed the pistol in his
hand,
But withheld the strength and schooling his impulses to
command,

Accountability is an injustice. We outgrow its rigors as we move along toward the dimness and dust. We learn charity, learn to forgive. We can see a reasonableness and

a why in many things, and we are prone to finding excuses. If the Chevalier de la Casquette who points a pistol at our head and tells us to stand and deliver had been fed on more mush and less meat, he might have been a philosopher. He is merely what he fed on, a creature of environment—like the rest of us. With the weak and wicked it is merely—

"The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone."

And why shouldn't he? He is merely an echo of that all commanding voice of the "over-ruling power."

PURIFICATION BY FIRE.

By Frank Bracelin.

Some would-be philosophical statesman has said that republics, like revolutions, never go backward. With reference to some particular economics this may be true, but in the general application of the rule—erratic and irregular—our country is beginning to furnish a condition of things that looks very like negating this somewhat questionable statement. In matters of national integrity, in matters of legislating the greatest good for the greatest number, in matters of political honesty where the vital interests of the masses should be conserved,—in all these particulars there is just reason to believe that our "land of the free" has retrograded, or, at least, come to a stand-still. This assertion of quiescence is a conservative and charitable one. Conceding that in such matters our political forces have become stationary, more radical thinkers say that in such case and viewed logically we are actually taking the back track. It must be confessed that the reasoning of these radical thinkers seems based upon sufficient premises.

Again, we encounter another maxim—one educed from our form of government—which declares that the people rule. This maxim, which is supposed to be fundamental in our republic, is becoming even more discredited than the apocryphal one claiming no backward trend of republics. In fact, to the practical man of affairs and of average intellectual and educational attainments, one that knows something of the theory of government in general and of our own in particular, and who has followed the course of public matters for, say, the past quarter century—to such a man it is as plain as a pike-staff that the people do not rule, but on the contrary are governed and controlled by a coterie of demagogic and unconscionable politicians.

That the people really have as little voice in the conduct of our public affairs as have the benighted and knout-governed subjects of Russia's unlimited and unrestrained czar is about equally as plain. It must be admitted, with sorrow, that no one is more to blame for this state of things than the people themselves. The makers of our federal constitution were statesmen of really towering ability and of unswerving integrity—this fact we now fully recognize—statesmen who appear to have looked keenly into the future and to have provided for vital contingencies with a prescience seemingly beyond human ken. The product of their joint minds is a continual and growing wonder, yet our people are steadily sacrificing their rights thus so carefully guarded and guaranteed—frittering away their liberties so jealously secured by this matchless basic ordinance, and have given the rein of power into the hands of a demagogic junta as remorseless and iniquitous as was the Inquisition of Old Spain.

That mankind is only a two-legged swine has long been conceded. Selfishness is the superstructure and ground-story of man's nature, and these political bashaws never fail to avail themselves of the apathy and carelessness of the people and of their willingness to transfer their power to these public leeches who pose as statesmen; yea, these "statesmen" do not only avail themselves of the leverage thus given them by the people, but they urge themselves forward into any and every opportunity and opening that may thus be inadvertently presented, and fight among themselves like hyenas over a new grave in their mad efforts for gain—political and financial. It is also a well-known attribute of humanity that no class or coerie of people were ever given an opportunity or an advantage but that they almost invariably misused it. Buckle presents this phase of human nature in a clear light when he says: "The love of exercising power has been found to be so universal, that no class of men who have possessed authority have been able to avoid abusing it." King Caucus is the uncrowned but imperial czar of so-called "Free America." This local ruling potentate is kept on his

equivocal throne by men calling themselves delegates of the people, but whom the people never actually select, their selection being accomplished by fraud and corruption, which are well-known and well practiced to and by every ward heeler and political promoter in the land. Power thus once vested in King Caucus is never again yielded to the people, inasmuch as the masses at election time servilely vote as their party leaders, appointed by the caucus, dictate. This is true of the rank and file of all our political parties.

