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AN A. P. A. WAIL.

The United States government, with the aid of a two-cent stamp, has gleefully forwarded to the Iconoclast a wierd wail from the mountains of Hepsidam, where the lion roareth and the whangdoodle mourneth for its first-born. The wail really originated in Columbus, Ohio, and the author of its bright young being says that his name is J. L. Thomas; but we receive the statement with several grains of salt. However it doesn't matter. He couldn't have written worse under any name; he couldn't have shown more violent yearning to make the welkin ring with wild denunciations of the Iconoclast, or a more potent desire to rip this publication from its foundations and wipe up the earth with its bleeding remains.

Tommy is an A. P. A., and he cheerfully calls himself "an intelligent member," almost in the same breath in which he alludes to the Iconoclast as "a perennial liar." Tommy was not to blame, perhaps, but he simply got his forms pied just as he was going to press, and so the intelligence and the little habit of lying were respectively ascribed to the other fellow. His own supernal and overwhelming lack of intelligence is shown in his alleged answers to the questions asked of the A. P. A. in the August number. The Iconoclast takes pleasure in publishing one or two of T. L. Jay's arguments, as it will help the world to understand what kind of cattle these are who are banded together for the avowed purpose of "downing" the Catholic church. He says, in the chaste and elegant diction which has characterized the A. P. A. from its inception:

"He, she or it wishes to know where the A. P. A. is at, that it don't make a bid for the contract of nursing the lepers and milking the government treasury both, at one and the same time. Well I will tell you. In the first place the A. P. A. is a comparatively young order. It has not learned the value of a good ad., as the M. of H. has, neither has it learned the manner of acquiring the reputation of doing a meritorious act for the purpose of getting its name in the papers. Probably it will learn in time."

This is reply No. 1; this is the kind of balderdash put forth by an A. P. A. man who labels himself as "intelligent;" the variety of rot that organization has to offer in opposition to deeds of quiet heroism, of Christian work, of constant self-abnegation, on the part of the church he tries to insult. It will be noticed, however, that he neglects to state one very important lesson which the A. P. A. has never had to learn; which it seemed to know when it was born, and that was, how to keep out of danger. When there were lepers to nurse, stand back and give the Catholics a chance, they want their name in the papers. When there is a small-pox epidemic, let the Sisters take charge of the pest-house, for they want the advertising. When the yellow fever makes its appearance, turn the city hospitals over to the Sisters,—while we betake ourselves to safe towns and drive yellow fever refugees out of them with shotguns. In short, the "M of H." is a very convenient thing to have around when there is death in the air, or when loathsome disease is to be cared for and menial duties to be done; but as soon as the A. P. A. has crawled to a safe place it dares to raise its dastard hand against the church which has sent her children into the forefront of the battle, and to call her the Mother of Harlots!

And the majority of the A. P. A. are men, it appears from further alleged arguments brought forward by this Tommy of the self-confessed intelligence; and they are not members of any church, and they have no spiritual father to suggest to them that they must volunteer for this dangerous mission. And this is an utterance from the organization that boasts of a Slattery, and that splits its stupid throat with yelling when he utters his false and malicious charges against Catholic Sisters of Charity. Pray, ought not humanity to be as much an instinct with the members of the A. P. A. as with the members of the church it slanders? Must one always be driven by a priest or a Pope before one can help the wayfarer fallen among thieves? And finally, are the women the only workers in the Catholic church?

"Third place," says this eloquent and intelligent A. P. A.; "a large number of the young and active members are in Cuba or Porto Rico helping to free the victims of the R. C. Church from the clutch of the last state support of the 'Thru' church,"—whatever that may mean.

So? Then the "young and active members" of the A. P. A. are in much good company,—fighting side by side with Catholics and Protestants and free-thinkers, to free an oppressed people which happens to be Catholic in its religion, from an oppressing country which also chances to be Catholic. The failure or success of the American arms will certainly not change any individual's religion; will not make any Cuban less a Catholic, and will not incline any A. P. A. prevaricator to consider the error of his ways and strive to be a decent man. As religions or creeds had nothing to do with bringing on the war, and have never made any feature of it in any way, it is like the assinine style of banality which the A. P. A. is in the habit of calling "arguments;" this puerile attempt on the part of Tommy to prove that the A. P. A. are performing wonders in rescuing Cuba and Porto Rico from the deadly grip of the Catholic church.

As for those alleged deeds of heroism, we must have better security than Bardolph's before we can believe them. Men who defame and villify good women are not manly men. We can believe with much better grace that the members of the A. P. A. in Cuba have rent the chapparral wide open in their wild efforts to be elsewhere when the Spanish bullets came hurtling along their way; that they disappeared within their collars like a highland terrapin when men were wanted for difficult and dangerous duties, and did not come out again until meal time.

And if the A. P. A. are really helping to free any individual from the Catholic church, heaven help that poor soul. The Iconoclast has seen the A. P. A. and its sympathizers undertake that task before, and it knows what is likely to come of it. They "saved" Antonio Teixeira, with the help of a Baptist university and a whole corps of "professors," together with their cousins and their uncles and their aunts. Their success in this one case was great, and they have shown no evidence that their ancient skill was declining, or that the grasshopper was becoming a burden.

And if this writer of graceful and forceful English further smites his resounding brow and wonders how much the Catholic church pays the Iconoclast for the "advertisements" of that church which are run from time to time in the columns of this paper.

Really, Tommy's ignorance and his impudence would place him beneath our contempt, were it not that he may be said to represent, in a measure, the alleged intelligence of his organization. "What men see and cannot see over is as good as infinity, and Tommy cannot see over his own celluloid collar. He has, perhaps, always been associated with daily newspapers whose opinions were for sale, and were sold; if not to one bidder, then to another. The Iconoclast takes pleasure in informing him that the only advertisements it runs are in the advertising columns, and never by any chance on the editorial page. It adds the further information, that the writer of this article is a Protestant of the Protestants; that the hand which



guides this pencil has never made the sign of the cross, or accepted the holy Eucharist from the hand of stoled priest. But there is truth in the remark of the old man to his criticising neighbor who believed that a certain rich man gave to charity simply to make a big display; "My friend, when you see the hands of a clock going right you may be pretty sure that the works are all right inside." Study these Catholics under whatever aspect you will, and you will find that the hands are going right. They are making homes for homeless orphans and are educating and training them for lives of usefulness. They are caring for the old and the poor and the fallen and the sick; for the wrecked soul and the wrecked body alike. "By their works ye shall know them," and if this be true the Catholics will stand a pretty fair chance at the last day.

And now a last word to J. L. Thomas, whose snarling, vicious and badly-written letter brought forth this article. You have made a great mistake in your location, Tommy. Your true field is at Waco. If you could only bring all that undigested spleen and that superlative gall to this city, you could stand so high in the Baptist church that you would have to shut up like a jack-knife to keep from knocking the frescoes off the ceiling. And with your exorbitant want of general information, your limitless narrowness, your skill and facility in knocking the Queen's English clear out of the ring with every stroke of your pen—ye gods!—nothing could prevent it! Come to Waco, Tommy, and be a professor in Baylor!

#### PROFIT AND LOSS.

The war is at an end and I want to extend the energetic hand of congratulation to the American people. I congratulate them that they have won—even against an opponent of less than a twentieth of their strength. I congratulate them that the loss of American life has been so scant. I congratulate them that the affair was ended long before the congressional elections. I congratulate them that anxious mothers, wives and sweethearts, who have been sitting up at night and discussing dress reform along with the bulletins from the front, can now welcome their darlings home and make them build fires in the morning and bring in firewood and heave flat-irons at them and jaw them to a standstill when they stay out too late at night as in the halcyon days of old. I congratulate them that the business has been cheap so far as money cost is concerned. I congratulate them that many people know the tune of the "Star Spangled Banner" who did not know it before. I congratulate them that at least ten persons in the United States have memorized the words of this song all the way from "Oh, say have you saw" clear on down to "home of the brave. I congratulate them that the patriots of this country increased at a ratio of thirty-six to one over the returns of September a year ago. I congratulate them that Dr. Johnson's savage reflection, "patriotism is the last refuge of the scoundrel" has not come as yet to disturb their dream of glory, though they will learn its truth later on. I congratulate them that Bill McKinley will soon retire to his customary obscurity as Mark Hanna's man. I congratulate them, most of all, that an insufferable press will now be forced to give us something other than naked nonsense dated "Two and One-Half Miles Northeast of Siboney, In the Camp of the Rough Riders, Writing on a Cracker Box With the Stub of a Lead Pencil, Which I Have to Wet Frequently in My Mouth, While the Mauser Projectiles Whistle Through My Whiskers and I Long for Home and Mother," and credited "Special Telegram From Our Own Staff Correspondent Whom We Sent to the Front at Tremendous Expense to the Management. Delayed in Transmission."

The "news" of the American press from end to end of the contest has gravitated from the idiotic to the foecal and from the foecal back to the idiotic. It has been pitchforked into the columns of the papers with no regard to arrangement and every editor in the land has been kept busy one day denying the information he furnished on the day preceding. There has not been found a journal which would print a sensible, succinct, intelligent story of the war from issue to issue. It has been our cheerful custom to gibe at the English papers when they were telling tales of wars which happened three thousand miles away from their offices. It is now our turn to take a back seat and think for awhile. It is certain that not the British press, nor the French press, nor the German press has ever furnished the world with such an exhibition. If I owned a morning paper there would be one result of the tomfoolery

—a tomfoolery which still continues though in diminished degree: I would paste placards in my office to this effect: "The next man, reporter or editor, who uses the word 'hero' in this paper can go to the business office and get his money, set his face in any direction, north, east, south or west, and keep on traveling." We have had the "Hero of Manilla" and the "Hero of San Juan" and the "Hero of Santiago" and the "Hero of Matanzas" and the "Hero of the Gloucester" and the "Hero of the Texas" and the "Hero of Havana" and the "Hero of the Merrimac" who seems to have returned to his chortling country determined to kiss every woman between Duluth and San Augustine, and so on down the sickening list until we have grown tired of it. These men have been taken by the government, fed by the government, clothed by the government, educated by the government, paid by the government for being educated, given life-long jobs by the government, and have been loafing along and drawing pay for twenty-five years waiting for a chance to do the work which they had been hired to do. They have done it, with every circumstance of superior ships and more of them, superior guns and more of them, superior sailors and more of them in their favor, and now they are beslobbered "heroes," stared at and cheered by the men and behugged and bekissed and bemussed by the women. Rats!

Once more, brethren, I congratulate the sensible hard-working tax-paying citizens of this country that the worst of it is over. We may, in self defense, be forced to drown an editor or two in hogsheads of milk and water, transport Hearst and Pulitzer to Guam and give the Associated Press a bucket of laudanum, but the end is approaching.

It is time now to pause and wipe the sweat of yawping from our tired brows and ask: "What did we do it for?" and "what do we get out of it?"

As compared with other wars, as compared particularly with our own civil struggle, it was a good deal of an opera bouffe affair from first to last. We have done what we started out to do and a great deal more, but we have no cause to plume ourselves over a victory won from a notably incompetent foe, certainly no cause to rush around the world yelling: "Here we come, d—n our fool souls! Somebody please head us off!" Opera bouffe as it was, however, it has cost us something like a thousand lives and \$600,000,000 in money. We have paid outrageous taxes without a murmur and will continue to pay them until a Republican congress gets together and takes them off. Therefore the query is pertinent: What do we get out of it? I confess that the other query: What did we do it for? is beyond me. It is much easier to say what we do not get out of it. For instance, we do not get a dollar of indemnity, because Spain has not got the dollar. We do get Porto Rico, and much good may it do us. That is an island which has some millions of Spanish-speaking, Spanish descended inhabitants, who do not know American laws, who will not like American laws when they come to know them, who are antagonistic racially and by education to American customs and ideals, who will pay their taxes grudgingly, who will need a large and expensive standing force to keep them peaceable and protect them and who, when they come to be a state—if they ever do become a state—will help to govern the people who set them free, a people whom they do not understand and who do not understand them. I venture the assertion that Porto Rico—which is by far the most desirable of the possessions which it seems are to come to us anyhow—will cost us two dollars for every dollar that it pays in and be a world of trouble besides. It will be found to be a good deal of a white elephant, lying as it does fifteen hundred miles to the eastward of our east coast, and its people are no more capable of self-government than are the people of any other Latin American country, in any and all of which a revolution revolves with every new moon.

Then there is Cuba. We are not to annex Cuba, it seems. At least, not right away. That highly moral, sanctified housebreaker, Uncle Sam, licks his chops and dreams of the hereafter. The island is impoverished. It is peopled by whites who are about as good as our blacks and by blacks who are a little worse than the Coromantees. Self-government? Why ten of these fellows, placed upon a fertile and uninhabited island a thousand miles square, would find it too small for them. In a year nine of them would be dead from stiletto wounds in the back and the tenth would be president, vice-president, prime minister, secretary of the treasury and postmaster all in one. Already Garcia, the "general" of the ragamuffins whom we



fed near Santiago and who would not work, has announced himself for president of the Cuban republic in embryo. Macias, a civilian, has done the same thing. There are your military and civic powers in clash at this stage of the game, to be followed by bloody revolution as inevitably as the rising of the sun is followed by its setting, but for the interposition of American bayonets, which must be kept in Cuba for the next ten years to come at enormous cost to this country.

We get Guam also, which is a speck of land bearing the same relation to the vast Pacific as a dead fly bears to a bowl of clabber. We are to get a coaling station and a city at Manila, five thousand miles west of San Francisco, where a standing army must be maintained to overawe the Malays and imitation PaPuan with which Luzon swarms. We are to enter the field of far eastern politics, wherein Russia, Germany, France, England and Japan are straining like hounds in leash to fly at each other's throats. We are to enter this field and, at the same time, to enter a row wherein we have as much business as a baby girl in a beer duel. All of which means more army and more treasure and more death, and, possibly, a licking that will make our hair curl for a century. We have got Hawaii, with its population of 109,000—9,000 of whom are English, Germans and Americans and 190,000 of whom are Kanakas, Japanese, Chinese coolies and syphilitic Portuguese—and its "strategic" position, 2,000 miles west of the mouth of a canal which has not been built and which every examining engineer, not attached to the United States army, says can not be built at a less cost than double the price which De Lesseps proposed to pay for the Panama ditch.

Will some lengthy orator, with lungs of brass and tireless tongue, arise slowly and smooth out the kinks in himself and tell me what we have got out of it? In this country are one hundred millions of fertile acres which are lying fallow because there is no one to plow them and reap their harvests. In this country there is room for ten thousand towns which are yet unbuilt. In this country are the surveyed routes for one hundred railways which have not been constructed and fifty needed canals which have not been dug. In this country the producing sections are still separated from the manufacturing sections by from one to two thousand miles. There are no factories worth mentioning in the South and few worth mentioning in the agricultural West. In this country there is space for five hundred millions of native born and descended Americans of the type which should be developed by the end of the twentieth century. In this country to-day are the seeds of its dissolution, planted here, nourished here and now poisonously flowering here through the too free admission of foreign peoples. Yet we must "branch out." And "enter the field of the world's politics." And "take our proper place among the nations." And "plunge full armed and panoplied into earth's combat." And "fulfill the colonizing mission of the Anglo-Saxon."

What did we do it for?

What do we get out of it?

Once more and altogether:

Rats!

#### ALGER AND HIS BETRAYAL OF ROOSEVELT.

Secretary of War Alger continues to merit the good opinions of him published in the July and August numbers of the Iconoclast. The man is not only incompetent to the high position he holds, because of his millions, and was not only proven a personal coward in our civil struggle by the testimony of General Merritt, now in the Philippines, but he is a rascal and destitute of any instinct of a gentleman. The most notable thing done by him in the past month has been his publication of private correspondence between himself and Colonel Roosevelt, done with the object first of getting even with Roosevelt, who has been outspoken in criticism of mismanagement by the war department, by making him unpopular with the volunteer part of the army and, second, by preventing his nomination by the Republicans to be governor of New York.

In Roosevelt's letter to Alger he said that his Rough Riders were superior to other volunteers, armed with out-of-date weapons. The statement was entirely correct. The Rough Riders would be superior to an equal number of volunteers, chosen haphazard, if their Krag-Jorgensens were taken from them and each of them was armed with a horse syringe and a bucket of hot soup. This is because they are hardier and braver men. Any one can see from the letter's context that it was intended only for Alger's

eye, and it preferred a reasonable request that the Riders be sent to take part in the Porto Rico campaign. The giving of this letter to the Associated Press for broadcast publication throughout America was a dirty, cowardly, despicable act. There are many manly men in this country, and they have protested so vigorously and contemptuously against the outrage that Alger has sought to better his position by denying that he gave out the letter. When he does this, he lies in fact, if not actually. It has not been supposed that he called the reporter into his private office and gave him the letter with his own hand. There is no doubt, however, that he was privy to its publication and rejoiced in it until numerously informed that he was an ungentlemanly rascal. The public is asked to believe that some miscreant broke into the secretary's desk, went through his private correspondence, filched the Roosevelt letter and rushed with it to Associated Press headquarters. That is too thin. The Michigan lumberman, boodling politician, presidential aspirant (God save the mark!) and all around ass is the fellow behind the offensive action.

Mr. McKinley could take a step toward regaining his waned popularity by demanding Alger's resignation. It should have been done, in fact, before the 1st of May. At that time the secretary of war completely demonstrated his unfitness and had given ground for grave suspicion of his integrity. McKinley, however, is not that kind of man. He would rather see this country laughed at, and the lives of brave men jeopardized than to violate any unholy contract he may have entered into with his partners in the reeking iniquities of the last national campaign. Alger will stay in office, but outside of the pale of social recognition by decent men.

#### UNIFORMED GHOULS.

A Florida correspondent sends the following clipping in reference to an affair with which the country is ringing:

"Washington, August 15.—The trial by court-martial of Captain L. C. Duncan of the Twenty-second Kansas regiment, charged with desecrating Confederate graves in Virginia, was resumed to-day at Thoroughfare Gap.

The most important witness was Captain George E. Ross, Company I, Twenty-second Kansas, who, on hearing of the report of grave-digging, investigated the matter. When he reached the scene and asked for an officer he said Duncan stepped out and made a remark to the effect that he was conducting a medical research, and wanted to ascertain what the men in the grave had died from. Replying to his question, the soldiers standing around stated that they were digging up rebels. Witness was indignant at what he saw, and took prompt measures to report to headquarters. On cross-examination, he said that there were about a dozen men in all, some of whom were non-commissioned officers. He did not see Duncan handle any bones or clothes.

Sergeant J. M. Southard of the Twenty-second Kansas saw a party of men opening graves. He identified a button he had obtained from Private Wise of the Twenty-second, who, he believed, got it from one of the graves. He saw the jawbone of the occupant of a grave, and also some buttons and parts of epaulets. A sergeant of Company H, Third New York Regiment, identified Duncan as the officer who, with a party of men, was seen digging in a mound of earth. The men were from the Third New York and a Missouri and a Kansas regiment.

The prospects are that the case will continue for the remainder of the week."

The correspondent who sent the article asked that the Iconoclast deal with these ghouls as they deserve, and at first the editor thought that he would comply with the request. But afterward he saw that it could not be done. The only man who could have done justice to this subject lies in Oakwood cemetery with a coward's bullet in his back. How he would have made of the English language a bundle of fire-whips that would have stung and cut and burned the grave-diggers of Thoroughfare Gap until they would have begged for death instead,—until they would vainly have tried to hide themselves in the holes from which they tossed the bones of dead soldiers. How he would have branded their infamy upon their shrinking carcasses, and then have held them up for the slow-moving finger of scorn to point at; doomed to an immortality of disgrace; heirs to the world's contempt. Think of it! These creatures wore the form of men! They had even succeeded in convincing the government that they were patriots, or would be if given the opportunity.

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and they had been sent out wearing their country's uniform, and guardians of their country's honor.

And there they were, these "patriots," these alleged men gleefully turning up the graves of the Confederate dead; throwing skulls and shattered remnants of bones up into the garish light of day; pawing over the mould and picking out a button here and there for a keep-sake; buttons stamped with the Palmetto, perhaps or with the pathetic image of the Pelican feeding her young from her own bleeding breast.

And they were able to jest, these monstrous creatures, these wretched abortions of nature! They were only making an investigation in the interests of science! They were trying to find what these Confederate soldiers died of!

From a disease that you will never catch, foul hyenas that you are! They died from love of home and country—the purest, the truest, the noblest that ever stirred up the very flower of a nation's chivalry and called them to arms. They were Jeb Stuart's men, and Turner Ashby's, men who were worthy to follow those whitest souls of chivalry. What did it matter to them if they were barefoot, and ragged and half fed and half paid? The word country meant something to men like these; and this was what they died of,—a disease that Duncan and his fellows will not die of in a thousand years.

And the people who loved these dead soldiers are yet living, many of them; gray-haired mothers who watched their gallant boys march away, never to come back again; widows whose loved ones fell on that far battle-field; and the very name of the place sends a pang to many a heart, because there are wounds that never heal. Think of one of these, reeling as she reads how these gallant soldiers have been amusing themselves in Virginia, and gasping: "Oh, what if that should be my boy's grave!"

But even if all who knew and loved those dead soldiers had been swept away; if there were no sentiment left in the world to guard the pathetic graves of the Southern dead; one would think that there might be something in the commonest humanity which would hold as sacred the graves where sleep the men who fought in a hopeless cause and who knew how to die but not how to yield. And if any dastard hound could fall so low as to prowl among those solemn bones, it would surely be some wretched alien, some contemptible beast without love of country or hope of heaven!

But no! The deed was done by American soldiers, sent out to protect our common country from an outside enemy; and these soldiers stopped on their way to dig into the graves of our Southern dead and see what buttons or other interesting souvenirs they could find there! God pity the nation which has such material for its soldiers. Better a thousand times be at the mercy of a foreign enemy than have such foul and degraded hyenas for our protectors. A mere court-martial for men like these? Rather put into every honest hand, North and South, a scorpion whip of scorn that will flay with every touch, and drive the hounds from Thoroughfare Gap to the Golden Gate—and beyond. As for the article, language fails. It cannot be written.

#### BANALITIES ABOUT BOWIE.

Even the gravest and most standard of publications are liable to error. It seems that the graver and more standard they are, the more ridiculous are the blunders they sometimes make. I am reminded of this truism by some of the stuff recently published in so high a monthly as Harper's Magazine. One would suppose that, since this periodical appears only twelve times a year and is then retailed at the price of 35 cents per copy in the United States, 25 cents in Great Britain, its highly salaried editors would have time to verify the assertions made by contributors, more particularly as nothing is considered to be quite good enough for Harper's until it has moldered for two years in the editorial desk.

Somebody, whose name has escaped me, has written a lot of matter about James Bowie. Bowie died a little more than sixty years ago and most of his life was passed in public and is matter of record, but this author does not seem to have known it. I suppose that he averages ten mistakes to the page, though I have not taken the trouble to count them. I shall only notice three. To begin with, James Bowie was not the inventor of the knife which bears his name. The original bowie-knife was made from a large file by a negro slave named Manuel, who had a taste for blacksmithing. This slave

belonged to Rezin P. Bowie, an elder brother of James, and he gave it to his master for a hunting knife. By him it was given to James who carried it constantly. It has been said that he slept with it. He brought it to Texas with him, and the many adventurers in the territory at that time saw and admired it and it served as a model for many similar kind of weapons. This knife made by Manuel was under Bowie's cot when the Alamo was stormed and was lost then.

The Harper writer says:

"There were progressive duels, too, from which the popular mind no more revolted than it does in this era from progressive whist or euchre. It was one of them which gave Bowie and his knife to fame. In some way there had come to be bad blood, black and bitter, between him and a certain Colonel Norris Wright. After long bickerings, it was agreed to meet upon the levee opposite Natchez, Miss., each with half a dozen friends, duly armed, and there shoot the matter out. There was a dozen on each side when it came to fighting. The battle was arranged to begin with threes, the rest standing by, and coming in only when those of the first fight were dead or disabled. But they had miscalculated their own self-control. After the first fire there was a general melee—the reserves to a man gripped pistols hard, drew knife-belts to a handy clutch, and went into the combat to do or die."

Allusion is here made to the historic "sandbar fight," and the levee at Natchez had nothing to do with it. The men fought on a bar in the middle of the Mississippi river because it was then supposed that neither the State of Louisiana nor the State of Mississippi would have jurisdiction over the belligerents.

There were two factions in Rapides parish, Louisiana, one headed by the Wells and Overton families, and the other by the Crane and Maddox families. Jim Bowie was a friend of the Wells-Overton crowd and did their fighting for them. Wright, who was a professional desperado in New Orleans, was imported by the Maddox-Crane faction expressly to kill Bowie. The men had a street fight in Alexandria in which honors were even and the "sandbar fight" followed. In this fight Bowie was shot through the body by Wright and fell. Crane approached with a sword-cane to finish the work. Bowie rose to a sitting posture, drew the celebrated knife and made a vicious swipe, cutting off Crane's long coat-tails close to his waist. He was called "Bob-tailed Crane" to the day of his death. Somebody in the Wells-Overton crowd killed Wright and the melee became general. Bowie recovered in a remarkably short time.

The author tells also how Bowie, with his brother Rezin, five other men and one boy, whipped 500 Comanches after five days of battle. This fight never occurred. Rezin Bowie was a sober and respectable planter always and was never an Indian fighter. James Bowie was sometimes sober, but his worst enemy never accused him of respectability. He lived for several years in San Antonio and the salacious tales about him still told in that city would fill a book. Perhaps this is as good a time as any to enter denial of the constantly recurring canard that Jim Bowie fell in the Alamo, surrounded by a ring of dead Mexicans, piled waist high and all carved with the formidable knife which he did not invent. He had been suffering from typhoid fever for days when the place was invested, was too weak to raise his hand to his head and died just before the Mexicans entered the old church. They prodded his body, but got no other satisfaction out of it. The woman who nursed him is still alive in San Antonio and was wounded by a bayonet thrust in the cheek at the time.

#### EDITORIAL ETCHINGS.

Under the constitution of this country what is to become of the civil rights of the 35,000 Hawaiians who live in the islands that we have made a part of us? These people were full-blooded citizens under Queen Lilioukalanani. They had the right to vote and to send representatives to the national legislature. Now it would appear that they have no rights whatever, outside of the right to pay taxes with no resultant representation. Our constitution declares that citizenship may be attained "by white persons and those of African birth or descent." No others. The Kanaka is not white. He is not a negro. He is barred. The question of the inability of a native Hawaiian to attain American citizenship was settled some years ago by the supreme court of Utah before that ter-



ritory became a state. A young Kanaka applied for papers of naturalization and they were refused. The case was taken to the supreme court of the United States and the lower court sustained. That decision will have to be reversed or else the 35,000 natives of the Hawaiian islands who by annexation have been made citizens of nowhere, robbed by Dole of subjectship and by America of the voting privilege, will remain in their anomalous political condition.

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The Harpers have a new magazine which they call "Literature." It is published in New York and London at the high price of 25 cents a throw, and I suppose that people buy it or it would cease to appear. It is heartily commended to any one who suffers from insomnia. The English quarterlies are supposed to be heavy, but they are thistledown compared with the platinum-like weight of this production. It is difficult to see why a magazine devoted to news, criticism and gossip of literature and literary men should weigh thirty-six ounces to the pound, but this one weighs more. Literature as a general thing is not heavy. Averaging it, the lack of density is noticeable. Literary men are not conspicuous for ponderosity, mental or physical. The Harpers, however, have succeeded in obtaining the services of an editor whose pen weighs three hundredweight and his ink, if dropped into water, would sink like a plummet. Now and then one of these remarkable men come to the front. He ought to be hired to read aloud from his own writings to the patients in the neurotic ward of a big hospital.

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The West just now is suffering from a lack of literary output, but this does not mean that the pens of the westerners are idle. As much writing has been done in the summer of 1898 as was done in the corresponding months of last year, but there has been much less publishing. This has been caused by the war. People cared apparently to read about nothing except the war, and publishers, who are not in the business for their health, forbore to risk a dollar in the issuance of fiction, travel, history, biography or anything save maps of Cuba and small Spanish-English dictionaries. There is every sign that a revival is at hand; people have grown tired of the endless and senseless repetitions with which the columns of the dailies, weeklies and monthlies have been filled since last April, and the men who make books are preparing to give them something they will like better.

\* \* \*

The South has been unfairly treated. There can be no doubt of that. Southern regiments have been held in American camps. Southern generals, with the exception of Joe Wheeler, who was in Washington and could plead his cause in person, have been kept at home. Now that all of the glory has been reaped by others, Southerners are to be sent to Cuba under the mistaken impression that they are "immunes." This is unfortunate, but the question may be properly asked: Did the Southern people really expect anything else? Did they have the right to expect anything else? Republicans are in power in Washington. Northerners hold the offices. There is not a Southern man in McKinley's cabinet. If the many gallant young business men, professional men and farming men in the South who rushed to enlist at the first call to arms expected to be given a fair showing, the Iconoclast can say only that they expected a great deal more than it did. Things have turned out exactly as this paper believed they would turn out, and as it said they would turn out. Southerners will be given the chance to fight for their country only when their country is engaged in a war of such magnitude that every man will be imperatively needed. The opera bouffe affair with Spain furnished only glory enough for the favored ones of the North and Northwest.

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The officers and men of the Seventy-first New York volunteers have been filling up the home papers with protests against the way in which they have been misjudged, but the protests will do them small good. Unfortunately the disgraceful facts are known to some hundreds of soldiers, who naturally despise cowardice and are under no obligation to keep their mouths shut. The facts, as related by these soldiers and verified by correspondents who saw the disgraceful affair, are these: At the storming of San Juan hill, the Seventy-first New York was ordered to charge. Coming within range of the Spanish Mausers, the officers became frightened, and the colonel ordered a

halt. The men, thoroughly disorganized, lay down in the jungle, their officers along with them, and tried to bury themselves in the earth. It was a case of blue funk. An officer from General Kent's staff came up and asked who they were. Being told, he asked what they were doing there and received the reply that their colonel had ordered them to remain as they were. "Where is your colonel?" was the next query. "We don't know," was the whimpering answer. "Then take your orders from General Kent and move forward." There was no response, and not a man stirred from the long grass wherein he was prone. "Will no man lead these troops into action?" the staff aide called out. A captain arose and answered: "Yes; I will lead them." Then a major poked his head up far enough to be seen. "I'll be d—d if you do," he said. "I'm your senior officer, and I order you to stay right here." The aide called to the colored regulars who had formed in the rear to "charge over the cowards," and they did so. It is stated by eye witnesses that as the negroes marched over these hiding white men, they ground the heels of their heavy cavalry boots into their backs. They were at pains to step on them, and when they found an officer and could distinguish his epaulets they kicked him heartily in passing. How the blacks went to the top of the hill is history. How the Seventy-first New York sat down and wrote letters to the papers is also history. This is the kind of cattle for whom Southern troops have been held in Florida.

\* \* \*

The evident intention of the Republicans of New York state to nominate Theodore Roosevelt to be governor means a hard fight for the Democracy. It means probably the defeat of the Democracy, although in ordinary time and with ordinary candidates Tammany is always able to pile up in the city a surplusage of Democratic votes more than sufficient to overcome Republican majorities in the country districts. Roosevelt is not an ordinary candidate. The most popular men of the war in the order named are Dewey, Schley and the colonel of the Rough Riders. The latter is not much of a politician, but he is a born fighter in the field or on the hustings. His record as an official will help him. When a member of the civil service commission he gave that bastard law such an enforcement that his party looked on him with alarm and disgust. He was too active. When a member of the police board of New York he attended personally to the enforcement of the statutes. The policeman who went to sleep upon his beat, or who spent his working hours in a saloon, did so at extreme peril. Not content with the reports of subordinates, Roosevelt inspected the workings of the excise law himself. He walked the streets of New York many a night. He was heard of in the most unexpected places. In this way he gained a large topographical knowledge of the city, and he so terrorized the force that policemen actually did some of the things they were paid to do. During his year in the naval department Mr. Roosevelt gave the loafing occupants of desks in the war building an example of industry and applied intelligence that astonished and awed them. It awed them so much that they did not try to imitate him. It is possible to make a New York policeman earn his salary, but it is not possible to make a government officeholder do anything of the kind. Roosevelt failed in this, mainly because he did not have the authority to appoint and discharge. If given plenary power for a little while, he would have stirred up a rare hullabaloo in the department mismanaged by Alger and the Algerites. All of this goes to prove that, if nominated, he will make the hardest kind of race for the New York governorship and, if elected, will be a good governor. In fact, the state needs a man like Roosevelt in Albany. There has not been a time since 1865 when governmental stealing was not rife in that capital.

\* \* \*

The Democrats and Populists of this state have named their tickets. The Southwestern world will stand still now until young Green, son of Hetty Green, has had his leg sufficiently elongated. There is a steady drawing process upon his sinister nether limb in progress all the time, but once every two years it is subjected to a mighty yank which drags it three inches from the hip-socket. Nor is it allowed to snap back until he has wired mamma to "dig." If a man must have kinky-headed and needy friends in the Brazos bottoms, he must pay for the privilege.