Thus is our nation bound hand and foot by King Caucus and his unclean retinue. Where, then, can the people look for relief? To the law-making branch of our government? Certainly not there, as legislatures never adopt any needed reform but under the greatest pressure. Can we turn to our judiciary—state or federal—with any prospect of hope? Certainly and sadly again, no. Our early wise and salutary laws—fundamental and statutory—have been either repealed or neutralized by an array of vicious legislative acts and court decisions, both federal and state, that cause the hearts of the real patriot—an individual who is becoming scarcer each succeeding generation—to tremble with fear for the safety of his country. The whilom sacred ermine of our judges, both in high and low courts, is found scandalously susceptible to the "touch" of the Midases of trade and political influence either by way of political benefits received or expected, or, it is reasonable to infer, by the price paid down on the nail. Although it might be difficult to trace a bribe direct to these custodians of the scales and who sit in the shadow of the blind goddess, yet it is plainly apparent that many of our courts—not excepting the higher and of last resort—are becoming in a greater or lesser degree open to covert allies to the nefarious machinations of many trusts and combines which are now our real rulers. A few years ago this could not be said, either with truth or with impunity, if not true. The breaking down of our reverence for law is becoming notorious for the reason, as college president Draper rightly states, that the law is on sale. Such a statement if made last fall before election would have been characterized as anarchistic, but Wayne McVeigh feared not to be thus exposed to such characterization but recently said to a class of graduates in an Eastern college that he was more afraid of the black flag of corruption than he was of the red flag of anarchy.

If all this, or even a fraction of it, is true, and if there are really substantial grounds for such drastic comments, then how can Americans view the future otherwise than gloomily? The people strangled in the grip of the Caucus, monopoly and corruption seated in high and responsible places, legislation open and rampant with its bribe-purchased laws, courts pandering to the trusts, great newspapers controlled by wealthy syndicates moulding public opinion against the public itself, what, in God's name can be done? The answer is a hard and harsh one, but it seems sure, unless some political miracle is enacted, to be the only solution of the problem, and that is Revolution. As to revolutions, the history of the world conclusively proves that they never go backward, and although the remedy for our nation's fearful condition—growing worse every day—is this dreaded Spirit of Blood, yet what is there to be depended on to stay its advent, what to avert it? Those in power—unscrupulous politicians, aristocracy, corruption, combines, stock-dealers, capitalists,—all wallowing in the cesspool of accumulated and accumulating riches secured chiefly by grinding the faces of the poor—have these aggregations any thought for the common weal? The politicians certainly have no sentiment in such direction and the others are equally practical. Thus we find ourselves confronted by an impregnable and impenetrable stone-wall.

But the people thus thwarted on all sides are silently accumulating a momentum of vengeance which will gain in force as time unwinds her spindle, a force which when finally precipitated, will hurl itself against these castles of indolence, wealth and corruption with fearful and bloody results. Let the scheming and tricky politician, the bribe-taking legislator, the plaint and trust-serving judge, the monopolists and so-called princes of the money power,—let them all beware the day! Lothiel was warned but refused to heed, and fated Culloden soon followed. The shade of the prophet Samuel was conjured up to stay Saul's fatal course and destiny, but all to no purpose. The political conjuring and mural hand-writing are equally plain and prophetic to-day; but they will be equally valueless to stay results that follow certain causes as surely and steadily as Nature pursues her undeviating course. Inevitable seems the result—blood red Revolution with its unutterable and attendant horrors but

resultant benefits in the cleansing and purifying of the nation—indeed a most horrible purification.

May the good Lord long avert the fearful calamity; but if our encircling evils cannot otherwise be corrected, then the sooner we face the bloody and fiery ordeal the better.

Menominee, Mich., July, 1897.

THE LAW OF LOVE.

By Ethelyn Leslie Huston.

THE Waco edition of "Potiphar's Wife" terminates with a peroration on the derelict benedict who forgets the lover while he plays the lord. There is also something malodorous in the matrimonial Denmark when the fair priestess at love's altar allows its mystic incense to degenerate into the steam of the washtub. Women too often forget that the bonds of Hymen are as ropes of sand, and that the sense of Possession is their most deadly enemy, Satiety their most dangerous rival. "The brain may desire laws for the blood, but the hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree" and all the laws of Moses and the prophets will not hold the winged god in bondage—on a diet of cold porridge and potatoes. Life is a huge paradox and the sublimity of the heavens and the slime of the hovel breed strange progeny. The whole thing is a problem that our wisest have given up and we can only try to reconcile man's conception of Deity on his great white throne, and Deity's creative inspirations or inspirational creations, as illustrated by Oscar Wilde and Chicago, for instance, in helpless despair. It remains that the gods and the reptiles in us, are side by side, and while we creep in the slums we crave the stars. When the Pandora's box of youthful dreams scatters its illusions to the four winds, when our eager eyes "burn thro' the ashes of a thousand hopes," when ambition is dead sea fruit and when the grasshopper is a burden and desire has failed then we would cross the gods, but for the god that is left us. And the woman is not wise in her generation who fattens the domestic chickens and forgets the divine child.