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The Chicago newspapers have raised their price from one cent to two cents a copy, "because of the enormous expenses to which we have been subjected by the war." These papers, it may be said, have each been subjected to an additional expense of something like \$200 a week, and they have issued thirty-six extras per diem, selling them to the gullible public at the full rate ordinarily charged for a newspaper. They are certainly not any behind, but an opportunity offers to mace readers and there was never a daily on earth to overlook any such bet as that. The Iconoclast expected the move, because the Chicago papers are all members of a trust, and it can not understand why the Texas dailies have refused to follow suit. They are members of a trust, if anything a little tighter and more outrageous than the Chicago trust. This is their time to charge the public 10 cents for one mill's worth of news, and the massive sums they have paid out for special cablegrams (per slow freight) and lifelike illustrations of warfare at the front (stolen from the northern weeklies) should plead their excuse. If this scheme has not occurred to Messrs. Belo and Grice and "Pink" Hill and the rest of them, it is because they have been too busy thinking up some other way of "getting next."

\* \* \*

There is no reason why Whitelaw Reid should not be appointed secretary of state to succeed Day, the Canton attorney, slated for a place on the peace commission. If Day is a refrigerator, Reid is an iceberg. If Day knows little of international law and the usages of diplomacy, Reid knows nothing at all. If Day is an ordinary country lawyer, with a dyspeptic stomach and a habit of keeping his mouth shut because he has nothing to say, Reid is a provincial editor, with a macerated liver and an open mouth from which nothing of value ever issues. Day is a thin, sallow, small-headed, secretive mole sort of man, and Reid is a thin, sallow small-headed, excretive, exclusive self-opinionated nuisance. Day was made secretary of state because he has lived next to McKinley in Canton, Ohio, for twenty years. Together they led their flocks to the same pasture and together partook their rustic meals. Reid is a son-in-law of Father-in-law Mills, who got his money by jumping the quick-silver claim of Billy McGarrahan in California more than a quarter of a century ago. In fact, Mr. Reid is possessed of every social, mental and physical attribute to fit him for a place in the McKinley cabinet. There is not enough good red blood in the entire outfit to run one ordinary man.

\* \* \*

The Iconoclast desires once more to direct attention to the remarkable war and Washington features of the Poston Houst. Acting Commodore Rebecca Merlindy Johnsing should be advanced eight numbers and Lieutenant Commander Charles Ahasuerus Edwards should be surged upward three numbers and a half.

\* \* \*

John H. Reagan has gone on record with the following: "The Democrats, more than any one else, urged, pushed on and hastened the declaration of war against Spain. But after the war was declared, they saw that the campaign was to be conducted on Republican lines. I imagine that when this was discerned, some Democrats, from a small partisan spirit which I can not approve, hastened to declare against territorial expansion in order to check the growth of campaign material for the Republican party. This is the only reason that I can find for the present opposition of some Democrats to this nation taking possession of all the territory over which the American flag has been raised since last April." So? Texans do not have to be told who and what John H. Reagan is. Beginning in 1856, or thereabouts he is the only Southerner who has succeeded in holding office continuously ever since. Even during the war between the states, he held a job as postmaster general of the Confederacy. State or federal, federal or state, some government has been forced to take care of John H. For years a member of the house of representatives, though no gift of oratory or statesmanship warranted his being there, he went into the national senate, defeating better men for the high honor. Standing no chance of re-election to the senate, he entered once more the employment of the state, wherein he now is. During the more than forty years in which he has drawn governmental salary, policies, measures, issues and platforms have changed, but John H. Reagan has clung to the public teat with the tenacity of the devil-fish's tentacles, and the appetite of the leech. When he got full he did not drop off. He merely shifted

his hold. This is merely another way of saying that he has been all things to all men. Like Caesar, he is a husband to every wife and a wife to every husband. When engaged in robbing Sam Maxey of his seat in the United States senate in January, 1887, it was his pleasing custom to buy whiskey for every corn-juiced legislator in Austin. In the summer of 1887 he was a rampant, sacrosanctified prohibitionist, not because he cared anything for the prohibitionist cause, but because he mistakenly thought the prohibitionists would win in their attempt to Kansasate Texas. He has been pro-slavery and anti-slavery, protectionist and free-trader, greenbacker, single standard and free silver, prohibitionist and personal liberty man, everything, in fact, except a Democrat. The party in power in Texas, the party which gave him his job as head of the state railway commission, has declared in favor of imperialism through its representatives in convention assembled at Galveston. Therefore John H. can see nothing in the Democrats who oppose the land-stealers except a "small partisan spirit," which seeks to curtail Republican campaign material. John H. desires to hold his job. This senile, servile pap-sucker is nothing more nor less than disgusting. I hope that the state of Texas and the United States of America will get together some day and devise means to get rid of him. Only concerted action can loosen him.

\* \* \*

It has been ascertained that in addition to Miss Arnold, the St. Louis Jewess, Hobson has been kissed since he got back to this country by a Georgia girl, unidentified. It is to be hoped that the list will end here. Everybody knows that when an American naval officer marries he enters the bridal chamber as virgin as the woman whom he weds, and to find that Hobson has been osculating about the country in a promiscuous and highly erotic manner would be a shock.

\* \* \*

"Our Dumb Animals" is the title of a magazine which is published solely in behalf of the animal world, which fills the United States mails with periodical tears over the woes inflicted by the overhead check rein and the muzzle for dogs. Since the war with Spain began it has never ceased its wild outcry because war is so hard on horses, and has moved the heavens and the earth, begging the government to furnish horse ambulances so that the poor wounded animals could be properly cared for. And all this when the editor knows that there are not enough ambulances for the men; that the unfortunate sick and wounded soldiers have been dying for want of proper medicines and competent nursing. Cruelty to animals is certainly to be condemned, and the Iconoclast is glad to see that there is a strong and growing sentiment against it; but the advocates of that worthy cause have always managed to damage their own side by the manner in which they have exalted the interests of animals and ignored those of human beings. They have sounded the paean of victory when a hospital was built for disabled dogs, or an asylum for homeless cats; but have had nothing to say of the famine-pinched children who lived out of the garbage barrels. They have rent the welkin with glad acclaim when somebody endowed a home for worn-out cart-horses, but the aged and worn-out and cast aside of the human family tottered past their doors unnoticed. They tear their bright hair and scratch their praised cheeks because a wounded horse is left to perish on the battle field, while the wounded men lie "smitten of grape shot and gangrene," with a great and wealthy nation not caring enough for them to supply them with decent attention. The S. P. C. A. should come off;—or at least wait until the human beings are decently cared for, before it sheds any more briny tears about the condition of unhappy animals.

#### ANNEXATION AND ENGLISH ALLIANCE.

Many men in this country, who are seemingly intelligent and conservative, base their conclusions almost wholly upon sentiment, although they are not conscious that they do so. They become avowed and unreserved advocates of certain policies, without bestowing fifteen minutes of consecutive thought upon those policies, and imagine all the while that they are guided by the profoundest calculation. They become offended when told that they are guilty of pronouncing snap judgments. They deny emphatically the assertion that sentiment is the dominant thing in their make-up. There are plenty of citizens who, when asked if they favor the annexation of the Philippine islands, will answer exultingly: "You bet!" When asked if they favor

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an Anglo-American offensive and defensive alliance, they reply: "Not on your life. We have no cause to fight England's battles. She is always in some war or other. She is a land-grabber and a robber. We don't have to mix up in her quarrels. We are not called upon to pull her chestnuts from the fire. England be d—d. We stand on our own bottom. It won't help us to spend money and men in aid of her nefarious schemes." In these latter assertions speak the members of the Clan-na-Gael. The man who unconsciously repeats their talk has read some few editorials, anti-English in tone. He has read some other utterance, jingo in tone and inspired by money-sharks who want fresh peoples to conquer. He does not know that in both cases he has been dominated by sentiment formed within him without his knowledge. He does not know that he is self-convicted of forming judgments without due consideration of the matters involved.

The annexation of the Philippine islands by the United States means the completion of the Anglo-American alliance. One is the inevitable sequence of the other. If we dive into the affairs of the East by acquiring 100,000 square miles of eastern territory, we will be forced to stand with England against the Chinese policies of Germany and Russia. These two powers are endeavoring to partition China commercially. They wish to keep out the traders of all other nations. England declares that China must be open to the commerce of the world without fear or favor to any particular people. It is not difficult to see what the United States must do for their own protection. Once tangled up with the far Eastern question, we must play a bold hand. Our manufacturers must have markets. We cannot remain quiescent while Germany and Russia build a fence around 100,000,000 of buyers. In the portions of the Chinese empire controlled by them, the tariffs against English and American goods will be practically prohibitory. If the Philippines are annexed, the howlings of the Clan-na-Gael will amount to nothing. We will be forced into alliance with England, whether we like it or not.

#### THAT "NEW AMERICANISM."

By L. E. R.

That the people are "as yet undecided as to the policies which are to prevail in this government as the result of the new problems growing out of our war with Spain" it seems to the writer is due to their being "dazzled" by the "succession of events" and hypnotized by the glare of the glory of our army and navy."

All war is wrong, and is a stumbling block in the way of civilization and progress. It may be excusable under certain circumstances, but the nation which engages in it should be sure that those circumstances are such as to justify it, and should be equally sure that it proceed no further in its results than is justified by those circumstances. More especially should a republic be careful that it does not stultify itself by making war for humanity the pretense upon which to carry out a policy of conquest and aggrandizement. The most pitiful hypocrite, the most despicable pretender is the man who under the guise of philanthropy, ministers to his own greed and selfishness; and the nation which allows a war for the enfranchisement of a race to degenerate into a grab-game for territorial acquisition will become, and deserves to become, the laughing-stock of the enlightened nations of the earth.

While being accused by our enemies of being a greedy grasping people, only anxious to acquire wealth, we bitterly spurned the aspersion and claimed with an ostentation adequate to the occasion that we were only carrying on this war for the purpose of freeing the Cubans from their Spanish oppressors, and that that noble purpose alone was actuating us in our warfare. How shall we now face them, if we allow this lofty aspiration to degenerate into a low scramble for speculative and commercial opportunities? How shall we retain the respect of the nations,—and, what is far more to the purpose—our own self-respect, if now, that we have broken the power of the oppressor, and put an end to his despoilment of weaker peoples, we turn those peoples over to be despoiled by heartless corporations and conscienceless syndicates of our own country, and so coolly inform them that they have by no means changed their condition of slavery, but only have acquired a change of masters?

It would seem to the careful, dispassionate thinker upon the grave issues now facing us that we are confronted by

a grand national opportunity, which, if we are true to ourselves and grasp with a proper appreciation of its grandeur and sublimity, it will cause the fires of liberty kindled upon this occidental altar of "Time's noblest effort" to burn with a brighter flame than has ever shone out to illuminate the night of ignorance, despotism and oppression. Having removed the foot of the oppressor from their necks, let us establish a protectorate over these struggling peoples that are trying to work their way up to the God-illuminated heights of freedom, teaching them the rudimentary principles of self-government, until such times as they shall become capable of standing alone and then leave them to their own devices, giving notice to grasping nations of the earth that we shall tolerate no spoliation of them.

Thus we shall maintain the respect that foreign nations have acquired for us through our prowess in arms, the only excellence that these monarchy-cursed nations can appreciate. Thus shall we proceed to work out our own high and glorious destiny, which is to blaze the path of progress for the feet of coming generations.

The yeomanry of earth are looking toward this great republic as a man down in the gloom and shadow of the valley might look upon the sun-kissed heights toward which he was traveling, and which he hoped sometime to reach through great toil and tribulation. The war-cloud has momentarily dimmed its glory, but, if we arise to a true realization of our exalted position, our beacon-light shall shine with a still increasing effulgence to guide and lure the traveler on and up to a "clearer light and a broader view."

It may be that some portion of the people of these United States "listen with complacency to the figures which represent what we shall have to spend upon our army and navy," but it is probable that a very large portion of them will regard only with abhorrence and sorrow the gross national crime which would fasten a burden of that kind upon an already over-burdened populace, as they already look upon that crime which has fastened a useless burden of bonds upon them for the purpose of carrying on a war which could have been prosecuted to a successful termination with non-interest-bearing notes just as easily, and without a particle of burden on the people. These things have been done because the people have "hardly begun to think of all these things," and it is high time that they did begin to think about them.

The Nicaragua Canal "stood to the public mind as a big political job" just as long as it was in the hands of a private corporation which stood at the doors of congress asking for a subsidy in the way of a guarantee of its bonds to the tune of \$100,000,000, a la Pacific R. R. Now that the government proposes to construct and own it, it becomes a very different question. It may possibly be that before the scheme is consummated the people will have arisen to the knowledge that they can make their own money to pay for any such improvement, and own it without burdening themselves with an interest-bearing debt; but whether they shall have advanced so far in the science of government as to learn that a sovereign people need not be beholden to the usurers of the earth for its money or not, the great fact will remain that the canal, if built by the government, will belong to the people and take its place by the side of the post-office, the public roads and the public schools as a communal venture.

That "either our American ideals are good or bad" is a wholesale assertion which the facts may or may not bear out. It may be that they are partly good and partly bad. Considering them separately, I will briefly indicate which I would put under each head.

I regard the ideal that we can consistently enter into the wrangle for power and pelf with the effete monarchies of the world as bad.

The ideal that we can "complacently" look upon an increase in a tenfold ratio of our standing army to be an additional burden on an already over-burdened people, I believe to be essentially and wholly bad.

So with the ideal of syndicates and corporations to batte[n] off the proceeds of labor. It is these and other kindred "ideals" which have left but a trail, not of "liberty, enlightenment and material progress," but of poverty, oppression by corporations and concentration of wealth "between the Atlantic and the Pacific."

The ideals of progress, of equalization of burdens, of building up our own happy homes, of developing the resources of our country and freeing the wealth-producers of our land from the grasp of the corporate robbers who have them by the throat are all good, and should become realities before we reach out and burn our fingers by med-

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dling with the seething pot of colonization and territorial acquisition in the east.

Let us, then, bring our sick soldiers home while there are still some of them left to bring, keep within the safe precincts of the Monroe Doctrine and devote our abilities and energies to enfranchising our own laborers and improving our social system, for the accomplishment of this will result in the true "New Americanisms."

Lake City, Mo.

#### A BOUQUET OF ARKANSAS ASSES.

By Courfeyrac.

Gov. D. Windy Jones is just now making a frantic bid for notoriety. He has offered rewards aggregating \$80,000 for the arrest and conviction of all the members of the mob that conducted a necktie party at Clarendon, on the night of August 9th, at which four negro assassins were enthusiastically jerked to Jesus. Let the people hear, and pass judgment:

In a quiet little town, upon the banks of a lazy stream, was the elegant home of a highly esteemed and prosperous business man, a model husband. Ignorant of the fact that his wife was unfaithful, he had his life heavily insured, in her favor, that want and misery may not be her portion when death will have stilled his hands. This unfaithful wife and her bosom friend, a common courtesan, plan to take the husband's life, get his insurance money, go to New York and lead a life which conforms with their taste. They try poison; unsuccessful; then they employ the negro wench who does their cooking to secure the service of an assassin to do the deed, offering \$200. She brings three black brutes who are willing to commit the crime for the paltry sum; they consult and devise "ways and means." The hired assassins secure a shot gun, and while the unsuspecting husband stands in his happy home unaware of the awful fate that awaits him the assassin steals up and fires a shot through a window, killing him instantly. The officers arrest the negroes and they implicate the wife and her companion, a young Jewess; the Jewess eludes the officers, but the wife and her dark skinned accomplices take bed and board in the county jail. Finding steel bars between them and the world they all break down and confess the dastardly crime.

The wife said she had merely wished her husband dead while in a fit of anger, and did not mean it; but the negroes declared that the planning had covered a period of over a year. Judgment please! The citizens of Clarendon did pass judgment, decreeing that those who did the deed must die. Judge Lynch issued a bench warrant and ordered it served at once. But Judge Jeremiah Socrates Thomas met Judge Lynch's officers in front of the jail, and wept pure salt water and plead for the poor devils whom Judge Lynch had ordered brought forth to answer for their heinous crime, promising quick and just punishment; but Judge Lynch no doubt had heard it whispered that Jeremiah Socrates had once commanded a negro regiment, and feared he was trying to play a trick on the people and recruit the criminals for a regiment to lead against the Dons, and knowing that the war was over, decided to carry the court's order into execution, forthwith. Forcing the jail, they found the miserable wife had taken the morphine route, to that undiscovered land; and the cowering Senegambians awaited their just fate with fear and with trembling. Four ropes with nooses made to fit; four convenient beams in an old saw-mill beside the water's edge; many willing hands to yank them up in the face of high heaven; and four monsters, in human form, plunged through the

"Entrance of kingdoms void of day,  
Where Phlegethon's loud torrents rushing down,  
Hiss in the flaming gulf of Acheron."

And the death of John T. Orr had been avenged! This is why D. Windy Jones is standing on his head and fanning himself with the narrative of his negligee; he wants to swing two or three hundred white citizens for executing a quartette of black hyenas. Verily Jonesey you do dream! You should go back to Hempstead county and resume your old occupation—grubbing up stumps in new-ground. You would look well taking a fall out of an old fashion grubbing hoe, diked out in your full dress suit, in which you are so fond of appearing, on any and all occasions; whether morning, noon or night; whether

in attendance on a country picnic, a political pow-wow or a dog fight. Just to think this pie-bald ass aspires to be Governor again, and after that United States Senator. Well God save the people. A six-pounder would not pierce his Harveyized steel gall-bag.

I oftentimes do wonder if any one ever whispered in D. Windy's elephantine ear, that his administration has been an able-bodied breeder of mobs. He has indiscriminately exercised the pardoning power until just punishment for crime seems impossible unless Judge Lynch continues business. Hundreds of syphilitic black brutes, ulcers on the body social, who have committed every crime in the calendar, pardoned annually, is his record in office. When a criminal has been put to doing time by an honest and sensible judge, any jack-leg country lawyer can walk up to D. Windy, look threateningly at him and demand a pardon for his client and D. Windy will answer "So mote it be." It is indeed hard to believe that the good and sensible people of Arkansas will re-elect this wooden headed hiccius doctius, who so freely pardons professional criminals that they may again prey on society. The people should know that just so long as this pseudo-statesman, this intellectual Tomtit, who defeats the ends of justice with the pardoning power is in office, just so long will Judge Lynch continue to whet the sword of Justice on the sole of his gaiter, go forth at the midnight hour and demonstrate the truth contained in the Bible that "the way of the transgressor is hard."

A Governor who is so cowardly that he prefers to stand convicted, in the eyes of people, of malfeasance in office, to standing up boldly and administering just punishment to evil-doers, should be promptly relegated to the cotton patch, where he can do no harm—save to grass and weeds.

There is an able editor who champions D. Windy Jones; his name is Kernul Jehovah Nicademus Smithee, who looks like an anarchist, but claims to be a Democrat, was once a Populist; in fact has been everything by turns and constant to nothing; who claims credit for all that Arkansas is now, and all she ever hopes to be. In last Sunday's issue of the Gazette this able editor seizes his rusty pen, yanks it out of a decaying Irish-potato, where he had plunged it a few days previous, after he had instructed McKinley what to do with the Phillipines, digs it into his poke-berry ink up to the hilt and proceeds to spread himself over two columns, pronouncing Clarendon Anathema forever. "In the shadow of the school houses and churches of an enlightened God-fearing people, did this fiendish mob do its awful work," says Jehovah. Yes right in the shadow, dear, where such black brutes lurk, to murder our citizens as they pass in the darkness—right in the shadow where rape fiends stand to seize and despoil our daughters. There is little doubt but every negro lynched at Clarendon deserves to die and go to hell, and with a message to Lucifer to punch up the fire. "The church was stunned and paralyzed at its feebleness and impotency," he continues. Why should it be? Does any intelligent person hope to be able to convert the "coon?" Not in a thousand years! So dry your tears; for so long as a gang of negro assassins can be hired, with \$200, to take the life of a white man, then take half of it and get a smooth bore lawyer and get them out of it, just so long will Judge Lynch make his presence felt. The church cannot convert the "coon," for he is only amenable to the club; you may preach Christ and him crucified, to him, until your lungs bleed and your tongue is frayed at the end; turn your back and he will slash you with his "razer." The sight of one rape fiend suspended twixt heaven and earth, will convert more of his race than ten million Sermons on the Mount.

It would, no doubt, have cost Monroe county many thousands of dollars for trials, mistrials and retrials, trying to convict those lousy brutes who assassinated John T. Orr, although they were caught in the act; some of them would never have been convicted; some would have gotten short terms in the penitentiary, and made shorter still by D. Windy Jones pardoning them out, to once more jeopardize the lives of our citizens and the honor of our daughters.

I do not champion mobs, but I do insist that when caught red-handed, the sooner the world is rid of such bad rubbish the better. I believe that it was a great mistake to abolish public hangings, for the sight of such were terrible lessons to those who have little regard for human life and maiden honor.

Little Rock, August 19.



## ESTO PERPETUA.

By J. F. Reck.

"Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions soar;  
Wait the great teacher Death; and God adore.  
What future bliss, He gives not thee to know,  
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now."

—Alexander Pope.

"If a man die, shall he live again?"

It is not my purpose to attempt here an elaborate dissertation on the merits of any particular arguments relevant to this subject that may have been addressed to our attention. Even if I had such an evil intent, it would not be permitted me to inflict the mental misery on the peaceful reader through the columns of the *Iconoclast*. It is chiefly a few important moral bearings of the question of man's immortality about which I desire to speak right briefly.

A little more than a year ago the lamented founder and master genius of the *Iconoclast*, Mr. Brann, published his magnificent and deeply impressive article "Evidence of Man's Immortality," in which, it appears to me, the noblest of human wisdom and sentiment regarding this question was crystallized. And in many other connections did he express similar thoughtfully profound and poetically beautiful convictions. Readers of the *Iconoclast* will call to mind the peculiar eloquence and almost prophetically sad earnestness that in the last years pervaded the brilliant man's utterances on death and the mystery beyond "the pale portal." He did not profess to have certain knowledge, but he knew of many noble reasons why man did well and wisely to trust. He held that the soul must bear in itself the strongest testimony to its endurance through all physical mutation,—that it must manifest qualities worthy of perpetual existence in the great harmonious order of the universe.

No other evidence, perhaps, is as deeply appealing and faith-inspiring as that which the soul of man draws from its own spontaneous intimations—"the divinity that stirs within." Man wishes to find encouraging confirmation for his faith born of fond wish, even though the best is but seen as through a glass darkly. And since the many hundreds of great sages interpreting to us the "evidences" pro and con disagree very strangely, and together would represent a pandemonium fully as discordant and bewildering as a conglomerate council of sectarian theologians, we can ill afford to look to them in unqualified trust for the solution of the problem.

To me it seems ever that it is best the answer should remain concealed in dim half-mystery. Faith and hope are often mightier to move the best elements of human character than a certainty that is so complete as to quench thought and care.

But sooner or later comes the positive solution to every one; and the tragical, abrupt manner in which the Promethean mind of Mr. Brann has had the final answer revealed to itself, has, because of the man's phenomenal grandeur in life and labor, added much to the solemn and pathetic interest with which this subject has ever weighed on our own consideration.

The spirit and manner in which he was wont to deal with the problem deserves well to animate similar discussions throughout the life of the magazine that bears his name. This thought prompts my desire to offer the following reflections as contribution to the columns of the *Iconoclast*.

The May number of the *Arena* contained an article entitled "Immortality: Its Place in the Thought of To-day," by Wm. Henry Johnson, which appears to be a dispassionate effort to show the real status of the question in the thought of modern civilization, together with a modest presentation of the writer's own views as to its ethical import. Appended to his article, Mr. Johnson gives a number of quotations from various prominent authors representing the whole range of opinion from orthodox Christian to scientific materialist. Obviously he believes that in these diverse utterances is to be discerned on what foundations, respectively, rest throughout our intellectual civilization the affirmative and negative attitudes of minds concerning the doctrine. On the one hand it is some form of religious dogma determining the direction of belief, whichever that be, and on the other it is the verdict of dissecting, analyzing, or "disintegrating," science decreeing whether or not reason has a right to tolerate the dream of eternal life. It seems that Mr. Johnson believes these two forms of influence to be the decisive arbiters of general opinion, and

that if in the existing struggle between tradition, or faith, and science, the latter should completely triumph on the issues of natural evidence and logic, the coming generation will have no faith in and little longing after immortality. He entertains the opinion that popular education will, by persistent culture of "scientific ideas," eventually eliminate from the public mind also this tenacious vestige of "antiquated thought." "The public school," says he, "is the mightiest, even though unconscious, foe of supernaturalism." In a paragraph preceding the one which I have just quoted he says: "Science has entered the field,—not merely physical science, but the scientific method applied to everything; and, as a consequence, what men believe is called on to justify itself to the reason. The significance of this new attitude of the general mind will, of course, be more apparent after a few years, when the older generation will have passed away, and the 'new learning' will make itself felt universally in minds educated in it."

Now, with all my humility of mind, it impresses me that Mr. Johnson has overlooked several important facts in his review, and has accordingly in his prognostications underrated the independent capacities and subtle processes of the common developing mind and temperament, and has overestimated the significance and power of both religious dogma and the scientific doctors. He sets aside too lightly the great fact that theologic dogma did not, and can not, create any idea of supernaturalism, but that every tenet of supernaturalism is but a crude, vague expression of experience—born ideation and conception. Every believer in the Christian dogmas of the God-head, miraculous conception, immortality, and resurrection, develops by independent exercise of his own mental powers the appropriate conceptions, organizes them permanently in the mind, and utilizes in this process the fruits of his own sense and thought experience, as the latter has come to him in life from nature.

A fixed and written dogma is but a perpetual belief—a stony wilderness image of that which once had breathing moving, growing life and energy and aspiration. It is, therefore, of only small consequence if science disturb the all too immobile serenity of a human thought idol, or even some shrewd mystic Daniel demonstrate that certain popular holy dragon-fetiches are but hollow hoaxes, and can be "exposed" more tellingly by means of explosion of a sledge-hammer, than by application even of microscope, test-acid, or higher criticism. Scientific results may somewhat unsettle man's preposterous dogmatic certainty about things pertaining to sense and soul, may teach him to modify his transcendental imaginings, but can not long hold him humbly to the ground,—to the changeful, ephemeral forms and fortunes of earth—those higher workings of intelligence and subtle sympathies which bring forth in his conscious life faith, love and hope, which spontaneously seek expression in poetry, music, art, prayer, religious dreams and adoration. Whether man's consciousness be a unity of existence independent of brain, nerve, blood and bone, or merely the motion of matter, this sentient state in physical life attains to desires and sentiments that can no more be satisfied nor fettered by any substance known to sense. And with the evolving of sentiment, the stirring of human emotion and thought, man's sentient life struggles ever after higher, freer, etherial existence.

If this pleasure and pain, this hope and fear, love and hate, be but material vibration, can the eye see, the ear hear, or the microphone discern it? And what does it touch in its motions? What does it move by its force? Does that unknown something vibrate sympathetically? Who knows! Human consciousness is in itself a universe of wonders of which even the psychic scientist can give but small and confused interpretation. And is there reason for surprise? How much knows the physical scientist even of matter? How much does he know of atoms and ether? On that border-land of human knowledge all sages become reverently silent. And yet, that which we term mind feels at home in this etherial unknown, kisses the magnetic current, and hears music not made by man. This is the power of intelligence that in its moments of high enthusiasm, brave hope, and tender yearning sympathy declare its growing faith in immortality. This is the unapproachably mysterious and resistless conceiver of religious sentiment, god-ideas, and supernatural creeds.

This mind's reason, in true devotion to natural truth, may brush away all terrestrial dust from the ideals of our instinct-born faith, as rain and wind cleanse the rising eagle's wings, but it will never subdue the rushing and



mounting desire after empyrean knowledge, security, freedom, joy. And the life-loving anxious self within will not be led to doubt that its desires and hopes will find some ultimate fulfillment. Whatever facts, then, science may discover and demonstrate concerning matter, chemical affinity, natural law, as long as man remains the sentiment bearing creature he has been for the past several thousand years,—so long will he find it in his mind to interpret in all these things but "broken reflections" and shadows and symbols of other and kindly truths "to flesh and sense unknown."

As man's dream of God and immortality did not spring from any supposed interpretation of external physical phenomena merely, so will it not pass forever with our present "older generation," and advance of the "new learning." Regarding Mr. Johnson's remark about the public school and its scientific influence supposedly inimical to supernaturalism, suffice it to observe that it is indeed productive in a considerable measure of hasty, shallow, smart-Alec materialism, since it commonly imparts of all great subjects only "a little learning," which is certainly a "dangerous thing;" not so much to the respectability of supernaturalism, as to the tyro's own intellectual decorum and ethical modesty. Greater men of science and thought than even our college professors and graduates have outgrown their materialistic theory-shells, and have with deep reverence and ardent hope embraced even "antiquated" views of God, and the soul's imperishable nature.

Yet, after all and all, these may have been mistaken, even though the profoundest of their critics may never positively prove their error. After all, it may be that Lucretius, Cabanis, Haeckel, Feuerbach, Lester Ward, Joseph Leidy, and others of that school are right in their theory that what is called soul is merely the "product of material organization," and Plato, St. Paul, Spinoza, Kant, Berkeley, Geo. T. Ladd, and all their brotherhood, are, with the fancy poets, only idle alchemists of cerebral exudations. It is an inestimable blessing that we are not sure of this, however. And why? Let us see.

Mr. Johnson observes that "in an age so tinged with pessimism as ours" the idea of personal immortality is naturally regarded by many "not merely with scornful incredulity, but with absolute abhorrence;" and he cites the fact that the multitudes of devout Buddhists take consoling inspiration from the prospects of Nirvana's "blissful unconsciousness."

It is a sad truth that in this advanced age of civilization and material improvement, conditions are still so distressing as to make almost the very school infants unwittingly companions in mind-misery with Schopenhauer. Most of us know, perhaps, that unalloyed optimism can not well flourish in these days of industrial evils, political corruption, social sham, and bacteria discoverers. But is it not also true that our mental and moral anguish is made often unnecessarily morbid by artificial—or rather scientific—cultivation? In fact the world of minds is being too much annoyed, in the one extreme, by professional instructors in scientific despair, and by poetical cynics, in the other. Oriental theosophy, or any mysticism suggestive of cosmic Ferris-wheel excursions, annihilation, or other effective remedy of lotus-eater fancy against ego-weariness, is being seized upon with an ominous zest, even in this fair, sturdy Columbia, happy land. The musical frivolities of cynical old Omar Khayyam have become once again very popular, though there is in them not a suggestion of any soothing balm, or strengthening cordial.

But though an age do produce several loud and loquacious promulgators of hot-house pessimism, misanthropy, and "scientific" materialism, that does by no means indicate that the greater multitudes have ceased to cherish the consolation of faith in supernatural Providence, Divine Justice, and a spiritual realm of final happy refuge for the troubled soul. Such a faith will rise in the souls of men as long as health, beauty, love, friendship, courage, sincerity, and fortitude remain a human heritage. (By the way, I profoundly suspect that the young people of India, China and Japan, do not care much for the Nirvana end of their creed.) And while with its best boons, even, life is fraught with much unhappiness, without the religious hope of a higher spiritual triumph and reward to be attained after whatever honorable misfortune, sorrow, and failure, in this physical life, unutterably wretched and despicable would existence be, indeed, to many millions whose sad lot here is hopeless poverty, humiliation, disease, bondage, or whatever enduring affliction. It is needless to say how demoralizing, how utterly degrading such gross materialism must

inevitably be. Nor is philosophic stoicism long possible in such a state. Demoniac fury and every manner of sensual crime would soon sweep like a sulphurous vomit from deepest hell over everything that man has held dear and sacred in the past. The last restraint of the "still small voice" would be silenced, its ennobling appeal be known no more, and the unfortunate human wretch would become veritably a prowling, rapacious beast. Murder would virtually become an act of benevolence, and suicide remain man's most rational and decent resort. Nor is this saying too much, as regards what might be expected from the adoption of such ghastly philosophy by men and women who have been already despoiled of life's better hopes and temporal purposes by merciless misfortunes from natural contingency or industrial and social evil. Religious aberrations may become terrible and soul-sickening, but they can not equal such an anarchic social cataclysm.

As for those who are better favored with power and material riches and intellectual culture, it will never add to the improvement of their virtue and meager happiness. Sufficient illustrations of this are on record of many characters of this century. Of such as have lived prominently in the arena of public action, history demonstrates the truth. But not seldom have eminent men of science and speculative thought confessed deep disgust at the agnostic results of their laborious investigations, and the relentless tyranny of their own dissecting, "disintegrating," habits of intellect. It was, I think, Alexander von Humboldt who, despite his own mighty contributions to human knowledge and improvement, deplored the propagation of the human species as a heinous sin, and declared it a great misfortune that all the race were not flat-heads. Schopenhauer's dismal dissertations on suicide are the final fruits of his philosophy. It is not difficult to see why some metaphysicians and scientists should find little to love in this life, and "know of no adequate compensation for an eternity of consciousness." When one can no more look upon the blush-rose without thinking of muck and molecules, nor a beautiful, smiling human face without thinking of hair-bulbs, sebaceous glands and grinning skulls, weary must grow the soul, indeed.