Sentiment, scoff as we may, is life's wine. Starve it from the home and Eros creeps to a kinder nest. Man is a practical animal, but he is lower than the beast who has not a touch of sentiment, like the Edelweiss, "blooming amid the eternal snows."

The virtuous wife in the mansion, be she faultless as the angels, is blind if she think her virtue and a hoop of gold will alone win fidelity.

Wiser she who learns, even tho' it be from M. Jessalina herself, one truth—the royal principle of the passion flower attracts, always. If her garden grow only cabbages, if she think to "merit heaven by making earth a hell"—or a desert, let her remember they are equally productive of Lotharios.

Man will love—and if not home, elsewhere. Arthurs are rare, Lancelots are as sands on the shore. And the man who turns from the dust and smoke and dragging grind of life's uphill fight, weary, jaded, heartsick and brainsick, to the woman who embodies only the "tender grace of days that are dead," who was once fair in his eyes as Beatrice to Dante and is now an icicle, and realizes, dully and hopelessly, that his "alter ego" is but an upper housemaid, that the woman who should have been his soul's Pegasus, spurring him to better things, narrows her horizon to the hearthstone and the crane—that man turns to sunnier climes as the magnet to the pole, and is labelled a libertine by his outraged spouse—if she finds him out.

Man will be loved—and the most practical dreams of his alabaster lamps, and every air is heavy with the sighs of Arcadia, where "the perfumed light steals thro' the mists of orange groves," where his world is what Deity made before mankind marred, where the thorns and ashes are forgotten and his brow is wet with wine-washed roses and his lips warm with the caress of other lips, where "the skies bend down to the earth and the lilies are kissed by the stars."

And when the lawful sovereign of his Arcadia shuts her ears to its sounds and her heart to its sweetness, when its language is Greek to her dulled senses and in the chill of her unresponsive eyes "his fondness comes about her heart as milk comes when the babe is dead," then what would you!

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

F. L. LEWIS writes from San Antonio to an obscure sheet called the *Railway Age*, that Brann is not an Englishman as the *Age* editor in one of his elephantine efforts to be humorous seems to have suggested, and that "all Englishmen in this country repudiate his every utterance." Thanks, awfully; that's the highest compliment ever paid an American sovereign by a British subject. When I next visit San Antonio I'll testify my gratitude by giving Lewis 50 cents instead of the usual two-bits for toting my grip from the "Sap" depot to the Menger hotel. I once said, "There are some very decent and brainy Englishmen;" but as all Englishmen in this country repudiate the soft impeachment, I hasten to acknowledge my error. As the editor of the *Age* is quite anxious to ascertain my nationality he probably suspects that I may be his father.

* * *

The *Independent*, which I infer from the date-line of a letter calling attention to its existence, is published at Pomeroy, Wash., proposes, bumbye, to "give a history of the robberies committed by Brann during the war." H—! I can do that myself. Attired in a triangular strip of birds-eye linen and emitting savage yells, I repeatedly stormed and captured the most magnificent breastworks ever built in Kentucky, and ravenously appropriated whatsoever I found therein without so much as a thankee mum. Yes sirree, I was a robber dead-right in those old days; but the *Independent* editor is safe: he's got nothing but a shirt-tail full o' pied type and a card of membership in the A. P. A.—Aggregation of Pusillanimous Asses. I have no use for his "plant," and God knows I wouldn't be caught dead in a Chinese opium den with his certificate of infamy concealed in my clothes.

* * *

The St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* of August 20, contains a half-page puff of one John Morrissey, who seems to be a peripatetic iconoclast who has started out with a Bible in one hand and a free lunch in the other to abolish preachers. According to Morrissey he was a Roman Catholic until he learned better, a drunkard until "the Spirit of God entered his heart" and caused his reformation, and used to write sermons for St. Louis preachers who palmed them off as their own. I don't know about that; but I know that of the interview he gave the *Pee-Dee* a column was cribbed without credit from the article on "Charity" in "Brann's Scrap-Book." "The Spirit of God" may have done much for Morrissey, but it hasn't cured him of the thieving habit, and I would advise people to keep a sharp eye on their portable property until this religious reformer succeeds in breaking into the penitentiary.