But the truths of science are not naturally and necessarily hostile to poesy and religion. It all rests with the human temperament. Goethe, Erasmus Darwin, Hugh Miller, and lately Henry Drummond, have in their lives and works shown nobly how poetic feeling and fancy may blend with scientific knowledge.

The masses of mankind will perhaps never be ready to believe their only God to be the "mechanique celeste." The heart yearns for eternal sympathy, wishes to address itself to omnipotent Mercy, omniscient Justice. The mechanical universe with its laws metes out only blind, incomplete justice. If you withhold all food from your child, Nature's justice will punish your innocent victim, but as for you, the real criminal, Dharma may tarry long.

"It slayeth and it saveth, nowise moved  
Except unto the working out of doom;  
Its threads are Love and Life; and Death and Pain  
The shuttles of its loom."

Discriminating mind must complement Nature's verdict and retribution. Human justice is too often equally or more blind. This fact helps to make the suffering heart a seeker after God. And, though all supplications may avail naught to move the immutable law and order of nature, yet the soul is immeasurably the better for this spiritual communion and devotion.

Mr. Johnson kindly suggests that if the belief in personal immortality must be relinquished, it may yet be a potent consolation to believe that after death we may at least have a place in George Eliot's

"choir invisible  
Of those immortal dead who live again  
In minds made better by their presence."

While every worthy spirit will naturally share that pure, exalted sentiment, it yet remains an equally noble and morally essential wish to have the privilege of being in a real new life aware of that position.

I do not believe that every soul may exist eternally. And for such as feel the languid utter soul-weariness of the jaded Buddhist devotee, it is my sympathetic trust that the Supreme Arbiter of universal fates will grant them the dreamless sleep they desire.



Our fond hopes may be vain; death's sigh may be the last tremor of our consciousness in the universe, but we will not believe this while Heaven from us "hides the book of fate" and the heart leaps with love of the True, the Good, and the Beautiful.

Huntsville, Texas, August 11, 1898.

### THE OLD GIRL AND THE NEW.

By John Swope Trenholm.

It is not my habit to preach. I leave that for men who are paid to do it. By this simple device I escape being forced to practice that which I advocate. I believe in modesty, though I am no prude. I believe in sexual purity, though I am no he-virgin. I believe, above all things, in the holiness of sacrosanct motherhood and I wish, above all things, that our women, the women of America, the mothers-to-be of American posterity, could be kept unspotted of the world. I'm afraid that it can not be done. The conditions of our lives are against it. Woman is leaving the home for the mart and some of the dust of the streets and the ordure of the cattle-pens clings to her hosen and shoes. This is inevitable. The fruit that our parents ate in the garden was the fruit of the tree of knowledge, and since that day to be wise is to be acquainted with sin. To be acquainted with sin is in many cases to have sinned. To have sinned in all cases is to sin again if life lasts.

I know that many women are forced into the world. They have no wish to leave the fireside, but being human they must eat. In a majority of instances others are dependent upon them. So they go abroad and strive and meet men of no consciences and the old result results. Against them I will not say a word. They have taken the risk and have paid the price. Their sin is their own. It was not willing. Outside life simply has proved too strong for them. They have believed in man's honor, or they have sold that which once gone the wealth of the Ind could not buy back for them.

This screed shall be about the "new girl"—the noisy, athletic, open-air girl—the girl who wears bloomers because she can and would wear knickerbockers if she dared. I am against her because she jars upon me, jars my ideal, jars my memory of what girls were when I was a boy, jars the very walls of the shrine in which I hold the face and form and soul of that Helen "whose beauty was to me like those Nicean barks of yore that gently, o'er a perfumed sea, the weary wayworn wanderer bore to his own native shore."

To the normal man all that is womanly is gentle. He has a loud voice and rude strength and directness of manner in himself. He wishes something else in his opposite. It delights him not to be bawled at with coarse familiarity, to feel his hand grasped as if it were in the clutches of some college chum, to be invited to a frank and free comradeship with a human being dressed in an apology for a petticoat, to be called by his first name, to have the matter of sex put utterly out of sight, to look around him and see a world in which there are only men and imitation men, with not a sure-enough woman in hearing anywhere. I am a normal man. I get enough of men during the ten hours in which I work for a living. When I am out of the toil for bread, the desperate wrestle for existence forced upon us by modern conditions, I would divert me with something softer, more peaceful, more unlike myself than I am apt to find in a bebloomed wide-hipped muscular red-cheeked apparition, which yells at me across the street and calls me "John" though it has known me less than a week and challenges me to a golf match, or two hours of skipping tennis idiotically in the hot sun or a bicycle scorch—and beats me. I want to rest, and I find no rest in a society which blabs of the "open air" and babbles always of sprockets and gears and tires and handlebars and niblicks and brassies. In the old days Helen would have welcomed me to the shady coolness of her receiving room, would have talked to me of literature, if I had cared for it, would have sung to me some low-pitched soothing song that my mother used to know or played softly-touched airs familiar in my childhood. I would have been eased by the view of her slender reposeful figure, her deft hands flying to and fro in some useless needlework, her slightly flushed, fair young face bent above it with just the round curve of her cheek in view and a single wisp of sunny hair straying across. So seeing, I could

lie at my ease and muse upon how bad a thing it is for a man to dwell alone and grow tender and sentimental and resolve for the twentieth time to ask the proper question then and there, and maybe ask it. They were lures and snares in those days, charming lures and snares, the dear girls, but they do not lure any more and they seldom snare. What chance is there to play the cavalier even though young blood runs as swiftly as of yore. Who cares to whisper tender nothings in a half light to a female who is discussing in strident voice the form displayed by No. 5 of the Cornell crew or the exact location of Mr. Corbett's solar plexus? Who wants to marry a woman who boasts that her record for a hundred yards is 11 seconds and who has covered 18 feet in the broad jump? Why should I, or any sane man, care to take to my bosom a coarse-skinned biceped animal with its head filled with the quatre and tierce and "deceiving circle" of fencing, or the upper cuts and counters and leads of boxing, or the volleys and drives and smashes and feather-edges of tennis or the hideous jargon of golf. We are afraid, we men. That is all. Every year sees the proportionate number of marriages decreased. It is due not to any suddenly developed sense of economy in our young men. Fear causes it—fear and distaste. We are told by the advocates of feminine athletics that it will develop them and enable them to bear tall sons to the great glory of themselves and the advancement of the race. Maybe.

One of the most serious of the objectionable features of this "new girl" business is the opportunity afforded for the formation of illicit attachments and their almost inevitable ending. I am a believer in restraint for girls. Not that the sex physiologically needs restraint, for nine unmarried women out of ten know no such thing as passion until the passion is deliberately awakened by the male; but the male will, of malice aforethought, awaken it if he be given the chance, and athletics give him the chance. Take the bicycle, for instance. There is no harm in it per se. I am no believer in the common statement that the use of the wheel will of itself sexually excite a woman. That is a piece of vulgar tommyrot of a kind with the other statement that riding on trains will exercise a similar effect. A broad-minded woman-friend of mine says that any girl capable of such excitation is looking for it, and I dare say that she is correct. But the bicycle, which covers much ground in a little time, takes a girl far from home and home's saving influences. It makes her independent. During the hours of its use she is the sole directress of her actions. Her parents in her absences suppose her to be riding. She was riding when she left and will be riding when she returns. That is enough for them. They see her only on the wheel. The chances are that if it be daylight she is lolling upon some bench in the park with a man forbidden the house or unwelcome at it. If it be night so much the worse.

Chicago has many parks. They are vast spaces covered with trees and thickly growing shrubberies. They are badly lighted. Night after night they are filled with bicycle riders. The fire-fly glimmer of the lamp is visible in every direction. Many of them are stationary, the wheels leaning against trees in out-of-the-way nooks, their owners somewhere near, but out of the lamps' rays. The darker the recess the more certain it is to be occupied by a man and a woman, married or single. These places are nurseries of illicit passion. They are responsible for the ruin of hundreds of girls. Indeed, it could not be otherwise. The two or three or half dozen gray-clad policemen are totally incompetent to patrol the eight or ten square miles under their charge. They do not attempt it. They remain mostly along the roadways seeing that the lamps on passing wheels are kept lighted. It has been urged that a girl who surrenders her honor under such circumstances would surrender it in her parlor, but this is not true all of the time, nor half of the time. It is a matter of propinquity and darkness and the certainty of avoiding detection and personal contact through kisses and embraces meant upon one side at least to be innocent. "I told him to go no further and he promised me that he would go no further, but—but—" one unfortunate said to me. No one knows exactly how such things happen. We all know that they do happen. I can not say that I blame the man. Structurally and nervously he is polygamous. For ages it has been his part to try and woman's to deny. I do not know even that I blame the girl. Not all of us are passionless, or able to maintain forever an iron grip upon ourselves. I do blame this athletic fad which should be restricted. Exercise and fresh air and diversion and

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escape from the fetid atmosphere of city houses and even occasional freedom from restraint are good things in their way, but, like all other good things, they develop into horrors when abused. When any pursuit tends to crowd the houses of prostitution it should be moderated or placed under sufficient safeguards. I am aware that what I am saying has a limited application to the part of the country, in which the Iconoclast is published. It is good that in the South it is still considered an improper thing for a young woman to go where she pleases and do as she pleases and say pretty much what she pleases. She is supposed to be absent from her home when the dark falls only when safely escorted. No such restrictions obtain in the North. A young lady thinks nothing at all of mounting her wheel at 8 o'clock in the evening and starting for a ride in any part of the city she may select, to return still unaccompanied at 10 or 11 or even later. Where she has been, whom she has met and what she has done are known to herself alone. Her parents may inquire or they may not. It depends upon whether or not they happen to think of it.

I have instanced the bicycle, but there are other forms of athletics as bad. The walking fad is one of them. They all tend to take the girls away from home at unseemly times, to keep them out until unseemly hours and to mix the sexes in an unwarranted way. They cheapen and coarsen women. They make them blowsy and common. They are not even beautifying for they are almost certain to be overdone. They are productive of grave physical complications, resulting often in life-long invalidism and not infrequently in death. The other day in Jackson park I saw a young and comely woman astride a high-stepping, hard-trotting horse. I paid no special attention to her, because the sight is common here, but all the same, I mentally noted the fact that she was a fool. She did not know what she was risking. She was not built to ride that way.

I am afraid that the gentle, tender, loving, poetic, maidenly, modest, busy little housewife I knew has gone away never to come back. In her place I have the frowsy, blowsy, strident, bouncing, bold and red-faced thing of the present. I suppose that I must put up with her, but I do not like her.

Chicago, July 26, 1898.

#### A TREACHEROUS CONTRACT.

There is a manufacturing concern located in New England which should have a few hundred pounds of dynamite exploded beneath its plant, and the owners securely imprisoned within, until the explosion takes place—But no—They should be branded "TRAITOR" and allowed to live as a shining example.

I refer to the Remington Arms Company, of Illion, New York, and its owners.

These patroitie gentlemen have supplied Spain with army rifles of the latest and most destructive model, not merely for business reasons, vile as this would be at the present time, but as a means of gratifying their vile spite against the Government.

One reads every day or so in the papers, "The Spanish were armed with Mauser and Remington rifles." "The Spanish have a bad habit of splitting their Remington bullets, which make a nasty wound." "The wounds made by the Remington bullets are very difficult to treat, owing to their torn and ragged nature," and other evidence of this American treachery, from the field; each gaping wound a mute witness to the greed and vile spite of disappointed American manufacturers.

Some years ago, when the Remingtons, Colts, and Smith & Wesson competed for the Government contract for small arms, the Remington, as is well known, lost, Colt securing the contract.

This explains the dastardly transaction with the enemies of our country, whereby the Remingtons have gratified their spite, to their everlasting shame.

Should one desire proof of this traitorous conduct, let him procure a catalogue issued by the Remington Arms Company about February, 1898, which he will find explains at length the advantages of the Remington Army Rifle and Carbine, and which catalogue is printed not only in English, but in Spanish, alternating pages.

Such curs should be compelled to kneel before a company of their Spanish beneficiaries, and have their traitorous skins perforated by bullets from their own rifles, the

treacherous sale of which will be an everlasting reproach to this country.

H. L. MARRINER.

No. 226 East Sixty-third street, Chicago, Ill.

#### THE GREAT AMERICAN JOSS.

By C. L. Phifer.

Shakespeare makes Julius Caesar say:

"Let me have men about me that are fat;  
Sleek headed men, and such as sleep o' nights;  
Yon Cassius hath a lean and hungry look;  
He thinks too much; such men are dangerous."

Yet this same Caesar was tall and boney! Fat men have their virtues, no doubt. They are generally lovers of the good things of this life and make most excellent company. The fat man may not move as briskly as the lean one, but he overbalances him in solidity and immobility. He is not easily moved, either literally or metaphorically. He may not be a mainspring in life's machinery, but he makes a good balance wheel. His laugh is better than the medicine for which children are said to cry. He is generally cool—in a figurative rather than a literal sense; and his nerves are buried so deeply in his mountain of flesh that the only way a sentiment can reach them is for him to swallow it. Besides, he was born with the predilection to ponderosity; he really can't help it. In spite of anti-fat nostrums, and dietary penance, and parboiling martyrdom in the baths, he remains what nature made him, excellent in his place, but never meant to be worshipped outside of China.

How many great fat men can you name? Who of the revolutionary heroes were even stout, if we except Franklin? And he was not as pudgy as the king, who by his easy lack of diplomacy brought on the war.

Was Lincoln obese? Was Jackson fleshy? Was Grant a mountain of lard? The very likeness of Uncle Sam which we have adopted is that of a lank yokel; and though Johnny Bull and the German national type are both ponderous of abdomen, can you recall half a dozen really great kings or statesmen in either country whose belt was larger than that befitting a well formed man? You might name perhaps, that king with a predilection for bigamy and the preparation of trouble for posterity, Henry VIII; or you might in France point to Bonaparte, who however, when he began his career was as slender as a girl and developed a protruding pouch about the time he began losing and went into retirement. Even the venerable Queen Victoria was slim in her girlhood when Tennyson became the laureate, and only in the days of her plumpness gave the wreath of laurel to the lesser Alfred.

Literature has made considerable humor from the few fleshy rulers the world has seen. Washington Irving with his story of Wouter Van Twiller furnishes a case in point. In the book of Judges there is another. "The children of Israel did evil in the sight of the Lord," and were punished by having a fat man, Eglon by name, placed over them. But after a few years of this torture the just God concluded the fires of their purgatory were entirely too warm, and sent Ehud to deliver them. Then a scene worthy of Dickens is drawn. Ehud was left handed. He enticed Eglon into the "summer parlor," and, presumably while offering his right hand in salutation, with his left hand stuck a stiletto through the solar plexus of the "big fellow." "And the haft also went in after the blade; and the fat closed upon the blade, so that he could not draw the dagger out of his belly; and the dirt came out." Isn't that a beautiful scene? If rendered as a living picture today, with the proper setting, there is little doubt but that it would be encored!

Yet in these latter days there has been set up an image of gold a great deal fatter than that put on its pedestal by Nebuchadnezzar of old; and at the sound of the sackbuts and gaspipes and political organs we men of America—we Christians who have been taught to worship one God and he a resident of the heavens—are expected to fall in abject adoration. It is set upon the necks of sixty million people. The first base is a great, aching, bleeding heart; as a pedestal, trampling on it, are a score of big-bellied millionaires, their uplifted hands grasping money bags and writs of injunction, the score supporting the masterful image of gold. Its girth is so great that it resembles a



globe, and it has three faces. They are inscribed beneath as follows:

Cleveland—the President who was the United States of America.

Hanna—who is the United States Senate.

Reed—who is the House of Representatives.

Worse than double-faced Janus, this image has three faces, with the brains that belong to only one head. Mouths it has; but its eyes are so faulty they can see only their immediate surroundings in the East where they are set. Their belly is so vast they cannot see the great red heart on which they trample, and gazing fondly on its round proportions, they imagine it is the world and the fulness thereof.

And they are great—great like the clown who is unmoved while crushing a nation beneath his feet, even though in his case the nation is of pismires. Tyrants they are—because they don't know any better and there is money in being tyrants. They are paid by the people—and they serve a score who pay them additional.

America has many thieves, but these surpass them all, for they have stolen the hard-wrought earnings of a million poor and given them to a dozen rich. Murderers has America in abundance, but these have murdered their thousands, by causing women and children to starve and despairing men to take their lives.

They have set at naught the will of the people.

The first, in blundering pomposity, has aped the emperor, with his "I forbid" perpetually flaunted before the people's congress. He has used his patronage to defeat the will of a hundred close representatives of the people.

The second has introduced into American politics the most corrupt practices ever known. He has deceived the people, he has bought the buyable, his power rests only with the almighty dollar; narrow in mind, unprincipled of heart, he has slain our republic, and it is now in its death.

The third has dared to make his will the law of the many. He might have been pleasant. He is only despicable.

Their joint name is Ichabod. Their glory has departed.

Hear now, oh Image, the word of the Lord, the God who alone is to be adored: Because you have done this, I will grind you to powder. Men shall at once hate and despise you. When they hear your name they shall spit upon it as vile. And the image of gold, set upon the hearts of the people, shall crumble; it shall fall without hands; it shall be utterly destroyed. For I, the Lord, have spoken it.

Pacific, Missouri.

#### DIALECT ARTISTS.

By W. G. Stanbly.

This age has produced a lot of dialect writers who write all sorts of dialect. They spell out any old thing from voodoo gibberish to Volapuk and shoot it at the public as a work of art. The worst, however, that has fallen within my limited vision for the past 'steen years is the handiwork of one Wingrove Barthon, who perpetrates a Southern "dialect" story called "The Last Throw." The Cosmopolitan outfit printed it in its monthly makeup for June, 1898. The author has of course studiously avoided the use of the letter R in any of his words, because somebody has told him that Southerners never attach any value to that useful consonant. He has also paid particular attention to the fact that a long haired Pelican wouldn't know an "I" if he met it in the road. According to this lusty romancist, most any educated Southerner, when speaking in the first person singular, says "ah;" That peculiarity, together with the total elimination of the resonant R, and any other sound character that a human being might feel called upon to use in conveying his thoughts, forms the base, shaft and apex of the monumental assology of his conceit. The whole smear, as it appears upon a printed page, looks like a proposition in Sanskrit.

The writer has lived the best part of his life in the South, and he is prepared to bet seven big Bryan dollars to an open-faced doughnut, that there is no white man, be he educated or poor white trash; nor free nigger, be he school product or corn field growth; who can read aloud the conglomeration of characters that make up a page of this man's literary contortions. A photographic copy of the tale, viewed from an artistic standpoint, suggests a study in jim-jams, and from an intellectual survey

it forces itself on one as a damned bad dream. The proof reader who went over this man's copy belongs of a necessity in an idiot conservatory along with the author. If he is not there, it is because he must have neglected his business. How a copy holder or proof reader could get the stuff in shape without mental collapse is a bloody mystery. The fellow's story, from introduction to "nub" is fair, but he can't spell. The stuff should be accompanied by a diagram.

I am not posing as a critic. Gawd forbid, but when Shafter's of this strip are making a bid for literary preference and prefer to do it by writing a lot of inaccessible rebusses and labeling them dialect sketches, I feel like taking a heavy weight Webster's unabridged, and bombarding his seat of learning 'till he can't sit down.

This writer, however, is not so much to blame, when we remember the assinine efforts of that literary fat head, Willyum Dean Howells, in the same direction. The bluffs that the latter star has made at dialect writing—particularly Southern dialect—would make an Arkansaw nigger leave a hog jowl. All the information that Howells possesses of the Southerner is that he says "we uns" and "you uns" and that his women dip snuff. The insipid bore probably absorbed his erudition in subjects Southern from a short stay in the shack of a Mississippi mud eater. His expressed knowledge of people and affairs, in "dialect" stamps him the big speckled mule that he is. It has probably never occurred to these dialect moulders that to write upon any subject whatever a small percentage of information concerning that subject should be obtained. Of what kind of "punkness" would an editorial writer be guilty if he fired a lot of misinformation at his subscribers, and how quickly would he be called down for making a burro of himself. Suppose any writer of historical romance should tangle his dates and misname his characters, what a colossal peak we'd think him!

Dialect writers are necessary evils, and while we've got to have them let's have the real thing; those that know whereof they write. Opie Read is entertaining and truthful; so is Joel Chandler Harris; also Thomas Nelson Page; likewise James Whitcomb Riley, and maybe Alfred Henry Lewis in his "Wolfville" stories. These men have seen the life and characters they describe. They have used no long distance telephone, to put themselves in touch with their "children." They believe, through their intelligence, that there may be on this real round earth others who have seen and heard the things of which they have written, and they will take no chance of being considered long eared kine by sending forth any stuff that has not the earmarks of purity.

Concerning Mr. Bathon's effort I have to say in conclusion that it is as fine a production of impossible English as it has ever been my misfortune to decipher, and that I hope if he intends to afflict the reading public with any more Southern "dialect" soon he'll give me a tip as to the damphool publisher that will print it, and I'll invest in some other magazine. My days, since I looked on his last throw have been a holy fright and my nights a kaleidoscopic nightmare. Go to night school, Winnie. Enter an institute of learning in some state where mixed schools are an institution, and where jackasses and niggers fraternize in the awful scramble for savey. You might catch on to the real stuff in Zulu English, which seems to be the jack-o-lantern you are now chasing.

#### CLEVELANDISMS.

By John Halifax.

If you have never gazed upon a crowd of genuinely disgusted, disgruntled, soreheaded politicians, it would be worth your while to come to Cleveland and take a squint at the followers of one Marcus Alonzo Hanna, United States Senator from the Buckeye state. The fierce fight at Columbus when the senator was chosen from Ohio will be recalled by all Iconoclast readers, and the contest was so close that Hanna and his agents had to spend all kinds of colors of the filthy lucre and give out promises by the barrel in order to gain his ends. Well, the great and only Marcus A. was elected, and his slaves and followers wallowed in mud and corruption and proclaimed that the people had triumphed and had elected a man after their own heart to represent them in the senate. But soon a slight rumbling and muttering was heard from the ranks of the "faithful;" rumors of unkept promises became rife. This smouldering fire was concealed for some time, but



as time passed and the Honorable M. A. did not take care of his friends, the fire burst out in all its fury and many were the wails of discontent and disappointment that issued from the supporters of this friend of the working man. I have talked with several representatives and each and every one of them told me that he cast the deciding vote for M. A., and that he was promised some soft berth in consideration thereof. But Hanna has not been giving out these soft snaps with as lavish a hand as he distributed his promises, and I venture the assertion that if his election was tomorrow and these poor ninnies knew what they know, the Hon. M. A. would never get within hailing distance of the U. S. senate. Meanwhile these disappointed politicians are sharpening their knives, gritting their teeth, and muttering: "Just wait until the spring election; we won't do a thing to Hanna's candidate." It really looks as though Robert E. McKisson, the young and fearless mayor of Cleveland, who is not scared by Hanna's wealth, will be re-elected in the spring with as large a majority as was ever accorded any mayor. And he is now serving his second term, too. If any of your readers have a little time and money to spend, come to Cleveland and we will show you a warm time.

\* \* \*

The Cleveland Grays—you have all heard of them—they were the "crack" organization of the country, and whenever war was spoken of in Cleveland, the newspapers teemed with a lot of slush and bellywash of what the Grays would do in battle. The idea seemed rife in this city that no guns would be needed by the gallant Grays—all that would be necessary to put the enemy to rout would be a large banner, bearing the inscription: "We are the Cleveland Grays; look out for us." A man who belonged to this organization was a little Deity, and whenever the members took it into their heads to hold an entertainment and bleed the public, it was done with the utmost sang froid and deliberation. When the war with Spain was first talked of, the newspapers vied with each other in filling their columns with the veriest rot regarding the glorious future awaiting the Grays, matter which would make a sensible man spew before he got half-way through the article. The Grays "hoped that they would be the first called, just like they were in the late rebellion" (when they enlisted for three months). That is what they said in the papers, but you can rest assured that the Grays shivered when they thought of the possibility of really going to fight the blood-thirsty Spaniards, and it's dollars to doughnuts that they hustled 'round unceasingly to guard against their being called. But finally the fateful day came—the Grays were called to fight for their country—and what did they do? Why, coolly opened a recruiting office and announced that they would receive all-comers into their ranks. Of course the chance to become a Cleveland Gray was snapped at by many an unsuspecting youth, and there was no dearth of recruits. The day for the departure of the Grays was announced, and the Cleveland Chamber of Commerce decided that nothing was too good for the crack organization of the country, so a magnificent flag was to be presented to them the day they left. The day arrived, and with it a crowd of hero-worshippers who had gathered to do homage to the Grays. But as they marched up to receive the beautiful emblem of American liberty, the spectators asked themselves where the Grays were, for they could not be seen with the naked eye. The flag was presented and the Grays (you could almost put the word "Gray" in here) marched away to serve their country. And how many Grays do you think there were in the ranks—that is, the old members? Why, not over half a dozen! The rest of them had business to attend to at home, and could not go. Now isn't that too bad? Whenever a strike was on, and the Grays were called to protect the property of some capitalist against the ravages of starving workingmen, did their business keep them from attending to this important and dangerous duty? No, a thousand times no. And whenever the Grays were called upon to act as escort for the governor of Ohio or president of the United States, did business keep them back? No again. I do not know whether or not the Cleveland Grays will ever have the unadulterated nerve to march in another parade in Cleveland or anywhere else, but I sincerely hope that if they do they will be liberally hissed along the line.

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The ire and indignation of the citizens of Cleveland was stirred up this week by the actions of a family of idiots named Rayner residing on Willson avenue. The family

consisted of a mother, two sons and one or two daughters. The youngest son was taken sick some days ago, but owing to the fact that the mother believed in Christian Science no doctor was called. The boy grew rapidly worse and died. Two hours after his death a doctor was called, but of course refused to certify as to the cause of death. The coroner was notified, and he roasted the family unmercifully for their neglect. I know nothing about Christian Science, never having been afflicted with it, but how any mother, sister or brother can sit idly by and watch a human being so closely related suffer and die with about as much attention as they would give a dog, beats me. I should think that the agonized look of that boy would haunt the unnatural mother until the day she died, and that the first face she would see on the shores of eternity would be that of her son. An occurrence of this kind is a disgrace to any civilized community, and yet the citizens of Cleveland sit idly by and suffer such happenings. Were it in Texas or any other justice-loving state, methinks that a coat of tar and feathers and a ride on a rail would be about what the Rayner family would get. It is to be hoped that the legislature of Ohio will pass laws making it a penitentiary offense for such practices, and then maybe we will have less of them.

Cleveland, Ohio, August 15.

#### SOME SIMPLE RULES

By Rev. Zeke Brown.

I received an inquiry a few days ago from the crest of the Alleghanys while I was suffering from a protracted case of katzenjammer, asking that I "give him some points as to how" he "should proceed to get into the profess," and as there are no doubt other plugged nickels in the contribution basket, I shall answer through the Icon., the vademecum of the American literati, and in the language of St. Augustine: "If what I have written scandalizes some prudish persons, let them attribute it to the turpitude of their own thoughts, rather than to the words I have been compelled to use."

In the first place, the legal fraternity, like "All Gaul, is divided into three parts." The first requires that you should be a gentleman, and should be thoroughly cultivated, which includes a classic education and a course in some reputable and capable institution, where the profession is taught. This class, by the way, is fast becoming extinct.

A member of the second is a person who may be at any stage of information or cultivation, not to be a fool, but capable of expediences and "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain."

The third, or fin de siecle, is not exactly a rara avis, but approximates it closely, and might without committing mayhem on the King's English, be called "a gold brick attorney." In this case it is not necessary that you should know any more about law than a billy goat knows about tuning an organ, or be able to distinguish between the rule in Shelly's case and an ichthyosaurian; whether Pontias Pilate was Pontifex Maximus or chief justice of the Jewish Sanhedrein; whether Justinian wrote the Pandects or was executed for the insurrection in Southampton. You should (if you desire to be one of this third class), be one of those megalophaeous mammals of the long-eared variety, and educated in a "mule seminary;" talk turgid, "mistake political teachery for diplomacy, and impudence for intellect;" saw the palpitating atmosphere and jam wind; monkey with all known intoxicants from the insidious mint-julep of the erst-while F. F. V.'s to that grade of aqua fortis known as barrel-house booze. Super-saturate yourself with this latter liquid turpitude until you reach that stage of crapulence and spacellation that will defy all antiseptics known to science—and become as conscienceless as a tom cat. You should boast of being a self made man, and you should be a self made man—one that no sane person would ever accuse the Almighty of creating in his own image.

As a sine qua non you should have gall—not common, every-day, country gall, but "gall of the purest ray serene," that copper-plated impudence that drags ignorance in "where angels fear to tread," that makes rock-built cities totter on their foundations and monarchs tremble in their capitals. You must be "brummagem leather and prunella"—a stud duck in some sectarian mud puddle or political goose pond. It is not necessary to be sauvieter in modo or fortiter in re, nor should your personal pulcritude be desig-



nated as jimplicite, for the facial expression of a dismal swamp bull yearling will do.

There will be no trouble about license, under the *lex non scripta*, as she is now expounded. You don't need it. All you have to do, is to go into some court whose judge is credulous and has a big heart, and state to him "that two or more defunct judges have examined you" (and if they did they found you wanting), "and that you have lost your license," and he will allow you to be admitted—understand "admitted," not qualified, because all Hades couldn't do that. He will not investigate the matter further. Your statement uncorroborated, is admissible evidence, notwithstanding the fact that the alleged examining judges are long since dead; and besides it is too caloric for anything like that, it is too big a contract to undertake to white-wash a ton of coal, for in doing so he might infringe on some psuedo-fraternal institution. If the bar association can stand it he can, and a few legal empirics more or less will not militate to any great extent against the body social.

You should be an ingrate of the first magnitude, and abuse and cry-down those who belong to the first class aforesaid; especially those who have helped you out of a hole gratis. You should have an incurable chronic case of hypertrophy of the occiput. You do not need a college education, or to be able to "sock with old Socrates or rip with old Euripides." Plenty of gall with a compound, double-trussed, ball-bearing main spring will bridge you over that on what is known as a "pons assinorium." It is not necessary to tamper with Lord Coke or any of those old duffers, or ever to have heard of them. Get a copy of Ananias' Commentaries on Mendacity, or Sapphira on Prevarication, and cram up on that. Erudition will do you no good—outside of yellow literature and base-ball jargon. Plenty of gall is what you want, and if it doesn't, like charity, cover a multitude of sins, it will lacquer acres of ignorance. It is not even necessary to have gumption enough to disguise your hypocrisy, for the gray matter on the skull-mush of those who are hankering to be humbugged is entirely wanting; but you might as a business precaution steer clear of X-ray intellects. It is not tonnage that you want (for that belongs to the first class), but a big spread of canvass. The carrying capacity of a canoe is more than sufficient, but you want to be brig-rigged, with a Fourth of July pennant, and you might add a drum corps. Work the local press for all it is worth; "collogue" with the jailor, justices, constables, rapscaillions, carrion-hunters, et id omne genus; and thus work up a notoriety and think it fame.

You should frequent noisy crowds and brag about the cases you have won. In short you should have a diarrhoea of words and a constipation of ideas. To acquire these accomplishments is not difficult. I am told that a continuous diet on the refuse of a brass foundry will effect the most of it, and intuition will do the rest. Thus equipped, you can successfully bilk the ignorant whites and a few coons; but as a "fool and his money are soon parted" anyway, you might as well graft him as the "three-shell" or Monteman. What's the difference? It is a gold brick to him both ways. In the language of the late king of the English, "Let it go at that."

Portsmouth, Va.

#### THE PASSING OF PULITZER.

By William Bangs.

Willie Hearst is aboard his boat, the "Buccaneer," as an enlisted ensign of the American navy, directing the men in the artistic work of holy stoning, shinning up to the maintop when ordered by his commander, retelling Rabelaisian anecdote for the benefit of messmates of the ward-room, gradually learning to distinguish a half-hitch from a marlin-spike and showing generally that the state of his bank account is the least of his troubles. Joey Pulitzer, who has gone blind from peeping through keyholes into the inner chamber of men's lives, is tearing madly around and round his room and shouting "R-r-redooz seleries!" That is about the status of the contest between the Journal and the World, a contest that long ago became internationally celebrated and whose progress has been watched with mingled sentiments of wonder and disgust by every decent man and woman in America. Perhaps a brief history and explanation of this remarkable duel may prove of interest to your readers, who know that the World and

Journal are "yellow" papers, but do not know exactly what a "yellow" paper is, nor why these two should have elected to spew venom upon each other to the exclusion of contemporaries, almost as "yellow," if less financially strong.