* * *

The Texas *Republican*, which appears semi-occasionally at Greenville Tex., denounces in what Doremus was wont to term "livid language," my statement to the effect that a nation pays for its imports with its exports. He says it is all "iconoclastic foolishness," declares that a nation does nothing of the kind, and proceeds to animadvert in an unchristian spirit on the density of my economic ignorance. My contemporary's criticism is clearly unconstitutional in that it is cruel and unusual punishment. Now that its editor has annihilated my poor little theory, it is his duty as a great public educator and charter member of the Markhanna Illuminati, to inform me what the hades a nation *does* pay for its imports with, instead of permitting me, as he seems inclined, to "burst in ignorance." You have the floor, my sweet little man, and the shades of all the standard economists from Smith to Walker are waiting to see you raise one of their favorite dogmas over the ropes. Call Prof. Jevons a jackass, give Ricardo a tremendous rap, have no mercy on John Stuart Mill, make old Adam Smith's bones to rattle, take a terrible fall out of Turgot—then flap your ears and bray until the welkin rings again. That's the way to settle a political adversary who goes gallivanting off after false economic gods. In the meantime it might be a good idea to take your brain out, brush the cobwebs off its cogs and apply a little kerosene with a corncob.

* * *

It is seldom indeed that I give any attention to insulting letters, but I cannot refrain from paying my respects to one Byron Jassack Wales, who, with gray goose-quill for Pelian spear, charges down on the Iconoclast as blithely as a gay moss-trooper making an English swine herd hard to catch. Such insults usually come unsigned—are simply crass insolence which their cowardly authors fear to father; but Byron sets down all the dreadful things he thinks of Brann, boldly signs his name and adds an ornamental flourish of defiance. The

possibility of some long-legged, slouch-hatted, wire-moustached cowboy ambling into his august presence armed with a shooting-iron carrying bullets as big as goose-eggs and hurling him with a flash and a whoop into the problematical hitherto, does not shake to its base the heroic fortitude of the man whose mother named him for the most notorious chippy-chaser known to history. Byron proposes to express his opinion, to say what he dad-burned pleases, tho' the redoubtable Lieutenant-Colonel Rienzi Miltiades Johnsing, of Houston, who does all the Iconoclast's fighting under yearly contract, should swoop down upon him like a double-barreled besom of destruction,

"With death-shot glowing in his fiery hand
And eye that scorcheth all it looks upon."

Byron is offended because I saw fit to criticise New York's priorient parvenues for exploiting the pregnancy of their wives in the public-prints, and he lets me know where he can be found in case his remarks offend, by daringly dating his letter "New York." True, he refrains from giving his street and number—even tears the printed headings off the letter paper he employs; but that does not matter, as in a little village like New York a Texan with a hair-trigger temper has only to inquire of the first man he meets to be directed to the one he wants. Byron insists that I print his letter to show people what a desperate dare-devil he is; but I refrain lest it scare all the cattle off the range and cause Bill Fewell and Doc Yandell of El Paso to move over into Mexico. Among other dreadful things he promises to have my paper suppressed by the postal authorities if I ever speak of him disrespectfully, which proves that he has a tremenjous political pull concealed about his person. I guess I'm safe so far as he is concerned; for a careful inspection of his letter makes apparent the utter impossibility of speaking of Lord Byron Jassack Wales disrespectfully—indicates that it were fulsome flattery to refer to him as a blind pile on the body politic, a suppurating sore on the hedonistic society of Sodom.

* * *

T. Shelley Sutton, of Boise City, Idaho, has "writ a pome" entitled "That Man Brann," and the proud author sends me an A. P. A. paper containing his production. It is an excellent composition—of its kind; and I am gratified to learn that it has at last gravitated to its proper level. Some six months ago a commercial traveler sent me substantially the same thing, saying that he had copied it from the walls of a water closet in a Kentucky hotel. It appears that it was too foul to harmonize with the place in which it was composed, so it was stolen by a thieving yahoo in search of carrion and puked into the putrid columns of an A. P. A. paper. T. Shelley Sutton can probably find more "original poetry" in the same place.

* * *

"Rev." Bill Homan, who conducts a little ~~petasmanian~~ paper somewhere in North Texas for the long green and the misguidance of three or four hundred forks-of-the-creek Campbellites, devotes two more columns of his raucous tommyrot and brainless balderdash to the Howell-Jones imbroglia. Altho' he manages to tell at least three deliberate lies in his idiotic eructation, he dares not deny that the trial committee, of which he was a member, permitted Jones to continue belching his fetid bile in the Christian pulpit after being cornered and compelled to confess to a cowardly crime which should be rewarded with a rope. Until this corticiferous little cur explains why he is defending a fourth-class preacher who confesses to having foully insulted, by a base forgery, a motherless young girl committed to his care, the Iconoclast must, for the sake of its own self-respect, decline further controversy.