Imprimis, a "yellow" paper is a lying paper. It is ultra-sensational. It makes news secondary to ability to interest. To catch the public eye and hold the public attention it will not hesitate to cheat, to rob, to falsify, to steal or to murder, should murder become necessary. It depends largely upon flaring headlines and is illustrated profusely with questionable "cuts," done in the worst style of the axman's art. It prefers to have a modicum of fact around which to weave its romances, but the modicum is not indispensable. It is capable on occasion of making its story of the whole cloth. No man's financial honor is safe from its attack. It endangers every woman's reputation. It will blast either or both upon the basis of a whisper blown into the editorial rooms. Its reporters are told, of course, to "verify" all such whispers, but they understand that the "verification" must not go to the length of spoiling the sensation. Its editors began without consciences, or else their consciences have been utterly atrophied in the fierce competition of "making news." Its mission is to sell itself, no matter how. Its effect is debasing to a community. It makes criminals. It weakens the general religious sense. It is thoroughly bad. We have had a hundred explanations of the origin of the term "yellow" when used in this peculiar sense. Probably it is derived from the name of the "Yellow Book," an English magazine, so called because of the color of its covers, and devoted to the publication of representative decadent literature. At any rate, the term became general only after the "Yellow Book" had achieved notoriety with Beardsley illustrations and Oscar Wildeish poetry.

Pulitzer, who is an Austrian Jew, began his yellow career in America many years ago. He was a coachman for awhile and jumped from the box-seat to the editorial chair in St. Louis. As director of the Post-Dispatch, he became famous all through the west for unrestrained sensationalism. The paper under his personal guidance was a chronicle of police court happenings of the baser sort and chambermaid scandals. He had the shrewdness to realize that in all cities there is an element which will pay money for salacious reading, and he grew rich rapidly. He amassed, in fact, so many dollars that St. Louis got too small for him. He had trained his staff so thoroughly that it could be depended upon to dig up filth with as furious an industry as if he were present. So he removed his hooked nose and buzzard instincts to New York, wherein there were even more men and women anxious to purchase journalistic ordure. When he bought the World the paper was on its last legs. It had been decent in a half-hearted way and had been strangled by stronger rivals. Pulitzer, with a force of "artists" willing to draw anything for pay, a force of private detectives, whose profession was one of foecal inquiry, and a force of unscrupulous boomers in the countingroom, gave it new life. In a little while its circulation—always confined to the illy educated or debased and still, in large part, confined to them—became enormous. Dollars poured in upon him in a steady stream. He waxed impudent. He made and ruined politicians. He inspired laws. His influence was fatally prominent in the government of the city and of the state. First sneak thief and then porch-climber, he became a highwayman. He thrust the muzzle of his journalistic blunderbuss under the nose of every man in whose record there was a black spot and bade him stand and deliver.

In the prosecution of his career of blackmail and thuggery Pulitzer turned his guns upon George Hearst, who at the time was a member of the United States Senate from California. It was a mistake, but even the cunning of a Pulitzer is not infallible. Hearst was a big, long, loose-limbed mining pioneer, not well educated, but honest and kindly. Also he had much wealth, most of which he had dug out of the ground. Apparently he paid no attention to the incessant attacks, but he belonged to a class of men who are strong and therefore good haters, and he never forgave. It is said that on his deathbed he charged his son, then owner of the San Francisco Examiner, to pursue Pulitzer through the world. When Hearst died, the Austrian Jew carried his rancor beyond the grave. The World's account of the transportation of the remains across the continent for sepulture in California was one of the most inhuman things in all the horrible records of yellow journalism. This journey of the dead was described as a "funeral



junket." Pulitzer's hired man told of alleged whiskey that was drunk by the Congress escort and alleged jokes that were cracked and of alleged ribald laughter that floated through the windows of the train, an insult to the smiling peaceful country over which it passed.

The opportunity of the younger Hearst came in the autumn of 1895. Albert Pulitzer, a younger brother of Joseph, had been the owner of the New York Journal, an organ of male and female prostitutes. John R. McLean, of the Cincinnati Enquirer and a multi-millionaire, thought he saw a chance to invade and elevate eastern newspaperdom by an injection of western methods, so he bought the Journal of Albert, paying him, it is said, \$200,000. It had been a one-cent paper and he raised the price to two cents, bringing it into competition with the Herald, Sun and papers of that class. He made it decent and the old readers fell away from it. He put nothing especially remarkable into its news or editorial columns. Large holes were gnawed into his bank account. When he had dropped another \$200,000, he was anxious to quit. He lacked game, anyhow. Then Hearst bought him out and began his campaign against Pulitzer within fifty yards of Pulitzer's office of publication. I do not know what the Hearst estate is worth. I suppose that the Hearst heirs themselves do not know. I do know that all of its vast resources were placed at William's disposal by his mother, whom the dead Senator, with profound confidence in her judgment and right thinking, had made executrix. These resources have been stated variously at fifteen, twenty, twenty-five, thirty and even forty millions.

Hearst began his fight by instantly reducing his price to one cent and publishing a paper of the World's size and modeled upon the World's sensationalism. He made manifest that his policy was to carry the war into Africa, to publish the Pulitzer class of news and more of it and faster. The World dropped to one cent. It was a bitter pill, but it had to be swallowed. In pursuance of his policy of direct and violent attack, Hearst began hiring Pulitzer's captains and lieutenants. He did this not because he thought them more able than other newspaper men whose services he could have obtained, but because each one whom he so hired weakened the Pulitzer forces by so much. He paid them prices far in excess of their intrinsic value. Never had the newspaper workers of New York heard of such wages. Joe Quail, a Pulitzerian city editor, was made the city editor of the Journal and promptly brought over with him many of his best reporters. Goddard, the World's Sunday editor, who had sent his issue of the paper up to an alleged circulation of a half million, became Sunday editor of the Journal, bringing with him his best special writers. For this he received \$15,000 down and a five years contract at \$15,000 a year. Dick Farrelly, managing editor of the Evening World, was made first assistant managing editor of the Journal, receiving therefor a bonus of \$20,000 and a five years contract at \$20,000 a year. Carvalho, Pulitzer's general manager and personal representative, became general manager of the Journal, being paid \$50,000 spot cash and a five year's contract calling for \$25,000 a year. Arthur Brisbane, who became Sunday editor of the World after Goddard's defection, was hired by Hearst. There were others. It may be stated that Hearst had no positive use for any one of these men, and some of them he has since got rid of, but Pulitzer had, and therefore they were taken into camp. It is a strong commentary upon the newspaper loyalty in New York that, with only two exceptions, these men, who had been fed and paid by Pulitzer, advanced over the heads of their superiors and generally made much of, showed an eager inclination to desert him in the hour of his need. They went to the purchaser who offered the most money, just as other hired braves transfer their stillettos. The exceptions are Farrelly and Cohen, better known as "Allan Dale," a dramatic critic of merit. These two did inform their employer of the propositions which had been made to them and offered to remain with him if he would pay them as much. This, of course, was their right, and they left the World bearing the good will of its owner and the liking of their subordinates. I don't know what Hearst thinks of his other purchases. A naval ensign who deserted his ship in the heat of action because offered a lieutenantancy on board the enemy might come in for some mild condemnation at the hands of old-fashioned people who still believe in that empty thing called honor, and Willie, being now a naval man, has doubtless acquired some of the naval prejudices in favor

of sticking by the old hooker until she tosses her stern skyward and sails head downward to Davy Jones.

It has been stated that the Journal lost a million in cold cash the first year of its existence. It was assisted in this by its position during the national campaign. It was unreservedly for silver, despite the fact that the bulk of the Hearst properties is in gold-bearing mines, and among the single-standard business men of the East its name was anathema maranatha. They took out their advertisements, they threatened their clerks with discharge if they bought it, and pursued in their small way the general policy of coercion which was the distinguishing mark of the Republican method. The Journal went straight ahead, howling for free silver at 16 to 1 and issuing at a loss. It is difficult to say when the turning point in its fortunes was reached. It got out an afternoon edition in opposition to the Evening World when it was drifting most rapidly toward the reef of bankruptcy. I should say that it began to bring in as much as it put out on a date some weeks in advance of the destruction of the Maine. Since that date it has made money. It is now paying its owner as much as it cost him. The chances are that it will develop, in the next year or so, into one of the most valuable newspaper properties in America. It has made an excessively daring fight. I do not know another young man with Hearst's financial nerve. Certainly those individuals are rare who can stand for day after day and watch their money flowing from them in an increasing stream and never whimper.

The World is on the run. There can be no doubt of it. It is plain enough to any one accustomed to the World building and knowing the faces of the men employed on the two papers published within its walls. They wear a worried, harried, anxious look. They are striving desperately. Little by little the chief exponents of yellow journalism—chief, that is, until Hearst appeared—are being crowded to the curbing. The piles of unsold copies upon the news stands grow larger and larger. The out-of-town circulation, once enormous, has dwindled to comparative nothingness. Advertisements are falling away. There is gloom in the business office. It lies as desperately as ever, but it is faced down by a superior liar. Its headlines are as black and its double-leads as plentiful, but the other has blacker headlines and wider double-leads. Its "artists" draw female legs and arms and busts with reckless abandon, but the other "artists" give us the altogether, with accentuated anatomical details. In the "foreign room" fifteen lead pencils are driving across the paper, manufacturing special cable interviews with the head of the harem of the Ahkoond of Swat and the chief chambermaid of the Czarina, but in the other "foreign room" sixty-four pencils are driving across the paper, manufacturing special cable interviews with the Princess of Wales on her domestic infelicities and detailing the self-confessed Bashkirtseff thrills of little Wilhemina of Holland. It is a glorious war and a glorious victory, and high over the click of the shears, the rattle of the linotypes, the thunder of the presses, the tramp of hurrying messenger boys and the wail of the reporter whose yard-long lie has been cut to a foot and a half, sounds the wolfish yell of Pulitzer as he trots madly round and round: R-r-redooz seleries!"

New York, August 24, 1898.

#### SALMAGUNDI.

The Populists of Texas have nominated that cave of the winds, known ordinarily as the Hon. "Cyclone" Davis, to be attorney general. This Boanagere in \$3-trousers is the most remarkable modern instance of the dominance of wind over wisdom. There is nothing to him except leg and nothing in him save air. As a vociferous voicer of vapid and valueless platitudes, he is the success of his century, but he is no good at following a mule, or mauling rails, or doing any one of the useful things for which the Lord evidently intended him. Davis is one of those political accidents thrown into prominence by a party of visionaires, doctrinaires, and malcontents, who do not know what they want and would be discontented if they had it. It may be said of him that he is more of a knave than a fool, although he is a good deal of a fool. He has had cunning enough, however, to garner a reasonably fat living unto himself in the past ten years while doing nothing in the meantime that in the remotest degree resembled work. The Iconoclast personally cares nothing about him or his success. If the bewhiskered imbeciles who make up the Populist party are willing to support him in return for the



bugle blasts he blows upon his bazoo, in the name of all that is idiotic let them stay right in the middle of the road.

\* \* \*

It is by no means certain that Roosevelt should be made a Brigadier General or even Governor of New York, but there can be no objection to elevating R. Alec Alger to the position of hostler to one of the companies of Rough Riders. He is fitted by training for raking out a stable yard and by nature for wading in its filth.

\* \* \*

A number of gold-bug papers are printing extensive accounts of a Kansas City merchant who has been "stuck" with nearly a thousand Mexican silver dollars and finds difficulty in getting rid of them. Why should he not? The Mexican dollar in this country is worth only the market value of the silver that enters into it. A United States silver dollar in Mexico, however, is worth 100 cents in gold and will buy as much. This is not because we have gold in the Washington treasury behind our silver circulation, as the cheerful liars of the gold press are fond of asserting, because we haven't got it. If every obligation of the government were to be paid in gold tomorrow, the holders of its notes and bonds would realize just 18 cents on the dollar. In other words, in every dollar of gold certificate there is 18 cents worth of gold and 72 cents of fiat. In every dollar of silver certificates there is 53 cents worth of silver. A fool ought to be able to see which is the "honest" money. The American silver dollar is worth 100 cents in gold in this country and Mexico because the credit of the nation is of the highest class; so high, in fact, that its interest bearing bonds, which are merely promissory notes, are regarded as the best form of investment. This nation is abundantly able to coin silver free and in unlimited quantities for the next ten years without the superstructure of its credit experiencing a tremor. All sensible men know this and all honest men are willing to admit it. No one, however, is foolish enough to expect its admission from the gold-owning classes of the east or the hired writers on the foecal press.

\* \* \*

The first duty of the Congress which is to assemble next December should be to set on foot four or five investigations of the conduct of the war from the Washington end. For one thing we would all like to know why a camp was selected in Florida at a spot that is notoriously unhealthy and which has but one railroad running to it, when a more healthful place with three roads running to it was within twenty miles and open to choice.

\* \* \*

It seems from the evidence that there was plenty of medicine near Santiago and plenty of sick men near Santiago. It is also evident that they did not collide. Whose fault was it?

\* \* \*

The New York Elevated railway, which is owned in large part by George Gould and Russell Sage, has increased its capital stock by the addition of \$15,000,000. This, of course, is all "water." The object is to conceal the giant earnings of the company by declaring apparently less dividends upon the stock. The public is demanding cheaper fares and better service. Hence the "water."

\* \* \*

Many of the truly good in this country have thrown up their hands in horror of the revelations made by Ernest Terah Hooley, the English promoter and swindler, who has testified to buying the names of dukes, marquises, earls and such cattle by the score for use upon his prospectuses. The Hooley testimony discloses a bad state of affairs in England, but is it any better in this country? How many fashionable New Yorkers, for instance, could be induced to put their names to a prospectus for \$100,000 apiece? Why, they would cheerfully endorse and industriously boom the Amalgamated Association of Maisons de Joie for half the money.

\* \* \*

The Hawaiian commissioners appointed by McKinley to sail across 2,000 miles of salt water and tell Dole that his country is absolutely necessary to us as the outworks of a canal that does not exist, are now in the islands. They stopped nearly a week in San Francisco and ate everything set before them with a praiseworthy patience and industry deserving of pensions. Let us hope that Messrs. Dole and

Thurston and Hatch and the other highly religious sons of missionaries who have filched the land of the Kanakas from them will show our commissioners the Sandwich Island elephant in all his strength and majesty. Senator Morgan, for instance, with a bit of red twine around his right ankle and a palm leaf cocked over his ear by way of a costume, leading some shapely maiden through the intricacies of the hoola-hoola dance would be an interesting and attractive figure. There is fun to be had in Hawaii if a man will go out and hunt for it, and since your Uncle Samuel is paying the freight, there is no reason why the commissioners should not have a memorable time.

\* \* \*

Charles S. Thomas, "a leading lawyer and Democratic orator" of Denver, has announced his candidacy for the United States Senate to succeed Ned Wolcott in 1901. I do not know Thomas, but I hope that he will be successful. I wish success to any man in an effort to make a political corpse of Wolcott. This fellow, who has red hair, the facial contour of a pig and the physiologic characteristics of the he-goat, has been in the United States Senate nine years, five months and twenty-six days, which is just nine years, five months and twenty-five days too long. With the appearance of an overdressed butcher and the manners of a whiskey drummer, he would be more in place in a Denver dance hall than in any other establishment in the west. The sooner he is retired to private life and the longer he is kept there, the better it will be for his state and his country.

\* \* \*

It becomes my painful duty to chronicle one more backslider from the ranks of the black-coated and white-chokered elect. John F. Reynolds, late Baptist preacher in Central Illinois, married Miss Eva Mann Reynolds in Springfield last February. After six weeks of wedded life, feeling the need of something to distract his alleged mind from the carnal temptations and blisses of this world, he enlisted as a private in Company K, of the Fifth Illinois infantry, and was sent to Chickamauga. Surrounded on every hand by the towering mountains of East Tennessee, brought face to face with nature and nature's God and being much uplifted thereby, he married Alice Larned on August 1. He has an additional wife and three children living in Mountain Falls, Colorado. These are all of the Mrs. Reynolds returned up to time of going to press, but probably there are others. Of course, no humane and sensible person will blame the holy man. His Bible told him that it was not well that he should dwell alone, and he did not propose to be lonesome in Colorado, Illinois, Tennessee or any other state to which he experienced a "call." It will be noticed, too, that the Rev. Private John F. Reynolds led each of these maidens to the altar and wedded them in due form, instead of depending upon camp-meting trysts for his influence with the sex. Altogether his actions have been rather praiseworthy and I hope his term in the penitentiary will be made as short as is consistent with severities of the penal code, which takes no account man's sanctity of profession. Baptist ministers like nolds are needed in the Baptist church and he should be kept too long from his congenial task of snatching nine brands from the burning and pouring balm wounds of sin-sick female souls.