On the Market Since 1870.

Metropolitan Havana Cigars

The finest and most popular high grade Cigar in the Country.
Sold by all first-class dealers.

S. JACOB COMPANY, Manufacturers, NEW YORK.

Send Us Your Soiled Garments

To be steam Cleaned or Dyed. The only first-class house in Texas. Express paid one way. All work guaranteed.

Southern Steam Dyeing and Cleaning Co.

Office, 245 Main St. Dallas, Texas. LEROY BROS., Prop

THE STATE FAIR.

All Is Ready for Opening Day, Oct. 16 to 31.--Every Inch Is Occupied.--Fine Stock and Poultry Show, New and Novel Attractions by the Score, Great Racing, \$30,000 in Purses.

Preparations for the Texas State Fair, which will open October 16 and run until October 31, have been completed this year at an earlier date than usual. The management decided at the outset to get ready ahead of time rather than behind time, and the work of rebuilding and readjusting has been going on since early in the present year.

It is the universal prediction that the coming fair will be the greatest in the history of the enterprise, and this belief seems to be well based. Never before was the demand for space by exhibitors so great as it has been this year. There is not now an inch of room in the main exposition building, nor in several of the departments elsewhere, at the disposal of the management. Business men, in and out of Texas, have scuffled for desirable spaces with an interest which plainly shows their confidence in the outcome of the approaching entertainment. The same conditions exist in all departments of the fair. Already the stables on the ground are being filled up with trotters and runners, and the greatest race meeting ever witnessed in the South or West is assured. The live stock exhibits of all classes will make a further advance upon the high standard attained last year. A great variety of amusements of a high order will contribute to the entertainment of visitors.

In the matter of music the management has outstripped all records by engaging three bands, two of which have national reputations. Paoletti's band, which surpasses all others in this country in the rendition of operatic music, and the famous Woman's Military band of Chicago will provide a genuine carnival of symphony at Music Hall, and the Dallas band will play at the grand stand.

The extensive improvements that have been made have entirely changed the appearance of things about the grounds. In new dress, with new attractions, with crowded exhibits, and backed by a good crop, the Texas State Fair of 1897 can hardly fail to meet the public expectation, which is that it will eclipse all previous records in attendance and in merit.

THE RACING DEPARTMENT.

For nearly a decade the Texas State Fair has been the mainstay of the turf interest in the Southwest. Great attention has been paid to the racing department from the beginning of the fair, and liberal purses have been offered to bring the best horses from abroad and stimulate the production of competing types in Texas. There will, as usual, be thirteen days of racing this year, with five races each day, and the purses offered foot up \$30,000. Only one fair in the entire country—and that in California—maintains so long a period of racing.

FOR WHEELMEN.

The longest bicycle track in the country under cover is the one that has been provided by the Texas State Fair for exhibition riding at the coming October event. It encircles, beneath the roof, machinery hall and is a little over one-eighth of a mile in length. The track is wide, smooth and speedy, and will delight all devotees of the wheel, who will find it accessible for their favorite sport in all kinds of weather. With such generous provision for their pleasure, the wheelmen of Texas may be expected to be very much in evidence at the State Fair.

A GORGEOUS PICTURE.

If tradition and history may be credited, the most richly colored celebrations the world has ever seen were those of the Venitians in medaeval times. Inventive American genius has taken one of these for a text, and reproduced with the mechanical theater "The Carnival of Venice," with effects that are strikingly realistic.

BOB TAYLOR COMING.

The prince of Southern orators, Bob Taylor, will be one of the distinguished guests at the State Fair. At the urgent request of Col. John N. Simpson, who has in charge the celebration of Tennessee days—October 20 and 21—Governor Taylor has consented to lay aside the duties of chief executive of his state and pay a visit to Texas and the State Fair in honor of that occasion.

T. CLEVELAND,

..DEALER IN BEST..

Domestic and Imported **WINES, LIQUORS and CIGARS.**

408 Main Street, HOUSTON, TEXAS.

W. T. Watt,
President.J. K. Rose,
Vice Pres't.E. A. Sturgis,
Cashier.**The Provident National Bank,**
WACO, TEXAS.

Capital Stock, \$300,000.00.

Surplus and Profits, \$40,000.00

HOTEL ROYAL | CENTRAL HOTEL

WACO, TEXAS.

BELTON, TEXAS.

MRS. MARTHA McWHIRTER, Proprietress.

S: ay Good Sample Rooms.

: **FIRST NATIONAL BANK,** :

WACO, TEXAS.

CAPITAL, \$500,000.00. SURPLUS, 100,000.00.

E. ROTAN, President.

WM. CAMERON, Vice-President.

TOM PADGITT, Vice-President.

R. F. GRIBBLE, Assistant Cashier.

Carson, Sewall & Co.,
WHOLESALE GROCERS
And Cotton Factors,
HOUSTON, TEXAS.**Texas Moline Plow Co.**

DALLAS, TEXAS.

Carry a full line of AGRICULTURAL
IMPLEMENTS. Inquire of your
nearest local dealer, or
address,**TEXAS MOLINE PLOW CO.**
DALLAS, TEXAS.**HOUSTON ICE AND BREWING CO.****THE
FAMOUS MAGNOLIA
BREWERY.**

HOUSTON, TEXAS.

The brand of the Magnolia Brewery is universally
recognized as a sign of superior merit.**PAT CAHILL,**

Wholesale and Retail Agent,

Cor. 8th and Franklin Sts.

Waco, Texas.

O. OBERLANDERAgent for Central
Texas of the**New Orleans
Brewing Ass'n.**Wholesale Depot with Waco Ice and Re-
frigerating Co.Retail at Oberlander's Saloon, 123 S. 3d St.
The superior qualities of the New Orleans
Beer are too well known to require com-
ment.**Menger Hotel**

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.

DALLAS BREWERY

BREWERS and BOTTLERS

HIGH GRADE LAGER BEER.

DALLAS, TEXAS.

W. A. HUMPHRIES,

Wholesale Dealer,

Cor. 8th and Mray Sts.,

Waco, Texas.



SWIFT LINE TO

Chicago,

Kansas City,

St. Louis

and all points

NORTH

AND

EAST.**HYGIENIC VAPOR-BATH.**Turkish, Russian, or Medicated Baths. No more Bath
Tubs. Renovates your system, prevents Obesity, cures
RHEUMATISM, Asthma, La Grippe, Neuralgia, Eczema,
Catarrh, MALARIA, FEMALE COMPLAINTS,
and all Blood, Skin, Nerve, LIVER, and KIDNEY
Diseases. Beautifies the Complexion. Guaranteed.
Best Made. Price low. Size, folded, 16x2 inches.
Weight, 5 lbs. Wholesale to agents. HYGIENIC
BATH CABINET CO., NASHVILLE, TENN.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH BREWING ASS'N

Budweiser,
Anheuser,
Pale Lager,
Red Ribbon

Brands always on hand
in Cases and Casks.

Budweiser, Standard
and Faust in Kegs.

G. H. LUEDDE,
Manager.
WACO, TEXAS.



The Crime of 1873.

People selecting the WINDSOR in preference to other Denver hotels would be justifiable if the superior accommodations and moderate rates were considered. It is everybody's favorite. \$2.00 to \$3.50 a day.

J. A. WIGGIN, Manager.

Wills Business College

It is acknowledged the equal of any in the United States, and superior to nearly all. It has three banks, wholesale, jobbing and railroad offices—all in active operation, giving actual and valuable experience in all business methods employed to-day. Its teachers are experienced and the most business-like that money can secure. It is not a small school of nothing, but one of the largest business universities in the union. Five hundred students annually from twelve to fourteen states have given the school a reputation. It has more push, energy and get-up-and-get than any school in the world. Superior facilities, practical course of study, wide-awake and stirring teachers, all enable the student to complete in a shorter time and at less expense than elsewhere. A school that has won 22 gold medals and premiums at state fairs must be a good place for a young man to attend. Its graduates always get the best positions at the highest salaries, because they know how to do the work. Catalogue and circulars for the asking. They tell the whole story.

R. H. HILL, Pres., Waco, Texas.



I AM THE MAN

TO GIVE YOU THE BEST

BUSINESS EDUCATION MONEY WILL PROCURE.

BOOK-KEEPING, BANKING, STENOGRAPHY, TYPEWRITING, PENMANSHIP, PREPARATORY AND ACADEMIC DEPARTMENTS.