\* \* \*

The month of August has seen the deaths of ble men, Prince Bismarck, of Germany, Geo German novelist, and Adolph Sutro, the philanthropist and millionaire. Bismarck too well known for mention here. Geor Egyptologist, who clothed in the guise of edge of the dead people of the Nile and lives for us as Flaubert has reconstru ians. Sutro was of a different stamp, and developer, a man who made w who drove tunnels through the he railways through the hearts of v a daring speculator and a produ If in all his long and active life wage his unrelenting war upon fatheaded scoundrel at the h railway company, he would f to the west. Sutro had hi him that he was the fat rapist and murderér h slaughter of Blanche Lar er that may be, he was a



many years ago, was not half so morally wrong as many smug-faced church-members of his age who can not count their mistresses upon the fingers of both hands, but who still pay pew-rent.

\* \* \*

If the Demon of Yellow Fever has any sense of gratitude at all, he will immediately make William McKinley and Russell Alger members of the Order of Immunes. There have never been two men alive who played more directly into his hands, who did more to help his cause along, who furnished him a richer feast. The war has ended, but dead men, causelessly slain, are rotting under the unfriendly soil of Cuba.

\* \* \*

Mr. George P. Curzon is to viceroy of India, and Mary Curzon, nee Leiter, daughter of the rich Jew merchant of Chicago, will be his queen. "Papa Levi," who made the money which caught Curzon, and "Brother Joe," who dumped several of the old man's millions into the maw of the wheat pit while making the poor man's bread dearer for his private gain, will stay in this country and hustle for more dollars. It is not to be supposed that Queen Mary, when her rounded person has pressed the jewelled seat of princesses who died a thousand years ago, will have anything to do with "Papa" and "Brother." They are in trade, and will have to stay there or go to the wall. I am glad of it. She is in a better class and, if she has sense, will stay there. "Brother Joe" should have been tarred and feathered for his wheat manipulations and if fate will tempt him once more into the pit I shall be more delighted still. Let Mary soar.

\* \* \*

Teddy Roosevelt said his Rough Riders were worth three times their number of other volunteers and he was right. They are worth more, whether the aforesaid volunteers are armed with "black-powder Springfields and other archaic weapons," or not. What else was to have been expected. These volunteers, who have been sent to the front to the detriment of southern troops, are men from the factories, the grocery stores, the lace counters and ribbon marts of the cities and towns. Many of them would not know a Krag-Jorgensen if they met it in the road. Roosevelt's men come in large part from the ranges and mountains of the west. They have been used to living in communities where the hand guards the head and a man is entitled to just so much ground as he stands on and no more. Honestly,

I believe that they would "rather fight than eat." Naturally they are better warriors, which means better soldiers. There is a good deal of grand-stand play about Teddy, but he generally means what he says, says what he means and does his duty according to his lights. One hair from his rapidly balding head is worth a ton of Alger's for every purpose except fertilization.

\* \* \*

"If we had listened to you fellows," say the annexationists, "we would never have annexed the country west of the Missouri river. We did annex the country west of the Missouri, and it was a good thing. Therefore it will be a good thing to annex Cuba and Porto Rico and the Philippines and Hawaii and the Carolines and the Pelews and anything else we can lift." I submit that as an example of idiocy this argument deserves high rank. The cases are in no sense parallel. The land west of the Missouri was geographically contiguous, physically a part of this country and uninhabited save by roving bands of savage Indians who were foredoomed to disappear before the advancing waves of the whites, as their brethren in the east had disappeared. Between the United States and the lands we are now preparing to annex rolls salt water of widths varying from eighty to 6,000 miles. They are not geographically a part of this country and they are thickly populated by races of several degrees of civilization, but all of them differing from ours in language, manners, customs, laws and ideals. We can swallow them, but can never absorb them. They form altogether the worst mess that Uncle Sam has ever been called upon to take into his interior and they will give him a deep-seated and lasting pain.

\* \* \*

The best thing to do with this "General" Garcia, who has been going about the island at the head of a band of cigarette-smoking half-breeds attacking Spanish soldiery who have surrendered to the American arms, is to catch him, wash him and hitch him between the handles of a plow with a guard of brutal Yankee pigs of soldiery to see

that he runs his furrows straight. He should be severely punished, and to Cubans of Garcia's noble kind there is no punishment so severe as work.

\* \* \*

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union is endeavoring to "save its Temple." This "Temple" is a magnificent brick and stone structure which stands in La Salle street, Chicago, covering one of the most valuable lots in that huge city. The W. C. T. U. owes some hundreds of thousands of dollars on it, and unless it can raise the money in a brace of minutes or so, the building will be taken by the parties who furnished the money with which it was put up. This in itself would be far from a catastrophe. The building's business affairs have been smeared with that peculiar brand of idiocy which has made the W. C. T. U. internationally famous. Now and then a man of intelligence has taken it in charge, but he has been so bebluffed and abused and harried by the chattering cranks who own it that he has given up the job in disgust. Not long ago, for instance, they discovered that some of their surplus electric light was being used in a quiet and orderly saloon a half block away. The German was paying a handsome price for the light, which would otherwise have gone to waste, but the W. C. T. U. threw up its ringed hands in horror and broke the contract immediately. In order to pay off the debt the Board of Lady Managers are booming a certain brand of soap, the manufacturer having agreed to pay them a penny for every cake sold through their efforts. It is supposed that next they will start one of the "endless chain" begging letters if, indeed, they have not already done so. It is by such methods that they hope to rescue their building from the unhallowed clutches of those who paid for it. The Iconoclast is so fond of the W. C. T. U. women with their beautiful manners and urbane custom of poking their noses into everybody's business, that it is anxious to help. It hereby agrees to pay them a penny for every copy of the paper that they buy, or cause to be bought, and two pennies for every copy of it they read, or cause to be read.

\* \* \*

The cessation of the war has thrown a lot of alleged correspondents out of jobs, and that is one of its most cheering features. I have been unable to discover whence, when or why the big dailies collected this horde of incompetents. More than a thousand of them were in the field from first to last, and if any of them, with the exception of John Fox, Jr., of Harper's Weekly, has furnished a bit of description that will live a month, I have never seen nor heard of it. Great things were happening, great deeds were being done, ineradicable unchangeable history was manufactured with hurrying speed, but these fellows could not tell about it. From Sylvester Scovel who is a drunken megalomaniac, up to Willie Hearst himself, they were a lot of incompetents, with no soul for the true, no eye for the picturesque and no power of word-painting. They were wonderfully provided with impudence and bad English, and that is all. They could not even lie with ingenuity.

\* \* \*

It is possible that some of the Spanish soldiers in the heat of combat may have mistakenly fired on the wounded and their bearers, though the allegation has received no official support from any trustworthy person. It will be noticed, however, that Spain did not declare medicines contraband of war as was done by the glorious, noble and humane Stanton in our own civil struggle—a declaration which resulted in the deaths of hundreds of his own men in Southern prisons because quinine was not obtainable.

\* \* \*

Professor Lilienfeld, of Germany, has announced his ability to make albuminous food things from coal tar and similar malodorous products, but he does not say that he is able to make a silk purse from a sow's ear, or charity of a Baptist sermon, or honesty of a gold-bug editorial, or virtue from a society courtesan's breast, or common-sense from the vaporings of a Texas daily. Lilienfeld has his limitations.

\* \* \*

I regret to learn that my tall, talented, turbid and turbid friend, Joe Bailey, was whacked upon the os frontis with a resounding whack by the State Democratic convention at Galveston. They declared—in opposition to his wishes—for a "limited imperialism," which includes grabbing of Hawaii, Cuba and Porto Rico, establishing coaling stations in the Ladrones, Carolines and Philippines and letting the rest of the world go. If it is any comfort to



Bailey, I desire to tell him now that he had forgotten more than two-thirds of those conventioners have the ability to learn, but, after all, that is not saying much for him. The spectacle of a lot of hayseeded, uncombed unkempt Reubens, whose knowledge of the world is confined to their circles of acquaintances in cross-roads groceries, sitting solemnly in conclave and advising this government to "branch out," would be funny if it were funnier.

\* \* \*

The Iconoclast is not much of a political paper, but it wants to shake hands with Joe Sayers and wish him every success. He is frank, unbribable, industrious, patriotic, level-headed and kindly. He is a man whom the people of Texas do well to honor, because he is an honor to the people of Texas.

\* \* \*

The truth about Sampson and Schley seems to be that Sampson laid the plans and Schley led the fight. They have both been rewarded enough and talked about entirely too much. They are about due for a rest.

\* \* \*

This constant shower of fulsome farrago upon the head of every man who wore a uniform in the neighborhood of Santiago gives me the jumping fantods. A naval ensign commands a boat's crew, which cuts a cable under fire, and the papers howl about it, and all the "h's" in the shop are worn out printing the word "hero," and the spring poets burst into blossom in every corner of the land, and the fool women hold hysterical meetings and send him a cartload of slippers and pajamas six sizes too big for him, and some undergrown cigar-maker names a box of sure deaths for him. Wherein is the sense of it? What is a naval officer? Why does this government take him at the age of 16 and put him to school and feed him and clothe him and educate him and pay him \$40 a month for being educated and give him a life long job and high social standing and a chance to travel and see the world? It does all this, because he has taken an oath to fight when given the chance, doesn't it? It is his business to fight. He is a machine specially fitted and set up for fighting. Why should I, or you or anybody, be expected to slop over and throw hats in the air and stand on the street corners and gibber and buy whiskey for entire strangers and get drunk because one of these fellows does the work he is paid to do and does it reasonably well? I, for one, decline. I help to pay them and I expect them to earn the money.

\* \* \*

I see that Captain Sigsbee, "the hero of Havana," has been appointed to command the battleship Texas, vice Philip moved on shore. Sigsbee's heroism at Havana consisted in sitting in his cabin in a reposeful and unconscious manner while his ship was blown up. Philip is the chap who remarked that the Spanish were whipped outside of Santiago and in Manila harbor because they fired the first gun and on each occasion the day was Sunday. "From time immemorial," says Philip, "the man who has begun the attack on the holy Sabbath morning has been the man who was whipped."

\* \* \*

It is reported from New York that small investors in the stock markets are more numerous than usual. No cause is given, but it is probable that a cyclone of damphoolishness, whose centre is Hackensack, is sweeping south and west through the country. It is a fact, of course, well known to the sane, that the small investor stands as much chance in the stock markets as a clawless feline in the boiling pitch of Dante's eighth circle. The sheep will continue to trot up for the shearing, however, and the amateur foxes will continue to insert their tails into the traps.

\* \* \*

A New York philosopher has discovered that it is the easiest thing in the world to put money in the bank. All a man has to do is to give up tobacco, whiskey, beer, car-rides and a few other luxuries. That is so. In this connection, I am reminded of a remark made to me by a young friend of mine who is a New York reporter. "I am making a record," he said. "I haven't taken a drink, nor smoked a cigar, nor gone to a theatre for a year. I am shaving myself, blacking my own shoes, eating inexpensively and wearing out my old clothes. I am 23 years old and earn \$18 a week. I propose to keep this up, and by the time I am 60 I will have \$5,000." "Then," said I, you can give it to the Secretary of a Building and

Loan association so that he can have money." I am no believer in small economies. They have made few men rich, and those made rich by lives of grinding penury were the worse for it. A man should have enough, of course, to pay doctor-bills and funeral expenses after the doctor is through with him, but beyond that I do not see that there is need for the salaried "single gentleman" to go. He is not of sufficient importance to himself or to the community to warrant extra care in the preservation of a life that amounts to little. The spectacle of this 23-year-old boy denying himself of little comforts and expenditures which are necessary to every one gently born and reared, was one of the most painful things I ever saw. If he lives to be 60 and keeps on making his "record," he will look back upon a long and gloomy life, then fast drawing to a close, and realize that he has been an utter and consistent ass.

\* \* \*

Dr. Mercier, of London, has formulated a definition of insanity sufficient to excuse crime which I commend to the attention of Texas judges and juries. He holds it is necessary to prove the existence of one or more of the following conditions: "Exonerating delusion; such confusion of mind that the accused was unable to appreciate in their true relations the circumstances under which the act was committed or the consequence of the act; extreme inadequacy of motive; extreme imprudence in the act; non-concurrence in the act of the volitional self." I commend this to attention because it is an attempt by one of the most distinguished of the foreign alienists to broaden the definition whereby criminals may be adjudged insane and thereby escape a fitting punishment. The tendency to increase this number has been marked and lamentable. It is due to the fact that a man who studies insanity ends by believing pretty nearly everybody, exclusive of himself, mad as a March hare. Texas has the "emotional insanity" and "temporary insanity," and "congenital insanity" dodges played on it ad nauseam. There is but one safe rule, and it was followed three centuries before humanity became refined into foolishness: If a man is crazy enough to murder another man, he is crazy enough to hang. I commend this rule to Texan judges and juries even more earnestly.

\* \* \*

Miss Clara Barton reports that we have fed Santiago until the skin of its stomach when thumped with the forefinger sounds like a war-drum. That is right. It becomes now our duty to shoot pork and things into Aguinaldo's herd of Malays, poking food down them with gun rammers and mashing it solidly with pile drivers. We have plenty, and every kinky-headed Senegambian and slant-eyed Oriental between the two poles should be dragged to the feast. It is true that we get a few white men killed in doing it, but what of it? We have plenty of white men, too. The more widows and dependent orphans the better. We have had just enough of pension-paying since the rebellion to make us begin to like it. Since, sooner or later, we are going to steal the lands of these people, it is our duty to give them first a chance to find out how the outside of a sausage feels when it is being stuffed.

\* \* \*

The Eighth Illinois Volunteer infantry sailed from New York to Santiago August 11. That is, all of them sailed who could be got on board. Others were rounded up later in the day and held on Governor's island until another steamer left. The conduct of these troops when they reached the metropolis is only another proof of the well understood fact, that when a uniform is put on a negro he becomes immediately even more of a fool than the Lord made him, supposing that the Lord had anything to do with his manufacture, of which there is grave doubt. It true, also, that a negro regiment, officered by negroes, is not worth one-half the powder required to blow it off the world. These men broke away as soon as they reached Jersey City. "Colonel" Marshall, an inky buck who ought to be waving a razor in a barber-shop, was powerless to hold them. No negro respects another negro and a negro private has always a secret contempt for a negro officer. They got drunk. They insulted women. They were knocked down numerous by white men and policemen. They fought among themselves. They stole when they had the chance. They plundered. They made hogs of themselves. They acted as a northern negro invariably acts when given a little rope. Those persons brought into



contact with them in New York will ever pray that they have seen their last of America. The Iconoclast would urge the annexation of Cuba tomorrow if every black, glutinous, drunken, odoriferous male brute and female prostitute between the Canadian line and the Gulf could be dumped thereon and forced to work or starve.

\* \* \*

No surprise need be expressed that the members of a Kansas regiment of volunteers, while camped near Washington, dug up the body of a Confederate officer, killed in the first battle of Manassas, and broke out the teeth for relics. It is a generally recognized fact that there is more brutishness to the square foot in Kansas than in Matabeleland. These persons are the sons of New Englanders who moved west some years ago and have since divided their time between efforts to skin visitors and worship of Ossawatimie Brown. Kansas is the only state in the union wherein it was the custom in the old days of the cattle-trail to charge riders 10 cents a glass for well water. If the man was practically perishing from thirst, he could be mulct of a half-dollar. Sometimes one of these bearded emigrants from "down Maine way" was filled so plenteously with holes that baled hay could be sifted through him with promptitude, whereat his neighbors flocked together, like scared wild fowl in the night, and squawked. The trouble is that it did not happen often enough. Probably if the Southern cowmen had acted up to the extent of the provocation some of the Manassas grave robbers would not have appeared to bless the world.

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#### THE MONUMENT FUND.

The Monument Committee desire to close their books by October 15, and to this end would invite all who wish to contribute toward the erection of the Brann monument to send in their contributions before that date. Address Dr. R. W. Park, Secretary Monument Committee, Waco, Texas.



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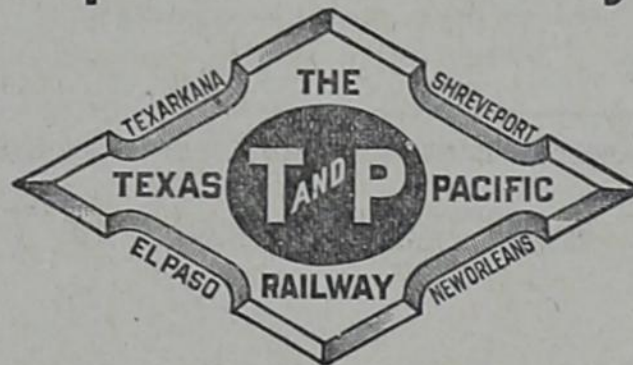
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