BEST METHODS. BEST BUILDING. BEST TEACHERS. WRITE FOR HANDSOME ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.

ADDRESS: *Edward Toby, Jr.* **TOBY'S Practical Business College, WACO, TEX.**

COMMERCIAL, C. N. CORIN & CO.

Successors to J. V. Smith.

Dealers in

fine Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

327 Austin St., under McClelland Hotel,

WACO, TEXAS.

When You Come to

GALVESTON

Do not fail
to call for the

Galveston Beer.

IT IS A PURE GERMAN BREW.

COTTON.

We offer you our services backed by a continuous and successful experience of a quarter of a century in the cotton factorage business. Will send stencil and quotations on application, free of charge.

WM. D. CLEVELAND & CO.

COTTON FACTORS, Houston, Texas.

NASHVILLE and the
TENNESSEE
CENTENNIAL

Can best be reached by the



...It has double daily Sleeper service through to Nashville without change, leaving TEXAS morning and evening and arriving in NASHVILLE at convenient hours of the day.

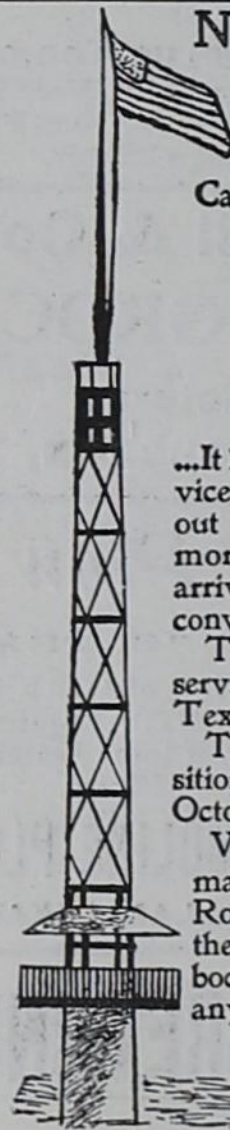
This is absolutely the best service ever offered between Texas and the Southeast.

The great Nashville Exposition opens May 1st, closes October 31st. The

VERY LOW RATES

made by the Cotton Belt Route places the trip within the means of almost everybody. For full particulars see any Cotton Belt Agent or write

S. G. WARNER,
G. P. A., Tyler.
A. A. GLISSON,
T. P. A., Ft. Worth.



Absolutely Practical.

All work thorough.

Business as it actually is, not as it is supposed to be. No play house work. Elegant building and class rooms. Best location in the state. All work under sole direction of Edward Toby, Jr., expert accountant of twenty-five years practical experience in New York City, New Orleans, La. Waco, Texas, and other cities.

Metropolitan Business College

Penmanship and Spanish under the ablest faculty of experienced teachers ever associated with any Business College in the South. Positions Guaranteed under a written contract backed by skill, honor and capital. Write for particulars. You can attend this school without risk. Finest all-round penman in Texas—one of the finest in America. Catalogue and specimens of penmanship free. Address,

THE METROPOLITAN BUSINESS COLLEGE, Dallas, Texas.

(W. W. Darby, A. Ragland, E. S. Gause, Associate Proprietors,) Now conceded to be the highest grade business training institution of the great Southwest. The Business Branches, Shorthand, Typewriting,



A very gentlemanly salesman who travels in the interest of the celebrated Spencerian Pens says of Ripans Tabules that he has used them for two or three years and many is the fellow traveler he has treated with them while on the road. He relates one experience that was pleasant rather than otherwise: An elderly lady in the train appeared to be suffering with something like nausea, and was very uncomfortable indeed, so that she excited his sympathy. He thereupon offered his services, and induced her to swallow a Ripans Tabule. The effect was so helpful and immediate and the lady was so grateful that they were led to converse upon the extraordinary merits of the Tabules, and from that conversation grew a friendship which has been a source of much pleasure to our salesman acquaintance. The lady has a summer home on Lake Geneva, in Wisconsin, and more than once our friend has been invited to spend a Sunday there, all of which came from his knowledge and appreciation of the merits of Ripans Tabules. "I would no sooner," he says, "think of going on the road without them than I would of leaving my sample case behind. I NEVER go without them,"

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

1094
258

SOUTHWEST COLLECTION
Texas Tech University
LUBBOCK, TEXAS 79409

BRANN'S ICONOCLAST.

Our
Great

DOLLAR SHIRTS FOR MEN

Mail Orders Solicited.

Send us \$6.00 for 1/2 dozen of these Shirts, and we will send them to you express charges prepaid and guarantee every Shirt. These are the styles:

Men's White Laundered Shirts, fine quality muslin, pure Belfast linen bosoms and wrist bands double stitched and reinforced throughout. Open front and back, also pleated bosom open front. Imported Madras Negligee, collar and cuffs attached, all the new checks and plaids, the very latest. Fine Negligee Shirts, made of Garner's best percale, 2 collars, 1 pair cuffs and tie to match.

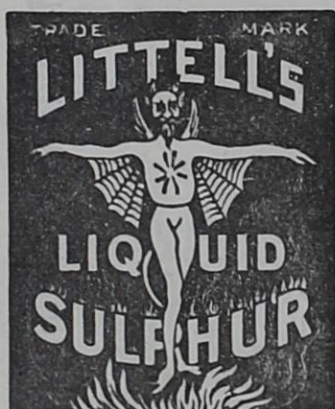
Any of these at \$1.00 each.
6 for \$6.00, express prepaid.

Address all orders to

SANGER BROS.
WACO, TEXA

OPIUM

and morphine habits. Only home cure, no aches or pains, sleep sound, appetite good, no interference with work, guaranteed. Can refer, by permission, to large number cured. Not a "gold" cure, or monthly treatment, but a perfect and complete home cure, by a new method, wholly different from anything before known in the treatment of the habit. Write for references and further information, to DR. PURDY, Binz Blk., Houston, Tex.



Nature's Greatest Germicide.

Sulphur Baths in the Retirement of Home.

Littell's Liquid Sulphur Ointment
Beautifies the Complexion.
Antiseptic and Healing.

LITTELL LIQUID SULPHUR SOAP
For the Skin, Scalp and Complexion.

... LITTELL'S ...
LIQUID SULPHUR REMEDIES

Will Cure any Skin Disease on Earth.

LITTELL LIQUID SULPHUR CO., Dallas, Texas.



Texas Coal Co.

Miners and Shippers of Bituminous and Anthracite Coals for Steam, Domestic and Smithing Purposes.

257 Main Street,
DALLAS, TEXAS.

Brann's Annual for 1897. Newsdealers, 25c.

R. B. PARROTT, PRES.

S. W. SLAYDEN, TREAS.

... TRY A COURSE OF BATHS IN THE ...

Health Giving Waters of Waco

Furnished from Private Artesian Well 1800 feet deep; Temperature 103 F.

The most complete Bath House in the United States. The most delightful Bathing Water in the World. Separate departments for Ladies and Gentlemen. Elegantly furnished rooms with electric fans in summer and heated by steam in winter.

Since the discovery of this water, the death rate in Waco is the lowest in the United States. Guests of the Natatorium have free access to the Swimming Pool.

JOHN F. MARSHALL, SUPT.

R. B. GAUT, Real Estate Broker and Investment Banker

Rooms 203-4-5, Binz Bldg., HOUSTON, TEXAS,
Does a GENERAL LAND BUSINESS and makes a specialty of Rentals and Investments.

The Lawlor Hotel, HOUSTON, TEXAS.

FIRST-CLASS IN ALL ITS APPOINTMENTS.
Opposite Grand Central Depot.

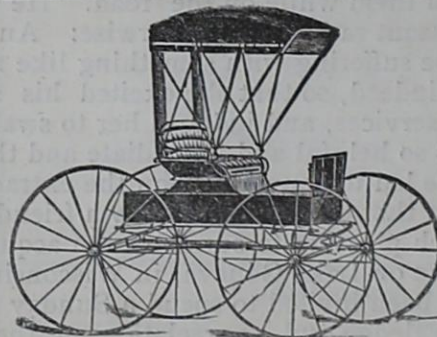
Texas Lands for Sale.

We have large tracts of land in Central and Western Texas, both improved and unimproved. Also in Southeast Texas

in the celebrated tobacco and fruit growing district. Write us for terms and prices.

Wm. Cameron & Co.

Waco, Texas.



If you are in need of a vehicle, write for our new 1897 catalogue, showing over 150 different styles of Buggies, Carriages, Surries, Road Wagons, Delivery Wagons, Mail Hacks, etc.

Parlin & Orendorff Co

DALLAS, TEXAS.



ICE and COAL

COLD
STORAGE

WACO ICE and REFRIGERATING CO
JAS. E. EGAN, Sec'y and Gen'l Mgr.